

Conserv sect

The Australian Women's Weekly

May 24, 1978

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**Caroline and Philippe
getting ready for the
wedding of the year**

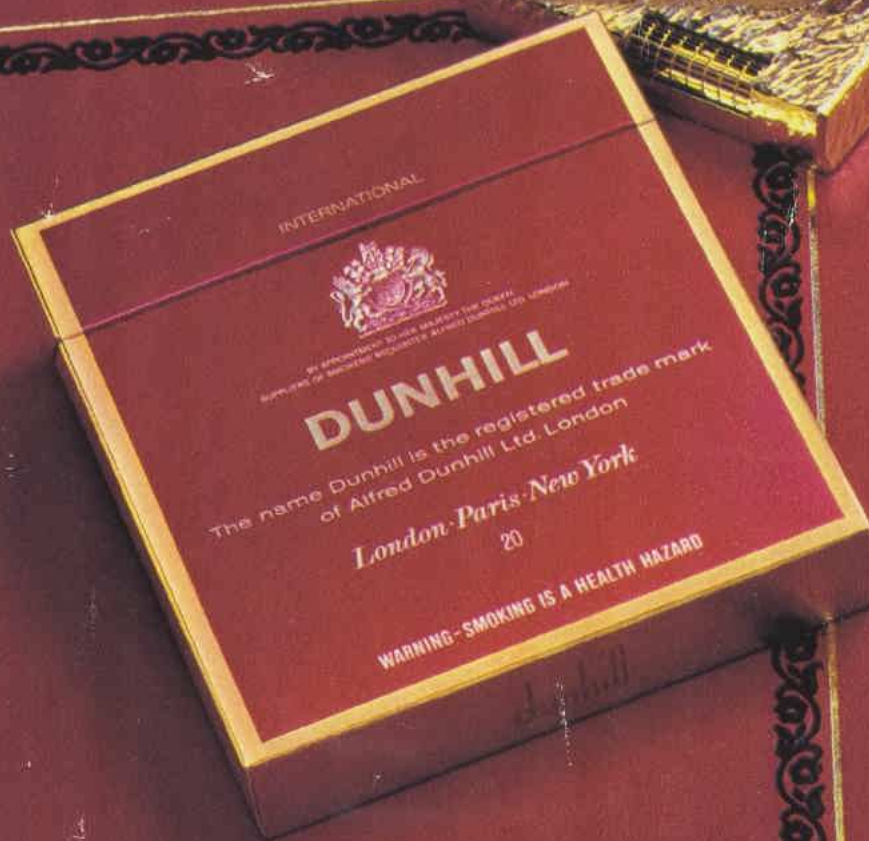
**Craft special:
Weaving and woolcraft made easy**

**'I'm probably a rotten mother-
but I'm still me'**

**How to use your money to get
what you really want**

**Mark Holden: 'There'll be
some changes made'**

**The Pill, 17 years later: is it
as good as we all hoped?**



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AT MY DESK

Have you ever really considered the rights of a child — not just your child but children everywhere? You are about to get the opportunity to do so because the United Nations has declared 1979 as the International Year of the Child. People all over the world will be asked to renew their concern for children everywhere.

Some of the aims of the International Year of the Child, as well as what is going on in Australia, were discussed at a lunch this week at Parliament House, Sydney. A special guest was American Dr Judianne Densen-Gerber, whose concern for children is well known, and who originally came to Australia to help set up the Odyssey House treatment for drug addicts.

As Judianne put it, children are a sacred trust, not a piece of property. We must start thinking about children and honestly examine what is happening to them in our community. Judianne also

believes that parenting should be taught in schools so that children can grow up to appreciate the full value of being a parent, the responsibility of sex, the joys of raising children and the benefits of family life.

An important part of that life is, of course, children. They are our future and our most precious resource. The quality of tomorrow's world, perhaps even its survival, will be determined by the well-

being, safety and development of children today.

Next year the United Nations wants to promote lasting activity to improve the rights of children everywhere. It will be a time for governments, organizations and individuals to work together in concrete, constructive and practical programmes for the benefit of children.

You're probably asking

what you can do. Plenty. You can look around. You can listen, learn and act. Find out what the main needs are of children in your neighbourhood or town. Try to use the skills you have in helping children. We have a story on protecting children in this week's issue on pages 4 and 5, which emphasizes their need for legal rights.

The only way to help children, and the special needs they have, is to care and to get involved. It really isn't all that hard. Nor is it unrewarding. After all, we once were children ourselves. And I know that I can truthfully say, thank God someone cared about me. I also know that lots of other children were not, and are not, so fortunate. As adults it is our responsibility to see that all children are brought up with love and security, and with hope for a happy, useful future.

Ita Buttrose

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OUR COVER

The traditional royal pomp and splendour will be absent from the wedding ceremony of Princess Caroline and Philippe Junot — it will be private, attended only by their families and a few friends. But the Monegasques' celebrations will compensate for this lack, see our special report from Monaco on pages 19-21. Our cover picture by Conant, Sygma.

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TAMIE FRASER DREAMTIME

When Prime Minister's wife Tamie Fraser (left) visited Bathurst Island north of Darwin recently, she was so impressed with the small fashion industry she found there that she immediately ordered four dresses for her own wardrobe

The dresses Mrs Fraser chose are made of specially printed fabrics which feature the work of the island's native people — the Tiwis.

The fabric and fashion enterprise, called Tiwi Designs, began eight years ago. With a loan from the Bathurst Mission and encouragement from Madeleine Clear, a young Perth art student, two talented Tiwi artists began working with ancient Aboriginal designs and modern silk screen printing.

The artists — Bede Tungutalum and Giovanni Tipingwuti — create designs based on Dreamtime legends, animal and bird life, and symbolic carvings on "pukamani" burial poles which have honoured the Tiwi dead for centuries. Bede and Giovanni use the shapes, textures and colours of their own environment for their unique designs, which they print on a range of fabrics.

Aboriginal women at an island factory then cut and sew the fabrics to create cool caftans, elegant evening skirts, casual sports gear, table-wear and wall hangings.

Their latest fashion collection will be featured at several parades planned for the current Back to Darwin celebrations marking the rebuilding of the city.

The designs have been receiving quiet but increasing attention and several already bear the Industrial Council of Australia seal of approval.

In 1973 Bede and Giovanni designed and printed the material for the vestments for the 40th International Eucharist Congress in Melbourne.

They've held several exhibitions throughout Australia and in the past year have been in increasing demand in Darwin to design clothes for exclusive fashion parades.

Bede and Giovanni hope wider

exposure of their culturally linked fashions will lead to increased markets. And that, they hope, could lead to eventual economic independence for the Tiwi people.

Mrs Shirley Collins, manageress of their Darwin outlet — Arnhemland Aboriginal Art Gallery — has no doubt about the appeal and viability of the fashion range. At the first Tiwi Design parade presented last year, the Gallery sold \$2500 worth of garments, fabrics and artifacts in two days.

"In addition to the Back to Darwin parades," said Mrs Collins, "we've been asked to present a range of the fashions at the 23rd World Congress of International Society for Education through the Arts to be held in Adelaide in August. More than 1000 overseas delegates will be attending.

"We hope this wider exposure will help Australians and overseas visitors appreciate the talent and the creative culture of the Aboriginal people."

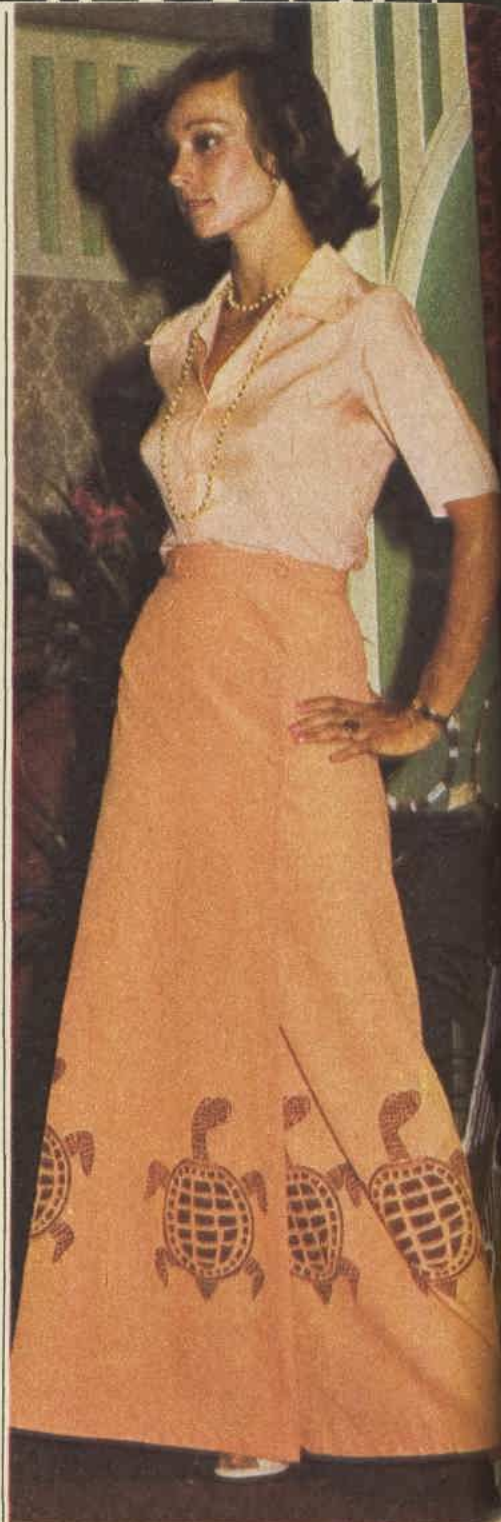
Darwin business entrepreneur Harry Forday also supports the enterprise and would like to feature the Tiwi Designs fashions, modelled by Aboriginal girls, in his overseas trade mission to the United States later this year.

In anticipation of a good response to the mission and overseas orders for Tiwi Designs, Mr Forday is presently looking for an Australian manufacturer willing to produce the fashions on a large scale.

Mrs Fraser, too, might assist with wider promotion of the Tiwi fashions. She told the designers she would wear her dresses on occasions when she felt that clothes with a "distinct Australian flavour" would be appropriate.

— BARBARA JAMES

FAR RIGHT: Skirt printed with insects.
RIGHT: Elegant turtle-patterned skirt.



WILL WEAR DESIGNS



TOP: Caftan printed with a butterfly border.
ABOVE: Flared skirt in geometric design.
Pictures of the designs by Beat Erismann.

Two conferences highlight special problems PROTECTING CHILDREN

Dr Ronald Goldman, Professor of Education and Head of Early Childhood Education Courses at Victoria's La Trobe University, wrote this article to highlight a three-day seminar in Melbourne later this month on "The Realities of the Declaration of the Rights of the Child." Experts from more than 30 countries will attend the seminar, organized by the Australian Pre-School Association for the World Organization for Early Childhood Education. Professor Goldman, a world authority on the development of children, was born in a Manchester, UK, slum. His mother was totally deaf, his father deserted them. He failed at school, but won a mature scholarship to university. He now holds four degrees, a teacher's diploma, and has qualifications to teach pre-school children. He has written several books and more than 50 articles for educational journals.

Children are the innocent oppressed minority of our society, subject to physical, sexual and mental assaults and continued exploitation without redress.

Australia is a children's country: nearly 40 percent of the population — five million or so — are of school age or below. Despite their numbers and vulnerability they are voteless and voiceless; they have no legal rights, as has the adult population.

A child may be battered, terrorised or cruelly treated but, unless he is noticeably damaged and referred for medical treatment, little attention or interest is expressed by the community.

Anyone with experience of the courts knows of the high incidence of sexual assault on children. Incest in the family is almost universally played down. The child may be treated as a thing, a sexual object to be used or abused.

But the situation is more complex than these types of assault indicate, and may account for the high rate of neuroticism, instability and human

misery when these children grow into adults.

Last year the Weekly ran a useful article on "Protect Your Child from Accidents At Home." But the dangers are not just scalding pans, carelessly left poisons and unguarded swimming pools. The greatest perils are human.

We recognize one right of children: the right of physical safety. Yet we do little to ensure we provide them with safe parents or adults who care. Parent education is almost totally absent from our educational system, as if the skills of parenthood are assumed to be the most natural in the world.

Are children protected from violence on the large and small screen? Can a child choose which parent of a broken marriage he wishes to live with? Has he any say in whether he wants those awkward occasional weekend visits with an absentee mother or father?

What rights has an adopted child, a fostered child, an institutionalized child? Can a girl of nine resist the sexual advances of her stepfather or elder

SPINA WHAT?...The disease

Spina bifida, a disabling malformation of unborn babies' spinal bones, affects one Australian child in 1000. Yet, outside the circle of children and parents directly involved, it is virtually unknown and unaccepted. The NSW Spina Bifida Association is holding its first congress in Sydney on May 19 and 20 to focus public attention on the condition, and to bring parents of sufferers up to date on the latest medical procedures for helping their children. In this report, Diana Mackay discusses the problems with a Brisbane couple who have a spina bifida child; a consultant paediatric surgeon; and a social worker with the Spina Bifida Association.

The scene: the local supermarket. A young mother and her small daughter, legs in calipers, make slow progress down an aisle. A middle-aged housewife who has twice passed them comes back, stops at a nearby shelf, and stares.

"What's the matter with your child?" she demands. "Having trouble with her legs?"

The young mother has problems enough. But here is another. Is the woman just one of many stickybeaks she has found in this age group? If so, a "yes" will do.

But there is a chance she may be really interested. So the young mother might tentatively offer: "Spina bifida."

"Spina what? . . . oh" is the usual reaction. The 40ish housewife replaces the can she has been pretending to look at, and walks away.

"It's the ignorance that gets you down," says Chris Gilmore, one of many young mothers who have shared similar experiences.

What is spina bifida? It is a condition in which the spinal bones that normally protect and cover the spinal cord have failed to develop properly. The bony projection over the spine is divided ("bifid"). As a result, the child may suffer

a number of disabilities, including mental retardation, bowel and bladder malfunctions and bone abnormalities.

No one knows what causes spina bifida, though genetics, environment, diet, insecticides, race, potato blight, seasons and latitudes have been advanced as contributing factors.

What is known is that an error occurs in foetal development around the fifth week of pregnancy, when the spinal cord is being formed.

The arrival of spina bifida babies causes enormous stress and problems for parents. Chris Gilmore, her school-teacher husband, Bill, and their first child, Rosemary, lived in Rockhampton when Catherine was born.

Within 24 hours, Chris had flown to Brisbane with Catherine to consult a surgeon about closing the lesion. Later, they moved to Brisbane, selling up and parting from families and friends, to be close to specialist services for their baby.

They were lucky to have the support of friends when they arrived in Brisbane. Others are not always as fortunate.

Many turn for help to Rosemary Turner, a social worker with the Queensland Spina Bifida Association. "I'm someone for them to express their

facing Australia's children—and their parent FROM THEIR PARENTS



Professor Ronald Goldman

brother? The rights of children are included in the category of the rights of parents or substitute parents. They are only dimly recognized, and rarely voiced. To be operational in a society which may misuse and exploit its young, the rights of the young must be explicit.

Declaring a Bill of Rights for Children

will not of itself ensure that children are protected, but it will clarify issues now obscure or ignored.

Children and young people should have the following inherent rights, regardless of the colour, ethnic origin, religion or socio-economic standing of their parents:

The right to happiness, sound health, nurturing and nutrition.

The right to free education and equality of educational opportunity.

The right of handicapped or disadvantaged children to services which compensate for their handicap or disadvantage.

The right to be protected from physical, sexual and mental assault.

The right to be protected from depraved, vicious and violent influences.

The right to be protected from poverty and any condition which endangers health, nurture, nutrition and general well-being.

The right to be safeguarded from commercial exploitation.

The right of institutionalized children to

experience normal family life as far as possible.

The right of lonely children (and only children) to the company and stimulation of their peers by the provision of play groups and pre-school centres.

The right of frightened, hospitalized children to the continual presence of a parent or known trusted adult.

The right of children whose mothers are at work to child care services which protect and stimulate in the absence of parents.

The right of children of broken families to choose which parent should have custody.

The right of such children to agree or consent to occasional or regular visits with an absent parent.

The right of fostered and adopted children to some participation in decisions where, when and by whom they are to be fostered or adopted.

The right of children to be protected from bigotry and indoctrination which prevents access to and exploration of ideas.

nobody wants to know about



Chris and Bill Gilmore with Catherine, a spina bifida sufferer, and Rosemary.

grief to," she says, "and I can help them to try to accept each day as it comes..."

Generally, what they have to accept is that the baby will have to have its back lesion closed. That comes first. It will probably have to have a "shunt" (a type of catheter) embedded in its skull to divert fluid from the brain to prevent hydrocephalus.

(Eighty percent of such babies are born with, or will develop, hydrocephalus — enlargement of the head

caused by obstruction to circulation of cerebro-spinal fluid within the brain).

This shunt will eventually have to be revised, or lengthened. Orthopaedic difficulties, such as club foot, or loss of some leg muscle power, will almost certainly occur.

Dr J. Fred Leditschke, reader in paediatric surgery at the University of Queensland and consultant paediatric surgeon to the Royal Brisbane and Mater Misericordiae children's hospitals, explained: "Though they will have normal sex drives, most spina bifida boys will be impotent, and girls will have reduced genital sensation. By the age of two, most will develop bladder infections."

Such infections present perhaps their greatest threat to life. But they are not hopeless cases.

From 1956, when the Holter (named for the engineer inventor, who had a spina bifida child) Shunt became available, there was what Dr Leditschke called a "wave of enthusiasm" to operate on children who previously had been considered hopeless and, without treatment, had died.

"However, with the realization of the tremendous difficulties faced by these children and their parents, surgeons

have become much more selective in deciding who to operate on," he said.

"Parents need to be consulted carefully. It is a tremendously emotional decision. The children would eventually die without treatment."

Having made a decision, they have to live with it. And with their child, if this was the decision. As well as with the knowledge they have a one in 25 to 30 — not one in 1000 — chance of producing a second spina bifida baby.

(An amniocentesis test of fluid in the womb is now possible 12 weeks after uterine life begins, to determine if a particular protein, indicating spina bifida — along with other abnormalities — is present. If it is, women may seek termination).

There are probably 2000 spina bifida children, perhaps more, in Australia. Fewer than in Great Britain. More than in South East Asia. Reasons unknown.

Depending on the acceptance these children receive, they can aspire to a reasonable lifestyle.

But more compassion is needed. Said Dr Leditschke: "What the parents of these children need most from friends, neighbours and families is support. Yet often they are put in the position where they just have each other."



TEMPTING TIPS

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BACON & SPINACH LAYERED PANCAKES

8 thin pancakes (use ordinary pancake batter)
1 cup cooked and drained spinach (250g frozen spinach is 1 cup cooked)
3 hardboiled eggs, chopped finely
1 cup cheese sauce (any white sauce with grated tasty cheese added)
3 Continental brand Bacon Stock Cubes (crumbled) $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated tasty cheese
few button mushrooms tossed in butter

THE CONTINENTAL METHOD: Keep pancakes warm while making filling. Combine spinach, eggs, sauce and cubes together in saucepan and heat gently. Spread a generous spoonful on the first pancake and continue layers of pancakes and filling till both are used. Sprinkle cheese over the top layer and lift onto heatproof serving plate. Place under griller (or in oven) until cheese starts to brown. Toss mushrooms in butter and serve on top. Serve with salad selection. Serves 4.

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THE PILL..... 17 YEARS LATER

Weekly reporters both here and overseas consulted the experts to compile this report

If you take the Pill, the time has come to make some decisions that could affect your whole life. It may not be easy — for you, or your doctor.

Seventeen years ago, in Australia, the new oral contraceptive was being welcomed by many, doubted by a few.

Today the pattern in Australia and around the world has changed, with new reports of dangerous side effects.

As our international reports suggest, Pill-taking is still a huge human experiment, because nobody knows what happens 40, or even 30 years after.

Leading doctors, even those in favour of the Pill as the lesser of dangers in the whole range of contraceptive techniques available, are cautious about just whom they should give it to.

What of cancer and the Pill? — "grey clouds of doubt ..." says our report from Britain.

Smoking and the Pill — "at least give up one of them," says almost everybody.

For thousands of women the decision to take the Pill in the first place was difficult. What to do now, in the light of increasing evidence of harmful side effects, is an even harder decision. And for some, there is the uncertainty of whether earlier, prolonged Pill-taking could yet result in some health problems.

Clinical trials of oral contraception started in 1958 in Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney. A report of the trials in

the Medical Journal of May, 1962, reported the technique "100 percent safe."

Eighty-nine patients took part in the trials. No pregnancies resulted and no patients dropped out of the tests through side effects.

Now, more than one million Australian women use the contraceptive pill, according to the Federal Health Department. The estimate is based on prescriptions through the pharmaceutical benefits scheme, and on dispensing through family planning and outpatients centres where no prescription is needed.

The impact of the Pill was revealed in British surveys between 1968 and the end of last year. The world now is quoting them.

Their findings have helped influence the US government's order to Pill manufacturers to put a "don't smoke" warning in packs. A similar recommendation is expected to be in force here in Australia soon.

FROM LONDON, Anne Woodham reports:

Many British women have been frightened off the Pill since reading the

report (in the British medical paper "The Lancet") of 10-year-long surveys by two teams — the Royal College of General Practitioners and Oxford University.

Thousands of women were studied, and the risks facing Pill users were found to be far higher than anyone had previously admitted.

The Royal College of General Practitioners compared the health of 23,000 Pill-users and an equal number of women using other birth control methods.

They found that:

- Women using the Pill for five or more years ran 10 times as much risk of dying from a serious heart disease as those using other methods. (Even for those using it occasionally, the hazard was still five times greater.)

- The risk of serious or fatal illness rises considerably for women over 35 taking the Pill.

- Cigarette smoking presents an additional and serious risk.

The Royal College unit, headed by Dr Clifford Kay, said that since the survey began, 24 Pill-users had died of circulatory diseases, such as high blood pressure, stroke and heart attack. Of the non-users, only five died of these causes.

Women over 35 were recommended to consider switching to an alternative method of contraception, in a joint statement by the presidents of the Royal College of General Practitioners and the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, Dr Ekke Kuenssberg and Sir John Dewhurst.

"Some women over 35, we believe,
CONTINUED OVERLEAF

**Is it as
good
as we all hoped?**

THE PILL...

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

will be willing to accept the additional risks but others will want to stop," they said. Over 35, the overall danger increases to sevenfold for those using the Pill occasionally.

When assessing annual death rates linked with age, the researchers said the Pill can be expected to cause one death in every 20,000 a year among women under 34. It rises to one in 3000 for women 35-44 and to one in 700 after the age of 45.

Smoking puts Pill-users in considerably greater jeopardy. Looking at the figures another way, each year one in every 10,000 women on oral contraception can expect to die from it. Among cigarette smokers, this increases to one in every 3000.

The Oxford University team, led by Professor Martin Vessey, Professor of Social and Community Medicine, surveyed more than 17,000 women attending 17 Family Planning Association clinics throughout Britain since 1968.

Nine Pill-users died from cardiovascular diseases. There were no deaths among women using other forms of contraception.

Vessey's team reported similar findings to those of the Royal College, but went one step further. Oral contraceptives, they warned, also have a severely damaging effect on the action of the heart, which may be causing serious danger among women already suffering cardiac disease.

Heart damage may not always be apparent to routine medical detection. Australian-born Professor Victor Wynn and his team at St Mary's Hospital, London, found an unusually high level of heart abnormalities among women volunteers using oral contraceptives, four times higher than non-Pill users.

For women under 30, there was no evidence to justify abandoning the Pill, but they advised the women to stop smoking. They suggested those between 30 and 34 see their doctor and discuss the continued use of the Pill.

An earlier study by Professor Vessey, Sir Richard Doll and Dr Richard Peto of Oxford University suggested that the Pill could be responsible for strokes, blood clots, cervical erosion, skin disorders, migraine, headaches, gall bladder disease, hayfever and amenorrhoea (missed periods).

Women who took the Pill, especially if they did not already have children, took longer to conceive.

On the credit side, Pill takers appeared to have marginally less chance of cancer, benign lesions of the breast, menstrual disorders, duodenal ulcer and

retention cysts of the ovary. A recent report by the Royal College of General Practitioners indicates the Pill may protect women against rheumatoid arthritis.

But gloomy confirmation of the Pill's hazards seems to pour in, it seems, almost every other day.

Women who conceive immediately after coming off the Pill or when they are still taking it, who take it when they are over 35, or when they are underweight, run a small but significant chance of having an abnormal baby or a miscarriage.

These findings emerged from a newly released major survey of the effects of the Pill on pregnancy, funded by the World Health Organisation and the US National Institutes of Health.

Women over 35 who had been on the Pill were almost twice as likely to have babies with Down's syndrome (mongolism) or other major abnormalities such as heart defects. They were also more likely to have miscarriages, twins, and babies who died before or shortly after birth.

Of the cancer risk, Mr Ian Burn, consultant surgeon and head of the breast clinic at London's Charing Cross Hospital, is not convinced the Pill is blameless. "I personally fear that the carcinogenic hazard of the Pill may be much greater than we would all like to believe," he told a BMA conference in 1974.

Britain's largest Pill manufacturer points out that "the Pill most women are taking today is not the same as the one they took when research work began."

But not everyone settles comfortably to the new mini-Pill. Dr Margaret White reports she is constantly transferring women from it back to the old 50 microgram Pill. "If girls forget to take the mini-Pill one night, it is not effective taken the morning after — and so they have to use other contraceptives for the rest of the month. The mini-Pill also causes irregular periods."

SOME AUSTRALIAN doctors share the views of the British studies. Others are less concerned, Rosemary Munday found.

Professor Rodney Shearman, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the University of Sydney, supported the British findings. He said the young non-smoking woman using the Pill had no cause for alarm, but some women over 30 should reconsider the use of oral contraceptives.

Shearman said it was reasonable for Australia to rely on the research findings

of Britain, the US and Scandinavia because of a similar lifestyle.

"The prevalence of heart attacks is similar in all developed countries — with a startling increase in women in the last 10 years."

But Australia had no statistics of its own about the Pill and its relation to heart attacks, he said, because the population was too small to recruit a large number of women for big and reliable studies.

Professor Shearman said: "The day has long since gone where any doctor should prescribe any method of contraception without describing the risks and the benefits."

"The patient should make up her own mind on the basis of the information supplied."

It was vital that doctors check the blood pressure of patients who took the Pill on regular visits, he said.

The Professor said the IUD also had its dangers. A woman who had children





The contraceptive pill, taken by thousands of Australian women monthly.

was likely to suffer an increase in pelvic infection twice that of women not using it. A woman who had no children had seven times the rate of infection.

Another concern is malnutrition caused by the Pill altering the way the body uses its nutrients. In developing countries the World Health Organization is studying this in regards to loss of, or excess weight, lowered infection-resistance, rashes and depression. In Australia, said Dr Michael Briggs, Professor of Human Biology at Deakin University, Geelong, "about 20 percent of women taking the Pill require a vitamin supplement." He recommended vitamin B and C mixtures as appropriate — "not A or D."

Doctors in Australia, the US and Britain invariably compare the risks of taking the Pill with driving cars.

Professor Shearman said it was no

longer true to say that the Pill's risks were lower than the risk of dying while driving a car, or from pregnancy.

Professor H. Carey, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the University of NSW, disagrees with this assessment. He looks at it this way: "Providing the Pill-user does not smoke, the mortality risks are comparable to driving a car or having a baby.

"Age, smoking and the Pill are a lethal combination," said Professor Carey. "It is emerging that smoking is the killer."

When deaths by cardiovascular (circulatory system) disease were examined in the survey, Professor Carey said, 24 victims were in the Pill-user group and five in the non-Pill group.

"Of the 24, 19 were smokers. In the non-Pill group, three of the five were smokers. It is a question of cigarettes, not so much the Pill itself. In all cases, smoking increases the death rate three times."

The Family Planning Association of NSW, and the Preterm Foundation have adopted the recommendations of the Royal Colleges of General Practitioners, and of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, in Britain:

- women over 30 who are taking the Pill should be discouraged from smoking, and
- women over 35 should consider another method of contraception.

In Victoria, three eminent doctors felt it was relatively safe for a healthy woman to take the Pill.

Dr Roger Pepperell, Professor in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the University of Melbourne, stationed at the Royal Women's Hospital, was one.

"It is my basic opinion that the Pill provides the most adequate form of contraception for most women. If there is any risk involved, it is less than most women take when they go for a car ride.

"However, the Pill does create certain problems for a small number of women. Those whose families have a history of heart disease or high blood pressure, those who are over 35 and smoke, should not take the Pill.

"With the lower dosage Pill that is now available, the only serious side effect we worry about is the possibility of thrombosis. According to British statistics, one in about 2000 women who take the Pill is admitted to hospital with thrombosis per year. Of these, a very small percentage have a pulmonary embolism."

Dr John Leeton, Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Monash University, said he wanted to reassure women over the age of 35 who were taking the Pill and worried about the possible consequences. "It is quite safe for them to continue as long as they

have a yearly medical check up and experience no symptoms," he said.

Healthy women who do not smoke can safely continue taking the Pill until the menopause, says Dr Robert Hain, Director of the Family Planning Association of Victoria. However, this did not apply to women who smoked, particularly those over the age of 35.

IN NEW YORK, Kathleen Brady writes: This is the additional warning the US Government insists goes in packs of the Pill: Cigarette smoking increases the risk of serious adverse effects on the heart and blood vessels from oral contraceptive use. This risk increases with age and with heavy smoking (15 or more cigarettes per day) and is quite marked in women over 35 years of age. Women who use oral contraceptives should not smoke.

Dr Alan Cott, concerned with how body chemistry affects the mind and moods, and famed for his work, told the Weekly: "I don't think the Pill is good for a number of reasons. Women who have come to me to be treated for depression have been helped by going off the Pill. Even more significant than depression, are the Pill's effects on the immunization system. It tends to destroy organisms which keep yeast under control.

"This can lead to vaginitis, when the tissues become sensitive to yeast infections. Some women live with constant vaginal discharge. Birth control pills, cortisone, and antibiotics break down the body's immunization system.

"Early in the history of the Pill we learned that they could cause blood clots in the legs and pelvic area which could go to the lungs and kill a woman."

IN LOS ANGELES, Sue Rhodes and Jan Short report:

Dr Brian Henderson, head of the division of epidemiology, University of Southern California, visited Sydney late last year lecturing on cancer as it relates to the use of estrogens.

"While thrombo-embolism is the commonest complication of the Pill, one tumour definitely related to the Pill is a benign and only rarely malignant tumour of the liver — a liver adenoma."

Dr Henderson goes on: "Presumably if you take the Pill long enough, you might increase the risk (of cancer). We are still only 10 or 15 years along with studying the effects of the Pill. In cancer, this is not a long time.

"As to cancer of the breast, the ovaries and the lining of the uterus, we don't know for sure. It looks like the Pill decreases the possibility of cancer of the ovaries because when you take the Pill, the ovaries are not working. We've studied several hundred women. Still unresolved is whether the Pill causes breast cancer."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 24, 1978

PEOPLE
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MAYOR PILBEAM LAYS DOWN HIS PECKING ORDER

“The worst kind of animal is a hen that thinks she’s a rooster and crows”

The Mayor of Rockhampton ambled over the road. “There,” he said triumphantly, “there, did you see that? That was Marie. She was the last one I laid off and she’s getting married today. She gave me a kiss — did you see? She doesn’t hate me, does she?”

Actually it was more likely to be the other way around. More likely to be Reginald Byron Jarvis Pilbeam, known to all and sundry as Rex, who imparted the kiss on the bride-to-be. Kissing comes as naturally to him as any of his uninhibited ways. There is no reticence with this enormous man, 15 stone and six feet, he says, in his socks. For 27 years he has been raising hell in Rockhampton, and soon he must decide whether to stand for another term. He says the decision will be his wife’s, Barbara, not his. Well, I say, I know what she will reply. She’ll say of course he must run. What wife would say otherwise when being mayor so obviously suits a man. “No, that’s where you are wrong. She won’t say that. I know what she’ll say. She’ll say Rex you decide.”

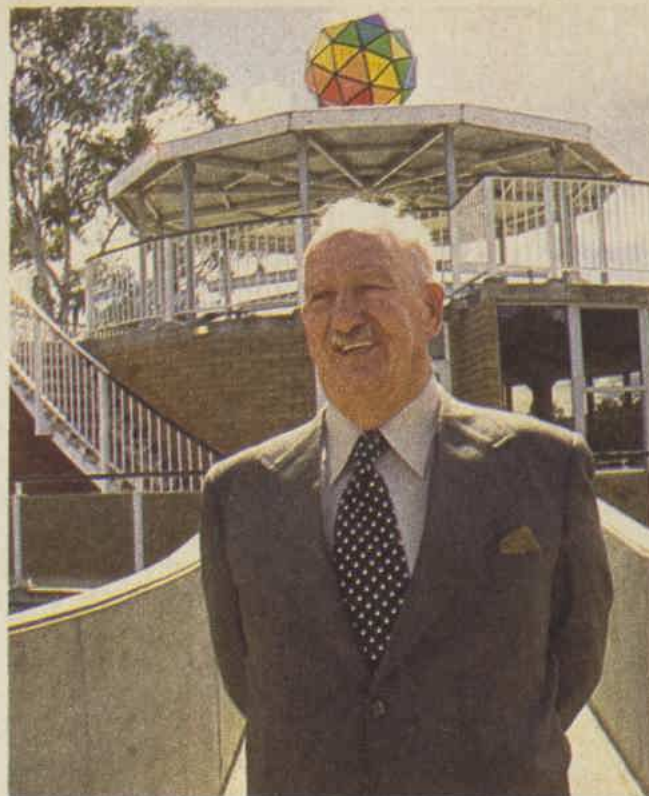
He is always right, is Rex Pilbeam. And this is why he doesn’t give one iota for the Arbitration Commission’s decision to forbid the sacking of women when they marry, which for 100 years has been the policy of Rockhampton City Council.

Rex doesn’t think of it as a defeat. “I knew they’d come up with that, but I’m not worried. There are loopholes and I’m getting my legal boys on to it.”

What inspired the commission to insert this historic clause was the case of Janine Marshall who, at 15, joined Pilbeam’s staff and at 19 got married. She then expected to go on working. Now this was contrary to the Municipal Officers’ (Queensland) Federal award which said single women were to be dismissed when they married unless they had special qualifications. When Pilbeam fired her the Municipal Officers’ Association applied to the Federal Industrial Court to amend the award and allow married women to work.

All this is well and good (sort of) but during the piece Rex Pilbeam ups and makes some inflammatory remarks of the kind designed to set modern thinkers and women’s libbers on their heels. I quote: “A woman’s place is in the home,” and “I deplore married women trying to put themselves on the same level as men.” Adding, for good measure, that the simplest solution to youth unemployment was to tip married women out of employment.

Contrary to previous reports the mayoral dress when I met him was a smooth grey suit with flawless blue



Rex Pilbeam poses with pride in front of the Women’s Centre, one of his achievements. Photo by Luis Martin.

shirt and tie. Where were the sloppy jacket and pants, the thongs and all the rest? Pilbeam was impeccable. He took me sightseeing in his new Volvo car with rubber bumpers. He needs them. He is a terrible driver. “Now there,” he said when a woman driver stopped in the nick of time, “now there, see that? Anywhere else and she would’ve yelled her head off at me. Not in Rockhampton. She smiles. I like women, they are always right.”

He likes crab too, which is what he had arranged for lunch at a Greek-owned Spanish restaurant where they are always pressing free meals on Rex. He will have none of it. We park under a NO STANDING sign and hove to in the restaurant. All heads swivel at our entrance.

“Sure I deplore married women putting themselves on the same level as men,” he said tearing into the crab, “and I’ll tell you why: they are 300 percent better than men. They are a better animal than man. Whoever got the idea that woman was a lesser animal? Whether

we’re human animals or not we’re still animals. I’ve bred birds and I’ve bred dogs and I can tell you the worst kind of animal you can ever breed from is a masculine bitch. Or a hen that thinks she is a rooster and crows. It’s an unnatural urge. I think the most wonderful thing in the world is a feminine woman. Women’s libbers aren’t feminine. I’ve heard the language they use, the way they smoke, the way they regard sex. I think the most charming woman is tied up with her modesty and grace and elegance. I really think that. I had a wonderful mother and I compare the mod ones with her and — I — don’t — like them — at — all.”

It is clear that his technique is to mesmerise the listener with great waves of prose, mostly off the subject. He is off again: “The most wonderful woman is the feminine one and the woman who is the most charming and attracts me is the woman who makes her life task staying home and looking after the children. Most men sometimes do the most menial jobs, but a woman can

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

PEOPLE OPLE LE PEOPLE PEOPLE

FROM PAGE 11

do very wonderful things. Like looking after children, dressing children, cooking, entertaining, they're a long way ahead of the men."

In fairness I point out that this is going to look awful in print, but he genuinely doesn't care. I ask the waitress if she is married. A quick giggle in Pilbeam's direction (she knows this particular bee in his bonnet — they all do) and she says yes, she's got a sick husband to look after. "Well that's all right then," says Pilbeam. "Married women in special circumstances can work. Women saving up for a home can work too. But women married to doctors, dentists, lawyers, politicians, school teachers' wives are all motivated into working for sheer greed. The ones I'm after have swimming pools, two cars in the garage, they're the ones who shouldn't work and keep jobs away from young girls. Someone has to have the guts to say it. It's bull about working for stimulation. They want to work for M-O-N-E-Y."

I ask the restaurant owner if he agrees. Well, he says — er — he finds young girls no good at all. It's the married ones who have the knowhow he needs. "That's all right, that's qualifications," says Pilbeam.

In the mayoral office there is a desk the size of a battleship and behind it a portrait of Pilbeam painted by Sir William Dargie. It took six sessions, two hours each, for him to sit stock still and he vows he will never do it again. Rex Pilbeam has been called old-fashioned and square, among other things. It disturbs him not. He is accused of everything: keeping the young from marrying, encouraging them to live in sin, being coarse, heartless, male chauvinist.

"So what? If being old-fashioned and honest means believing in the family and marriage and the wife staying at home to look after her husband, then I'm proud of it. You should see my girls here. They like working for me. I'm proud of them, too."

Sue Carsburg who is 16 and has been with the council six months as a junior stenographer walked in. She wears the office uniform of bright yellow dress cut short above her knees. She agrees with the mayor, she says, about leaving when you marry. Pilbeam smacks her a kiss and a hug.

The mayor has all the tricks of the trade at his fingertips (which he cleans with a paperclip). He shouts, jokes, kisses, winks, makes appalling puns, tells off-colour jokes, is one of the boys and has an eye for the girls. His latest interest is a horse called Tuscany, bought for an undisclosed sum from Bart Cummings and with which he hopes to do Cummings in the eye. He can wring money out of the stoney and among all the high-powered changes he has made to Rockhampton perhaps the most appreciated is a handsome gazebo built on the Fitzroy river where the female sex can have cups of tea and biscuits for 10 cents a time.

Next day Pilbeam turns up in another dapper suit. Lovat tweed. He is in a good mood, even though some fool just locked him in the Town Hall for half-an-hour, and poses with pride in front of the Women's Centre. He turns, inspired. "You could say," he says slyly, "that the measure of my regard for women is in their facilities. We have some of the best ladies lavatories in the land in Rockhampton." And turns on a grin that is too wicked for a grin.

— DAPHNE GUINNESS



Miguel and Benjie Quinteros: Publicising Chess Olympics.

Secrets of a chess champ

There are only 40 chess grandmasters in the world. Miguel Quinteros is one, but he looks more like a showbiz star.

The 29-year-old Argentinian is the first chess grandmaster to visit Australia. He is here with his wife, Benjie, who was "Miss Philippines, Maid of Cotton" in 1975, to help publicise the chess Olympics due to be held in Argentina in October.

Ten Australians, including four women, will play in the olympics. "Your players are all young, and chess at top competition level is definitely a game for the young," said Miguel.

"It's easy to think it is only mentally demanding, but it has been calculated that one game of championship chess burns up as much

physical energy as three sets of tennis."

Miguel studies chess up to eight hours every day. He spends almost as long making sure he is physically fit to stand up to top match pressures, but he does not find that too difficult — he was once a professional soccer player.

"As a grandmaster I can earn up to \$40,000 a year and get to see plenty of the world. If I had remained a soccer player it's unlikely I would ever have left Argentina — and then I wouldn't have met my wife (at a chess match in the Philippines).

"Almost anyone can become a chess champion," Miguel added. "People think you need a special sort of brain." — BILL WELLS

A stunning selection...

When Mrs Ruth Richards was announced as the NSW Countrywoman of 1978 she did not move a muscle — she couldn't.

She was so overcome she had to be prodded to move forward and accept the title.

She said after the presentation in Sydney that she was stunned by her selection.

Mrs Richards lives in the NSW coastal town Ulladulla where she and her husband run a cleaning business. Originally she came from Sydney. "But I feel a countrywoman now," she said, after 17 years with the CWA. The CWA was formed nearly 60



Ruth Richards: Overcome.

years ago to bring countrywomen together and end the loneliness of rural living. — DEREK MORTIMER

Nurse for 52 years retires

After 52 years in nursing Sister Irene Ballantyne-Heard firmly states that there is no such person as a "bad patient" — rather an incompetent nurse.

Sister Heard has been teaching nurses this since 1946 when she became sole tutor of the Nursing School of the Sacred Heart Hospital in the Melbourne suburb of Moreland.

Her retirement in December will mean the end of the school which is "being phased out for financial reasons," she said.

But Sister Heard is heartened by the thought that the principles she taught are still being conveyed to nurses.

She strongly believes nurses should have empathy for the sick, not sympathy. "Sympathy is not enough," she says. "And to call someone a bad patient is like kicking a person when they're down."

Last year Sister Heard was awarded the MBE for nursing. She said her husband John recognised nursing was her life. "Without his backing I would not have managed."

She believes nursing is becoming "too scientific," but is confident the role of a nurse as guardian of the sick will not change.

— CAROL VEITCH

Sister Ballantyne-Heard.



Marabel Morgan: Frothy.

Lifting the team spirits...

Marabel Morgan has the devastating confidence of a woman who knows how to make a football team champions.

During a recent visit to Sydney the author of "Total Woman," and "Total Joy" — which together have sold five million copies worldwide — spoke of the Miami Dolphins, an American grid-iron team, and how the wives of players attended the total woman classes she based on her books. "The team went on to win every game they played in and became the world champions," she said.

There is, of course, more to Mrs Morgan's message than the secret of how to create football champions.

There is her advice on dressing up to put, well ... zip back into marriage.

There is her advice to cook dishes from foreign parts to prevent husbands getting that wandering look in their eyes ... Mrs Morgan can be as banal as a wet dishcloth, as frothy as one of the bubble baths she recommends for all occasions and as downright as your grandmother.

In her books Mrs Morgan sums up her message under the headings: Accept, Admire, Adapt and Appreciate. "There is nothing new in 'Total Woman' or 'Total Joy,'" she said. "A lot of self-help books say the same things, only in different ways."

— JAMES MURRAY

Powell perfected "hypnotic gaze" for Jesus portrayal

"There's only one man who can really play the part — and he died 2000 years ago. But all things considered, I made a not too bad Jesus," Robert Powell said in Sydney this month.

Two years after the completion of the \$16 million film "Jesus of Nazareth," the 33-year-old English actor still finds it difficult to talk about his demanding role.

The Zeffirelli film, released here this month, tells the story of the life of Christ from his birth at Bethlehem to his crucifixion at Calvary. It endures as the greatest story ever told and for Powell, a relatively unknown actor outside British TV when he was chosen for the role, it was a daunting challenge.

"It was slightly easier to play Christ in 1975 than it would have been say, 20 years ago inasmuch as 'attitudes' are concerned. But it's not like making a film on King Henry VIII or John F. Kennedy. They were human. You can relate to them. I can only relate to Christ's humanity. He was also divine. How do you relate to God?" Powell acknowledges that it may have been his eyes that gave him the role.

"It's vital for any actor to be self aware. Just as an engineer is aware of his tools of trade, our bodies are our acting equipment. I know how to best use my physical person to get a desired effect. One thing I use better than most actors are my eyes. I do it well on film. It helps to express emotion without pulling faces.

Powell was able to perfect a steady, hypnotic gaze. Not a stare, but a gaze. To have blinked would have been to have blown the sustaining thread between him and the camera. He learned not to.

Already in the United States and Europe the film has recovered the \$16 million it cost to make 10 times over.

"Response from the people (at this stage around



Robert Powell: Holiday.

160 million have seen it) has been great," Powell said. "It's a film for the people. I've received thousands of letters personally."

Of course Powell was not crucified in the film.

But the crown of thorns was for real. "The ripping on and off really hurt." Since "Jesus of Nazareth" Powell has been tagged "King of the Re-makes." He doesn't like the term.

"It's purely coincidental that the first few pictures I did afterwards were remakes: 'The Four Feathers' (made previously under that name and also called 'Storm Over The Nile') and 'Thirty Nine Steps' (made twice before). After that came 'The Soccer Player'." It was a chance for Powell to live out his fantasy. He is a devout Manchester United supporter.

After playing the role of Jesus Christ does everything else seem a let down? "No," he says, briskly downing a vodka and tonic. "Everything seems like a holiday."

— JILL BOWEN

CORRECTION — VISINE EYE DROPS: In the May 17 issue on page 119, a Visine Eye Drops advertisement carried a series of questions and answers.

The answer to question four was incorrect and should have read ... "Both the same."

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs James Wiseman Linn, who were married at St Andrew's Chapel at the University of Sydney. The bride was Susan Kitto, daughter of Mr and Mrs John Kitto, of Longueville. The groom is the son of Mr and Mrs David Russell Linn, of Glasgow.



ABOVE: Mrs Yvonne Newell (left), of Wagga, designed and made the gown which won the Supreme Award at the annual Golden Gown awards, held at the Wagga Leagues Club. The gown, a silk chemise over an ankle length skirt, was shown by Melbourne model Susie Cross (right), Maggi Eckardt (centre) presented the award. RIGHT: Sydney model Christine Hinde in a satin tunic which won Sydney designer Wilfred Tronc a Best Design award. FAR RIGHT: Wagga Technical College student Ione Ford designed and modelled this winter outfit, judged Best Local Design Under 21.



PEOPLE AND FASHION

with SUE JOHNSON



Jennifer Kozman (ABOVE LEFT) wore a cotton print dress when she attended a lunch held at the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Point Piper. The lunch was the first function to be organized by the newly formed Echo Ladies Auxiliary, a group which will raise funds for the Adult Deaf Society of NSW. Other guests included Barbara Austin (ABOVE RIGHT), in an apricot knit suit.

LEFT: Mrs Eileen Esdaile was among the guests at the Regency Ball, organized by the Australian Opera Auditions Committee (NSW) at the Queen Street Galleries, Woollahra. Mrs Esdaile wore a lilac and silver gypsy blouse and a purple silk skirt.

Every parent and child knows it, and has seen it happen: boys in class told not to cry because "men don't"; girls encouraged to play flutes, boys to beat drums; infants impressed with fairytales that show beautiful women live happily ever after and ugly women don't.

Unfair? In modern times, many say it is — that it is sexist and limits both boys' and girls' opportunities and outlook.

But is it surprising? At the top of education's policy-making departments, the influential leaders are conducting their own battle of the sexes.

The infant in class and the staff inspector are opposite ends of the pole. But they are basic to the system which is pulled apart and analyzed for its biased attitudes in a report by the NSW Committee on Sexism in Education.

Administrators, teachers, parents and pupils will read between the lines of the report and recognize themselves. As the report says, "times are changing — but not everywhere."

The committee of eight women and two men, all active educationists, spent two years gathering evidence that produced a series of recommendations to try to rid the education system of sexist bias.

It was headed by Miss Eula Guthrie, the State's only female Regional Director of Education.

"If I were a man," says Miss Guthrie, "I guess I might be senior to the position I hold now."

She thinks the NSW findings are fairly indicative of the ingrained attitudes in education around Australia.

"In some ways, schools mirror and perpetuate the patterns of society. This is what they're established for — it's what society expects."

Changes to bring some equality for men and women had been introduced over the years with "a great deal of careful negotiation . . ."

Take "The Inspectorate," described in the report as "the public face of the administration" and offering "an avenue of promotion within the teaching profession." Men had always dominated it. In 30 years, only one position as a staff inspector had been kept for a woman.

Miss Guthrie, who helped write the report and approved the final drafts, was one who held the staff inspector's hallowed post.

She held it for six years before her appointment as Liverpool Regional Director at the end of last year.

Now, the report says, there is a ratio of one woman to 44 men at the top levels

Equality

A lesson our schools could learn

Reading materials teach youngsters that housework is unpleasant and a woman's job

Technical skills are too often withheld from girls because they are considered "male preserves"

There is a ratio of one woman to 44 men at top levels of the NSW education department and the position seems to be getting worse

of the department. It asks: "Is this discriminatory practice in a service with well-qualified and enterprising women of apparently equal status from whom to choose?"

The position seems to be getting worse for women, because, the report says, the one female top level position may no longer be regarded as necessary in a re-organized administration.

Says Miss Guthrie: "The people who hold power are often prejudiced against women for quite unfounded reasons."

"They think women are likely to burst into tears and run away from the problem, or that if they don't, they are unduly assertive and aggressive."

"If men are like this, they are thought to have 'drive'."

She says some women have limited their own opportunities for various reasons in education, "like just enjoying teaching."

"Some have become a bit dis-

couraged because fairly early they have been taught by colleagues that they are not equal to demanding administrative jobs."

In primary schools, 81 percent of women in promotions positions hold their posts in infants' departments, the report reveals. The trouble with this was that the "real master of the school" was seen by the children as the primary principal who ran the assemblies and generally exercised control.

It was also in infants' classes that reading materials contained "profound sexism." Youngsters read that housework was unpleasant and done only by women, and that "happily ever after" meant a male presence.

There was no reason to ban such stories, but those reflecting the customs and ideas of earlier times should be seen as fantasy, and the real position clearly taught.

In secondary schools, course content



Eula Guthrie, NSW Regional Director of Education: "We maintain that males should develop an interest and involvement in child care and home-making."

experience in the report to illustrate latent attitudes to the sexes. She had commissioned some drawings to use in discussions about roles within the family.

"The artists happily produced pictures of girls helping mother cook and boys helping father in building jobs."

Briefed again, and asked to show girls learning skills from father and boys from mother, the artists drew "a smiling boy mixing a cake with gusto under mother's approving eye."

Father was seen in the garden "digging energetically, while his daughter sat quietly by, holding a limp plant."

The artists were women.

The committee investigating sexism was told that there were classes in which young children who wished to use the material deemed appropriate for the other sex were prevented from doing so. This thwarted natural interest or the earlier influence of parents who had tried to widen their child's interests.

The committee deplored it. "Patterns have changed in many schools but not all teachers have recognized the necessity to encourage non-sexist play.

"We do not favour making girls despise and reject child care and home-making in later life," the report says. "But we maintain that males should develop an interest and involvement in such tasks."

Technical skills were too often withheld from girls as male preserves, when already many women had found themselves adept at manipulative skills like carpentry, car maintenance and associated "mechanical and scientific" jobs.

Groups of concerned adults such as Women in Education and Education Department counsellors had devoted considerable effort to counteracting sexist influences in resource materials used in the schools, the report said. Many teachers had found the Centre for Non-Sexist Resources useful.

Miss Guthrie says she wants to emphasize that the report tries very strongly to argue that there are a lot of "type-casting" attitudes in society that operate against men, too.

"We also said many men are taught behaviour patterns early in life that later make it very difficult for them to show affection or tolerance to other people — taught that they must never show grief or emotion, and to despise men who do.

"They often have to resort to fairly

violent reactions to release tensions that women can release in other ways."

But because of the disadvantages women had in areas like promotion in education, there was an overwhelming need to "tip the scales" in women's favour to bring them back to a fair position.

"This is difficult," says Miss Guthrie, "and it is where you're accused of special pleading."

While there were claims on men by their families, "most do operate at some advantage. Few do their own shopping, cook their own meal at the end of a long day, press their own shirts or even buy them.

"Most women do have to contribute more in most relationships — in time and effort. Many are happy to do it. In some cases, it's the price of the marriage continuing."

Where women in education were concerned, family demands often limited their promotion chances. Here, the report noted that the State did not provide adequate home care services to help them handle career and family.

"We have to be careful we don't push women or men into doing things just to prove a point," Miss Guthrie says. "But I do think there needs to be much more active encouragement for women to seek promotion."

The report makes wide ranging recommendations to the Education Ministry and all levels of the department, and to citizens generally, about getting rid of archaic sexist traditions. The recommendations deal with curriculum materials, teacher attitudes, special training for senior officers to broaden ideas, meetings between teachers, parents and ethnic community leaders, and special courses to break down sex role stereotypes.

The report has been distributed to all schools, P and C associations, tertiary institutions, women's advisory boards interstate as well as in NSW, all major women's associations and directors of education throughout Australia.

State Education Minister Eric Bedford has asked senior officers of all departments to put forward concrete proposals to counter discrimination on the grounds of sex in education.

Anybody can get a free copy of the report through the Public Relations office of the NSW Education Department, GPO Box 33, Sydney 2001.

— ROSEMARY MUNDAY

again reflected male and female stereotypes — even in mathematical texts.

"Women are not always baking cakes using three eggs at seven cents each with flour at 15 cents," says the report, "but can also drive at 45 kilometres per hour for 110 kilometres."

"Such material helps to perpetuate problems girls have in extending their vision of women's roles and potential and increasing their confidence in their own capacities."

Few women held key posts in teacher training institutions although they occupied seats on college councils. "Female students are therefore presented with few models of women in decision-making roles, and allegedly divide the women staff into the individual categories of 'motherly' and 'old-maidish.' Neither tag related to professional considerations, but to traditional female domestic roles."

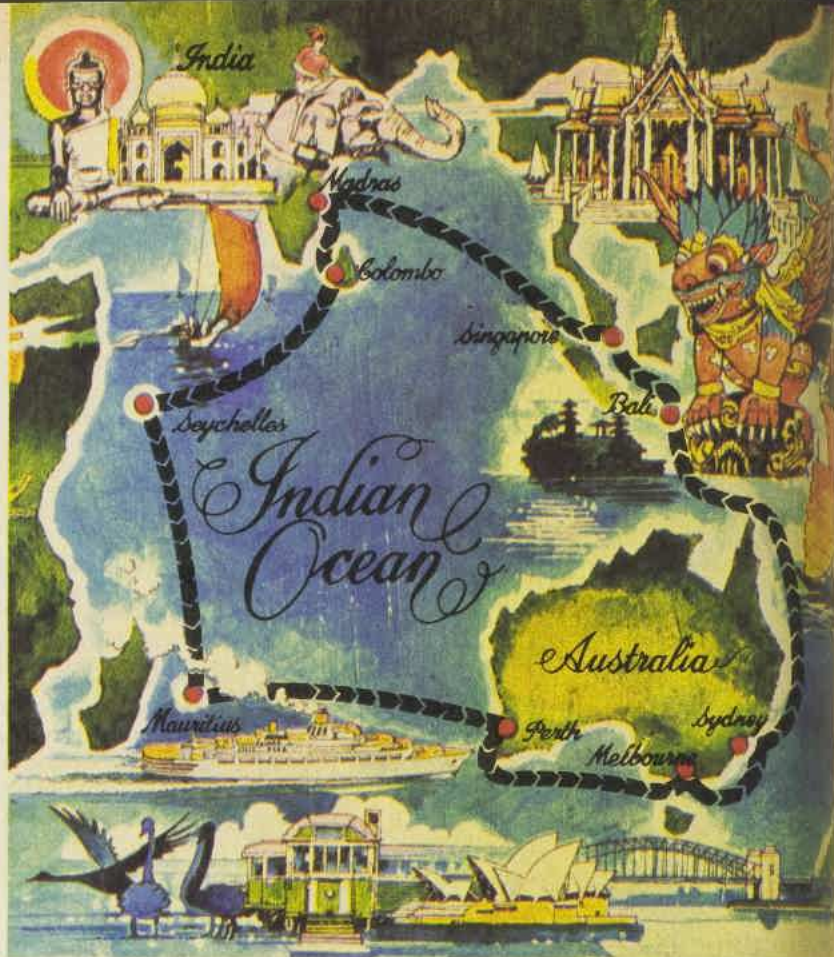
Miss Guthrie recounts a personal



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Colombo: Again, you'll step back into the history of a proud and ancient race. You'll find the Sri Lanka of today equally exciting - make sure you visit the picturesque tea plantations.

The Seychelles: A glittering cluster of 86 tropical islands, uninhabited until the 18th century, and still completely unspoiled. You'll find them a paradise for swimming, sailing, fishing and sightseeing.

Mauritius: An island of rainbows, waterfalls and shooting stars, for long a favourite resort for wealthy Africans. Mark Twain said: "God made Mauritius first and then Heaven, Heaven being copied from Mauritius."



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DATES OF ARRIVAL

Bali	Dec. 28	Port Louis (Mauritius)	Jan 13.
Singapore	Dec 30.	Fremantle	Jan 19.
Madras	Jan 4.	Melbourne	Jan 23.
Colombo	Jan 6.	Sydney	Jan 25.
Port Victoria (Seychelles)	Jan 10.		



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Caroline and Philippe



Caroline and Philippe: a private ceremony but the pre-wedding parties will be lavish. Picture: Sygma.

MONACO PREPARES FOR THE WEDDING OF THE YEAR

Shrouded in mystery and unbleached calico wrappings at the famous House of Christian Dior is the most beautiful wedding dress for the loveliest bride of the year, Princess Caroline of Monaco.

Her wedding to Frenchman Philippe Junot on Thursday, June 29, in the private chapel in the Palace of Monaco will be a small and very private one with only family — the Rainiers, the Kellys and the Junots — and a few close friends, as guests in the chapel and afterwards at a reception in the famous Mirrored Gallery of the Rainiers' palace.

That is Princess Caroline's wish, and she is a young lady who likes to have things her way.

"It is my wedding and it is going to be the happiest day of my life," she told a

friend. "I could not go through with a big wedding in the cathedral, as my parents did when they were married. I want everything to be as simple as possible."

Simple, however, the wedding of Princess Caroline of Monaco cannot be. She is much loved by the Monegasques, who have taken her heart-throb Philippe to their own warm hearts.

So for them there will be three days of

festivities, including a special and most super pre-wedding ball, to which every Monegasque over the age of 18 has been invited. Over 2000 have accepted.

Prince Rainier and Princess Grace will officially present their daughter Caroline's future husband Philippe Junot to their people at the ball.

Before the great night, it is thought Prince Rainier will invest Philippe Junot with the sash and order of a high Monaco decoration.

It will be a night to remember. Champagne will flow — as it did when Princess Caroline was born. Her birth meant a great deal to the Monegasques because under an old treaty, Monaco could not now be ceded to France.

There will be a sit down pre-wedding

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Caroline and Philippe

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

breakfast of six courses cooked by the finest chefs from the leading hotels in the principality.

"And knowing Princess Caroline, we will be dancing till dawn," said one of the Monegasques as she fingered the gold embossed invitation.

The wedding celebrations on a spare-no-expense budget will be vast and on a scale in which all may join. There will be fireworks every night for a week before the wedding. The tiny principality of Monaco, nestling alongside the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, will send up such a display the whole of the Cote d'Azur will be ablaze with movement and colour.

Brilliant searchlights will beam across the largest number of luxury yachts ever to be anchored in a port that is a millionaire yachtsman's paradise, adding a kaleidoscope of colour to the scene.

On the yachts and in the fabulous luxury hotels in Monaco will be the jet-setting friends of Princess Caroline and Philippe, all of whom are to be guests at a pre-wedding party Princess Grace is giving for her daughter at the palace.

There will be a most exclusive party to which 600 have been invited, including the crowned heads of Europe as well as the first families of France and the premier dukes and marquises. In the perfect setting of the sumptuous palace it will be a grand affair.

So, though the wedding itself will be a quiet one, the pre-parties leading up to it will be glittering. They will highlight a summer season in Monaco where, as in no other place in the world, are there such glittering balls and soirees.

On her wedding day, Princess Caroline, on the arm of Prince Rainier, will walk from the palace to the private chapel preceded by a small retinue of attendants headed by her sister, Princess Stephanie, and followed by Princess Grace on the arm of her son, Prince Albert.

After her marriage to Philippe Junot, wedding bells will ring out from the cathedral of Monaco — and the Monegasques will gather in the palace square where champagne will be served.

Standing on the balcony, Princess Caroline and Philippe will receive the toasts and good wishes of the people of Monaco, where Caroline's father, Prince Rainier, once held her out in christening robes and presented her in the traditional way to the loyal Monegasques.

The people of Monaco, as well as showering their good wishes on the happy couple, are presenting them with

a very substantial wedding present to which every Monegasque has subscribed, in amounts from a few francs to four figure cheques.

Princess Caroline, when asked what she would like, said a firm NO to the suggestion it would be a beautiful diamond necklace, such as they gave Princess Grace. Philippe was equally certain he would not want anything as luxurious and costly as the yacht the Monegasques gave Prince Rainier when he married American actress Grace Kelly. The Monegasques hope that the solitary "Pink Palace," which they have raised enough money to buy, will be acceptable.

The people of Monaco feel it would be a fitting gesture to give the young couple a home of their own among them.

"The 'Pink Palace,' as we call it, has always been a royal residence," said a leading Monegasque businessman, "and we would like it to remain so. It is a beautiful little palace, a real gem."

"We feel it is exactly the right place for our princess."

The "Pink Palace" sits atop a high rock, but is screened by Prince Rainier's palace. Prince Pierre lived there until his death in 1963. He was the estranged husband of Caroline's grandmother, Princess Charlotte, who died in Paris last November.

It is a treasure house of antiques and valuable paintings, including a Monet. There is a library of rare books, for Prince Pierre was a great collector.

This royal palace, although a splendid piece of real estate investment, is not, however, in the life-style of Princess Caroline and Philippe. They will make their home in a Paris apartment in the fashionable sixteenth arrondissement.

Philippe Junot is an investment banker and his world is the board rooms of commerce rather than the gilded salons of a princely residence.

Princess Caroline, who kept to the promise she made her parents to wait until she had sat for her finals for a degree in political science at the Sorbonne before marrying, has shown she has a positive and very serious side to her character.

She told friends she thinks it would be a fitting gesture to the Monegasques if the wedding present was an endowment of a library for young students in Monaco. She herself is well read in the classics, and in spite of the fact she was a rebellious teenager, fanatically enthusiastic about discos and night clubs, she rarely neglected her studies.

The only time she did, she received

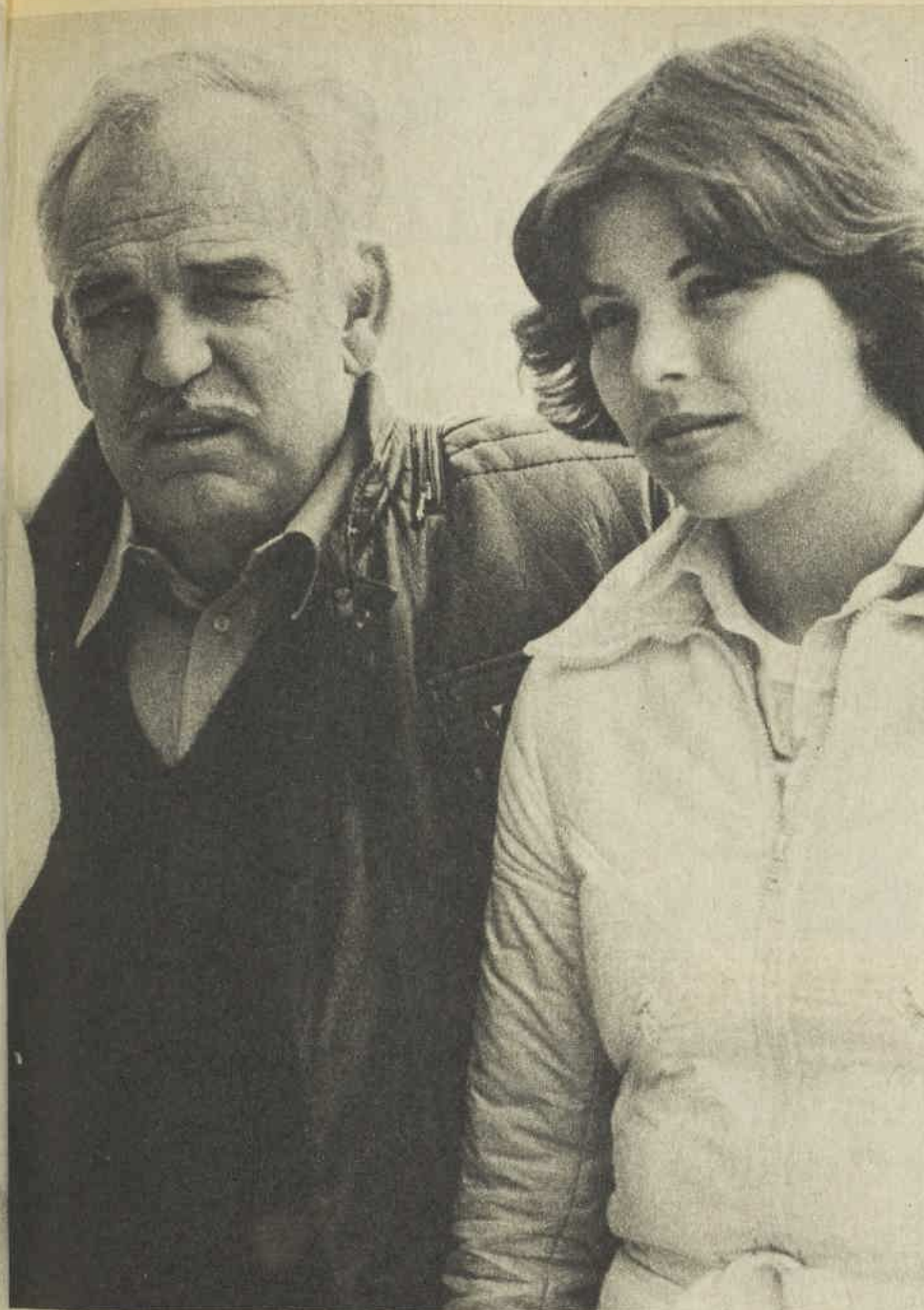


such a roasting from Prince Rainier she quickly made up for lost time and flew through her exams.

It was Caroline's strength of character that consoled Princess Grace when she was in despair over the behaviour of her teenage daughter, which at times bordered on the outrageous.

Princess Grace said then: "Caroline is headstrong, but she does take advice." Acting on it there was a noticeable improvement in her dressing — no more dresses with too low cut necklines and fewer pictures of her in Paris night clubs.

Princess Grace's own experience



Caroline and her parents at the family chalet in Gstaad. Picture: Sygma.

must have been a big factor in Caroline's decision to have a quiet wedding, away from the public gaze.

Her parents' wedding was on such a large scale that even actress Grace Kelly, accustomed to public adulation, broke down and wept all through the marriage ceremony. Television cameras showed her tears on screens throughout Europe. Years later, Princess Grace confessed the over-exposure had been almost more than she could bear.

"I would want to spare any daughter of mine such an ordeal," said Princess Grace in an interview.

Although Princess Caroline's wed-

ding is for family only, there will be a sizeable number of guests.

"The palace will be fairly bursting at the seams," Princess Grace said with a laugh, as she ran through the long list of her own relatives who are flying from America and will be staying at the Palace of Monaco. Princess Grace's sisters and brother, their children and even grandchildren, will be there.

On Prince Rainier's side the chief guests will be his sister, Princess Antoinette, and her three children — Christian, Elizabeth-Ann and Beatrix de Massy.

Philippe's father, Monsieur Junot, a

French Deputy, will be coming down from Paris. His mother, Madame Junot, will arrive from nearby Nice where she lives.

Both Prince Rainier and Princess Grace are happy about the marriage of their daughter to Philippe Junot.

"We never had any doubt they would marry," said Princess Grace as the wedding day drew close. "I have had to re-affirm over and over again, 'The wedding is on,' " she said. "At one time there were at least a hundred rumours going around to the contrary. We simply did not take any notice of them."

Prince Rainier, however, came down with a heavy father's hand on some of the rumours spread around about his daughter by a young man who was quickly silenced by threats of legal action.

"Love and the long engagement have certainly changed Princess Caroline," said one of her friends. "She settled down from the moment her parents gave their consent to her engagement. All that old wilfulness disappeared.

"While Caroline got down to her studies, for she is determined to sit for her finals in early June, Philippe continued to lead much the same life as before they met. He was always seen around the smart night clubs. It is his life-style. Indeed he and Princess Caroline met at the opening of Regine's night club in New York.

"Princess Caroline, once she got over the craze of being always in discos, gave Philippe a long lead.

"When he was in London he would drop into 'Tramps' or 'Annabel's' or one of the smart night spots with a party of his English friends.

"Soon the gossip columnists dropped them out of the news. It was only too evident they were totally trusting of each other. And that doesn't make for spicy reading."

Princess Grace, who once told me she believed that the basis of a happy marriage is mutual trust, is said to be now more than delighted to have such evidence that this is one of the strongest ties between Caroline and Philippe.

As the wedding day draws near, Princess Grace joins with the Monegasques in hoping for long and lasting happiness for Caroline and Philippe.

"I hope my daughter will be as happy with her husband as I have been with mine and his people," she told a meeting of Monegasque wives who were working on special decorations for the principality's wedding festivities. **W**

— ANNE MATHESON

THE SUNFLOWER FESTIVAL AT EMERALD

Sunflowers are a major industry in Queensland's central highlands. Over thousands of hectares, as far as the eye can see, the huge yellow, daisy-shaped flowers turn their giant heads to the sun.

The first Sunflower Festival at the district centre of Emerald last year was such a success that this year The Weekly was invited to join the fun.

Excitement began with the judging of the Sunflower Queen contest, with 11 entrants, ages ranging from 17 to 25, from different towns of the region.

The winner, 19-year-old local student Linda Gibson, led the street parade enthroned on hay bales in a float decorated with sunflowers. Following were Sunflower Princesses Debbie McCosker and Jane White. The float carrying the runners-up was pulled through town by the entire local Rugby League team.

Thousands of people lined the streets to watch the colourful procession of floats, bands, vintage cars and decorated bicycles pass by.

Laurie Dee



Angela Lee, aged 3½, carried her own special sunflower in the parade.



Twelve-year-old Paula Lee won her age group of the painting competition.

BELOW: Vintage cars in the parade through Emerald to the park where firemen put on a display. Pictures by Kevin Brown.





ABOVE: Riding carnival bikes were (from left): Julie Eaton, 7, of Mariba; Felicity Rogers, 16, Robyn Helmore and Rosemary Reimers, both 7, and all three of Emerald. BELOW: Sunflower Queen Linda Gibson held a black sapphire encircled by yellow sapphires, all from nearby gemfields. Debbie McCosker, 19, and Jane White, 17, were Sunflower Princesses.



HOW TO USE YOUR TO GET WHAT

Some people are
"money-marvels,"
some "money-mopes."
And the marvels may
have less than the
mopes. It's not
how much you have
that matters, but
how you spend it

Most of us know a "money-mope" — a person who's always complaining about being poor. One I know telephones regularly to tell me how much her son's braces cost, how high her electricity bill is and how the family's next holiday is going to break them. This woman has a lot more money than I, but that's typical of money-mopes. They're often richer than the people they complain to, but they always *feel* poor.

Most likely we also know a "money-marvel" — a person whose income is lower than ours, but who manages to have more fun than we do. I'm lucky enough to know several money-marvels who never have more than a few hundred dollars in the bank but somehow always manage to have enough to pay for the things that really make them feel good.

The difference between a money-mope and a money-marvel is not how much money each has, but the ways in which each spends it. "There is hardly anybody, rich or poor," says financial counsellor Mildred Tuffield who teaches business management, "who can't improve his or her life by learning to use money better." Edwin Friedman, a family therapist, agrees that money is a tool for getting what you want out of life. "But many people," he says, "use it as a weapon in a war against themselves and their families."

For example, a money-mope named Tim lives from crisis to crisis. First he knocked himself out saving up for a house. Now that he's got that, he's in a lather accumulating money to send his kids to university. Next will be weddings. Then retirement. Tim is very far from poor, but his favourite words are "I can't afford it," whenever it's a question of having fun or living better.

Dr Friedman doesn't have much sympathy for Tim. He says that *I can't afford* usually means *I don't want to or I'm not willing to make that big a change in my living habits*. The way a person spends money is an expression of

personal preferences. Tim doesn't *have* to put so much aside; he *wants* to.

"It's not a question of right and wrong," Dr Friedman insists. "Some people like new clothes and other material things. Others prefer exciting experiences. Still others would rather save money than spend it. When we use words like extravagant, stingy or impractical we're really judging other people's spending by our own standards."

One family's luxury is often another family's necessity. Just compare your priorities to your neighbour's or those of a friend in another city. Chances are that some of the "musts" in your life are totally lacking from theirs.

'Keeping up with the Joneses is only fun for families whose tastes are like the Joneses'

The way people parcel out their earnings is often fascinating.

My friend Glenda, for example, has an annual income from her own and her husband's earnings of about \$18,000. She serves meat or fish only three times a week, and has furnished her house mostly with other people's giveaways. She's often far behind in her charge accounts and other bills. Yet she and her husband go out to restaurants occasionally. They go to concerts and movies, and on holiday in the summer.

Furthermore, the family belongs to a local swimming club that costs \$150 a season. Glenda considers this a necessity. "We could sit in the house all summer and get our bills paid faster," she told me, "but we wouldn't be the happier for it."

Ruth, on the other hand, has three

young children and her husband, Toby, on whose earnings the family live, earns considerably less than Glenda's family.

The first thing Ruth does with Toby's wages is pay the bills — for the mortgage, electricity, telephone, car payments and charge accounts. She puts money aside for food and other necessities, then takes out a substantial chunk for savings. She and Toby want to expand their house and are willing to forgo new clothes, entertainment and holidays in favour of two more bedrooms and an extra bathroom. "I want my home to be nice *now*, while the children are young and still here to enjoy it," Ruth told me.

In their own ways, both of these families are using their money to buy happiness. But many people who have as much or more money to work with have developed spending habits that bring them remarkably little pleasure. Keeping up with the Joneses is fun only for families whose ideas, tastes and philosophy are just like the Joneses. The rest of us would do better to work toward our own individual goals.

All it takes is a willingness to sit down and consider what money could buy for you if you juggled your priorities a little.

Money can buy time. People with a lot of time can use it to save money — by painting their own houses, making their own clothes, canning their own vegetables, travelling all over town to find the best bargains. All of these things can be fun too, but for those who find them distasteful, they're not always worth doing. Sometimes it's better to pay a little more — to send sheets to the laundry, to buy boned chicken breasts or ready-made pastry, to hire a teenager to clean your windows — in other words, to buy time to use on something you enjoy.

Time is much too precious to spend hours saving a few coins. Many women feel that they must do things the long, hard way because they have no way of measuring what their time is worth. In

MONEY

YOU REALLY WANT

such cases, a paying job — even for a few hours a week — may change their ideas. For example, when Gloria took a job her time suddenly became too valuable to spend on unsatisfying chores. Now she buys occasional take-away meals, goes to the dress-maker when she needs a skirt hemmed or a zipper replaced, and hires a cleaning service to do her floors. She stills bakes bread and pies, but that's because she really wants to.

Money can buy an easy out. If you get resentful because you have to nag your husband to put up the screens, mow the lawn or wash the car, money can break the impasse. The price is often surprisingly cheap. A neighbourhood youngster might be delighted to rake leaves or dig a garden for the cost of a movie. Mechanical car washes are cheap and convenient.

Money can solve a lot of family problems, too. If you have a child who has to be called four times to get up for school, you can eliminate a lot of hassles by buying him an alarm clock or a clock-radio of his own. If you get irritated every time you look at the worn living-room carpet and your husband won't hear of a new one, don't fight over it. Find a way to earn some extra cash to pay for it. (Even a woman with young children can make money by making telephones sales from home, typing manuscripts, minding children.)

Money can buy pleasure. Virtually everyone can afford some pleasures — evenings out, holidays, hobby equipment, magazine subscriptions, or an occasional long-distance call to loved-ones. But for married couples, the problem often is *whose* pleasure. The husband may enjoy nothing more than staying home with his stereo set and two opera albums, while his wife may be longing for a luxury cruise.

The tendency in such cases is to say "We can't afford opera records" or "We can't afford a cruise," but the chances this couple can afford both pleasures

if they're willing to cut corners elsewhere and save toward those goals.

If you get your pleasure from buying a new stove, spoiling your kids or giving generously to worthy causes, money can buy that kind of happiness too. But it's important to remember that you're spending it as you *want* to. Don't pretend you're doing the world a favour when you're really only using your options. My friend Glenda would love to have enough money to pay off debts, buy new furniture, give to more charities and indulge her children more often. Yet she turned down a well-paid job because, she told me, "It would be torture for me to sit in an office all day." Thus Glenda has chosen the pleasures of staying at home over the other pleasures she could buy if she worked.

Look hard at fixed expenses before cutting out luxuries that may be more important,

Money can buy future security. Money that's *not* spent can buy happiness in terms of security and future goals. Taking lunch to work every day for a year, for example, can enable you to spend a holiday skiing.

Sounds improbable, but just add up what one or two dollars a day comes to at the end of a year. Penny-pinching can pay off grandly if you have a master money plan.

Money spent on insurance buys the happiness of knowing that your family will be taken care of no matter what happens.

But it's as foolish to be over-insured as to be under-insured. A man with a working wife and grown children, for example, doesn't need nearly as much

life insurance as the breadwinning father of three pre-schoolers.

Insurance needs change as children grow up, women return to work and other circumstances are altered. It's important, therefore, to take stock periodically to make sure you're getting maximum return on your insurance dollars.

Happiness is also putting your money to work earning more money — by means of interest on savings accounts, dividends on stocks and earnings from other investments. But it's not enough just to put a few dollars aside every week. It's important to have a real savings and investment plan — one that fits your personal needs, values and dreams for the future.

Once the possibilities for buying happiness are clear, it's time to figure out ways to turn them into realities.

Look twice at your fixed expenses before cutting out "luxuries" that may be more important.

If the mortgage payments and maintenance of a big house are crippling you financially, for instance, consider whether you'd be happier with a smaller place and more freedom. The alternative to cutting expenses is, naturally, to raise your income.

Here too, some creative thinking can work miracles. Do you have a grown-up child at home who could be paying his or her own room and board? Do you have a spare room you could let? Is there a product you could make at home to sell? Do you have children who could be earning their own spending money? Can you drive other people to work so that your car becomes self-supporting? Can you provide a cheap family holiday by arranging to drive a car across country for somebody who needs such a service? Can you let your house to pay for a summer trip?

There's usually a way to get what you want if you're willing to take the trouble.

— ROLLIE HOCHSTEIN

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 24, 1978

Bad sight needn't be a nightmare. If your eyes aren't up to scratch, a pair of specs won't spoil your beauty. Quite the contrary.

If you really dislike them, you can always wear corneal lenses. But if, like most people, you consider specs an asset, learn to make the most of the pretty frames available.

You should view specs as a fashion prop. The variety of shapes is endless — the colours, too — and you can even colour the lenses.

These days you'll hardly be aware you're wearing them, because plastic lenses and plastic frames mean they weigh no more than a few grams.

The bonus for people who need to wear bi-focals (those awful age giveaways) is the new "invisible multi-focals."

Unlike the old lenses, these have no tell-tale half moon. They cost a little more, but for people who need bi-focals (and don't want everyone to know),

Choosing frames to flatter your face

they are an overwhelming success.

The range of frames is so vast that choosing them can become confusing. OPSM have come to the rescue with a service to help you select your specs. If you describe your lifestyle, favourite colours, make-up and how you see yourself, to their trained fashion consultants, they will produce a selection of frames to suit you. You can

have tinted or graduated lenses, too.

Because glasses shield your eyes, your make-up will be affected. Don't change the area you wear it on, but do alter the intensity. Be bolder with the colours — you'll find it's worth making them two shades heavier than normal.

Specs will flatter pretty eye make-up by acting as a frame, so don't think you can

skip the paint. You'll find the big soft eye pencils easy to use and if you have a selection of colours, you can match them with your clothes, change them with your moods.

That's the big advantage of the frames on this page — clear plastic won't clash, and will adapt to any sort of make-up you like.

— Beauty Editor
SUSAN OWENS

Lightweight, light-coloured specs are the rage. The da Vinci's crystal look frames (at right) are from Italy by OPSM.

RIGHT: New from Silhouette in (from top) gold, silver, tortoiseshell and crystal with pink inlay.



REMEMBER NORAH, JIM AND WALLY

It's the centenary of their creator, Mary Grant Bruce

Generations of Australian children were brought up on the Billabong books which described the ideal country life so well and spanned a period of 32 years. Changing fashions in children's books saw an end to popularity in the '60s but they are still remembered with affection. Their author was born in May 1878 and, after winning an essay contest at the age of 16, continued writing for the rest of her life



Mary Grant Bruce, around 1930.

Do you remember reading the Billabong books as a child? Their main characters, Norah, Jim and Wally, were well loved in their heyday, and the series told of their adventures on "Billabong," a country property.

The author, Mary Grant Bruce, was described at the time as "Australia's best-loved writer." 1978 is the centenary of Mary Grant Bruce's birth; she was born on May 24, 1878 in Sale, Victoria. Her father was an Irish surveyor, and her mother the daughter of a squatter in the remote Snowy Mountains area.

They had met most romantically. While on a surveying job, Lewis Bruce had swum the icy Snowy River to visit the

only house for miles. As he walked in the door he saw a small, dark girl seated at the piano, playing "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." It was love at first sight.

Mary was their fourth child, and the family had a happy life. Though Lewis Bruce did not own a property, his children spent many holidays with grandparents, uncles and aunts who did, so Mary grew up very familiar with station life. It was always a marvellous holiday for her and this was later reflected in her books, where country life is always enjoyable and exciting.

Mary's greatest friend, her brother Patrick, was tragically killed in a

shooting accident as a boy. From then on she was rather a lonely child, spending much of her time reading. At her small private school, the teacher recognized her ability with words and encouraged her to write.

At 16 Mary entered, and won, the Melbourne Shakespeare Society's essay competition — a considerable victory for a young country girl. This further encouraged her with her writing.

As she grew up, she felt stifled by life in a small country town. A broken engagement left her feeling aimless and upset, and she asked her parents if she could leave home and work in Melbourne.

They were horrified — well brought up young ladies just did not do this in 1898. Mary persisted, however, and won her way. After several temporary jobs she became "Cinderella" — the editor of the children's page of a weekly newspaper. With this job, plus a good deal of freelance work, she lived in Melbourne for ten years.

As "Cinderella," Mary gained experience in writing stories for children. After a while she ran out of ideas for a new plot each week, and started writing serials instead. Family tradition has it that the editor of her paper was berating her for laziness in doing this, until she showed him her fan mail, all praising the serials.

He was so impressed that he sent a couple to a firm of publishers, and Mary's first book, "A Little Bush Maid," was printed in 1910. The little bush maid is Norah Linton, who lives on "Bil-

Mary (left) and a friend out riding bicycles around 1900.



OF THE BILLABONG BOOKS?



The home at Sale 1879. From left: Mrs Bruce, Mary, Lewis Bruce, a great aunt.

labong" with her father David, brother Jim, and Jim's friend Wally. The three children ride, fish, round up cattle, and generally "get up to all sorts of larks," finally saving the life of an old hermit living in the bush.

"A Little Bush Maid" was popular from the start, and in 1911 a sequel, "Mates at Billabong," was published. It is one of Mary's most amusing books. A supercilious "townie" cousin, Cecil, comes to stay, and tries to show off to his country relations. Finally he takes Norah's beloved pony and rides it to death.

This episode produced a letter Mary treasured. "I don't know how you could kill Bobs," wrote a little girl. "I cried so much that the gold stopping in my tooth fell out!"

"Norah of Billabong" appeared in 1912, and by now the Billabong books were firm favourites. They described the ideal Australian life so well, and were written in a straightforward, simple style quite unlike the flowery prose of most contemporary writers. From then on Mary Grant Bruce was well-known as a popular author for children — and adults too, for she did not write down to children.

With the money she earned from writing, Mary decided to fulfil a lifelong ambition and visit Britain. On a trip to her father's family in Ireland she met a cousin, George Bruce, an army major on leave from India. They visited the Dublin horse show, bicycled together along Irish country lanes, and fell in love.

In 1914 they came to Australia and were married soon after. Their idyllic honeymoon was rudely interrupted by

the First World War, and Major Bruce was ordered to return to England. The trip was dangerous, and once they arrived life in England was hard. George trained troops, and Mary was eternally busy, working for Red Cross, in soldier's canteens, writing, and running the house. She was even busier after their two sons were born, Jonathan in 1915 and Patrick in 1917.

The Linton family accompanied their creator to England, and their experiences followed Mary's very closely. At the outbreak of war the family go to England where the boys enlist. In "Jim and Wally" they have adventures in Ireland while the boys are on leave; in "Captain Jim" Mr Linton and Norah run a home for soldiers.

After the war, the Lintons and Bruces returned to Australia. The Lintons took up their old life on "Billabong," while the Bruces settled in Traralgon near Mary's parents.

Life was pleasant; the family was very happy, and Mary's writing was selling well. By 1928 she had published 25 books, nine about Billabong and 16 single stories. In these she kept to her successful tradition of describing country life.

She enjoyed writing these books more than the Billabong series as by now she felt that Billabong had been overdone. However, she was continually urged by her publishers and public to write another in the series, and every two or three years she felt forced to give in. She even allowed Norah and Wally to marry, much against her will — she disliked sentimental nonsense in children's books.

In 1927 George and Mary decided to

return to Ireland to live. However, when in 1929 their adored son Patrick was killed there, they felt they could no longer bear Ireland, and moved to England. It was the start of a dark period, for as well as the shock of Patrick's death, the Depression meant that the books did not sell well, and money was very short. The Bruces struggled to keep up appearances, but life was grim.

In the late 1930s conditions — and book sales — improved, and once their son Jonathan's education was completed the Bruces returned to Australia, where they had been so happy.

On their arrival Mary was overwhelmed by the welcome she received — it included receptions, gatherings, interviews for radio and press, invitations to visit schools, hospitals... it seemed never-ending.

The outbreak of war in 1939 disrupted their plans to settle down. Jonathan joined the army, and Mary and George did all the war work they could. Mary wrote radio broadcasts illustrating her belief in "All-In Fighting," with cheerful anecdotes of her life in England in the first war.

In 1942 Mary published her last book, "Billabong Riders," the 15th Billabong book. Her total number of books was now 38. After this she found writing difficult, with her war work, the paper shortage — and the fact that she was in her 60s.

After the war Jonathan and his wife bought a country property, and built a house on it for George and Mary. George loved country life, and adored playing with his grandchildren; Mary too loved the grandchildren, but once she actually came to live on a country property, she found it rather dull.

After George's death in 1949 she went to live in Melbourne, and in 1952 went on a visit to England. On her return she was still restless; moreover, she was becoming old. Fiercely independent as ever, she hated the thought of people seeing her deteriorating. She returned to England, where she died in 1958, aged 80.

The Billabong books continued to sell well in the '50s, but reprints stopped in the '60s, as other, more modern, children's stories took their place.

However, generations of Australian children were brought up on, and loved, the Billabong books, and Norah, Jim and Wally and their creator will always have a beloved place in Australian children's literature.

— ALISON ALEXANDER

A biography of Mary Grant Bruce by Alison Alexander is to be published later this year by Angus and Robertson.



Lindemans Montillo Sherry. The pleasures of home.

New Zealand's tourist facilities are improving, while no one this side of paradise would want to better its fabulous scenery, writes RON SAW

And the natives are friendly

From the snows of Tongariro, Ngaruho and Ruapehu the rivers run down to Lake Taupo: the Waitahanui and the Hinemaiaia, the Tauranga and the Tongariro.

They run rich with brown and rainbow trout, sometimes rushing rocky rapids, sometimes curling deep and quiet between grassy banks, through gentle green woods, running finally into the great lake — 650 square kilometres of it: biggest of all the lakes in New Zealand.

From the lake runs the country's biggest river, the Waikato. A couple of kilometres or so below Taupo it becomes a mad, wild, white, frightening cataract called the Huka Falls, but on the gentle side of the falls stands Huka Lodge.

It's a fishing lodge, an old one, restored and run by Harland and Diana Harland-Baker and Charles and Diane Baker; with room for perhaps 20 guests; and just now, while the memory of it is green and unclouded by tiresome objectivity, I think I'd rather be there than anywhere else on earth.

The lodge sits among tall pines, and oaks and poplars, and its lawns, running down to the river, are closely trimmed by a boy, a silent, smiling boy, with what may be the only silent lawnmower in the world. Along the river and in the gardens there are flax and cabbage-trees, foxgloves and wild roses, wild mint, California poppy, golden lilies and white morning glory, and in the trees there are skittering fantails, and bellbirds whose song is a carillon compared with the single-tinkling of ours.

You can, if you like, fish in the river. The trout there run to perhaps a kilo; and there are bigger fish to catch nearby. Or you can swim, or rent a boat on the lake; should you feel like doing things in style the Bakers have access to a 22m ketch — it is, remember, a very big lake.

They can fix you up, too, with golf or tennis, or hunting for deer or wild boar; or you can take a boat trip down the Tongariro, hunting, shooting and fishing, camping comfortably by night.

I want to do all of those things, and none of them. Most of all I want to loaf around in those gardens beside the river, lying on my back with my hands behind my neck and nothing exercising my mind but the tip of my nose, which I can see by closing one eye. Nothing but that and dinner. People make dinner



Huka Lodge, nestled on a beautiful bend of New Zealand's Waikato River.

bookings from as far away as Auckland and Wellington, or just drop in, taking their chances, and I can sneer at them because I'm a resident guest and I'm here waiting at the head of the table, with a bottle of French wine opened and breathing and my nostrils in much the same state. Tonight it's toheroa soup, and my trout, and roast wild boar and macaroons with brandied peaches, which could well compare favourably with last night's gourmandizing, involving pheasant.

And after that, no TV, not even radio

— nothing to do but talk, actually talk to people and then read or dream or make love and wait for breakfast. And breakfast, served in the kitchen, comes in heroic quantities. Porridge, for pity's sake, with brown sugar and fresh cream, home-made bread, venison sausages — Oh, God! the joy of all-meat, no-bread, no-glug venison sausages . . . Dinner, bed and breakfast is costing me \$34.50 and I think I'm making money on the deal.

You can fly directly to Taupo from Auckland, or you can drive, in about an hour, from Rotorua — and, with all respect to the bubbling-mud-fanciers of the world, I'll miss out Rotorua. It smells awful, and half a day there is about three hours too much. Yet it is Rotorua and its bubbling mud that the New Zealanders used, for so long, to lure tourists.

Think of an advertisement for New Zealand holidays and you think of bubbling, blooming mud and whooshing steam, and Maori girls twirling little white balls on the end of strings, ho-hum. Well, I hold no particular brief against bubbling mud and balls on strings, but it irritates me that New Zealanders should have been so obstinately blind, or unaware, or careless of the fact that their country has better sailing and boating, better fishing, better skiing, better hunting, shooting and fishing, better roads and ten thousand times more breathtaking scenery than the average Australian will see in a lifetime at home.

A few years ago Air New Zealand made a rather feeble attempt to break new ground in the promotion business. There was a film, widely shown on TV throughout Australia, of Lainie Kazan wambling along a beach, wearing wisps, inviting viewers to come on over to New Zealand for a holiday.

There was no guarantee that Miss Kazan would be there to meet you, and her invitation was made rather less pressing by the fact that it was filmed on Palm Beach, NSW, but it was a start. Now, praise be, things are looking up a bit more.

Lately we've had two commercials in which two couples, with the tergiversation of asses between bundles of hay, try to decide whether they want to take their holidays in the Norwegian fiords, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming,

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

And the natives are friendly

FROM PAGE 31

the lakes of Saskatchewan, the French alps, St Moritz, San Francisco, Honolulu or the rolling green hills of old Ireland. And:

Why addle the mind? they're asked. Why not come on over to New Zealand and cop the lot?

The question is not only fair but modest. Had there been time the scriptwriters might have added that it costs about half as much to see New Zealand as any one of those countries, that an honest, antipodean English is spoken, and that — no matter what a few beef-witted stirrers may say — the natives are decidedly friendly. They are not chawbacons. They are no more insular than we are. And far from the much-publicized awe and suspicion of Big Brother from Across the Tasman, their attitude to Australians is one of effortless friendliness.

The first time I was in New Zealand, 13 years ago, I was taken to the Hermitage at Mount Cook; which, the Tourist Hotels Corporation said modestly, was the finest hotel in the world, offering the finest foods. I spent the day struggling glumly through the snow on some glacier or other and arrived in the dining-room almost stupefied with hunger, actually rubbing my hands, and salivating freely.

"I'd like to start," I said, "with a big bowl of toheroa soup."

"Brown Windsor," said the waitress, a girl from Adelaide.

Trying to do too much too soon for its tourist industry

"Oh, well. I'll move straight to the whitebait."

"No whitebait."

"Okay, make it a nice fresh trout. You must have . . ."

"No trout." She stared at the wall, chewing some kind of cud.

"You wouldn't?" I said, "be about to tell me that there's no venison or wild boar!"

"No venison. Don't ever have wild boar."

"Look, this IS New Zealand, isn't it? New Zealand is famous for all the beasts and fishes I've mentioned. They . . ."

"I woont know. You want to order now?"

"All right," I said. "Beat me on this one: I want some — a lot — great gobbets of — Canterbury lamb."

And she brought me four or five

shards of apparently petrified brown organic matter on an icy plate, garnished with slippery potatoes and brussels sprouts reduced, in the English manner, to a pale green paste, and I didn't stop talking about it, bitterly, for 13 years.

New Zealand was then in the wretched throes of trying to do too much too soon for its tourist industry; trying to do it not only through a government agency — the Tourist Hotels Corporation — but without the priceless gift of busy European migration, without which the catering business is dead.

Well, most of that has changed; due principally to the competition offered by New Zealand private enterprise, a good enough example of which is the Trans Tours organization.

Trans could do nothing to improve the scenery or the flora and fauna. But it could ensure that more people got to see them and talk about them. It bought tourist buses, then motels, then hotels throughout the country. Today it's a thriving, multi-million-dollar organization there and here, and it can afford to treat the economy-fare tourists pretty handsomely and run more expensive hotels for the carriage trade. It complements rather than competes with the government agency, and both benefit.

It was a Trans man, for instance, who took me to Huka Lodge, which is neither Trans nor government; who took me to the Waitangi Hotel, which is THC — mainly, I suspect, to prove that the THC hotels no longer served petrified wether or embalmed fowl.

Waitangi is in the Bay of Islands, in what is called the Tropical North of the North Island. It's about as tropical as Ballarat, and it may not be the most beautiful waterway on earth — Puget Sound is probably better, if only in the unfrozen months — but I say without hesitation that the Bay of Islands makes the Great Barrier Reef, including the Whitsunday Passage, seem like a slum.

The Waitangi Hotel isn't cheap, and the service is, well, unsophisticated, but the food is splendid and the girls who serve it are unfailingly charming, courteous and efficient. In the three days I was there the menu featured sailfish, snapper, hare, venison, whitebait, scallops and hapuka, a member of the groper family which, done in a simple egg-and-nothing batter, was as good as any fish I've tasted.

(A word on whitebait: be diplomatic. New Zealanders labour under the delusion that the stuff is exclusive to their country, and they charge like the Light Brigade when you order it. They refuse to believe that it can be bought at the Sydney fish markets for not much above a dollar a kilo.)

The Bay itself is a miracle of a hundred or more islands and twice as

many inlets, ranging from pretty, green refuge anchorages to the mighty embrace of Whangaroa Bay with its towering yet somehow softly friendly cliffs, from the mostly sheltered anchorage of Russell, the nation's original capital, to the Wind in the Willows charm of Kerikeri.

Kerikeri! What a delightful place it is. A little, but navigable river winds in prettily from through the usual rolling, green, sheep-stippled countryside to a spot originally selected by the Rev Samuel Marsden. It was possibly the only decent thing the old swine ever did in the antipodes.

You swear you see Ratty, Moley, Toad on that riverbank

The soil is fertile, the woods soft and hospitable. There is still the old stone store and, beside it, the Kemp House, New Zealand's oldest building, with its rich gardens and fruit trees and its honeysuckle, and ducks strolling the lawns beside a little backwater, with weeping willows and a skiff nudging the bank . . . You can sit in Kerikeri, wolfing a Devonshire tea, and swear to God you can see Ratty and Moley and Toad, beep-beeping and big-noting, on that riverbank.


And then, down in the South Island, there is Queenstown. So much has been written about the southern lakes that repetition becomes tiresome. The plain fact is there are no words adequate.

Around you are mountains called the Remarkables. Had they been discovered in less conservative times they'd have been called the Bloody Astoundings. Those great, jagged snowy teeth, with their piney slopes, look — as no Australian mountains ever look — as if they *should* have snow.

Below them is the great, dog-legged Lake Wakatipu; and in a park overlooking the lake and the town there are deer. And across the alps, at the end of a flight among peaks and avalanches, there is Milford Sound. And the tourist who doesn't go there deserves to be thrashed.

And there is the Country Lodge Hotel which serves a dish called Lamb Wakatipu: leg lamb pounded with garlic and cooked in Marsala and cream, as I recall, though they may have tossed in a dash of ambrosia.

So if there's more to New Zealand than mud and those tiresome swinging balls it is, as far as I'm concerned, Huka and Taupo, the Bay of Islands and Kerikeri and Queenstown.

I'm ready to believe there's a great deal more than that, too. But let's not be hoggish. That lot will do for a start. 

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Leaves me soft and cuddly."*



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Soften: Massage Johnson's baby lotion all over to help keep baby's skin naturally soft.

Johnson's baby lotion. Best for baby, best for you.
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Rent-a-Wreck

Fancy renting a car with dented bodywork, messy duco, seats with popping springs? It will cost you at least \$47 a week, plus five cents a mile after the first 200 miles. (They don't rent by the kilometre yet in the USA.)

And you might have to wait three months for it.

Frizzy-haired 40-year-old Dave Schwartz has been making a good living with Rent-a-Wreck (his business title) for the past six years.

The Bible with sound effects

For more than 1000 years, the Bible has been handwritten, printed, punched in Braille, and — latterly — recorded by voice, in close on 1000 languages.

Hard to think of something new? Yet the Rev Peter McCracken, of the Christian Brothers' High School in the Sydney suburb of Burwood, has done it, reports Harriet Veitch.

His idea is using music

Schwartz operates (of course) in Hollywood, claims Paul Newman, Ali MacGraw, Warren Beatty and Connie Stevens as clients, and says, "Some people just like to drive beat-up old cars."

He is pictured (in the cap) with "Jaws II" actor Jeffrey Kramer.

The Rent-a-Wreck title is a trifle misleading. The 650 mangy old cars are kept in sound running condition by three full-time mechanics.

Schwartz says he turns away an average of 10 customers a day, rents his cars only to those whose voices he likes.

"I've never lost a car," he said. "I even had one customer who robbed a bank with my car and then dropped the car back the same day."

and sound effects to dramatise portions of Scripture recorded on cassettes by six professional narrators, including Sydney ABC news-reader Ross Symonds.

The first of the series, "The Miracle of Jesus," was released for Easter and all 500 copies sold. In all, 20 cassettes will be produced.

The cassettes can be bought at Bible Society and other church supply shops.

COMPACT

Compiled by Bill Myatt

Australia's giant (stuffed) panda

Giant pandas, rare and beautiful gifts, are popular expressions of Chinese diplomacy. In this decade, France, Britain, and the United States have each received a pair of the animals, of which no more than 400 are thought to exist.

Lately Australia scored a first. The giant panda that China gave us (seen in Richard Phillips' picture) is stuffed.

It is part of a gift collection of 80 stuffed animals and other scientific specimens now touring Australia.

The collection, which includes other rarities like a golden pheasant, a sable, a North Chinese lynx, and a giant salamander, was handed over to Dr Peter Stanbury, curator of Sydney University's Macleay Museum, while he was in China last year.

Meanwhile, the survivor of the pair of live lesser pandas (one died of lung cancer) that China gave us last year, is doing well at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo. The red-and-white lesser panda, as its name implies, is smaller than its black-and-white relative. And not so rare.



Anybody here seen Kelly?

Has anybody here seen Kelly? Or Quayle? Or Christian? If so, tell her, him or them they'll be more than welcome on the Isle of Man next year, writes Larry Boys from London.

For 1979 is a year in a thousand for the 570 sq km (220 sq mile) island in the Irish Sea midway between England and Ireland.

It marks the millennium of Tynwald, the world's oldest continuous Parliament, founded on the Isle of Man by the Vikings in 979AD.

The Manx Government has issued an open invitation to all people of Manx ancestry to be there.

"We estimate there are a million of them living overseas, including Australia," said spokesman Edgar Cotter. "Even Pitcairn Island, where Manx crewmen from the Bounty settled." Not forgetting the ex-Pitcairners on Norfolk Island!



Heinz Bennent confesses to David Carradine.

THE SERPENT'S EGG

FILM REVIEW

First film in three years from self-exiled Swedish director Ingmar Bergman is steeped in horror.

It looks back to the start of the Nazi rise to power in Germany and the destroying effect it had on Bergman's Jewish friends.

While audience appeal is likely to be limited, no doubt Bergman fans will appreciate the sheer realism, fine photography and the superb casting.

The cameras constantly record the fear-ravaged faces of the depressed, desperate people of Berlin.

Death comes often and always violently. With the exception of tawdry cabaret scenes, settings are sombre. The script is sparse and there are terrible silences.

The story revolves mainly around Abel Rosenberg, played by David Carradine (of Kung Fu fame), who arrives in Berlin to join his brother Max, and Max's wife, Manuela (Liv Ullmann) in a trapeze act.

Max dies, an apparent suicide. Abel takes refuge from grief in alcohol, while Manuela struggles to support them both, working in a

sleazy cabaret and in a brothel.

She becomes involved with Hans Vergerus (Heinz Bennent), a scientist who offers them a flat and work at a clinic he runs. In the archives Abel discovers documents that disclose Vergerus's bizarre experiments with human beings.

As he commits suicide, Vergerus says of Hitler's first unsuccessful "putsch" for power: "It's like a serpent's egg. Through the thin membranes you can clearly discern the already perfect reptile."

The film is due for Sydney release on May 25.

BETTY DELANDRO

*"Mum! They're so
safe and gentle."*



Teething: Use COTTON BUDS* absorbent applicators to massage gums or apply medication – tightly spun heads remain secure even when wet.



Navel: Clean carefully with a COTTON BUDS* absorbent applicator, dipped in baby oil – so soft for baby's delicate places.



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I'M PROBABLY A ROTTEN MOTHER....but at

The country I lived in before my children's birth was the place of the precious ego, but having children changes all that. Polly Devlin looks at the role she now has to play

I keep pinned above my desk four photographs of a woman in various stages of her life. The photos are beginning to yellow with age, not unlike the subject, which is me. The first picture shows a thin and gawky child with a placating smile on her face. I am amazed and touched by this picture because I have no overt connection with this child in whose body I lived.

The second photograph is of me at 15. I am hunched in a white shapeless cardigan, round-shouldered, embarrassed, trying to conceal the two enormous mounds of misplaced flesh that have suddenly appeared on my body, and at which, to my acute distress, boys stared. I look at the unhappy adolescent in the picture and thank God I am not that person any more.

The third girl is walking through an olive grove. Wheat and cornflowers bloom around her feet; there are other girls in the picture, smiling, looking at her with love and conspiracy.

It is obviously a celebration; it is my wedding day in Italy and in the picture I am safe, triumphant and inviolate. I am *me*. I am at the centre of attention and I am at the centre of me.

The final picture is of me now. But here is the biggest change. I am no longer the centre of attention, nor indeed am I anywhere near my own centre. I am dislocated, the me-ness of me has been lovingly smothered by the three other people in the picture. They are all over me, their features bear traces of mine but it is to their vivid, young faces that the spectator eye leaps and it passes over mine, the vague original, for I am wearing that most effective of all camouflage — I am wearing the uniform of *Mum*.

Somewhere among that wonderfully effective protective colouring that

nature throws over young women to turn them into good mums, lurks *me*, but having a baby changed me more than anything else in my life.

For a start, overnight I was catapulted into another generation, and for a whole host of people who entered my life because I'd had a baby, I was simply an accessory to someone else — the new baby-person. The doctor, the district nurse, the man who pays me my family allowance, all look through me toward the child they are serving.

Sometimes I reach back into the nervous past to reassure myself that I was there, to try to connect myself with me as that single girl, whose traces I see in my writing, whose outdated clothes I still see in a spare cupboard, whose love letters I keep in a drawer and look at with considerable bewilderment. I daydream myself back to that time when I was on my own, when the world was my oyster and I doled out little globs of love, sex and passion as I fancied.

‘You think you are going to have a baby — but instead you have a person who bends your will ...’

I daydream, but without the poisonous itch of nostalgia, for it has nothing to do with my life now and my commitment to being a mother.

You think you are going to have a baby and instead you have a person who bends your will like strong men bend iron bars. Your will creaks, resists but slowly bends. You meet head on with this person who is naked, aggressive, passionate, full of love and full of hate. You recognize yourself in that person and also recognize that you are capable of harming (if not actually murdering) that person because she has driven you to the brink of insanity.

When I think of myself before my babies and think of myself now, I remember those heartless, woeful lines from Webster . . .

"But that was in another country and besides the wench is dead."

The country I lived in before my children's birth was the place of the precious ego, the lovely selfish plateau where I was the central and spoiled inhabitant. But having children changes all that.

Sometimes I find myself whining that no one had warned me. I had taken for granted that having a baby was part of the progress towards maturity that some older women seemed to have arrived at.

wonder where I would find the love for her at all since my loves were all used up, measured out to my husband and family and friends.

Those first charted problems were easily resolved. Maternal love flooded me when I first saw her.

After my Caesarian she was wheeled into my room in an incubator, a glass case which made her seem like a jewel. Her bottom was in the air, her small pink hands were clenched, her blonde curls were in damp tendrils. I felt love happen

"Well, perhaps your having a baby ... " said her friend. But before she could finish the sentence, my sister was running headlong for her forgotten baby where it lay bawling at the ceiling, wondering where its next meal was coming from.

One young mother, earnestly explaining to me about the changes that having a baby had wrought in her, told me how much more vulnerable she was to the world's ills, how affected by the plight of other children, how she had become more physically responsive to affection, yet less interested in sex, how she found she had to censor what she read, or watched on television, since she was now deeply violated by violence.

But it was not just these gut things, she said, that had changed in her. She'd also changed in her social manners, her attitudes towards the world; and of course the reverse had occurred too — the world looked at her differently.

Men noticed this beautiful girl as she walked down a street; she got wolf whistles which she hated, but when she walked out pushing a pram, she was not looked at as a sexual object at all; she became camouflaged or sacred, she didn't know which.

"The best chaperone I ever had," she said, nodding at her six-months-old baby. "Before William was born I would do anything rather than make a scene or a scandal. Now I will make the most awful scene without thinking twice if it's anything to do with William."

I watched her bury her face in the nape of her baby's neck and I could almost inhale with her that unique and delicious smell, that combination of soft baby flesh, baby powder and sleep that I still often miss badly, my little fix, as a converted cigarette smoker will even years after suddenly miss an inhalation of smoke.

Her husband was also watching. He turned to me laughing, loving, there was nostalgia in his eyes. "That's how she used to be with me," he said.

I could have told him how soon it would all change again; how she will soon even trust baby sitters. I could tell him how a mother, having painfully learnt new habits which she thought would last a lifetime, suddenly finds that she no longer needs those habits and that the burden has gone.

You train yourself to be a mother forever and find that your children are not children forever. And I could tell him too of how she would revel in this new freedom, this new space in which to explore again the question "Who am I?"

at least I'm still me

When I found that I was pregnant, I arranged for the new arrival to fit into the shapely and stable pattern of my life. She would add to it, of course, but without disrupting it.

I must have been a lunatic and an ignorant one. She exploded into my life like a three-and-a-half kilo volcano and rearranged my whole life, punched us around and knocked us into her shape as though we were badly arranged cushions on her particular sofa.

At schools and colleges our girl-children learn about every aspect of their world which seems relevant and can be taught to them; but they are not learning about the massive relevancies of motherhood; nor what motherhood can do to the heads in which they are accumulating their necessary academic knowledge.

They are finding their own spaces in which to move, they are learning how to use their own bodies but they are not getting an inkling of how these spaces will be intruded on by their children, how those bodies will be taken over, first as lairs to protect their children until they are ready to be born, and later as mountain ranges over which their tiny bodies clamber to get a perspective of the big bad world outside from a safe vantage point.

We don't pass on these things. Nor do we talk of the love. We don't tell of the deep passionate gaze with which your baby anchors you to him, as though you were his one and only lifeline to the world.

I had been told about everything else of course. All through my pregnancy I had been warned of the dangers that lay ahead. I was told not to worry if I didn't feel a sudden rush of mother love but was instead consumed by distaste for what I had produced. Sometimes I'd idly

to me, my heart moved in my body.

It was an onslaught of love that left me crying; crying for what I saw so naked and vulnerable, waiting to face life; crying for what I had left behind and for what I now perceived dimly lay ahead. I knew that never again would I be free from worry.

I've never been so busy in all my life as I was with that first baby. I was on the run all day, scuttling madly.

I remember my sister telling me how,

**"You train yourself
to be a mother
forever and then
find that your
children are not
children forever,"**

soon after she had brought her baby son back from the hospital, she'd fed him, played with him and put him down for his sleep and gone off to her own room to try to do some research on a project that, because of the baby, seemed to be taking forever.

After a couple of hours of intellectual activity she remembered that she ought to go shopping, left the house alone and drove to the town centre. Shopping over, she decided to have her hair done, and under the dryer met an old friend and they had tea together. My sister mused, puzzled, on what a lovely day she was having.

"I haven't had a day like this for ages," she said. "I've got so much done and seen you and I can't think why I don't do it more often."

Mums, dads and children in the Melbourne suburb of Boronia pitched in willingly and in the space of a single day provided the community with a new play park best described as "all their own work"



How to turn a paddock

Creating your own playground may sound like hard work but it can also be a lot of fun, as one community in Australia has recently discovered.

On a hot sunny day with the temperature soaring to 34 degrees, mums, dads and children gathered on a bare paddock in the outer Melbourne suburb of Boronia, and set about turning the half-hectare (1½ acre) site into a comprehensive play park.

Just how do you go about making a playground? "It's easy," says John Mason, a consultant with the Playgrounds and Recreation Association of Victoria.

The Association co-ordinated the creation of the new playground along with the Bayswater Apex Club, the City of Knox and the local community.

John said their "Build a Playground Day" was the first in Australia and he

hopes other States will follow their lead.

"People have fun building things together, they exercise their imagination, learn about building and learn about each other," said John.

The site should obviously be in an area with a high proportion of children. The Boronia site, provided by the local council, was ideal, in an easily accessible area suitable for children's safety.

The groups in Boronia appealed to local factories and found them only too willing to give materials to the community to make the play equipment.

Members of the Apex Club received prior training from John, who has had four years' experience as a Parks Superintendent.

Families were given every opportunity to be individually creative, but those who needed some advice were pointed in the right direction.

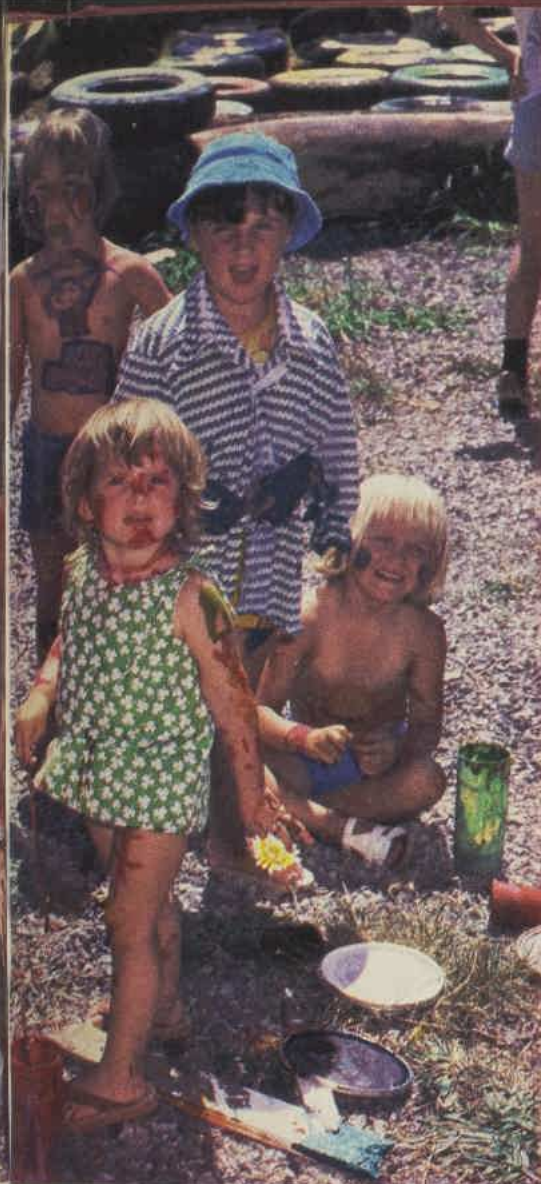
A bulldozer had worked in advance,

creating landscaped mounds and hillocks to add a sense of adventure. A small shed was erected to store materials. It will later be turned into an arts and crafts centre with families being able to obtain the key and pop in at any time to create whatever handiwork they desire.

Adults and children discovered hidden talents for turning tyres into animals (to be ridden), cement into exciting tunnels (to be explored), and wood and rope into climbing frames (of illusionary Everest dimensions).

Finally, the playground was born. It was a job well done, although a few finishing touches still needed to be added, and there was room for further equipment.

"The playground is a continuing concept," explained John. "If the kids eventually want to knock down what they've made to build something else,



Pictures by Don McPhedran

into a play park

then they can. This is the advantage over a static playground."

Another advantage, proven in America, is children do not vandalize something they consider to be their own.

The Playground Association has compiled a host of literature to help communities throughout Australia gain advice on playground planning and new ideas for equipment. Any enquiries should be sent to The Playgrounds and Recreation Association of Victoria, 71 Gertrude Street, Fitzroy, Melbourne 3065.

— CAROL VEITCH

ABOVE LEFT: Paint and children are a powerful combination as colourful Mrs Carmel Spyrakis (centre) proves. **ABOVE RIGHT:** John Mason climbs up to test a tyre-hung wooden frame. **RIGHT:** Many hands make light work.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 24, 1978

Joe, 29. — Barman. Mixes the meanest drinks
on the island — Cannibal Cocktails —
from an overproof rum
his mother sends him from Senegal.
"Swing it, boys" Joe signals the band.
"I'd love to see that shape in action".



Michael, 32. — Consulting engineer.
Specialises in high-density housing.
But reckons nothing beats the bush.
Only a big thirst
has driven him back to civilisation.
It's got its compensations, though. "Wow, what a bird!"

Tom, 27. — Itinerant Rally Driver.
The world's his oyster. Danger his drive.
And up to now, that boyish grin hasn't
failed him! "Chase or be chased" he wonders
... keeping her firmly fixed in his sights.

Bringing in the big game...

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INTERNATIONAL

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1 YEAR
Quality Guarantee
Original
WEFTLOC

Francesca, 35. — Born of a diplomat, she spent an adventurous childhood in exotic places. Spoilt, stubborn and volatile. Hankers for the out of the ordinary, the unusual, the new. Perhaps that's why she swears by Diana ... slinky body fashions by Triumph.

Backed by a full year's guarantee. Is it that unique Weftloc fabric ... that exclusive two-way stretch that shapes soft and wrinkle-free? Or has she fallen for the satin-smooth touch? Whichever, right now she's feeling absolutely super. She's the one who'll call the shots!

Wow! Look at me now.



When you're bored with the colour of your hair, but you don't want to change it drastically, turn on new lights with Decoré Lights Up.

It's a magic little colour highlighter that lights up your hair in 15 no-mess minutes, and lasts about a month.

Wow! Decoré Lights Up will add a little more life to your hair, and to the way you feel.

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Decoré
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Is falling in love a health hazard?

Are you now, or have you ever been, hopelessly head over heels?

If so, then, according to Professor Dorothy Tennov, you have something in common with Scarlett O'Hara, Richard Burton, Jay Gatsby (known also as "The Great Gatsby") and Barbra Streisand. And what is that?

All of you, she says, are limerents.

Professor Tennov is a behavioural psychologist and professor of psychology at the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut, USA. She has just completed 10 years of research on romantic love, as well as a book on the subject.

Limerent is a word invented by Professor Tennov. It goes like this: A limerent is a person who falls in love. A limerent object is the one with whom a limerent is in love. And limerence describes the state of being in love, a word Tennov coined to specify that state, to distinguish it from other aspects of love such as concern and caring. Tennov says that, just as limerent people are able to fall in love, non-limerent people are not.

An example: Take "Gone with the Wind," a novel and film in which, it turns out, limerents, non-limerents and limerent objects run rampant. Scarlett, of course, was a limerent. Her limerent object was Ashley. Ashley, a passive fellow, did not experience the state of limerence, though he did, from time to time, work up a sexual passion for Scarlett and shared with Melanie a feeling of love that runs deeper than limerence, which Tennov calls "sustained mutuality."

Now, are you still with me? Rhett Butler was a confirmed non-limerent. That is, until he met Scarlett and became, to his considerable amazement, limerent about her. By then, however, he was habituated in his non-limerent behaviour, and thus continued to see his friend Belle Watling, the

Love has been called a kind of madness down through the ages and a psychologist who has made a 10-year study of it has some fascinating conclusions to offer

good-hearted whore of Atlanta, who was, herself, limerent about Rhett. Poor Charles Hamilton, Melanie's brother, was as limerent as can be about Scarlett. I could go on...

Though it is often assumed that women are the limerents of this world, and men, the limerent objects, Tennov disagrees.

"Limerence doesn't have anything to do with personality characteristics," she insists. "Let me explain: When I talked to people who were limerent and asked where they felt it, all of them pointed to their hearts. Always. But when I spoke with non-limerents, they described what they felt, but it was never there, it was never heartache."

But how else can you tell if you are a limerent or a non-limerent? The first distinguishing factor about limerence, according to Tennov, is "The pre-occupation — the not-thinking-about-anything-else. A limerent will think about everything in terms of the limerent object — how he or she will like something, what he or she will say. The limerent also feels good and bad depending on what the other person does. The limerent object controls the limerent's emotions by his or her behaviour."

This sounds so fanatic that I wonder about all the well-adjusted people in the world. Do you have to be crazy to fall in love?

I recall in the movie "Cleopatra" that,

just before her suicide, she says to Antony, "Without you, this is not a world I want to live in." You could hear people blowing their noses all over the theatre. A tear-jerking concept, yes, but an unenviable state to be in, and certainly what psychiatrists call neurotic.

Is love neurotic? "Yes, that's the way limerence is," Tennov says. "This is why love has been called a madness down through the ages. Being limerent is a kind of insanity. Yet, it doesn't mean that you're crazy. Let's describe limerence as a normal maladjustment."

"You see, limerence is not just a psychological state. We're dealing with what I believe to be a biologically mediated, automatic action, a kind of instinctual response people don't have control over. Maybe limerents have a different electric potential in the brain. Maybe they secrete some special hormone. I don't know what it is, but I do know it has this crucial, involuntary component."

There's another side to being or becoming limerent, too. "Limerence and non-limerence are self-sustaining states," Tennov explains. If you are a limerent, you will most likely be one throughout your life.

So, suppose you meet that man or woman of your dreams. What happens next? How does limerence enter the relationship? "The way people become limerent is through certain specific stages," Tennov explains.

"The first stage is admiration. You see a person you like, who has qualities you admire. Next, there is some awareness of sexual attraction — which doesn't, incidentally, always happen in the same way. You may have known someone for a number of years and never thought of him or her in a sexual way and one day you do, and you're off."

"The next igniting thing is something

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

that suggests to you that there is hopefulness of return. And this is what produces real limerence. So, you go away feeling exhilarated and happy, and what are you thinking? You're thinking about how nice he is, and this produces what I call the first crystallization."

"After the first crystallization, the limerent begins to emphasize the good qualities of their limerent object. It's not that they can't see the poor qualities, but they tend not to focus on them."

But limerence doesn't begin and end here, though it may happen that way. What you really need, says Tennov, for definite, crazy limerence to develop is some kind of doubt. That doubt, or the play between hopefulness and uncertainty, is what produces Tennov's second crystallization. Then you're gone.

Tennov says that she has often heard limerents insist, after what may have been particularly trying love experiences, "I could have stopped it if I had stopped it at first." What they mean, the psychologist says, is that it's easy to stop something before you get to the point of hoping for reciprocity — before that second crystallization.

"Whether limerence is desirable," says Tennov, "depends upon what happens. If it goes well, it's certainly touted as the best thing that can happen to two people." Some individuals say,

falling in love is a health hazard?

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"There is no power as great as love." It means taking a high risk for a potentially great stake, "because at its worst, limerence can be a killer, either suicide or murder," Tennov explains.

There are different states and degrees of limerence, Tennov says. The first state, or characteristic, of limerence goes hand-in-hand with the preoccupation mentioned earlier. "I call it intrusive thinking," the psychologist states. "It's not only the amount of thinking about the person but that it intrudes. You have people reading and not following the words on the page. That sort of thing. In this fantasy thinking, the limerent object often initiates mutuality: returning your gaze, clasping your hand."

The second major characteristic of limerence, after intrusive thinking, is exclusivity. "The limerent person wants the limerent object and no one else. You can't be limerent over two people. Only one at a time," Tennov says.

In order to be assured of this exclusivity, a limerent often craves

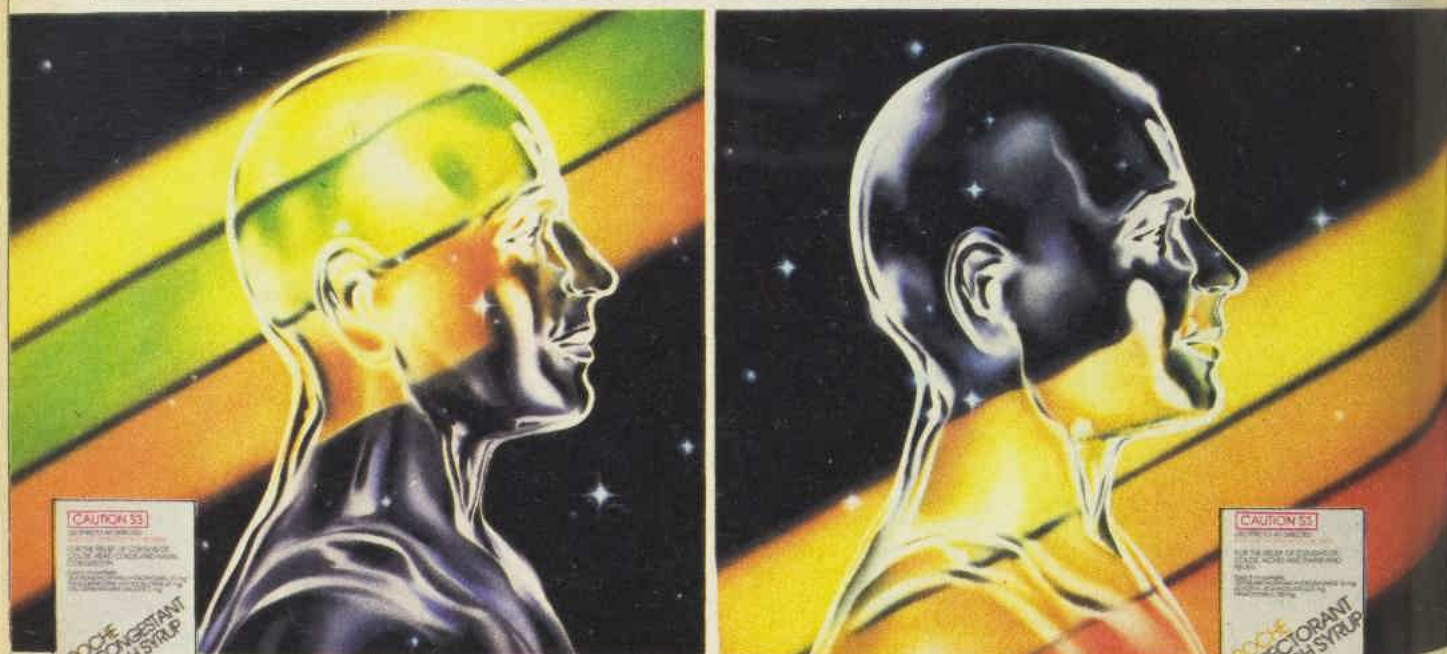
"some kind of commitment. A ring, a promise the loved will never go out with anyone else," according to Tennov. "The need for commitment is so strong that people in the limerent state promise even when they know they shouldn't."

Another limerent characteristic is an enormously strong fear of rejection. This fear often works against the limerents' own best interests. They smother their limerent object with attention instead of trying to build the love interest and mutuality slowly. Even when their heads tell them to say no, they can't. As Tennov says, "If the person calls you up, you might think, 'I shouldn't see him. I should hold out. I'm too easy to get . . .' But you can't do it."

But being limerent isn't all agony. As Tennov says: "People can reach a mutuality where they are able to walk on air together for a while. There is a time when they feel wonderful, when they get a feeling of incredible buoyancy. I don't want to leave that fact out. In fact, everyone who is limerent is happy." And according to Tennov, this basic happiness persists even if the love is unrequited.

Shocked at this notion? Tennov explains: "Some people find great beauty in unrequited love, and when they are in it, tend to deify the limerent object. Limerence tantalizes. It promises

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



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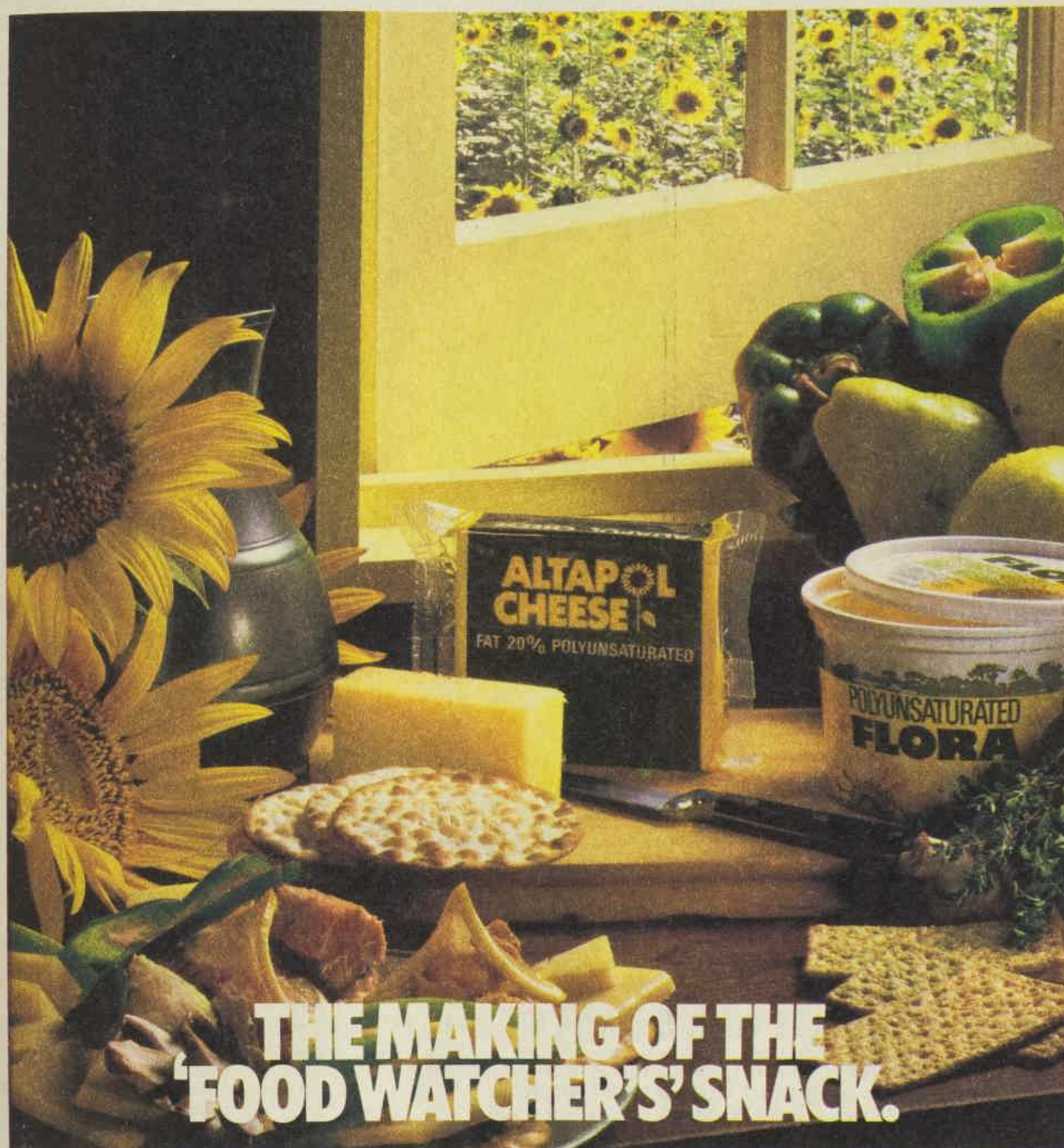


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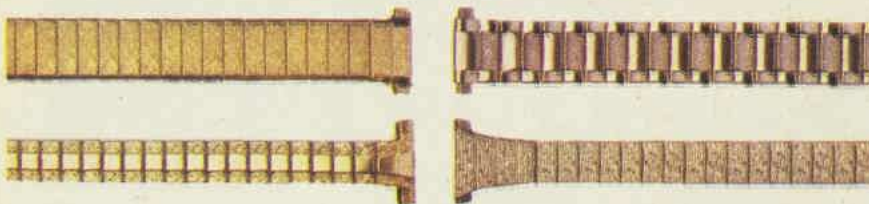
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Is falling in love a health hazard?

FROM PAGE 44

much. But you see, even though limerence does ordinarily pass, it can develop into something else that people like."

Tennov admits that happy endings after limerent relationships aren't always the case. "There is an inherent danger that as limerence fades, you might grow to resent the other person and feel so betrayed by the whole situation — by the fact that limerence is fading — that it would be impossible for the love to grow into something deeper. 'I never promised you a rose garden,' says one, and the other says, 'Well, then, what were you promising? It sure looked like a rose garden to me.'"

Yet, does a deep love have to begin with limerence in order to become great? No.

"The ultimate relationship may even have a better chance if it starts off non-limerently. I say this on the basis of conversations with people who have been married many years and who don't feel and never have felt limerent for one another."

This may be a reassuring thought for those of us who have always fallen in love rationally, but what about the limerents who are lovesick and want to know how long their illnesses will last?

Unfortunately, there is no definitive panacea for this malady. They're just going to have to hope for the best outcome and enjoy it while it lasts.

But don't give up hope. "There are three ways limerence can end. One, which I mentioned before, is through mutuality and the development of a lasting relationship. Another is through the final death of all hope. You could call this starvation. And the third thing that can end limerence is not exactly an end of it, but a transference of it to another individual. Yet, if you transfer your affections too soon, that's what's called a rebound." Beware, falling in love on the rebound can be just as agonizing as your original case of limerence.

"There are other things that can happen early on that kill limerence. But once you're up there at the 100 percent level, after that second crystallization, and all your spare moments are taken up with the other person, and your emotional well-being is dependent on what you see as the hopefulness of mutuality, you can stay there a long time."

But really, there are worse places to be.

— ELIZABETH KAYE



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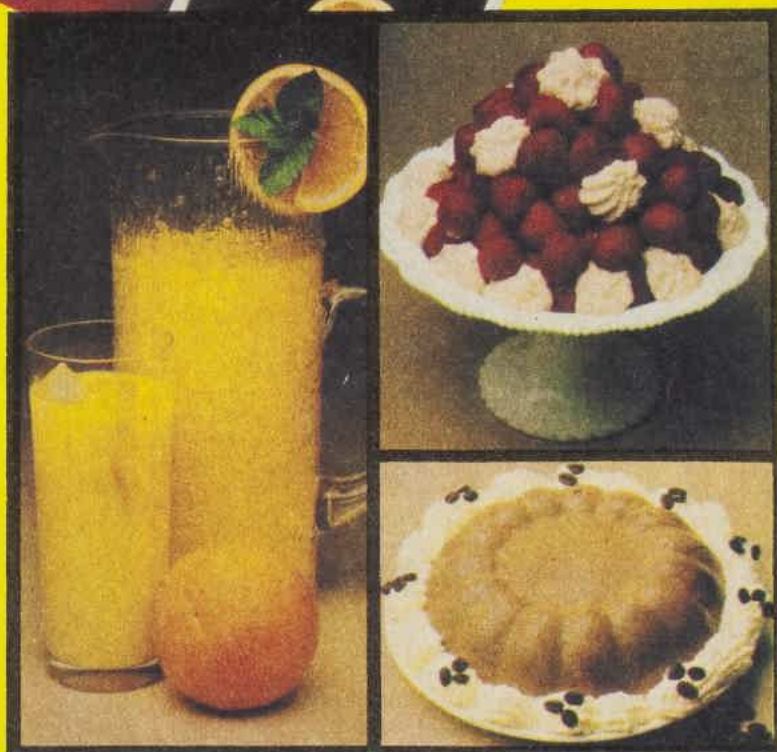
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MARK HOLDEN:

"THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

You might not have noticed the changes that have come over Mark Holden lately. The hair's only a little bit longer and a bit untamed and his dress only a fraction more casual. What you cannot see is that he is considering his horizons and thinking harder about himself.

It has been a slow process, but this darling of romantic girls, the singer who started his career by being elegant while others of his age wore jeans or sequins, is growing up.

He was the one who wore his hair cut short when nearly every other man had at least shoulder-length locks. Now that shorter hair is back in vogue, Mark Holden's hair is flying (almost) long and free, starting to get in his eyes — but always neatly combed for photographs.

He caused quite a furore in his time by being different — suits and short hair were thought to be reserved for older, nightclub-type singers and, it was assumed, would hold little appeal for anyone under 30. Wrong. When he burst on to the national scene with his first hit "Never Gonna Fall In Love Again" in March 1976, most girls with romantic hearts fell for Mark.

Even then he might have faded away, another "one hit wonder," had he not had a strong follow-up single, "I Wanna Make You My Lady," and a good gimmick. To fit in with the image of the first single he dressed in a 1930s suit and handed out red carnations to his audiences.

But what had started out as something for a few

shows was what the audiences wanted, so it stayed. Soon everyone was talking about this "nice young man," and mothers were perfectly happy to let their children go to Mark's concerts, little realizing the hysteria he caused.

If he had been content to live with this image for all eternity, no doubt he could have continued making lots of money and finally retired to "Special Guest Star" spots and 20 Golden Hits albums. But no. The boy has ambition, enough to mature his singing and do more acting. Hearts and flowers are all very nice but definitely something to grow up from.

To further the acting side of his career Mark joined the cast of the Nine network's "Young Doctors" as Dr Greg Mason, another ambitious soul. There Mark discovered that there's more to acting than saying someone else's words.

Meanwhile he was also finding out a lot of things about showbusiness, some of which he most definitely didn't like. He doesn't object to the women, of all ages, who accost him, but he does object to having friends annoyed.

"I can take being famous — people recognize me in the street because I've been in their living-rooms on TV every night, but people I know, or girls I go out with, find it difficult. They don't want to be known and I don't really like having them bothered that way."

In the two years now that he has been what he calls famous, the thing that hurt him most was someone in the

RIGHT: Mark Holden, and the image he'd like fans to accept . . . for the moment. The photograph is by Dee Geary. INSET: The romantic look of yesteryear.





"industry" (as showbusiness people call their business) telling the world about Mark's girlfriend and their son in Adelaide, Mark's home town.

"I wanted to keep them out of the limelight; they aren't famous and we didn't want our lives messed around like that. The day I read about them in the paper I was furious. I felt absolute blind rage and frustration because I couldn't get back at anyone.

"Later on I realized I just have to accept these things. My girlfriend and I have now split up, which is sad because it was first love for both of us.

"I love my son, I love being a father and I know that turning up three days in a fortnight isn't the best, but we need each other and he's growing up well. I won't let anyone make him part of my fame."

Things like the "Mark Holden's Love Child" headlines made him realize he had to learn to control his life and be happy with the good parts. For there are advantages to being well known, especially when you are running late for an important plane and the staff let you on board without any preliminaries.

He has an easily recognizable face and doesn't walk around pretending not to be Mark Holden, but because everyone knows who he is, they think they know what he is.

Look closely at the Holden face — would you accept him in a tough acting role, perhaps as a maniac or in one of the great tragic roles? Probably not, and he wouldn't either, which is where ambition sets in. One way or another Mark is going to work hard enough to be convincing in any role.

"So far people have really only seen me from the shoulders up on television so I have to make them believe me doing something else or they won't watch."

Mark will also go on singing; he does very few concerts in a year (and rations his smoking to prepare for them) but remains as

popular as ever. His latest album "Encounter" has sold over 50,000 copies, which qualifies it for a Platinum Record in Australia.

His records so far have only shown the romantic side to the world, partly because the people who make the decisions didn't want him to record anything stronger.

"Quite a while ago I wrote a new song about having the White Anglo-Saxon, Middle-Class Suburban Blues but I haven't been able to record it. People will probably think I'm having a go at them, but I'm having more of a dig at myself.

"I was brought up in the suburbs of Adelaide. The first line of the song is about getting up and mum yelling 'make your bed' — yes, that's suburban but that's what most of Australia is."

Ambition keeps him trying to always do his best. He says he could put out a new album anytime he wanted to and it would sell, but he won't put out something he hasn't worked hard to make perfect.

"I want people to accept me changing, singing different songs, so it has to be done carefully. I want to sing songs that everyone will like, the great old songs and new ones."

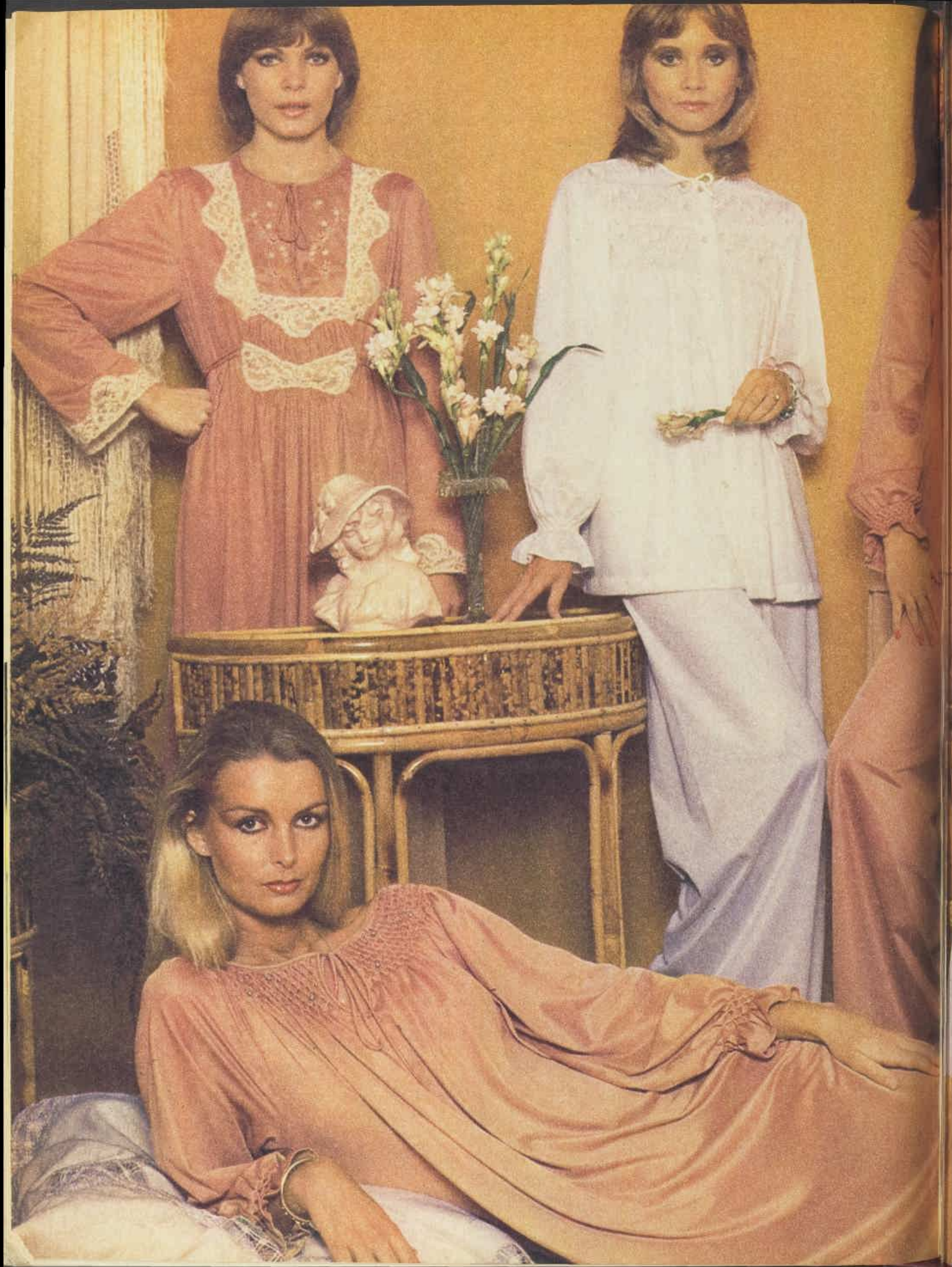
His biggest plan at the moment is to go overseas again this year, to America, England, Europe and South Africa (where some of his records have been released).

"I'm trying to put together an act I can take anywhere, from Sydney to American casinos if necessary.

"I won't go away for very long, but I have to stand back and take a look at everything about me before I come back. When I do return I would like people to see me in a different way, older perhaps, and capable of doing new things."

With all the work he's putting into it he should be able to make people accept the new improved Mark Holden almost without realizing it. Watch carefully, you might be surprised.

— HARRIET VEITCH





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The evergreen perennials

There are so many small-flowered plants which from year to year spread their charms in groups and massed array, says **ALLAN SEALE**

Evergreen perennials bring cheerful colour, and continue to look attractive when their flowering season is over.

These low-spreading perennials are now often known as rockery plants. This is appropriate as they are best suited to raised, well-drained positions, particularly in comparatively warm temperate areas.

Even so, most of them are also widely used in cool climates for massed bedding, borders or colourful carpets in the foreground of shrubs and other plantings. One of the loveliest sights in these cool area gardens is a patchwork carpet of the various alpine phlox with drifts of bright rose or soft pink running into mauve, pale blue, white or ruby red.

Mats of chalky white arabis are equally charming with patches of yellow erysimum or lovely golden yellow *Alyssum saxatile*. Royal blue lithospermum adds extra richness and completes the colour spectrum.

Although these delightful subjects grow best in cool districts, they are still worthwhile in relatively warm temperate climates. Even in my warm frost-free garden the alpine phlox adds sparkle to partly shaded areas during spring, then obliges with a scattering of starry flowers in occasional bursts during summer. *Arabis* attractively carries its short spikes of double white stock-like flowers above rosettes of silver grey foliage. It occasionally threatens to depart during hot, wet periods in summer but without much trouble can be coaxed to stay.

Some of the other downy-foliaged perennials are also as unhappy about being soaked during summer heat. They are apt to get fungus rot, usually starting in the centre of the clump.

Watering the clump with Zineb, Mancozeb or some other general fungicide at the first sign of deterioration will usually check the fungus; but I prefer also to start new plants from the most vigorous shoots or rosettes, which are usually those farthest from the original root area and unaffected by the fungus.

Another way to minimize risk of rotting during summer is to plant in



ABOVE: Lovely gold *Alyssum saxatile* and a carpeting of white arabis.

LEFT: Alpine phlox softens garden edges. Both pictures taken at Milton Park, Bowral, NSW, by Ron Berg.

sandy loams of Western Australia and Victoria respectively.

A small native, *Hibbertia peduncularis*, makes a mat of very tiny dark green foliage and is liberally studded with the brightest yellow flowers like small buttercups.

Hibbertia stellaris is even more beautiful with its comparatively long but fine bronze green foliage and masses of apricot to burnt orange flowers in spring. I grew this little beauty for a year or two but lost it in summer, probably through dryness rather than fungus rot.

Because it came from south-western Australia I gave it an elevated rockery pocket filled with quick-draining rubble soil but later I visited its home territory and found it growing around the edge of swamps. Knowing a plant's natural habitat certainly does give a better understanding of its needs.

Some of the appealing spring-flowering rockery plants likely to be available —

Arabis — Low-spreading foliage, single or more often double white flowers like small stock florets in

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Perennials

FROM PAGE 53



The vivid *Gentiana acaulis*. Gentians definitely favour the cool districts.

finger-length spikes; also a pink form, and a "variegata" with creamy foliage variations. Needs good drainage and at least half sun.

Aubretia — Similar to arabis, a little smaller, usually in lavender to light purple. At its best in cool climates but worthwhile in cool temperate areas.

Alyssum saxatile — Rosettes of long slender silvery green foliage covered with a cloud of tiny bright canary yellow florets in spring. Seed must be sown before February to flower the first year; plants are sometimes available. Also a dwarf form.

Arenaria montana — Fine-leaved trailer with 10-cent size saucer-shaped white flowers. Also smaller-flowered mossy-foliaged forms of arenaria.

Alpine phlox — Long-flowering and colourful ground cover. The stems self-layer and can be lifted and replanted.

Erysimum — Dense carpeter with flower-heads resembling alyssum but with larger florets, in lemon to mid yellow. For cool to cool temperate areas.

Gentians — Comparatively large deep bells in the deepest blue, but only worthwhile in cool climates; prefers deep, rich, well-drained soil.

Lithospermum diffusum — Massed in spring with nearly five-cent size royal blue flowers, and often carries some colour into autumn.

Saxifraga (not to be confused with the large rounded-leaf pink-flowered berginia, once known as *Saxifraga cordifolia*, or with mother-of-millions, *Saxifraga sarmentosa*) — Very dainty and ideal in not too dry areas in semi-shade. Has finely divided clumps of foliage with fine-stemmed spikes of rounded white, pink or rosy red flowers.

Then there are both the cushion and encrusted types, which need cool moist limy soil. All are interesting and worth a try if you find them available and think you can find positions to suit them.

Next week: Herbaceous perennials



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SEAFOOD PILAF

3 cups cooked Sunwhite rice (refrigerated o'night), 2 tbsps butter, ½ cup chopped spring onions, 1 small green pepper cut into strips, 1 can 425g tomatoes, drained & chopped, ½ tspn. salt, ½ tspn. oregano, pepper, 125g KRAFT Processed Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1 can 185g prawns, drained (or fresh prawns) extra 60g KRAFT Processed Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

Melt butter in large frying pan. Saute spring onions, green pepper for a few mins. Add tomatoes, bay leaf, celery, salt, oregano, pepper, KRAFT Processed Cheddar Cheese. Stir gently till cheese melts. Add rice & prawns. Toss lightly till heated through. Serve topped with extra KRAFT Processed Cheese. Serves 4-6.



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Beautiful Australia

ABOVE: Riders set off on a dawn trek at Ross River Homestead. LEFT: Members of the Green families with the guest cabins at the homestead behind them. Gil Green (check shirt) stands in front with his wife. Photos: Kevin Brown.

When brothers Gil and Doug Green took over the Ross River Homestead in Central Australia it was an abandoned ruin with crumbling walls and no roof. Now, 21 years later, it is a thriving resort, handling about 3000 guests a year.

And tourists from Canada, USA, Japan and Europe make the long trip inland to holiday in its

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 24, 1978



a year share the solitude

authentic Australian outback atmosphere, 30km south of the Tropic of Capricorn.

Gil, 45, an Adelaide-born electrician, came to the Northern Territory with Doug, 48, in 1952, and they milled railway sleepers and mined wolfram (a mineral ore) until they saw the old homestead rotting away and realized its potential.

They applied to the Government for a special lease

and got 16 hectares for about \$20 a year. That may sound a bargain but it is tough country.

They rebuilt most of the old place but left two crumbling mud brick buildings as historic ruins. For guests they designed 17 ironbark cabins, cooled with air-blowers, and each with its own shower and toilet.

Now almost nightly Gil faces about 32 guests in the

restored living-room in front of a big fireplace that was once used for cooking. People line the walls in deep lounge chairs while he yarns about pioneering days.

While we were there the Ross River was flowing weakly from seepage from rain that fell some time ago in nearby ranges. But drinking water comes from sub-artesian bores.

Seven children on the

property attend school in their own schoolhouse with their teacher, Miss Raelene Adams. They are backed up by the Alice Springs School of the Air.

The irony is that way out there the Green families are not lonely. "We would never go back to the city again," laughed Gil. "Sometimes we could use a little more solitude."

— KEITH FINLAY

People who live



Auguste Rodin

Acclaimed as the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo, Rodin's style was a unique combination of classic and romantic. His colourful career spanned half a century. Yet he remained a revolutionary in spirit until his death in 1917. He was always eager to experiment with new techniques which would assist him to realize the perfection he saw in his mind's eye. His interests encompassed not only sculpture but drypoint, drawing, painting and even the then extremely avant garde art of photography.

Georg Jensen

With his early collaborators, Georg Jensen revitalized the art of crafting in silver. His workshop was responsible for winning international recognition for Danish design and craftsmanship in precious metals. Since his death in 1935, Denmark's notable designers such as Johan Rohde, Henning Koppel and Gundorph Albertus carry on the tradition Georg Jensen established. Although their work is contemporary, it echos Jensen belief that to bring beauty into everyday life is one of a craftsman's most important functions.

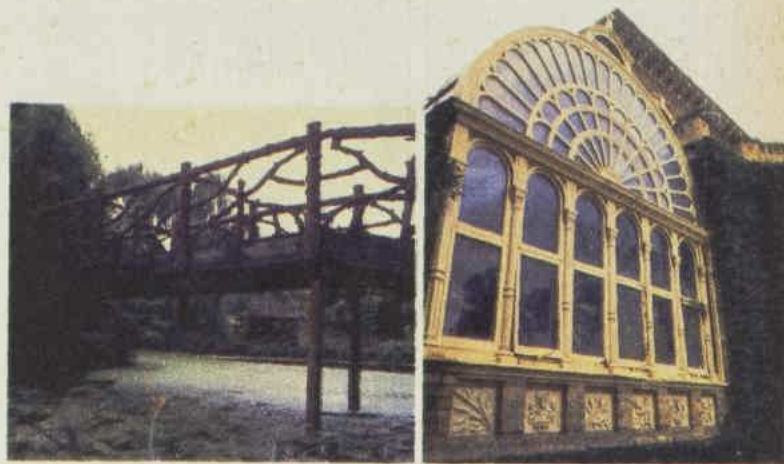


with style know..

E. Phillips Fox

Recognised as the first indigenous artist to paint Australian landscapes in the impressionist manner, E. Phillips Fox delighted in combining turn-of-the-century occasions with the sunny outdoors. His scenes are flooded with colour and light — a heritage of training and experience in France and North Africa. Until the 1950's a shortage of his paintings somewhat inhibited his popularity. But today E. Phillips Fox paintings are sought after by galleries and collectors.

Painting and sculpture by courtesy of Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.



William Guilfoyle

He came from a pioneer canegrowing family in the Tweed River district. Born in 1840, William Guilfoyle grew up to be Australia's first major landscape designer. Probably his finest work, and the one which won him world-wide acclaim, was his re-modelling of the Royal Botanic Gardens in Melbourne. His influence can clearly be seen in the design ideas of many of Australia's leading gardens including this one at "Ripponlea", now the property of the National Trust of Australia.

Style has many faces. It's the way you express your individuality. The things you choose to say something special about your way of life. It can be classic. It can be contemporary. But it's inevitably based on the heritage of good design, an understanding of beauty, and imagination in its application.



Naturally, people who live with style know *Lady Scott*

The first girl to appear in our Fibs Watercolours will be spotted by a world famous fashion designer, have his fragrance named after her, and be awarded his million dollar modelling contract.



Holeproof Fibs. Would we lie to you?

Living on love

Most people regard doctors as wealthy people, but they can have humble beginnings. I have been married to a medical student for two years and in that time my husband, myself and baby have lived on an average of \$75 a week, of which \$50 goes in rent. I have watched my husband work long and exhausting hours and go without so many of the little pleasures others take for granted, but we are happy and content. He will graduate soon and I will be very proud to see him achieve the goal he has worked for. I thank God I married my husband for love and not what he might have one day, otherwise we would never have made it this far. True love is the only necessary ingredient for a lasting and happy marriage.

Student's wife, NSW.

Upbeat reminder

Remember when we learned music the treble clef, EGBDF, was remembered as "Every Good Boy Deserves Fruit?" It spelled success for every budding musician. Today's upbeat version goes: "Empty Garbage Before Dad Flips."

Beating time, Kotara, NSW.

Names plea

As a teacher, I am often sorry for the child with the cute trendy name and would ask that parents think ahead before deciding on the name for their child, for often a child's life is made very miserable because of it. Parents tend to forget that trendy names date quickly. What might seem cute and lovable for a little baby, is completely devastating for a growing boy.

Georgiana, Eastwood, NSW.

Brothers again

Many thanks to "Interested" (April 12) for her comments on her sons' clash of personalities. With two pre-teenage boys with so many differences, I have often wondered if there would be any feeling other than anger between them. Now perhaps I can leave

LETTERBOX

Country life was not for us.

Some years ago my husband and I read an article on retirement plans which stressed that many people decided to retire in a pleasant seaside resort after holidaying there, not realizing how quiet it could be in winter. It suggested spending some time during each season before making the break. My husband, in his mid-50s, had always had a longing to retire to the country, so we bought a small cottage on the seaford at a tiny country township some 210km from the city. During the next few years we spent many happy holidays there, enjoying fishing, swimming and walking. We made friends and began to learn about country life and its difficulties if one is not fit and well. When a friend was ill, the hospital 24km away was unable to treat him and he had to travel to the city often for specialist treatment. The straw that broke the camel's back was when my husband needed some nails for a small repair job and had to drive 24km to buy them. He decided country life was not for him and we sold the cottage to move back to town!

Retired, Klemzig, South Australia.

them to enjoy their disagreements, knowing it is only "brotherly love."

Kaye, Coolaroo, Vic.

My two sons, now aged 26 and 24, fought like rival wild beasts throughout their childhood and almost into manhood and still "have a go" at each other when viewpoints differ. But, when either is threatened by any outside source, they stand united and I am overwhelmed by the bond between them. Once the despair of my heart, they now make my former worries vanish in a trice.

Frazzled, Epping, NSW.

Double use

In our country town, a large supermarket gives over its car park each weekend for sporting facilities. Six or seven netball courts have been marked out on it, and younger children use the area for roller skating or skate boards, supervised by parents. It is an idea other small towns could well copy when funds are short.

Good Idea, Moe, Vic.

Garden shower

A young couple I know refused pre-wedding parties and asked instead for a garden party when they moved into their new house. They received fruit trees, rose bushes, pot plants, hanging baskets, plant food, and potting mix and a week later their garden had a lived-in look that would have taken months to achieve.

Green thumb, Deagon, Qld.

... male shower

When a girl becomes engaged, it is the custom for her to start a glory box and be given shower teas by her friends. Why isn't there a similar idea for men? They could collect tools, paint-brushes and garden tools — a boon to young marrieds.

Male shower teas, Vic.

Smooth polisher

A busy friend asked her schoolgirl daughter to polish the kitchen floor. Daughter consulted her visiting friend and they agreed to tackle the job together. Congratulating

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS

READERS sending contributions to various sections of the magazine may do so in the one envelope and, if they wish for a reply, need enclose only one stamped, addressed envelope. The Weekly will sort them out this end.

PLEASE use standard size envelopes (whether small or long). Envelopes over or under-size incur an extra postal charge, and so will not be accepted unless correctly stamped. Standard size is not bigger than 120mm by 235mm (4 3/4 in by 9 1/2 in) or under 90mm by 140mm (3 1/2 in by 5 1/2 in).

them later on the well-polished surface, the girls explained one had sat on a cushion while the other pulled around. Yes, it was her best satin cushion from the lounge room!

Sparks, Camperdown, Vic.

Cure for colds

I was living in a small town when I discovered this cure for the common cold, but I wouldn't really recommend it. I had a very bad cold for weeks and could not taste or smell. I decided to spend the day in the garden and drank copious amounts of water from our rainwater tank. A final drink and my nose cleared — but my joy was shortlived. The aroma and taste of the water was putrid. When my husband came home he inspected the tank and found the netting cover broken and the remains of a large green frog floating on top of the water!

Cured, Bowen, Qld.

Not so gracious

"At my desk" spoke of Edwardian gracious days (April 5). But remember the hard life of those who worked to provide that gracious living. The under-nurse, for instance, rose at 5.30 am to take tea to the nurse at 6 am and finished about 9 pm after washing the supper dishes. She was paid 24 pounds a year, supplied her own print dresses and aprons, had time off to go to church on Sundays and a weekend off every three months. And this was in a generous home!

M.J., Coopers Plains, Qld.

Soft trappers

Some gardening enthusiast friends returned from their weekend cottage down in the dumps about the ravaged garden, caused by possums and kangaroos. The lady of the house announced they had fixed the possums by setting traps for them and had caught seven. Horrified I eyed her in amazement, but she hastened to add: "Oh we wouldn't hurt them. We take the cages along a couple of blocks and let them go!"

Mrs B. A., Hobart, Tas.



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NOTICE BOARD

Three schools have centenary celebrations in the next few months. In NSW, **Collingullie Public School**, via Wagga Wagga, 2650, invites all past pupils and teachers to the school on Sunday June 4 at 2pm for presentations and to a centenary ball on June 3. Details from the school. **Dalveen State School, Qld**, will hold celebrations on August 12. Contact secretaries G. Cameron or A. Butler, C/- PO, Dalveen, Qld, 4374. **Darlington Public School, NSW**, celebrates on August 8 in the new building. Past pupils and teachers are asked to contact the Centenary Committee, Darlington Public School, Golden Grove St, Darlington, 2008.

I would like to contact Beth Williams whom I met in the WAAAF. I married and went to live in the USA but am now back in Australia. I was formerly Sgt Instructor (drill) in charge of Leura, Orrong Road, Toorak. **Bonnie Maisch (nee Hill), Picnic Bay, Magnetic Island, North Qld, 4816.**

I am interested in contacting any readers who collect china cats. I have been collecting for some time and now have a sizable collection. **Susan Blore, 1 Stanhope Street, Mont Albert, Vic, 3127.**

St Josephs School, Ouyen, Qld, which is celebrating its silver jubilee, has a back to St Joseph's weekend organized for June 3 and 4. Contact Mrs Rosalie Phelan, secretary, 8 Emmett St, Ouyen, Vic, 3490.

I would like to contact a friend who lived next door to me in NZ. We both travelled to Sydney together, but lost touch when I returned home. Her name was **Heather Harvey**. Kathleen Puddephatt (nee McKinnie), 110 Awaroa Rd, Henderson, Auckland, 8, N.Z.

Two schools have centenary celebrations planned for March 1979 and want to contact former pupils and teachers to take part in them. Send your name, address and year of attendance to the organising secretary. The schools are: **Primary School 2120 Long Gully, Jackson Street, Eagle Hawk, Vic, 3556**, and **Marrar, NSW** also including schools at Soumara, Marrara Vale, Woodville, Rockview, Kinilibah, Redlands, Murrumbidge, Windchendon Vale and Eurandelong. Write to the secretary, C/- PO, Marrar, NSW, 2593.



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TG 1269

MAY IS CRAFT MONTH

WEAVING AND WOOLCRAFT MADE EASY

Therese Stacher-Meyer with her woven abstract.

Give rich variety to your home furnishings with wonderful handcrafted rugs, wallhangings and cushions, all specially designed for beginners

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

65

Weaving and woolcraft

FROM PAGE 65

THE BASICS – SPINNING

Once hand weaving was a vital means of making cloth for clothes and furnishings. These days it is much more an art form and one of the easiest of all crafts for the beginner to learn.

Anyone can pick up the basics of weaving in a couple of hours. You can make or buy a small flat loom, and begin to create a wallhanging, a handbag or a cushion cover like the one pictured on page 69.

Provided you are not too ambitious in the beginning you won't need lessons at first, although you will probably find they are a great help if you really take to the craft.

For spinning, unlike weaving, you WILL need lessons and need to invest in quite a bit of expensive equipment. The best idea is to try your hand at it first and find out if you have the correct "touch". Those who do have, love it, and find it a very relaxing and absorbing occupation.

There are also a number of associated craft forms such as creative knitting, tufted rug making or hooked rug making, plus another which we believe is quite original. It is a form of french knitting and you can see how it's done on page 72.

Creative knitting is very simple. Using the basic stitches of traditional knitting you simply experiment with colour, texture, the size of your needles and your own special pattern.

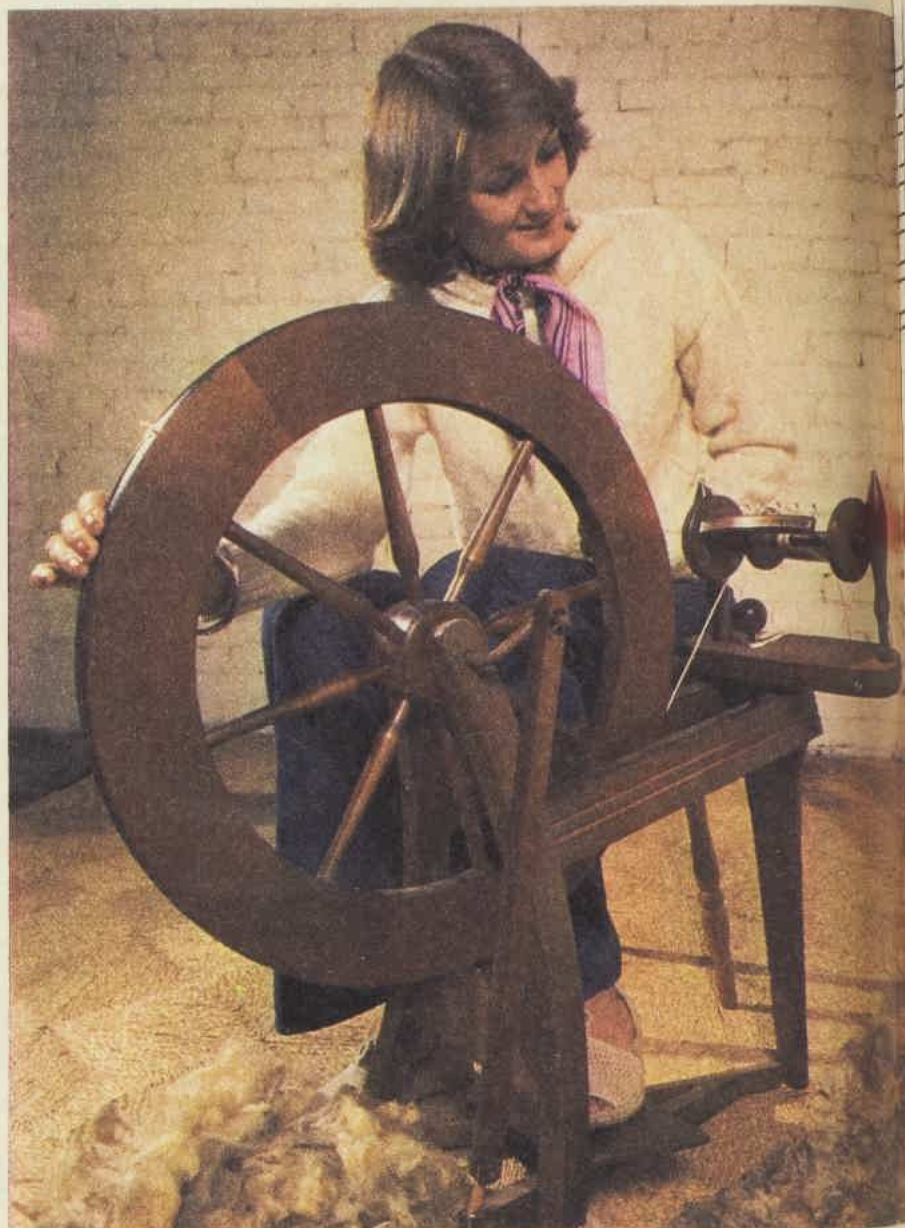
For instance, scrim curtains can be made from twine or string on huge needles simply by dropping stitches in a set way every few rows and then adding them again. The possibilities are endless, but, of course, you must keep track of what you're doing.

All you do is decide on the width of the curtains you require and cast on enough stitches for each curtain to achieve it. For instance 70 stitches is about right for each curtain if you are working on 109cm window.

Alternatively you can create fabulous wallhangings by playing with texture and colour.

But let's look at weaving. There are many different types of looms, so we've restricted ourselves to the simplest of them.

Really, for weaving at its most basic, all you need is a strong flat piece of cardboard which won't bend too easily under stress. It should be about 58cm by 43cm. You can either buy it made from craft shops or make one yourself, by



cutting V-shaped notches along the top and bottom of a piece of cardboard as pictured on page 69.

The loom is then **warped** (strung, for those unfamiliar with the terminology) by fastening the warp thread at the back of the loom with a piece of tape. The cord is then brought to the front of the loom through the first notch, top left, then down the front of the loom and around the first notch, bottom left, and straight

back to the top again, repeating this process until all the notches have been used. As far as possible you should maintain an even tension on the warp thread at all times. When warping is finished the thread is taped to back.

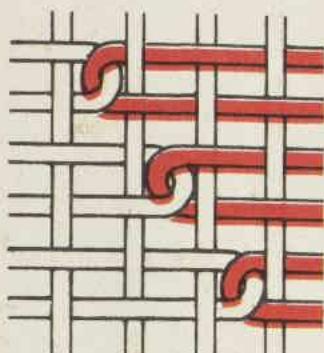
For double-sided weaving the warp goes right around the loom and through the notches so the pattern can be woven on both sides.

To warp a loom use light twine, light

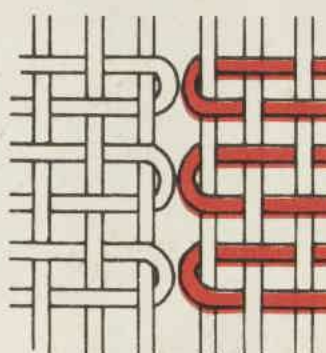
AND WEAVING



INTERLOCKING



DIAGONAL INTER-
LOCKING



TAPESTRY SLITS



PLAIN WEAVE
AND BUBBLING



FLUFF KNOT



EGYPTIAN KNOT



SOUMAK



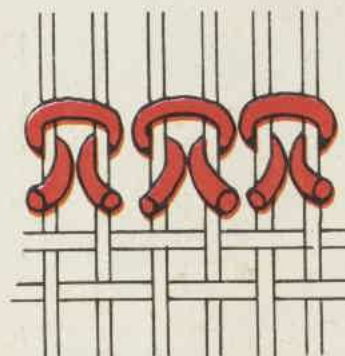
ADDING A CORD

ENDING

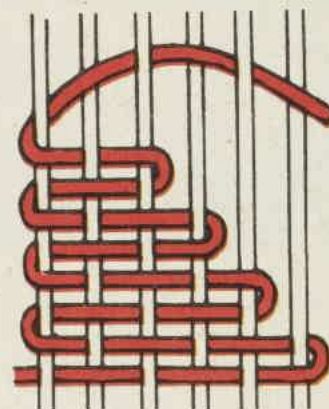
STARTING



LOOPED RYA



CUT RYA



ANGLES AND CURVES

wool, linen, heavy rayon, jute, or crochet cotton.

The diagrams show the most popular and best known stitches used for weaving.

You will also need a bodkin, a weaving needle and a shedstick. These come with the cardboard flatloom if you buy it ready made.

The **bodkin** is used for particular sections of the weaving when the

weaving needle is too large.

The **shedstick** is a piece of wood a little wider than your work and about the same size as a wooden ruler. It is threaded over and under the warp threads, so that every other warp thread is raised and your needle can then pass through the work without appearing to go over and under each time. If you are working a project around two sides of the loom you could use two shedsticks.

See picture of shedstick in use on an abstract weaving on page 70.

The next stage of weaving is on a simple wooden frame like some of the ones you see on the following pages. Again you can either make them yourself or buy them from craft shops. An easy wooden loom is made by first bolting together four pieces of dowelling. Details of this on page 70.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

LOOMING... CIRCULAR

CIRCULAR CUSHION

Weaving on a circular loom is an interesting variation. These are readily available from craft stores around the country.

To make the cushion pictured right, you will need a 40.7cm (16in) circular loom; 200g rug wool in main colour; small quantities contrast wool for trimming; 1 packet Poly Top.

WARPING: Step 1: With main colour rug wool, wind yarn round opposite pegs on frame and tie in centre of frame. **NOTE:** There is an odd number of pegs on the frame; there will be one more peg on one side of the first warp than the other.

Step 2: Working from centre, wind warp round next peg on side with the greatest number of pegs.

Steps 3,4: Continue to wind round opposite pegs until last peg is reached. Take warp round last peg, over centre and through to wrong side, underneath centre and fasten off.

WEFT: Steps 5,6: With main colour, working in a circular fashion and weaving over two warps, under two warps, plain weave, continue until 5cm worked.

With contrast colour wool, work 2 rounds soumak (see diagram page 67), then with main colour, work one round soumak.

With main colour, continue in plain weave, over 2 warps/under 2 warps, for 2.5cm.

With Poly Top, working over 3 warps/under 1 warp, work 2 rounds.

With main colour, continue in plain weave, working over 1 warp/under 1 warp. **NOTE:** There will be an even number of warp threads working in this way; therefore at beg. of each subsequent round, work over or under 2 warps to ensure plain weave.

Continue 3cm.

With main colour, work 1 round soumak.

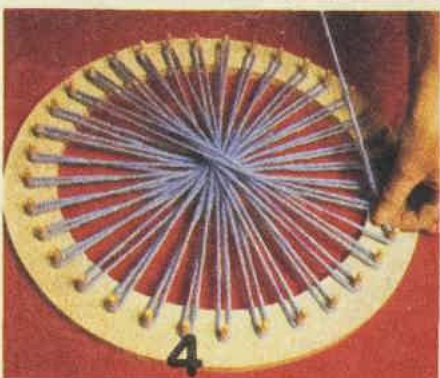
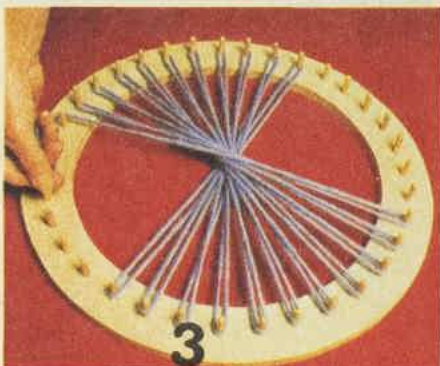
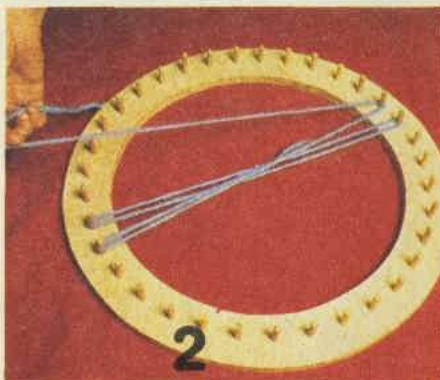
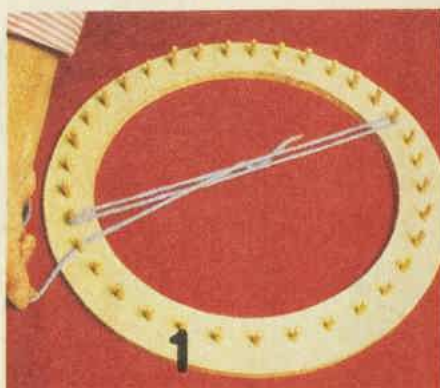
With main colour, continue in plain weave until frame is filled to edges.

Fasten weft. Lift work off frame.

Make one more piece to correspond or make one piece in just plain weave.

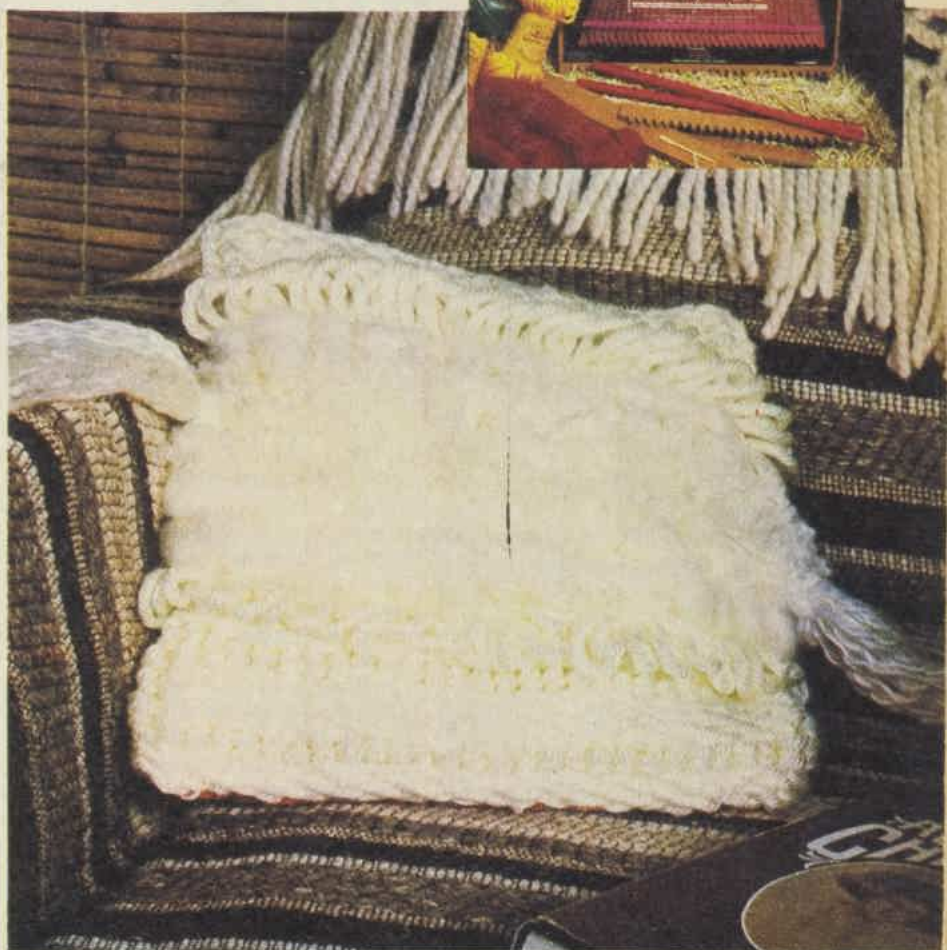
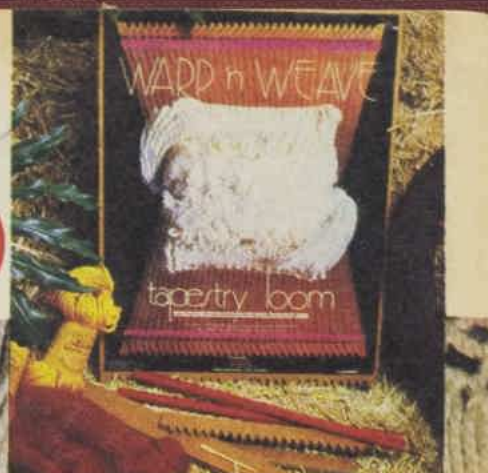
To finish: Using main colour, join two pieces of cushion picking up weft loops from each piece alternately, leaving small opening for filling.

Fill cushion. Close opening.



Buy a simple cardboard loom from a craft shop, or make one at home.

OR CARDBOARD



TEXTURED CUSHION

To make the stunning cushion, pictured above, use a simple cardboard loom. You can buy one already made from craft stores, or make one yourself by cutting notches in the top of a strong piece of cardboard. The loom used for this cushion measured approximately 43cm by 58.5cm.

You will also need a very large-eyed weaving needle. If you buy a ready-made loom, the warp lifter comb and needle are all supplied with the loom. These are available at craft stores, or at The Craft Warehouse, Arncliffe, NSW.

All the yarns used in this design are also from The Craft Warehouse, but you could substitute different ones if you wish, to get the individual look which makes weaving so interesting.

To make this cushion, you need to

have practised some of the basics of weaving first, or have access to someone who knows a little about it.

WEAVING ABBREVIATIONS

PL, plain weave; R, row; W, warp cord; E, Egyptian weave; S, soumak weave; L, loops; F, fringe.

The numbers in front of R indicate number of rows to be worked. Refer back to page 67 to see the various weaving techniques.

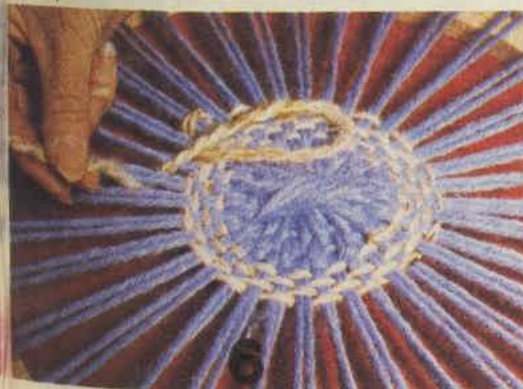
String and warp loom with strong thread (see directions pages 66, 67), then begin weaving.

6R PL acrylic yarn.

2R 2W — PL, 28 centre W — E. 2W — PL acrylic yarn. Weave both rows in the same direction. (At the end of the first row, cut the yarn 5cm from weaving edge, interweaving the end into the weaving, then start next row at opposite side, interweaving that end.)

After cutting the first row, if you prefer

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Weaving and woolcraft

LOOMING...

FROM PAGE 69

to use a needle rather than the shuttle, measure out about three times the width of cushion in yarn, cut out, thread needle and continue.

7R 2W — PL, 2W — E, 24 centre W — PL, 2W — E, 2W — PL acrylic yarn.

2R 2W — PL, 28 centre W — E, 2W — PL acrylic yarn, weave in same direction as above. (At this stage, if you have used a needle you can rewind on to shuttle.)

5R PL acrylic yarn. (You will probably have to refill shuttle after these rows.)

1R L acrylic yarn. You can use the flat warp lifter here to wind your loops around, it gives a nice size.

3R PL acrylic yarn.

2R S fluffy fibre. Same direction for both rows. Cut each piece of fibre approx three and a half times the width of the weaving board, and weave over two warp threads at once so you end up with sixteen stitches in each row. The fluffy fibre is thick enough to be threaded by hand.

3R PL acrylic yarn.

1R L acrylic yarn. Loop around warp lifter, cut into fringe, knot each cut loop once around the warp thread to hold it in place, then fluff.

3R PL acrylic yarn.

1R E acrylic yarn.

3R PL acrylic yarn.

1R L acrylic yarn, loop round warp lifter, cut into fringe, knot. Untwist fibres and fluff.

3R PL acrylic yarn.

2R S fluffy fibre, weave both rows in same direction as before, tuck in ends.

3R PL acrylic yarn.

1R L acrylic yarn. Loop around warp lifter.

5R PL acrylic yarn.

2R 2W — PL, 28 centre W — E, 2W — PL, same direction, as above, acrylic.

7R 2W — PL, 2W — E, 24 centre W — PL, 2W — E, 2W — PL acrylic yarn.

2R 2W — PL, 28 centre W — E, 2W — PL, same direction, acrylic yarn.

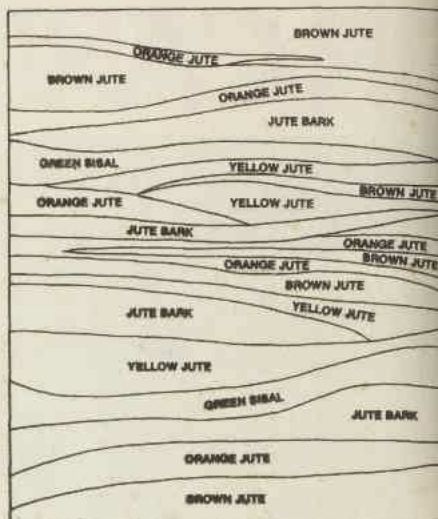
6R PL acrylic yarn.

To make up: Remove weaving from loom by unhooking each individual warp loop from tooth. Tie two loops together in a square knot. Remove the warp alternately four from bottom. Then the weaving remains on the loom while you are tying it off and the weaving tension remains even.

Cut a 38cm square of co-ordinating fabric. Place the right side of fabric against the right side of weaving. (If you want a zipper in the cushion, now is the time to insert it.) Then sew three sides of cushion together; turn to the right side. Insert a 36cm square cushion form. Slip stitch remaining side if you have not inserted a zipper.

For tassels cut eight pieces of acrylic yarn, each 61cm long, four pieces for each side of pillow. Attach these pieces at side seam, in the centre of pillow by the fringes. Loop each piece under two rows of weaving, spacing evenly, from fluff row to fluff row.

With all eight attached, four on each side, knot them together with one large overhand knot on each side. Untwist the tassels. Clip evenly.



ABSTRACT WALLHANGING

Unusual wallhanging, also pictured (colour diagram above, on pages 68, 69), is a simple piece of abstract weaving, done on a simple loom.

Choose the colours you prefer, or use our picture as a guide. Combine the textures of jute, wool and other interesting yarns for best effect.

Use the diagram above as a guide, if you wish to follow our design. String the loom and bow it, then weave, using the picture as a guide. This is a good project for beginners to try, as the more uneven the texture, the more interesting the effect.

Simple wooden frame

The simple wooden flat loom at right is similar to the one Therese Stacher-Meyer used to do the fabulous tapestry on page 65, only it is, of course, a much smaller version.

It is simply made by bolting four pieces of 25mm pine at the corners.

The loom is simply warped by tying the warp thread at the top left hand corner of the frame and then taking it down the front and around the bottom then back to the top again.

Next you draw your design on brown paper and tape in position to the back of frame, so that it can be seen from top.

If you are interested in learning more about three dimensional weaving like this, Therese Stacher-Meyer gives lessons at her Art Weaving School, Shop 7, Metcalfe Arcade, 84 George Street, The Rocks. Ten lessons cost \$50.





TUFT A RUG

Tufting is a rug making technique in which loops are formed on the pile side of the rug. The pattern itself is worked from the reverse side using a tool that pushes the yarn through to the other side. The loops can be of various heights and can be cut with scissors for a shag effect. One of the quickest and easiest methods of tufting is with a By-Hand Rug Tufting Tool, available at The Craft Warehouse, Arncliffe, Sydney, and at other craft shops.

To make a rug like the one pictured above, you will need a rug tufting tool, thick wool in various colours, a wooden frame, hessian, and latex rug backing.

Stretch open or loose weave hessian on to your frame. The frame may be any four pieces of wood nailed together, in the size you require for the rug. Tack or staple hessian on sides one and two, then stretch and tack down side three, then four.

Work out a simple design and mark on hessian with chalk, crayon or marking pen. Remember you are working on reverse side of rug, so design should be reversed. Allow at least an 8cm border of hessian round edge of work on frame.

Thread the rug tufter as shown in pictures 1, 2 and 3. Insert wire threader into front of needle tip. Now insert wool into threader. Pull threader back out till wool comes out front of needle. For thick, luxurious rug, use a three-strand 12-ply carpet wool. Two or more coloured yarns can be used in threader. Strips of cloth, ribbon, string or homespun wool can give interesting effects too.

Tuft your rug, carpet or wallhanging with the plunger adjusted to the required

height. By unscrewing the adjusting screw and sliding the brass plunger, different heights can be obtained. The longer the loops, the greater the space that can be left between the rows.

Begin tufting by holding the tool in both hands at right angles to the hessian, **picture 4**, and insert the needle tip through the hessian. Push the shuttle down as far as it will go. Now reverse the procedure. Pull the handle up while still holding the shuttle down. The tool will walk itself along, you are only guiding it. Don't pull or push the tool across the hessian — it automatically advances and spaces stitches.

To practise, tuft a small square, working the stitches either vertically or horizontally. Don't worry if your rows are not straight, it makes no difference on the looped side. If you can easily see the hessian through the loops, tuft your rows closer together.

Once you have completed your rug, **picture 5**, paste a latex or ceramic floor tile glue on the back of your finished work with a large paintbrush. This must be done before you take the rug off the frame — preferably in a well-ventilated room. Once dry, the loops will not pull out and you can take the rug off the frame. The border of hessian is now neatly folded back and also stuck down with glue, and allowed to dry.

No other backing is necessary. The latex or glue gives the rug body and prevents it from sliding on the floor.

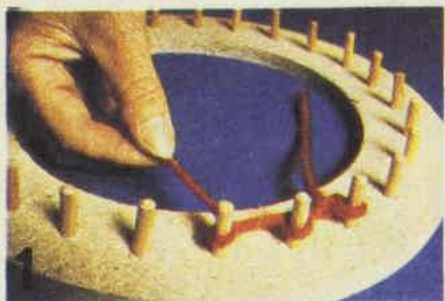
It is best to begin with a small rug for a child's room or study until the technique is mastered. This will prepare you for more ambitious projects.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Weaving and woolcraft

NEW SLANT ON FRENCH KNITTING



BEGINNERS' HINTS ON RUG TUFTING

FROM PAGE 71

1. Lean frame against the wall to allow you to sit down and work comfortably.
2. If the shuttle begins to stick or squeak, apply petroleum jelly or light machine oil to lubricate sliding motion.
3. Look sideways at the tufting tool. You will see that the brass plunger is bent up. It must always be bent up to let the tool move along freely. If it bends down by accident or misuse, gently bend it back to its original shape.
4. Divide your design into 45cm squares to estimate the quantity of wool you require. An average hank or skein of 3-strand 12-ply rug or carpet wool will cover a square this size.
5. Choose a simple abstract design first, until you become experienced in rug making. Draw it on to brown or white paper the same size as the rug, keeping the outlines very simple. Transfer on to the hessian when you are happy with the look of the design. Geometric designs in bold contrasting colours can be very effective — and easy — for beginners.

72

Make this attractive lampshade on a 30.5cm (12in) circular loom. You will also need 150g rug wool, handcraft supplies cylinder lampshade frame no 41-1809, and a medium crochet hook.

Study pictures before you begin. Tie loop round one peg, taking yarn to inner edge of frame. Working clockwise, wind yarn in an anti-clockwise fashion round each peg, until first peg is reached.

Proceed, winding yarn in an anti-clockwise way around next peg, lifting previous loop over new loop with crochet hook. Continue this way till work measures 34cm or length required.

To finish, lift work off frame and crochet last loops to a loose fixed edge. Slip stitch both edges to frame. Tie knots for fringe.

Design: Margaret Mackenzie



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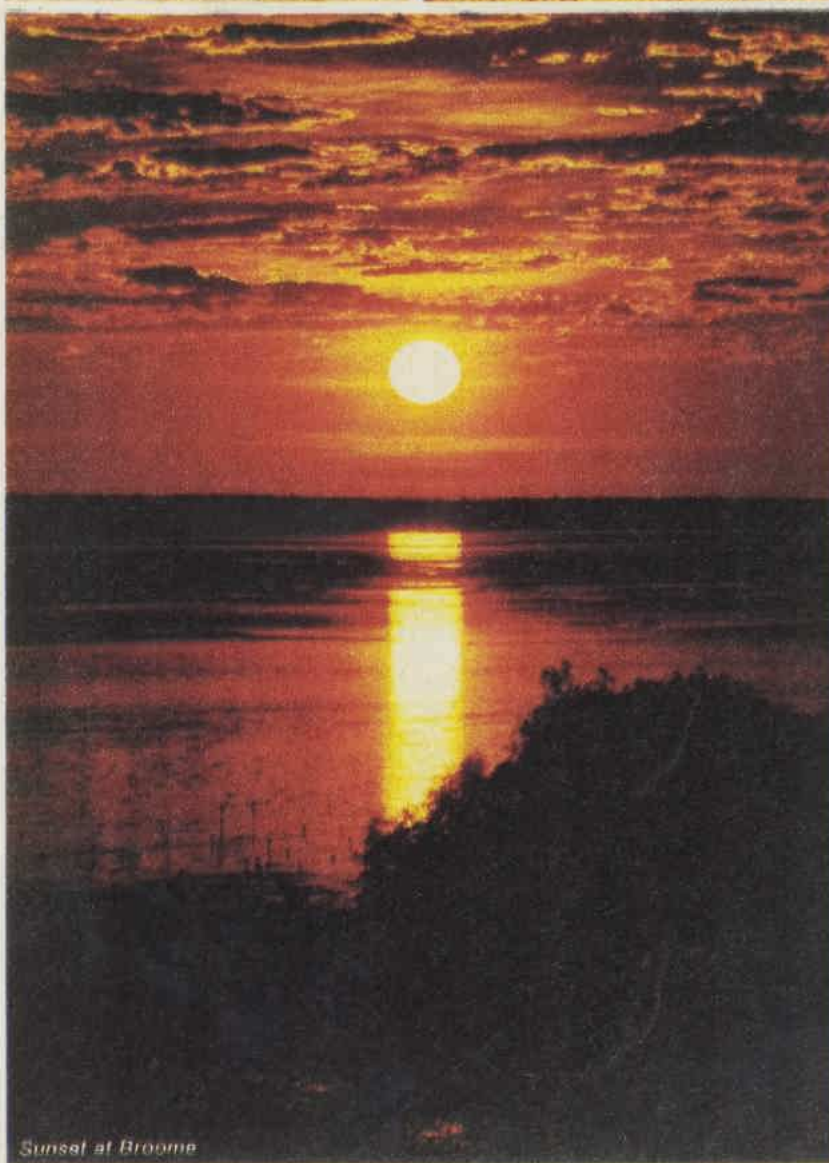
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Have a ride on a camel, Oodlgardie



Goanna, Kimberleys



Sunset at Broome

MMA-proudly West Australian yesterday, today and tomorrow

Rainy days and chilly nights don't seem half as bad when you can tuck into a home-baked pie, hot from the oven. These recipes for savoury pies can even make the gloom of winter weather seem worthwhile

CHILLI CON CARNE PIE

PASTRY

2 cups plain flour
 ½ teaspoon salt
 185g (6oz) butter or substitute
 1 egg yolk
 2 tablespoons water
 milk

FILLING

2 tablespoons oil
 1 onion
 1 clove garlic
 500g (1lb) minced steak
 1 green pepper
 470g can whole tomatoes
 1 cup water
 ½ teaspoon chilli powder
 salt, pepper
 315g can red kidney beans

TOPPING

1½ cups fresh white breadcrumbs

gently until breadcrumbs are coated with butter, remove from heat, add parsley and grated cheese, mix well. Sprinkle topping over meat mixture, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

COTTAGE PIE

PASTRY

2 cups plain flour
 ½ teaspoon baking powder
 155g (5oz) butter or substitute
 pinch salt
 1 egg-yolk
 2 teaspoons water
 1 teaspoon lemon juice

FILLING

750g (1½lb) minced steak
 1 onion
 30g (1oz) butter or substitute
 2 tablespoons flour

Food Editor: ELLEN SINCLAIR

Hearty pies for

30g (1oz) butter or substitute
 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
 60g (2oz) cheddar cheese

PASTRY

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Rub in butter until mixture resembles dry breadcrumbs. Stir in combined egg yolk and water, mix to a firm dough. Turn on to lightly floured surface and knead until smooth. Refrigerate 30 minutes. Roll out pastry on lightly floured surface to fit 20cm (8in) pie plate; trim and decorate edges, brush edges lightly with milk. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until pale golden brown.

FILLING

Heat oil in large pan, add peeled and finely chopped onion and crushed garlic, saute until onion is transparent. Halve pepper, remove seeds, chop into 2.5cm (1in) pieces. Add minced steak and chopped green pepper to pan, stir meat constantly with a fork until well browned, pour off any excess fat. Stir in undrained tomatoes, water, the chilli powder and drained, rinsed kidney beans, season with salt and pepper. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer gently, uncovered for 30 minutes, cool.

Place cold meat mixture into prepared pastry shell. For topping, heat butter in pan, add breadcrumbs, toss

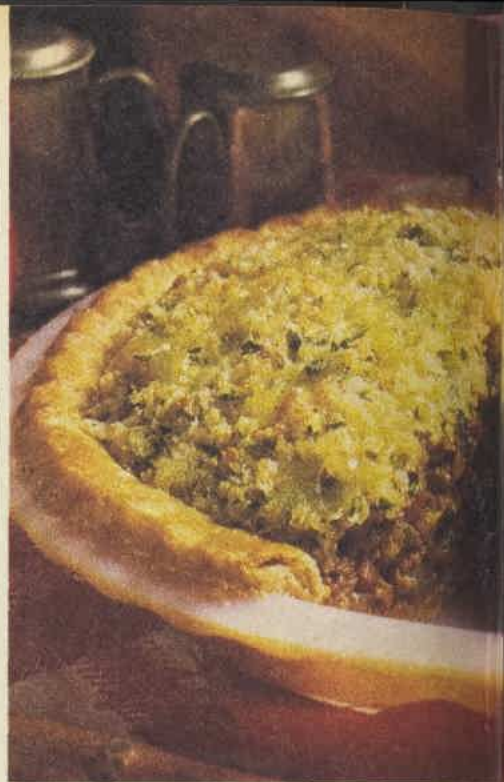
1 cup water
 1 beef stock cube
 2 tablespoons tomato sauce
 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce
 1 carrot
 ½ cup frozen peas
 750g (1½lb) potatoes
 2 tablespoons milk
 30g (1oz) butter or substitute, extra
 1 egg
 salt, pepper
 ½ teaspoon mixed herbs

PASTRY

Sift dry ingredients into bowl, rub in butter until mixture resembles dry breadcrumbs. Add egg yolk, lemon juice and water, mix to a firm dough. Turn out on floured board, knead lightly. Roll out pastry to line 23cm (9in) pie plate. Decorate edges of pastry.

FILLING

Heat butter in shallow pan, add peeled and finely chopped onion, saute until onion is tender. Add the meat, salt, pepper and mixed herbs. Stir meat constantly with a fork, turning it frequently until well browned. Cook over fairly high heat so that meat browns well. Add flour to meat, cook, stirring 3 minutes. Gradually stir in water, add crumbled stock cube, tomato sauce and worcestershire sauce, stir until mixture





Chilli Con Carne Pie has a meat and tomato filling, spiced with chilli.

boils and thickens. Reduce heat, stir in peeled and grated carrot and frozen peas, simmer uncovered 3 minutes, cool.

Peel potatoes, boil in salted water until tender, drain, mash well. Lightly beat egg, add half to mashed potato with milk and extra butter, mix well, reserve remaining egg for glazing. Season mashed potato with salt and pepper.

Place cold minced meat mixture into pie shell. Spoon mashed potato over top of meat, rough top with fork. Glaze top with remaining egg. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Serves 6.

CURRIED CHICKEN PIE

1.5kg (3lb) chicken
90g (3oz) butter or substitute
2 sticks celery
1 green pepper
1 onion
6 shallots
1 clove garlic
½ cup plain flour
1 tablespoon curry powder
½ teaspoon chilli powder
¼ cup dry white wine

remaining pastry on top. Press edges together firmly. Trim off excess pastry with sharp knife, decorate edges. Brush top of pastry with combined egg yolk and water. Make slit in top of pie. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, bake 10 minutes. Serves 6.

HOT RABBIT PIE

PASTRY

125g (4oz) butter or substitute
5 tablespoons milk
2 cups self-raising flour
1 egg
1 tablespoon milk, extra

FILLING

1 rabbit
1 cup water
1 cup milk
60g (2oz) butter or substitute
3 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon french mustard
2 cups milk, extra
½ cup sour cream
60g (2oz) cheddar cheese
8 shallots
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
salt, pepper

winter appetites

Curried Chicken Pie.



salt, pepper
½ cup sour cream
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
375g (12oz) pkt puff pastry
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon water

Steam or boil chicken usual way until tender. Remove skin and bones from chicken, cut meat into small pieces. Reserve 1¼ cups chicken stock. Heat butter in pan, add sliced celery, seeded and chopped pepper, peeled and chopped onion, chopped shallots and crushed garlic, saute until all vegetables are tender. Add flour, stir until light golden brown. Add curry powder and chilli powder, cook further 1 minute.

Remove from heat, add reserved chicken stock, white wine, salt and pepper, stir until combined. Return to heat, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Add sour cream, parsley and chicken, reduce heat, simmer further 3 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to become completely cold.

Spoon chicken mixture evenly into 20cm (8in) pie plate. Roll out puff pastry on lightly floured board. Glaze edges of plate with combined lightly beaten egg yolk and water. Cut thin strips from pastry and fit around moistened edge. Brush pastry rim with egg glaze, arrange

PASTRY

Put butter and milk in saucepan, stand over low heat until butter has melted (do not boil). Add sifted flour, remove from heat, stir until mixture leaves the sides of saucepan and forms a smooth ball. Divide mixture in half, roll out one half between two sheets of greaseproof paper to fit lightly greased 20cm (8in) pie plate. Spoon cold filling into pastry case, brush edge of pastry with combined beaten egg and extra milk. Roll out the other half of pastry between greaseproof paper as before and place evenly on top of pie. Trim edges and decorate, make two slits in top of pie. Brush pie well with egg mixture. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderately hot, bake further 20 to 25 minutes or until pie is golden and heated through.

FILLING

Cut rabbit into serving size pieces, put in bowl, cover with water, stand 1 hour, drain. Put rabbit into saucepan, add milk and water, bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer covered 1½ hours or until tender, drain and allow rabbit to cool. Remove rabbit meat from bones, cut into 2.5cm (1in) pieces. Melt butter, add flour and mustard, stir until smooth, add extra

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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two generous fruit cakes. Fresh eggs.
Fresh baked. Genoa and Sultana.

Both at your Supermarket.
Both deliciously full of fruit!



GW1040, WWFPC

Hearty pies

FROM PAGE 75

milk gradually, stir until smooth, stir until sauce boils and thickens, reduce heat, simmer 2 minutes. Add sour cream and grated cheese, stir until cheese melts. Add chopped parsley, chopped shallots, salt, pepper and rabbit, mix well, cool. Serves 6.

PARSLEY PUMPKIN PIE WHOLEMEAL PASTRY

1 cup number 2 wholemeal plain flour
¼ cup unprocessed bran
¼ cup sesame seeds
½ cup rye flour
¼ cup plain flour
125g (4oz) butter or substitute
1 egg yolk
3 tablespoons water, approx
milk

PUMPKIN FILLING

1kg (2lb) pumpkin
2 medium carrots
2 large onions
salt, pepper
90g (3oz) butter or substitute
½ cup water
2 chicken stock cubes
¼ cup chopped parsley

PASTRY

Place dry ingredients into bowl. Rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add egg yolk and water, mix to a pliable dough. Turn out on to lightly floured surface; knead lightly. Roll out half the pastry to line base and sides of 23cm (9in) pie plate. Spoon filling over pastry, pressing down firmly. Roll out remaining pastry, cover pie, pressing edges together firmly. Trim pastry, decorate edge. Brush top of pastry with milk, make two slits in top of pastry. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes or until golden brown, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 30 minutes.

PUMPKIN FILLING

Choose a pumpkin with good dark orange colour. Remove rind from pumpkin, cut pumpkin into 2.5cm (1in) pieces. Peel and slice carrots, peel and roughly chop onions. Heat butter in pan, add prepared vegetables, saute gently for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add salt, pepper, water and crumbled stock cubes. Cover pan tightly, reduce heat, simmer for 20 minutes or until pumpkin is almost tender. Remove pan from heat, mash undrained vegetables lightly. Add parsley, stir until combined. Allow mixture to become cold. Serves 6.

BEEF AND BACON PIE PASTRY

2 cups plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup water
60g (2oz) beef dripping

1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon water, extra
375g (12oz) pkt puff pastry
FILLING

30g (1oz) butter or substitute
2 tablespoons oil
1kg (2lb) round steak
1 clove garlic
2 onions
3 rashers bacon
125g (4oz) mushrooms
½ cup plain flour
3 cups water
½ cup dry red wine
2 beef stock cubes
salt, pepper
4 shallots

2 tablespoons chopped parsley PASTRY

Sift flour and salt into basin. Put water and dripping into saucepan, stir until dripping melts; remove from heat. Make a well in the centre of dry ingredients, add hot liquid, stir until combined. Turn out on lightly floured surface, knead lightly. Roll out pastry to line 20cm (8in) greased pie plate. Cut excess pastry from around sides of dish with sharp knife. Glaze edge of pie with combined egg yolk and extra water. Spoon cold meat filling evenly over base of pastry. Roll out puff pastry on lightly floured surface, arrange over pie. Press edges together, trim and decorate.

Brush top of pastry with combined egg yolk and water. Make slit in top of pie. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 25 minutes or until cooked through and golden brown.

FILLING

Trim excess fat from meat. Cut meat into 2.5cm (1in) cubes. Heat butter and oil in pan, add half the meat, saute until well browned on all sides; remove from pan, repeat with remaining meat. Add crushed garlic, peeled and chopped onions and chopped bacon to pan, saute until onions are tender. Add sliced mushrooms, saute until tender. Add flour, cook, stirring until golden brown. Remove from heat, add water, red wine, crumbled stock cubes, salt and pepper, stir until combined. Return to heat, cook stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Return meat to pan, reduce heat, simmer, covered, 1½ hours or until tender, stirring occasionally. Add chopped shallots and parsley. Leave to become cold. Serves 6.

Talking Wine

Brandy Alexander is one of the most popular of all cocktails. Quantities are: one-third brandy, one-third creme de cacao and one-third fresh cream. Any clean screw-top jar can serve as a cocktail shaker. Have all ingredients well chilled, combine in jar, shake for a few seconds, then pour.

gastronomy

"SNIFF ONIONS CAN MAKE
'GONE WITH THE WIND' SEEM
LIKE COMEDY."



Ken

Cook like your favourite Chinese restaurant at home



Watermelon in Ginger Wine

Butterfly Prawns

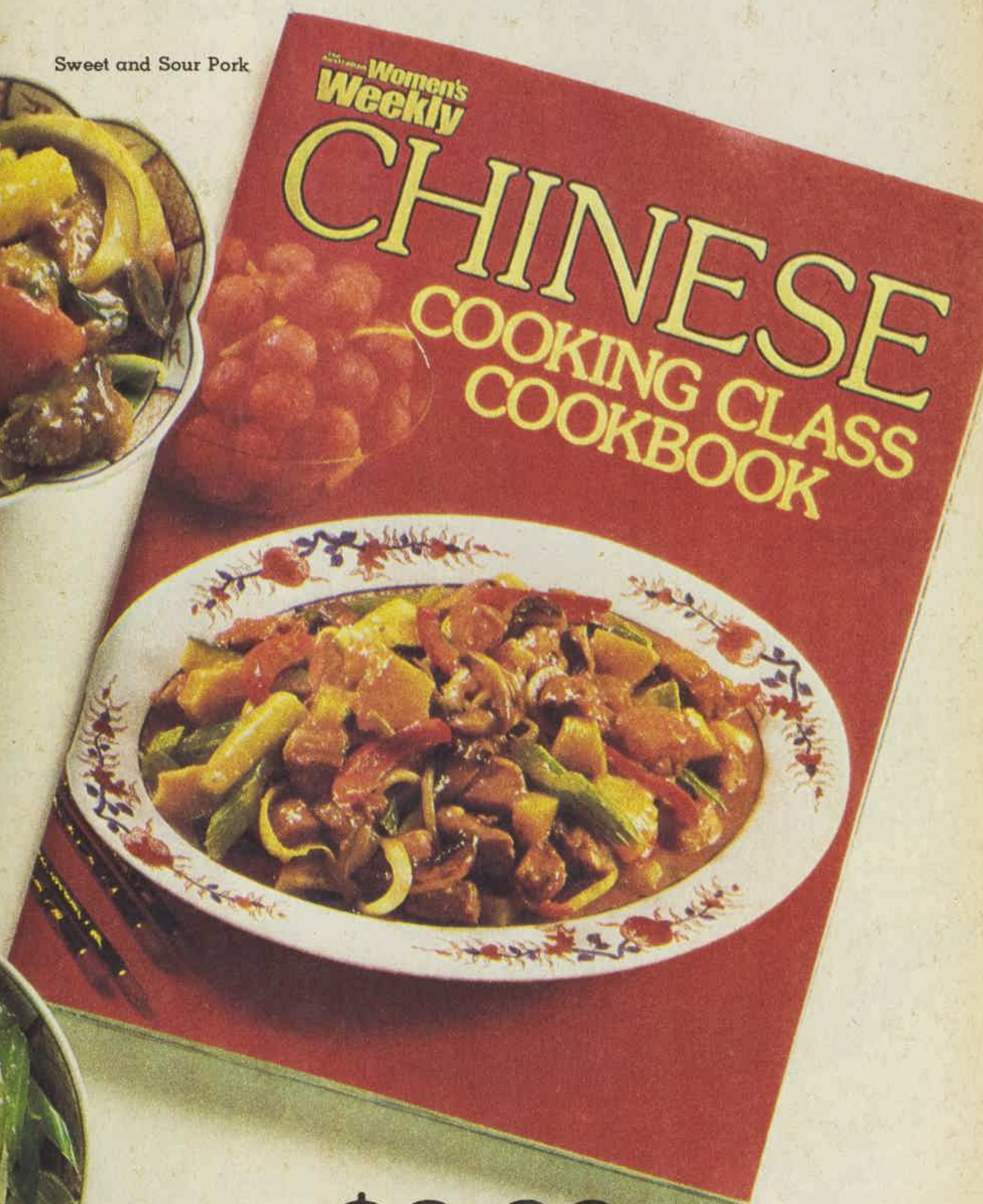


Lemon Chicken



Chinese Vegetables

Sweet and Sour Pork



\$3.98

Available at all newsagents

The Super Sunshine Sandwich.



When making these Super Sunshine Sandwiches butter outside of the bread slices — place filling between the unbuttered sides of the bread. If using a frypan — be sure to pre-heat. Use either sliced pineapple or pineapple pieces, well drained.

NEAPOLITAN SANDWICH

Spread tomato paste on inside of prepared slices of bread. Top with slices of salami, pineapple pieces (well drained), mozzarella cheese (grated), chopped olives (optional). Dash of oregano and paprika. Salt and pepper to taste. Assemble and place in pre-heated sandwich maker and cook for approximately two minutes.

ALOHA HAM SANDWICH

On prepared bread, add shredded lettuce, chopped ham, cheddar cheese and a slice of pineapple (well drained). Salt and pepper to taste. Assemble and place in pre-heated sandwich maker and cook for approximately two minutes.

TROPICAL STEAK SANDWICH

Top prepared bread with bite size pieces of thin grilled steak, shredded lettuce, your favourite sauce or chutney, a slice of pineapple (well drained), slice of tomato and mushrooms. Salt and pepper to taste. Assemble and place in pre-heated sandwich maker and cook for approximately two minutes.

FISH TARTARE SANDWICH

Mash cooked fish fingers. Top prepared bread slice with mashed fish, tartare sauce, slice of pineapple (well drained), chopped shallots. Salt and pepper to taste. Assemble and place in pre-heated sandwich maker and cook for approximately two minutes.

add
a little
sunshine

golden
circle



PRALINE

This delightfully nutty topping gives a delicious and decorative finish to desserts of all types; sprinkle over ice-cream; add some to the cream filling for cakes, or sprinkle generously over icing on top and around sides of cakes.

You will need:

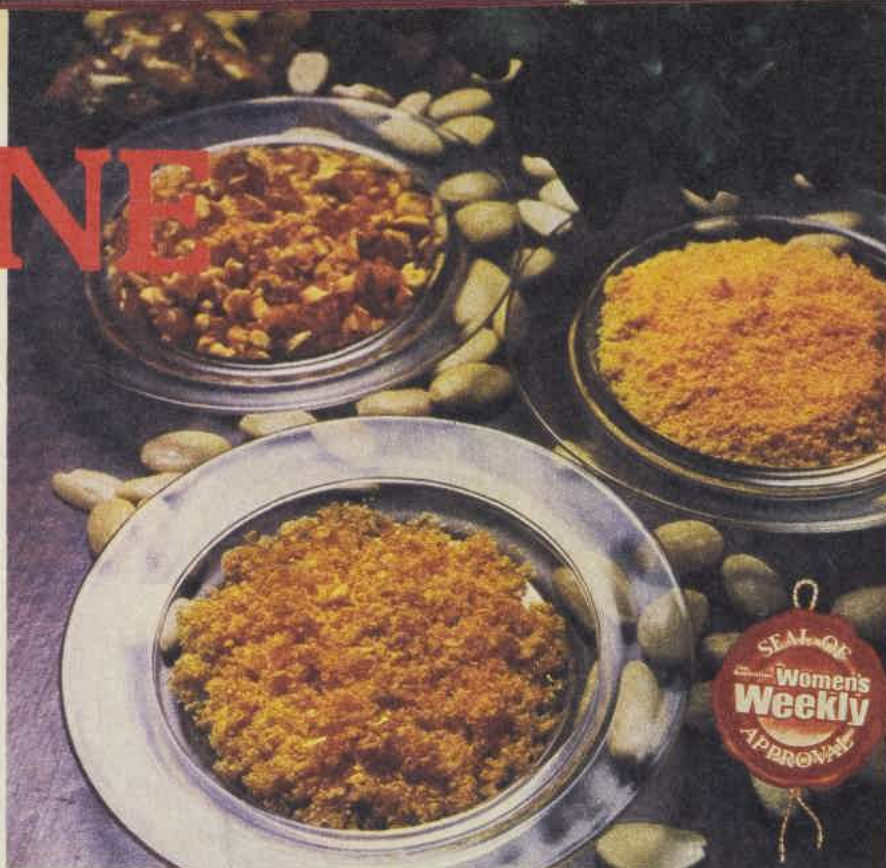
1 cup sugar

125g (4oz) whole blanched almonds



1 Put sugar in bottom of saucepan, place almonds on top.

2 Stand pan over medium heat until sugar melts. Do not stir until sugar begins to turn brown, then stir gently with a metal spoon to dissolve the sugar; continue cooking, stirring it gently and occasionally, until all the sugar has dissolved and turned golden brown.



3 Pour toffee mixture on greased oven tray. Allow to set and become cold.



4 Break toffee roughly. You can have a fine, medium or coarse praline. For fine praline, place toffee in blender, blend on high speed 1 minute.



5 For a medium praline, grind toffee — small pieces at a time — through a metal mouli grater.



6 For coarse praline, place toffee pieces into plastic bag and crush roughly with rolling pin. Store praline in an airtight container.



Pour yourself a chocolate.



Real spirits in chocolate by

Red Tulip

Add importance to the simplest meals by trying some of these great new ways with vegetables

CRISP SAUTE VEGETABLES

- ½ cauliflower
- 2 carrots
- 2 sticks celery
- 1 red pepper
- ¼ cup oil
- 1 teaspoon grated green ginger
- ¼ cup water
- 1 chicken stock cube

Cut cauliflower into flowerets; peel carrots, slice diagonally; string celery and slice diagonally; cut pepper in half, remove seeds, chop into 2.5cm (1in) pieces. Heat oil in large pan or wok, add grated ginger and prepared vegetables; stir gently to coat all vegetables with oil, cook for 1 minute. Stir in water and crumbled stock cube, bring to boil, cover, cook until vegetables are just tender, approximately 5 minutes. Remove lid to stir occasionally. Serves 4.

Add variety to

VEGETABLES

CRUNCHY SWEET POTATOES

- 750g (1½lb) sweet potatoes
- flour
- salt, pepper
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons milk
- packaged dry breadcrumbs
- oil for deep-frying
- 60g (2oz) butter or substitute
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons white vinegar
- 1 small clove garlic
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons chopped mint

Peel potatoes, cut into 1 cm (½in) slices. Place into bowl of water for 5 minutes; drain, pat dry. Coat potatoes lightly with flour seasoned with salt and pepper, then dip into combined beaten egg and milk, place into breadcrumbs, pressing crumbs on well. Place half the potatoes into deep hot oil, fry for approximately 5 minutes or until golden

brown and cooked through. Do not have oil too hot or breadcrumbs will brown before potatoes are cooked through. Remove from oil; keep warm. Repeat with remaining potatoes.

Heat butter in pan, add brown sugar, vinegar, crushed garlic, salt, pepper, mint, parsley, stir until mixture is boiling, reduce heat, simmer uncovered 1 minute. Add potatoes and toss them for 2 minutes. Serves 6.

BEANS AND BABY CORN

- 125g (4oz) beans
- 225g can baby corn
- 60g (2oz) butter or substitute
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon chopped chives
- 1 clove garlic
- ¼ teaspoon basil
- 4 shallots
- salt, pepper

Top and tail beans, cut in half. Cook

Great vegetable ideas to try — (from back) Pumpkin Triangles, Beans and Baby Corn and Crunchy Sweet Potatoes. Picture by Richard Phillips.

in boiling salted water until just tender; drain. Put undrained corn into saucepan, allow to heat through. Melt butter over low heat, add crushed garlic and basil, cook gently 1 minute. Add drained beans, drained corn, chives, chopped shallots, salt and pepper. Toss in pan until beans and corn are coated in butter and herbs. Sprinkle parsley. Serves 4.

PARSNIPS WITH BASIL

- 500g (1lb) parsnips
- 2 medium onions
- 2 medium tomatoes
- ¼ cup water
- 1 chicken stock cube
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon basil
- salt, pepper

Peel parsnips, cut into fingerlengths about 1cm (½in) wide; place in oven-proof dish with peeled and sliced

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



VEGETABLES

FROM PAGE 83

onions, peeled and sliced tomatoes and water. Add crumbled stock cube, sugar, basil, salt and pepper; cover, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes, or until parsnips are tender. Serves 4.

PUMPKIN TRIANGLES

750g (1½lb) pumpkin
1 large onion
60g (2oz) butter or substitute
1 clove garlic
salt, pepper
3 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
½ cup white breadcrumbs, lightly packed
¼ cup sour cream
2 egg yolks
200g packet phyllo pastry
60g (2oz) butter or substitute, extra
½ cup oil
¼ cup grated parmesan cheese, extra

Choose pumpkin of a good dark orange colour. Cut pumpkin into pieces, peel and remove seeds. Place into boiling salted water, reduce heat, simmer covered for 25 minutes or until

The 250ml measuring cup and standard spoon measures are used for these recipes. Spoon measurements are level.

pumpkin is tender; drain well. Place pumpkin into bowl; mash well. Heat butter in pan, add peeled and chopped onion and crushed garlic, saute gently until onion is transparent. Add onion mixture to pumpkin, add salt, pepper, parmesan cheese, breadcrumbs, sour cream and egg yolks; mix well. Allow mixture to become cold.

Open out phyllo pastry, cut through all sheets of pastry into 8cm (3 in) wide strips. Take one strip of pastry, brush lightly with combined extra melted butter and oil. Take a heaped teaspoonful of pumpkin mixture, place on one end of pastry strip. Take a corner of pastry and fold over filling to form a triangle, then continue to fold pastry, forming triangles as you fold.

Place on to greased oven trays. Continue with filling and pastry. Brush top of triangles with butter mixture, sprinkle extra parmesan cheese over. Bake in hot oven for 8 minutes or until golden brown. Makes approximately 40.

CURRIED POTATOES

750 (1½lb) potatoes
60g (2oz) butter or substitute
2 tablespoons oil
3 rashers bacon
1 onion
½ cup sour cream
3 teaspoons curry powder
salt, pepper

2 tablespoons chopped parsley

1 teaspoon paprika

Peel potatoes, slice thinly. Heat butter and oil in large frying pan, add potatoes, saute until golden brown. Add chopped bacon and peeled and sliced onion, saute until onion is transparent. Combine curry powder and sour cream, add to potatoes with salt, pepper, parsley and paprika, mix well. Serves 4.

Prize Recipe

Crunchy cookies, with the healthy bonus of a high fibre content, win this week's prize of \$15.

HIGH FIBRE HEALTH COOKIES

¾ cup raw sugar
1 cup rolled oats
1 cup coconut
1 cup unsalted peanuts
1 cup unprocessed bran
¾ cup sultanas
½ cup wheatgerm
½ cup maize meal or cornmeal
1 cup wholemeal plain flour
185g (6oz) polyunsaturated margarine
2 eggs
1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
2 tablespoons boiling water

Combine dry ingredients, sugar, peanuts and sultanas. Melt margarine in saucepan. Dissolve soda in the boiling water. Add lightly beaten eggs, margarine and soda mixture to dry ingredients; mix well. Press into greased 30cm x 25cm (10in x 12in) swiss roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 15-20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool in tin. Cut into squares.

Prize of \$15 to Mrs L. McCarthy, Burendah, WA.

Home Hints

Each hint used wins \$2

Instead of wrapping wedding presents in expensive decorated paper, try wrapping in a pretty patterned tea towel. It will be more appreciated. — Mrs C. Cash, Peregian Beach, Qld.

* * *

Keep the rectangular plastic containers in which small plants are sold, and use them to make compartments in your cosmetic or sewing drawers. Not only do they keep everything in their place and let you see at a glance what you have, but you can also take out individual containers; for example, when you want to do your nails in another room. — K. Jacoby, Bondi, NSW.

* * *

If your citrus trees are afflicted with black scale, treat them by dousing with cooled water from your washing machine — R. I., North Ipswich, Qld.

Semco announces Vogart ballpoint paint tubes.

Now you can decorate almost anything.

If you can use a ballpoint pen, you can paint a pretty picture with Semco Vogart ballpoints. Whatever you choose to decorate — Semco traced linen, a T-shirt, jeans, a blouse or belt, even glass or china — the 20 beautiful Vogart colours just roll on, easy as can be. They're fully washable and dry-cleanable, too. Look for Vogart Paints today under the Semco sign at handcraft shops and departments.

Something else from

SEMCO

Handcrafts for clever hands.



John Gale transported me to his town and country house in Hamstead Garden Suburb in his splendid sleek magnificent motor car which I describe as divine Royal Yacht blue, but which he says "they" call Seychelles blue. "They" being Rolls-Royce Limited. I'll leave it at that.

Champagne corks popped when we arrived to a welcome from Lisel (short for Liselotte) his petite titian-haired attractive wife and two devoted Cavalier King Charles spaniels.

Theirs is a friendly family house. "Some nights we come home to pandemonium with dozens of our sons' pals," John said. "But every bit of this house is used. No rooms are kept for show."

I noticed a few Jacobean tapestry covered chairs and luxurious sofas just had the odd cover thrown on so the dogs could sit on them too.

John Gale is an extremely masculine, tall, redheaded, rugged down-to-earth Welshman whose hobbies are rugby, cricket, and rare illustrated books. He is the busy vice president of the London Welsh Rugby Football Club, a keen member of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and he also collects beautiful leather bound hand-tooled gilt edged books. All signed limited editions, they include "Wild Life Crisis," signed by Prince Philip, "The Illustrated Icons of Cyprus," signed by Archbishop Makarios, "A Hundred Years of Wimbledon," signed by Fred Perry, and so on. Each volume is numbered and preserved in its own swansdown lined leather box.

John G. can afford practically any hobby. He is one of London's most successful theatrical producers with an extra sense that knows somehow what the general public will pay to see.

He has produced more than 50 plays in the last 15 years and is credited with four current hits in the West End. "No Sex Please We're British" is in its seventh year, "Sextet" in its second year,

SHEILA SCOTTER



The sixth sense of a Welsh impresario

"Murder Among Friends" opened recently to rave reviews, and the absolute "must" on everyone's list, "Shut Your Eyes and Think of England," with superlative Donald Sinden, is bound to break all records.

By choice the Gales seldom attend glittering first nights at London theatres. "I find the atmosphere slightly phoney," John told me. "Most of those invited are involved in showbusiness themselves, and while some genuinely appreciate a new play, many seem far more interested in who else is in the audience. Laughter is either forced or too long, and the applause often exaggerated. We enjoy going a few nights later."

No formal first night "do"

And this sport-loving, pipe-smoking, handsome impresario is an unphoney thoughtful realist. Even after his own first nights he purposely avoids arranging a large formal "do" out of consideration to the cast. Once an actor himself, he knows only too well how terribly tense and tired they can be that evening.

"Actors would much rather celebrate with close friends or families than be forced to join people they don't know. With us entertaining is a question of timing so we play things by ear. People are important,

also their interests and conversation, and one cannot be the kind of host that I like to be across a crowded room."

So they prefer dinners for eight people when Lisel does all the cooking. A natural cook, "kept up to scratch by her gourmet husband" as she says, she organizes the menu so there's only one course to fiddle with on the night, with two prepared beforehand.

One evening for a dinner in honour of showbiz stars Vincent Price and Coral Browne, Lisel served delicious iced watercress soup, poached fresh salmon trout with new potatoes and hollandaise sauce, a mixed green salad, and cold Summer Pudding made with blackberries picked from the wood that borders their garden (recipe on this page).

For guests who have really strong heads the Gales produce a pretty potent brew known as Count Esterhazy's Bohle, which I understand was a popular drink at the court balls at the Palace of Schonbrunn in Vienna. It is alleged that the one-eyed English butler of the renowned Count Nicky Esterhazy outshone his master in preparing it (his method at the bottom of this page).

According to him, the first drink quenches the thirst, the second gives enjoyment, the third creates romance, but the effects of a fourth are not recorded.

Liselotte Summer Pudding

What you need:

375g (¾lb) blackberries
250g (½lb) red currants
250g (½lb) red or black cherries
250g (½lb) raspberries
185g (6oz) castor sugar
1 cup of water
several thin slices of white bread

What you do: Wash and prepare all the fruit, de-stone the cherries and top and tail the red currants. Place them all in a saucepan with the sugar and water and heat gently until the sugar melts (do not boil).

Cut off any crust from the bread, and halve the slices lengthwise. Use them to line the sides of a fairly deep bowl, but also cover the bottom of the bowl with smaller pieces of bread. Now fill the breadlined dish with the fruit mixture, and cover the pudding with more small slices of bread.

Put a flat plate (smaller in diameter than the bowl) on top, and place a heavy weight on top of the plate. Leave in the refrigerator overnight to chill. When ready to serve run a knife round the edge of the bowl, and invert the pudding on to a platter and serve with whipped cream. (Enough for eight).

Count Esterhazy's potent Bohle

The following ingredients make 20 to 24 large glasses. You need 6 oranges, 1 lemon, 1¼ cups of icing sugar, 1 bottle **each** of champagne, a fairly sweet white wine, and a light red wine, 2 measures **each** of brandy and curacao.

All you do is peel the oranges and the lemon. Slice them into a large cold punch bowl (or place it on crushed ice). Cover the slices with the sugar and allow to stand for 30 minutes.

Then add the wine, the brandy and curacao, and leave to blend for a few more minutes. Just before serving, add the bottle of champagne.



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4. Fabulous hooded coat in slimly fitted style. Grey, brown, camel, airforce blue and black. Style No. 20702. Sizes 10 to 16.

\$75

5. 6. 7. & 8. Just the thing for underneath! 100% acrylic linked polo neck jumper. Black, white, red, brown, camel, dark navy, off white, bronze and green. Style No. 10243. Sizes 10 to 16.

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1



2

The 33rd floor penthouse in Surfers' Paradise is a dream come true for property developer Thomas Hayson

Monte Carlo, Acapulco, St Tropez, the Seychelles — these are the playgrounds of the rich and famous, the names which spring to the minds of world weary jet setters in America and Europe.

But where do the rich in Australia go to spend their holiday pay? The answer must be Surfers' Paradise.

Since the first hotel — the Main Beach Hotel — was built by sugar grower J. H. C. Meyer in 1888, the timber cutting area has boomed into a sprawling resort boasting more than 3500 holiday flats. Fifty years of promotion has attracted the millions of dollars now invested in Queensland's Gold Coast.

In the last few years the trend has been towards building multi-storied blocks of apartments right on the beach.

Among the most lavish of these is a newly decorated penthouse on the 33rd floor of the Golden Gate, a \$17 million complex of 177 luxury apartments.

The air-conditioned, fully furnished, two-storeyed penthouse with swimming pool, spa and sauna is valued at almost \$½ million.

It epitomises the dream of Sydney-based property developer Thomas Hayson to build a world class luxury home unit complex, the first of its kind in Australia, and the largest complex of strata title home units in the southern hemisphere. Arriving at the Golden Gate was rather daunting

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



3

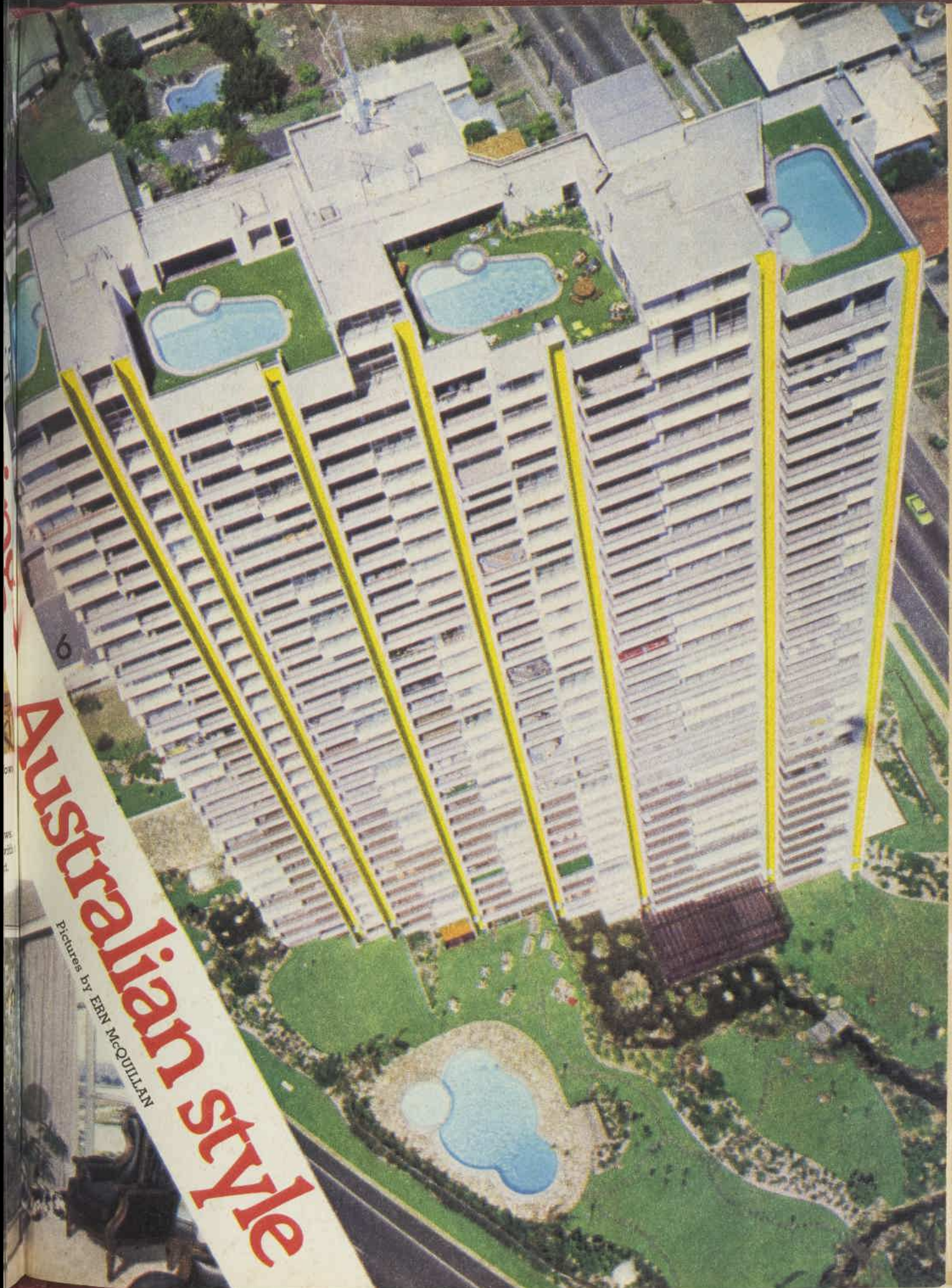
1. Main bedroom has spectacular 4.5 metre floor-to-ceiling windows.
2. The Golden Gate dominates the Surfers' Paradise skyline.
3. Informal eating area off the kitchen opens on to a balcony.
4. Staircase to the rooftop terrace is flanked by a rock garden.
5. Modern black and silver bed/sitting-room has panoramic views.
6. Each of the four penthouses has its own rooftop pool, with a built-in bar and sauna. Every apartment has a north-east aspect.



4



5



6

Australian style

Pictures by ERN McQUILLAN

Jet-set living—Australian style

FROM PAGE 89

for a non-jet setter. After sweeping around the Polynesian-style garden, past the mini-golf course, restaurants, supermarket, gymnasium and sauna and into the ritzy green, gold and natural pine reception area, I was advised to take the glass lift to the 33rd floor. The glass lift? Up 33 floors? Jet-setters need nerves of steel — as well as money!

The glass lift proved to be less fragile than it sounded. With only one wall of glass, not the four I imagined, it whizzed up the southern side of the building, giving us breathtaking views over Surfers' Paradise, the Nerang River, the islands of Paradise Waters and the hills of the hinterland.

Gold Coast interior designer Paul

Jason has given the penthouse its elegant style.

"Most people who come to Surfers' Paradise want a relaxed atmosphere and a casual look," he said. "I agree, but it doesn't have to be entirely casual, there is an alternative."

"The main entertaining areas are formal but the family area has tiled floors, cane furniture and easy-care surfaces. Most of the casual living here would be on the rooftop and in the informal sitting-room upstairs which doubles as a bedroom," he said.

The spacious sitting and dining area has pale gold wallpaper with a white flocked pattern; the deep pile nylon carpet is sand coloured and beige curtains have a protective lining in a

rubber-backed material which reduces heat and light from the sun. All the chairs and settees are covered in acrylic velvet, a far more practical fabric than it looks.

Paul Jason designed the staircase and its surrounding rock garden, built from local brown slate and planted with moss and ferns.

The staircase to the rooftop is interrupted by a landing with long narrow windows looking south across Surfer's Paradise and the Nerang River to the hills. It's an exciting view at night, the thousands of coloured lights displaying the attractions of Gold Coast night life.

A full-sized bathroom off the landing serves the rooftop area. Up another short flight and we were on the top. This is where the full impact of living 35 floors up really hit me.

The modern silver and black bed/sitting room opens through sliding glass doors on to the terrace, as big as most people's suburban back lawn.

Gold Coast sunshine sparkling on the pool, tropical plants swaying gently in the sea breeze, prime steaks sizzling on



'Nantucket Tuna.' Made easy with Instant SUNSHINE.

425g can tuna, drained
440g can cream style
sweet corn
300g can corn niblets,
undrained
1 cup NESTLÉ
INSTANT SUNSHINE
Milk Powder
1 cup chopped shallots
½ tsp. white pepper



Combine all ingredients in a saucepan.



Stir gently until heated through.

When the recipe calls for milk, make it with Instant SUNSHINE. Use it any strength you like — not-so-creamy if you prefer, or extra creamy for extra flavour — simply by spooning in more. It's up to you.

**With Nestlé
Instant SUNSHINE,
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the creaminess.**

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Serve with rice and tossed salad. 4 servings.

All measurements are level. Australian standard 250ml metric measuring cup and 5ml teaspoon are used.

NES04 WW



Designer Paul Jason in the penthouse.

the built-in gas barbecue — should I have a sauna first, or just relax in the swirling waters of the spa? Should I have a drink from the bar, and then a swim, or lie on the chaise-longue and soak up the tropical sunshine?

I did all those things of course, but mostly, like everyone else who visits that place, I just stood, staring — transfixed by THAT VIEW. From Tweed Heads to the Brisbane skyline, miles and miles of surf, sand, an inland river mouth, islands, hills, and at night, the lights.

So what's Acapulco got?

— JILLIAN MCFARLANE

The Uniroyal Premiere Collection. A legitimate excuse for remaining seated during "Advance Australia Fair."



If you're thinking about a new lounge suite, we suggest you go to your nearest furniture store and ask the salesman to show you the new Uniroyal Premiere Collection.

The first thing he'll point out is how versatile it is. He'll tell you how to

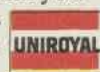
choose from corner chairs, ¼ circle settees, lounge chairs and ottomans to make any setting you want.

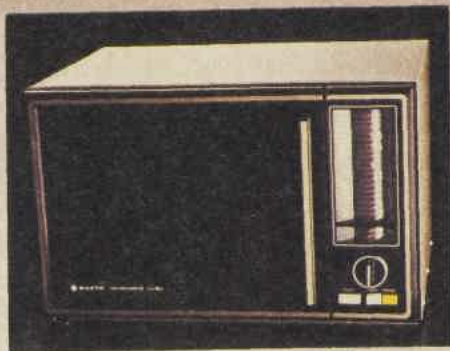
Then he'll probably explain how Premiere fits into any decor, and show you the six velvet velour decorator colours that are available.

Finally, he'll probably tell you that it's nowhere near as expensive as it looks, and feels.

But we would advise that you stand up while he tells you.

We wouldn't want you to miss a word.





Ready, set, feast.

Sanyo give you one of the most advanced microwave ovens ever. With stainless steel interiors, extra large cooking areas, even push button cycle selection. They'll thaw frozen food in minutes and cook succulently in the time it takes to set the table. Even heat the baby's milk in seconds. The days of slaving over a hot stove are over.

22 minutes
Apple Pie.

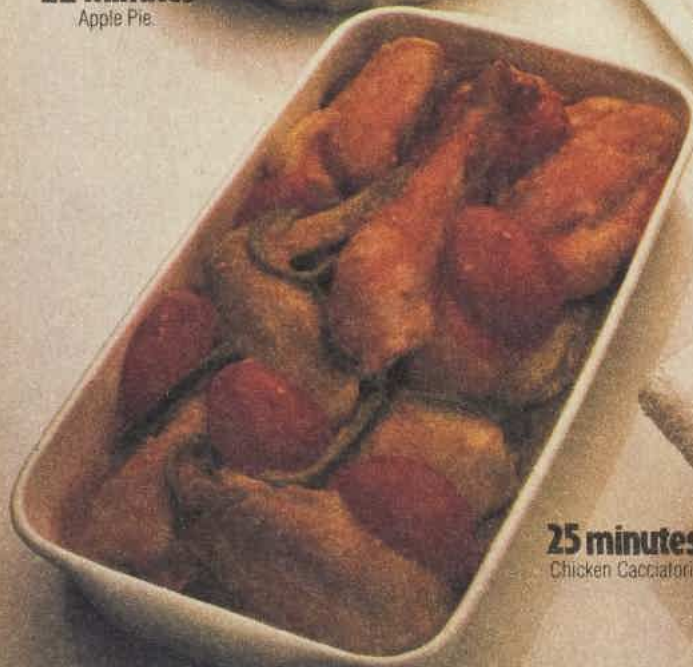


45 minutes
Leg of Lamb, from
freezer to table.



1 minute
Warm milk for baby.

25 minutes
Chicken Cacciatore.



SANYO
That's life in a Sanyo home.

'Feast-o-matic' Microwave Ovens

These dishes were prepared in accordance with the Sanyo 'Microwave Miracles' Cookbook.



Sarah had believed her affair with Angus to be a well-kept secret

DECEPTION IS SO EASY

By ANGELA HUTH

Angus lay on the bed, the sheets a crumpled foam round his ankles, smoking. By day — on the infrequent occasions he and Sarah met for lunch now, he called his wife by name, Lorna. In bed, he always referred to her as his wife.

"My wife," said Angus, "has been getting up at a ridiculously early hour ever since we've been married. Over the years she's instilled in me an unnecessary feeling of guilt. I wish she hadn't."

Beside him, Sarah sighed. They had had a happy night. Happy nights always inspired Angus to remember his wife with particular affection in the morning.

"She has this old dressing gown," he was saying. "Filthy thing. She says she has it cleaned twice a year, but you'd never know. You never know what to believe. Anyhow, she wears it till about eleven o'clock in the morning." Love in his voice.

"And where does she think you were last night?" Sarah asked. Angus's deceptions gave her the temporary pleasure of false security.

"Sheffield." He felt safer if he named a town north of the Home Counties. "Conference."

"Common Market again?" Angus nodded.

"God knows what'll happen once my particular negotiations are settled," he said, and they both laughed. "We'll think of something." He slapped Sarah's thigh affectionately.



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YOU AND THE LAW

The information in this column is supplied by the Law Foundation of NSW as a community service. It should be remembered that these general answers are not a substitute for receiving first hand legal advice for these questions or other particular problems. Private answers will not be given to readers.

When I divorced my husband he was ordered to pay \$6 a week maintenance for each of the seven children in my custody. He paid for only a few weeks, and now he owes me about \$2000 in arrears. My solicitors don't seem to be getting anywhere. Can I get this money, as I desperately need it?

On your figures, your husband is almost 12 months behind in maintenance payments. As soon as your husband fell behind in payments, you or your solicitor could have applied to either the Family Court or the Court of Petty Sessions to have the court make your husband pay the maintenance. This court action usually takes between three to six weeks from the time the application documents are filed until the time the court makes an order for payment.

The court may take the maintenance money from your husband's wages, or order his property be taken and given to you. In practice, these orders are only worth applying for if your husband is working and can be found. The Family Law Act abolished imprisonment as a punishment for non-payers of maintenance, but a person who continually disobeys a maintenance order may still be imprisoned for contempt of court.

My husband and I went on a holiday and we left our car in the care of a friend. While we were away, the car was stolen. After a year, the police found our car. It had been sold to a used car firm which, in turn, had sold it. Both the firm and the person they sold it to were innocent parties. The police could only suggest that we sue the "friend," but all we want is our car back.

If you gave your friend the use of the car and he or she did not take reasonable care of it and it was stolen, you can sue your friend. If your friend was to keep the car and not use it until you returned, and the car was stolen without any gross fault on your friend's part, you cannot sue your friend.

If a car is stolen and sold to an innocent buyer, the innocent buyer can be forced to return the car to the original owner. The innocent buyer may then sue the seller (in this case, the used car firm) in a Court of Petty Sessions for the money he or she paid for the car. No State has a law that effectively stops used car firms from selling cars which, unknown to the firm, are owned by other persons.

To get some protection against fraudulent sellers, a person buying a

used car should search the State Motor Vehicle Registry to find the name and address of the current registered owner (in NSW the search costs \$3). The buyer should then contact the registered owner and ask whether he or she sold the car to the used car firm.

I cannot understand the double standards found in some legislation.

For example, in NSW, the Noise Pollution Control Act sets specific limits on noise by citizens in their households, but it exempts from the control of the Act, bodies which are under the control of the State Government and "public places" controlled by the State. Thus, the Sydney Showground (by the Act a public place) operates with immunity, although noise from concerts held there disturbs whole suburbs.

The Sydney Showground is privately-owned and administered by the Royal Agricultural Society of NSW. The NSW Minister for Lands may supervise and, in some situations, over-rule the Society's decisions.

The NSW Noise Pollution Control Act controls noise on State and privately-owned land. The Showground is covered by the Act: it is in the same category in the Act as hotels or clubs.

The State Pollution Control Commission (the "SPCC") may place noise controls on the "owner" or "occupier" of the Showground: a promoter of concerts would be an "occupier."

I am a widow and I live in NSW. Will the changes to the probate laws abolishing death duties cover my husband's estate? He died a year ago.

Since December 1, 1976, death duties have not been payable in NSW on any property left by one spouse to another. Since November 21, 1977, federal death duties have not been payable on property left by one spouse to another, or to a child, a parent, or a grandparent. State death duty still has to be paid, with some exceptions, on property your husband left to anyone else. One of the main exceptions concerns any sons or daughters of your husband who were under 21 at the date of death; no death duty is payable on property left to them if its net value was under \$60,000.

Address your experiences and your questions to: "You and the Law," Community Law Project, The Law Foundation of NSW, 282A Lyons Road, Five Dock, NSW, 2046.

DECEPTION IS SO EASY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

You can't win, thought Sarah, if you're mistress to a man who needs no one to console him about his wife. Aloud she said:

"You realise it's been seven years now?"

"What has?"

"Us."

"Oh. Us." Angus stubbed out his cigarette. "Eleven years married. Seven years — us." He scratched his chest, a sign that he would be getting up in a

"I'm not putting you off if I didn't ask you in the first place, am I? Silly one. Hell, you made the suggestion, I merely said it wasn't possible. I'm sorry."

"All right, all right. I understand. It doesn't matter." Sarah smiled, her humour restored. "You deserve to get giddy, whizzing around in that tower."

"My mother-in-law will survive it better than me, I don't doubt," said Angus. "She doesn't drink. She's a remarkable woman, as a matter of fact. She climbed a considerable way up the Matterhorn at the age of 73 and only last year I saw her dive off the second top board."

"My mother-in-law," said Sarah, rummaging in the packet of cigarettes on Angus's stomach, "has just organized an exhibition of needlework which is going to be opened by the Queen Mother and she's 74."

Angus swung his legs out of bed.

"Everything you have ever told me about your mother-in-law has always led me to imagine her as a woman of quite remarkable dullness," he said. Again Sarah smiled. One of the things that she loved about Angus was that he made his bitchiest observations in a voice warm with benevolence.

Standing legs astride on the floral carpet, Angus screwed up his fists and punched himself gently on the chest. In the pale light from the window, strained through a net curtain, his body was white, a homogenized colour. These days, his ankles were still puffy in the mornings. His paunch was increasing, too. One day, Sarah thought, he would die of a heart attack. What would she do without him? She needed a little comfort.

"Gus?"

"What?" He was getting a bit deaf, too.

To page 96

JIGSAW PUZZLE



To make a cheap and easy jigsaw puzzle, glue a picture page from a magazine to fairly stiff cardboard. When completely dry let your child mark in the lines and cut out the puzzle to play with.

moment, his mind on other things. Sarah took her chance.

"Why don't we meet for lunch today?"

"Lunch?" He stopped scratching, quite surprised.

"All our meetings seem to be in bed, these days. I practically never see you dressed."

"Nonsense, darling. Nonsense." He patted her hand.

"It's true. Why can't we have lunch?"

"Absolutely out, I'm afraid."

"Why?"

"Lorna's mother's birthday." He paused.

"Is that true?" Sarah asked.

"Of course it's true. She's 86 and wants to go to the Post Office Tower. Awful idea, I hate heights. It's been arranged for weeks."

Sarah frowned.

"I don't mind your putting me off for business reasons, but putting me off for your mother-in-law is a bit hard to bear." She heard herself sounding petulant. Angus sighed.



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Protein	12 g	17 g
Fat	40 g	36 g
Carbohydrate (as lactose)	76 g	77 g
Energy (Calories)	710	700

Nan

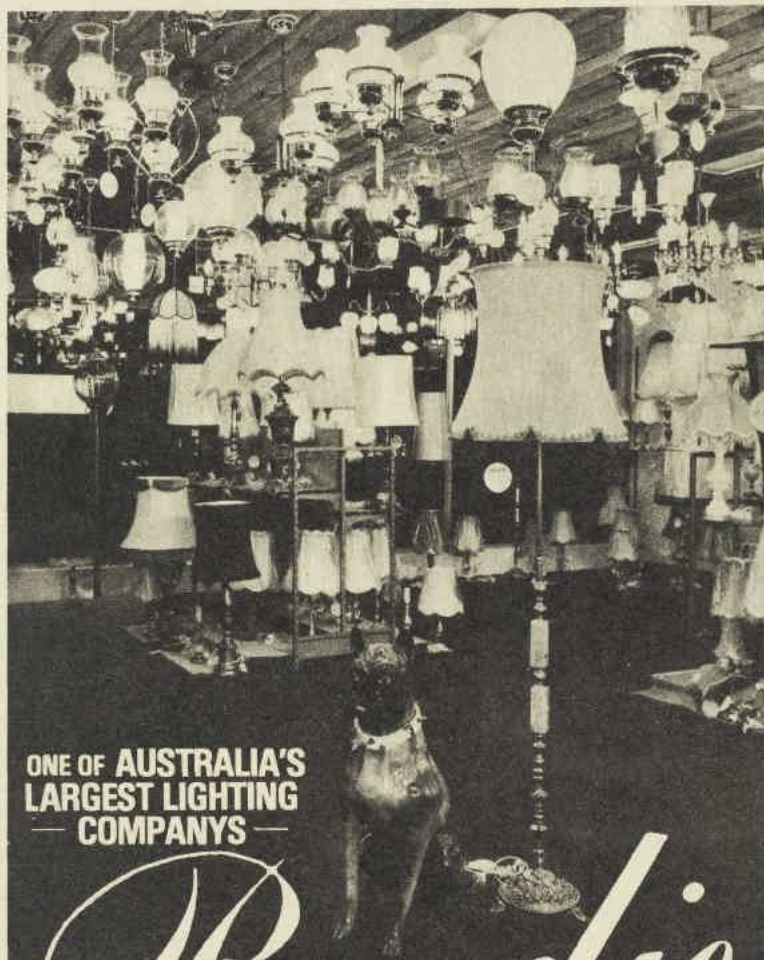
Scientifically formulated to resemble breast milk.

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DECEPTION IS SO EASY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

"Kiss me."

"What?" He leant over and kissed her on the forehead. "I didn't mean that about your mother-in-law," he said.

"That's all right." Angus was moving away again, towards the bathroom. Briefly Sarah had felt like persuading him back into bed, delaying him for half an hour. Now she had lost her chance. Making love in the morning, like lunch with Angus, was a rare thing these days.

In the bathroom Angus turned on the bath taps, and the noisy hot water sent up a cloud of warm comforting steam. He had slight indigestion and a board meeting at ten, otherwise he might have obliged. Sarah, in accordance with the cliché, was getting randier with middle age. Randier and flabbier.

"Gus?"

"What?" Stupid, she was, shouting against the taps. Irritated, he turned them off. The water wasn't half deep enough for real enjoyment. He got in.

"Can I come in and talk to you?"

"If you like." That meant he wouldn't be able to turn on the water again. Something of the pleasure of his morning went from him.

Sarah, wrapped in a white towel, curled herself up on the edge of the bath. Angus, peering at her through the steam, noticed that her eyes looked very small without mascara.

When he first knew her she would get up early, before he was awake, and spend half an hour in front of the mirror. Then she would greet him with a face that was not visibly made-up, but burnished and glowing, eyelashes darkened, teeth fresh and shining. He had liked that very much. It had always roused him again.

"We're terribly lucky, you know," she said, blowing smoke into the steam. "Aren't we? Don't you think?"

"Why?"

"Well, our arrangement. We've never had any real trouble, I mean, have we? No nasty scenes or anything."

"Ah." Sarah tended to ruminate in the mornings upon subjects which Angus could only find stimulating after a few drinks late at night.

"Look at Sebastian and Jessica."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 words upward; short short stories, 1000 to 1500 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O. Sydney 2001

WINNING BRIDGE

Barbara McDonald and Elizabeth Havas, both members of the current Australian women's team, have a long-standing and highly successful partnership. They have put a lot of work into their system and one of the conventions which they have adopted is Transfer Overcalls over an opposing 1NT opening.

Using this convention the overcaller bids the suit below the suit she intends to show and in addition, a 2♣ overcall is two-way, either showing a long diamond



Barbara McDonald



with Ron Klinger

suit or showing both major suits. Partner will bid 2♦ and if the overcaller then bids 2♥, she shows the major two-suiter.

Here are two hands illustrating the use of this convention.

1. WEST	EAST
♠ J42	♠ KQ1095
♥ A1064	♥ KQ75
♦ KQ72	♦ 65
♣ J4	♣ 97

West	North	East	South
McDonald	Havas		
Pass	Pass	2♣(1)	Pass
2♦(2)	Pass	2♥(3)	Pass
Pass(4)	Pass		

1. Please bid 2♦.
2. Not worth anything stronger, since partner is a passed hand.
3. I have hearts and spades. Which do you prefer?
4. Hearts. West would be worth 3♥ if East had not been a passed hand.

South, the 1NT opener, led the ace of clubs followed by ace and another diamond. This allowed declarer to discard a club loser and end by making 10 tricks for +170. In the other room the Australian North-South were allowed to play in 1NT, making +90, via five club tricks and two aces.

2.	NORTH		
	♠	Q863	
	♥	AKQ54	
	♦	87	
	♣	97	
WEST			EAST
♠	95	♠	AKJ
♥	9732	♥	J10
♦	AK102	♦	J6543
♣	1086	♣	QJ2
	SOUTH		
	♠	10742	
	♥	86	
	♦	Q9	
	♣	AK543	
West	North	East	South
	<i>Havas</i>		<i>McDonald</i>
	Pass	1NT(1)	Pass
Pass	2♣(2)	Pass	2♦(3)
Pass	2♥(4)	Pass	2♠(5)
Pass	Pass	Pass	

1. Shows 12-14 points.
2. Diamonds or both majors.
3. In case it's diamonds.
4. It's the majors.
5. I prefer spades.

This made nine tricks on a non-diamond lead, +140. In the other room 1NT made eight tricks. Another +120 to Australia.

Happy bridging.

Sarah was saying. "Jessica found out he was sleeping with Felicity only three weeks after they'd started their affair and all hell was let loose. He had to give her up. It was too complicated. I mean, nothing like that has ever happened to us, has it?"

"No," said Angus.

"And yet I suppose some people must know." Angus shut his eyes against a flannel of soap. Like this, there was no need to answer. "What always amazes me," Sarah was going on, "is how the person one lives with can go on for years without having a single clue. Even now, you know, Adrian has absolutely no idea about us, I swear."

Later, Sarah followed him back to the bedroom and sat on the bed while he dressed. For some inexplicable reason she felt a little cheerless this morning, still in need of some small measure of comfort before Angus left her for the office and lunch with his mother-in-law.

"To go on with what I was saying," she said, though they had spoken of no other subject in between, "I mean, what does Lorna think you do in Sheffield?"

Angus was easing himself into his braces. By mistake he let one snap down on to his shoulder. It hurt.

"Hell, Sarah, I don't know what she thinks." Sarah's questioning about Lorna never failed to irritate him.

"She must have some suspicions. She's not unintelligent." Sarah knew she had trodden on dangerous ground.

"My wife is no fool," he agreed, struggling with his zip, aware he sounded pompous. He went over to the bedside table, picked up his glasses and fitted them into the permanent dent on the bridge of his nose. "Perhaps she just turns a blind eye," he added, and at once regretted having said it.

Sarah swivelled round, the towel drooping from her shoulder.

"Do you mean . . ." She spoke slowly, each word sonorous. "Do you mean you think she might know?"

With his glasses on Angus could see her quite clearly now, the soft flesh of her underarms oozing on the pristine fabric of the towel, and he disliked her considerably at this moment.

"You little fool," he said, "of course she knows. Of course she's always known." He paused. "I think you would agree she's behaved with quite remarkable dignity. I admire her for it."

There was a long silence. When Sarah spoke at last her head bobbed up and down, puppet-like. Her face, small anyhow, had shrunk: her tiny eyes were glazed.

To page 99

A Laxette tonight, a good tomorrow

Sometimes nature forgets. That's when Laxettes can help. Laxettes are a gentle chocolate laxative for children and adults. They're so gentle you can take one at bedtime and know that, next morning, things should be right again.



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There's a dozen or more hearty Continental Cup-a-Soup flavours. Real soup made in seconds. Try 'em!

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CQ1005 WWFPC

DECEPTION IS SO EASY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

"How long has she known?"

"Almost since the beginning."

He had always dreaded a scene, a showdown. He knew there would never be one with Lorna: she was much too intelligent. Now there was one with Sarah he was quite enjoying himself.

"You pig," hissed Sarah, finally. "All these years you've been deceiving me."

"And to think, all those times we've laughed about how easy it was to fool her . . ."

Angus looked at the clock. By the time he'd paid the bill and walked to the office it would be ten o'clock exactly. Sarah raised her head. Her face was red and wet with tears. She spluttered almost incoherently.

"You know what you've done, don't you? You've slashed up the last seven



"I'm the only one who knows this speckled warbler shows up here each day."

years, just like that. Slashed them all to pieces. You've taken all the fun out of it, ruined it all. Talking about *me* with *her* — is that what you did? Oh God, I can't believe it. Her, knowing . . ."

Angus was no longer enjoying himself. He had seen Sarah angry, but never like this, wracked and bitter.

"Sarah . . . don't. I must go, I'm afraid."

She seemed not to hear him, but continued to sob.

"I tell you what, next week . . . I'm a bit tied up in the evenings as a matter of fact. Why don't we have lunch one day? Say Tuesday?"

Under the spread of his hand Sarah's small head moved in such a confused manner that he was unable to tell whether she meant to accept his invitation, or to refuse it.

(C) Angela Huth 1977

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



Discover why Old Castle has been named the best Riesling of 1977

Sometimes it's easy to overlook the virtues of a familiar friend. Hardy's Old Castle Riesling has been one of Australia's most celebrated white wines for more than 30 years. A reputation that's hard to live up to.

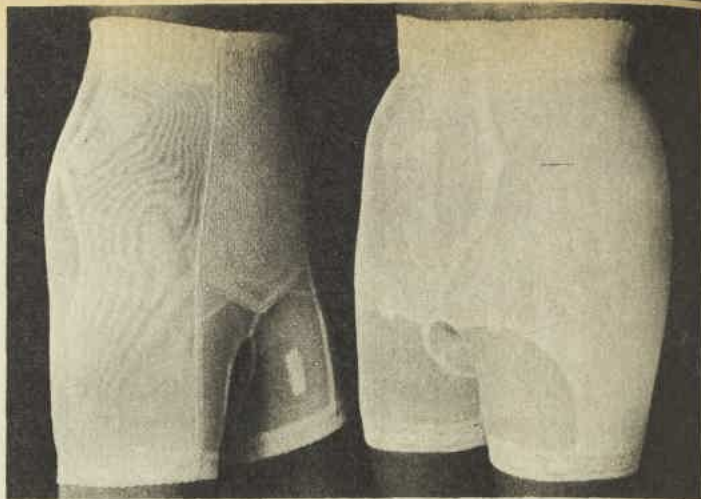
Hardy's Old Castle was named by the authoritative 'Wine and Spirit Buying Guide' as the best Riesling of 1977. Judge for yourself.



Thomas Hardy

HARDY'S Old Castle Riesling is a good part of living

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It weighs only 110 grams.

C501

Dilemmas of an alcoholic marriage

I look back nine and a half years and I see a man forcibly restraining his wife, compelling her to watch while he pours \$30 worth of alcohol down the kitchen sink.

The man was me and it's not a pretty picture.

When we married my wife didn't drink. I introduced her to social drinking and we had 16 or 17 years when alcohol was no problem.

They were good years and my wife made a contribution equal to and in some ways better than mine in the marriage and family relationships.

In 1960 she was studying accountancy and had a glass of sherry to relax her for an exam the next day. It helped and she passed the exam with flying colours.

From that time on, whenever she felt the need for help in facing up to life, she turned to alcohol and once any person begins to depend on it to get through life, it becomes a bigger problem than the ones the drinker is trying to solve.

At some point my wife crossed the invisible line that divides the social and heavy drinker from the alcoholic. When our only child died in 1964, she decided she was going to drink herself to death. And she made a pretty good attempt at it.

Six months later she was admitted to a psychiatric hospital, the first of many such admissions. I'm convinced now that it was a direct result of excessive drinking, but then I was displaying a common characteristic of people living with alcoholics, hoping the problem would go away. But it didn't. It got worse.

Problem drinkers have two main weapons to manipulate the family and quite often use both at once. They can make them angry or they can make them anxious and woe betide anyone who fails to come to terms with these destructive emotions. I have had bitter experience with both.

The Rev Joseph Kellerman, an American authority, says: "It is appalling how well the alcoholic controls the family, especially the wife, husband or mother. The alcoholic drinks again and again. The family screams, cries, yells, begs, pleads, prays, threatens or practises the silent treatment. It also covers up, protects and shields the alcoholic from the consequences of the drinking."

I tried most of these measures but none of them worked. My wife continued to "drink again and again."

One of the dilemmas of alcoholism is

Living with an alcoholic can be a kind of hell for both partners. A Victorian reader tells how he coped with it

that the disease has a built-in denial factor that prevents drinkers recognizing the nature of their illness. They project their sense of guilt on the person closest to them, the one on whom they rely most.

The catch cry, "If I wasn't married to someone like you I wouldn't have to drink," is very hard for the partner to take. When this happened I would feel terribly hurt and react with anger. I became obsessed with stopping her drinking and became just as firmly locked in my obsession as my wife was in hers. By this time we were on a collision course.

I lost all consideration for my wife, neglecting even the common courtesies of married life. Our intimate life was

A reader's story

almost negligible. It is extremely difficult to approach or be approached by someone who reeks of alcohol. I moved out of our bedroom.

In the early stages I used to say, "Can't you see what you're doing to us?" Gradually this became, "Can't you see what you're doing to me?" I was full of resentment, self-pity, anger, worry and frustration.

Periodically I collected all the bottles I could find and made her watch me pour the contents down the sink. But I never found them all. She always drank more heavily after these episodes.

Without realizing, I was justifying (in her eyes at least) all the past drinking and providing the excuse for the next bout.

And I repeated my pattern *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*, till finally I'd had enough. All I could see ahead was a sea of grog that would destroy us both.

I was defeated. I wanted out.

Though I was reluctant to leave I had to face the ultimate dilemma. Would I go or would I stay? Sooner or later everyone in this situation faces that alternative and it's a terribly lonely time.

The final straw was throwing away that \$30. Alcohol is made to be drunk.

My wife was drinking, even though to excess — I was pouring it away. Who was acting more irrationally I still don't know.

I took steps for a separation and by good luck it was suggested perhaps Alcoholics Anonymous could help my wife.

Under pressure from me she attended her first AA meeting and it was there I first heard of the Al-Anon Family Groups, a kindred body to help the families of problem drinkers.

I went to my first Al-Anon meeting in September 1968 and my life began to change immediately.

At the first meeting I bought a little pamphlet called *A Guide for the Family of the Alcoholic*. For the first time I read an explanation of why my wife acted as she did and, more important still, why I reacted as I did. She wasn't a "bloody drunken bitch." She was sick.

All my life I could look at others in trouble with drinking and say, "Poor old Joe, the grog's got him. I feel sorry for him." But I couldn't say this about my wife.

My emotional involvement and lack of acceptance had contributed to the progress of her illness. I had helped both of us on the course to destruction. I had tried to impose my will on her without realizing that she must want sobriety for herself more than anything else in the world to do anything about it.

My wife is a very gentle person who never really harmed anyone but herself in all her life. I try to give her the compassion, understanding and affection she so badly needs.

If I can keep myself on an even keel at least one of us won't be submerged. Al-Anon has shown me how to survive.

My wife says I have become a human being again since I joined Al-Anon.

I am not a patient person but I think it's worth waiting for her to develop the internal resources to cope with life without alcohol. When that time comes we will face the problems of sobriety together and work out our separate but similar programmes towards happiness and serenity. I have a measure of these. I wish my wife could get them. It's not an ideal life, but whose is?

I write this in the hope that education, understanding and the knowledge that help is available may lighten the burden for hundreds of thousands of people. And to anyone living in similar circumstances I would say: "Don't delay. The problem won't go away. Look for help now."

A Pram for all reasons.



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WW505

Farewell at the little white cottage on the hill

The cold winds of July blow in from the sea; pale winter sunshine lights the grey skies.

We step out of the car in front of the funeral chapel to pay our last respects to our beloved grandmother. The wreaths form a bright carpet that brings tears to my eyes.

Familiar faces merge into a sea as we enter the chapel. Soft organ music meets us as we take our seats behind my parents and my father's sisters and brothers. The young minister in his freshly starched white surplice stands before us.

As we bow our heads he speaks softly of our grandmother's life. Her 90 years of love and service to her family and to the community, her love of her church, and of her alert, active life.

We sing her favourite hymn, the 23rd Psalm, and the tears fall softly.

The service is over and we follow the bright, shiny coffin carried by six of her

grandsons, unfamiliar with sombre faces and dressed in dark formal suits, from the chapel on to the graveyard.

We pass the school I attended as a child and the town full of a thousand memories to the place where my grandfather was buried 26 years ago. The rain stops briefly but the cold is bitter as they lower the coffin into the ground.

Because she taught me as a child to be a Christian I feel no pain, only gratitude at the loving hands that comfort me. As I look around the cemetery at the multitude of friends and relations, I marvel at the numbers of people who have gathered to farewell a wonderful old lady.

We leave the graveyard as

the rain starts to fall, to return to the little white cottage on the hill where our grandmother lived till the last minutes of her life.

There are cups of tea and cakes and sandwiches and a warm fire. The house soon fills with loving family. There are five of her children and her 19 grandchildren. We all renew old acquaintances.

Someone says, "We haven't been together since the Christmas before Grandad died over a quarter of a century ago."

We speak of our children: Mary who is nursing; John who is at university; Margaret who is to be married; Joan who is living in a commune; David who is starting school. All the years

since her great-grandfather built Franklin House near Launceston, generations of her family have gathered together in happy times and sad. Today is no exception and I think how Grandma would have enjoyed this gathering.

I turn to the window and look out on the rain soaked garden and think back over the years ... gifts of red ribbons for my blonde hair and handknitted jumpers, holidays on the farm sleeping top and tail in a bed with my cousins.

I turn back to the warm crowded room and begin my good-byes knowing I will never see all my relatives together again.

As I leave the house I smell the sweet scent of the daphne in the garden.

I look back through the drizzling rain for one last look, after 40 years I have now ceased to be a granddaughter.

— HEATHER LETHBORG

A reader's story

It's easy to choose the best materials for your craft project...

The Craft Warehouse have specialised in creating and supplying a wide range of materials for all sorts of crafts. The colours, the quality are beautiful. And there is an extensive choice of patterns and kits for a great variety of craft projects. Ask for The Craft Warehouse products at your local craft shop or selected Department Stores.

look for this symbol

The Craft Warehouse Pty. Ltd.
Chr. Martin Ave. & Booth Street
Arncliffe. 2205 Telephone 597 2955

The advertisement features a collage of craft supplies. On the left, there are skeins of wool and acrylic cords, with labels 'Rug Wools and Acrylic Cords' and 'Weaving Fibres'. In the center, there are boxes for 'Rugmaking kits & Accessories' and 'Pattern Books'. On the right, there are 'Macrame Kits' and 'Needlework Kits'. A large circular logo for 'The Craft Warehouse' is prominently displayed in the center-right. Below the logo, there are more boxes for 'Macrame Jute & Accessories' and 'Weaving Materials'. The background is a dark, textured surface.

Kent



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for the taste.



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the white Micronite filter for mild, yet
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A566-3/78

MEDI-TALK

Old age, far from being a twilight time of suffering, can be a period of joy — if we are prepared for it. Growing old is a new career, and we all need to know how to handle this part of our lives. Just as we prepare for adult life with schooling, we should be ready to face old age with a positive attitude.

I think women live longer than men because they never retire. A woman still has her house to run and maintains a constant purpose in life. Many men, however, see their work as the sole motivating force in their life and, after retirement, find they cannot cope with all the spare time. Those who have planned their retirements with new interests, hobbies, travel and so on are seldom bored, and are healthier and happier.

An active brain is a tremendous stimulant to enjoyable old age, but it is as well to be aware of the mental and physical changes and diseases which occur with advancing years.

Cancer, which becomes increasingly common with age, is thought to arise from the body's cells undergoing mutation — a change in genetic structure. Our immune system recognizes these new cells as "foreign", and destroys them. Mutations are believed to happen all the time, but a cancer does not develop unless the immune system fails to deal with a new cancer cell and the others it produces.

Once the cancer has developed, the body's immune system may improve in efficiency and control it. This it may do spontaneously, or only after most of the tumour cells have been destroyed by surgery or radiation.

Cancer in the young often grows and spreads rapidly, whereas in the elderly the same type of cancer may progress slowly.

As we age, our skin becomes thin, wrinkled and likely to react badly to any small insult. But in this country, skin changes are from the effects of the sun rather than the passing of time.

We can prepare our skin for old age only by caring for it during our youth and early adulthood. The sun-worship which gives the lovely teenage tan also leads to the old-before-its-time, wrinkled, thin skin of middle age.

The sun may also cause those white, scaly plaques called solar keratoses, which may later undergo a malignant change. Skin cancer is common in the older age group — mostly related to exposure to the sun's ultraviolet light.

Eczema is another skin disorder that becomes more prevalent with age. It may develop around the ankles, sometimes in association with an ulcer, because of varicose veins and poor skin circulation.

Rupture of superficial blood vessels,



Look to the future while you're young

because of the loss of elastic tissue, is common, and leads to bruising on the backs of the hands and forearms.

One of the great problems of age in men is the changes to the prostate gland, which lies at the base of the bladder. The prostate produces fluid which adds to the volume of the semen and nourishes the sperm.

Enlargement of the prostate is common, and this obstructs the flow of urine through the urethra, the tube that

Dr Edwin Knight outlines some of the problems of growing old — and what you should learn in advance to help you cope

passes from the bladder through the prostate to the outside. Because of this, the bladder is not completely emptied, so urine has to be passed frequently both day and night. Back pressure of the urine on the kidneys causes the build up of waste products in the blood.

Cancer may develop in the prostate — further blocking the urine flow — and this tends to spread to the bones. The obstruction can be overcome by operation, and the cancer symptoms are often relieved by the use of female hormones.

This treatment can, in some cases, prolong life. But, more importantly, it stops the pain in the bones due to the secondary spread of cancer. Unfortunately, female hormones take away the sexual urge and function.

Sexual function and interest may wane in both men and women with advancing age, but need not necessarily

disappear. Men who continue to lead an active sexual life find they can retain the ability longer than those who abstain.

Urinary problems are not confined to males. Infections of the kidneys and bladder are common in women at any age, but more so in the elderly. One frequent complaint that causes a great deal of distress is inflammation in the urethra and at the base of the bladder. This may result in frequency, burning when the urine is passed, and precipitancy — the urgent desire to pass urine which, if not satisfied, may lead to incontinence.

Examination of the urine and X-rays may fail to detect infection, but a correct diagnosis can be made by looking directly into the bladder with an instrument called a cystoscope. In treating this complaint, antispasmodics, antibiotics and chemicals are sometimes helpful. But most relief is obtained by dilating (stretching) the urethra. The condition is not cured, but relief can be obtained.

Old age can bring many emotional problems. The commonest is depression. This may be related to loss of self-esteem following retirement and the resulting reduction in income and lack of purpose in life. Loneliness may arise from children leaving home or the death of a partner.

Many drugs the elderly take for physical illnesses can also lead to depression, which may show itself as physical symptoms, lack of sleep, or agitation. These may cause the doctor to prescribe sedatives and tranquilizers, further depressing the patient.

This condition usually responds well to antidepressant drugs, but smaller doses than younger people can tolerate are needed. This applies to most drugs.

Many elderly people are worried by lack of sleep. They go to bed early, and become concerned when they regularly wake up at two or three in the morning.

To remedy this, they ask their doctors for sleeping tablets and, though these may prolong the sleeping period, they frequently result in prolonged drowsiness. Often, tablets are unnecessary because, as we grow older, our bodies appear to need less sleep. So going to bed later, and rising at the same time as others, can be the answer.

The simple rules of life for the young which help to promote good health should help us to maintain that health as we age. Giving up cigarette smoking, taking more exercise, eating wisely and losing excess weight is good living at any age.

The doctor regrets that he is unable to enter into correspondence with readers.

Get into knits this winter. They're perfect in both style and comfort for watching a favourite sport or being observed yourself. Layer jumpers over shirts or other knits. Long woolly socks look great and protect legs from icy winds

RIGHT: V-neck sweater with contrasting diamond patterns \$21.50 is by Cherry Lane. Worn over pure wool polo sweater \$20. Full corduroy skirt \$33. Knitted gloves \$2. Pure wool jumper \$15. matching cardigan \$15. Worn over Cacharel shirt \$33. Straight corduroy skirt \$85 is by Daniel Hechter. Knitted scarf \$8.

BELOW: Cable knit wool jumper with crossover neckline \$49.50 is by Mario Moretti. Pull on cap \$4. Knitted gloves \$2.50.



KNIT

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 24, 1978

With Fashion Editor
CAROLINE CLUBB

LEFT: Fair Isle pure wool V-neck sweater \$24. Worn over Cacharel shirt \$30. Wool tailored skirt with front inverted pleat \$52 by Sportscraft. Felt hat \$12.95. Knitted scarf \$8. V-neck sweater with contrasting coloured diamonds \$25.50 by Cherry Lane. Pure wool polo sweater \$20. Shirt \$35 by Cacharel. Soft gathered skirt \$44 by David Lawrence. Knitted gloves on a string \$5. All clothes on both pages come in sizes 8-16 in autumn tonings. Available from Sportsgirl stores. Socks are by Red Robin, from leading stores. All prices are approximate. Pictures are by Jon Waddy.

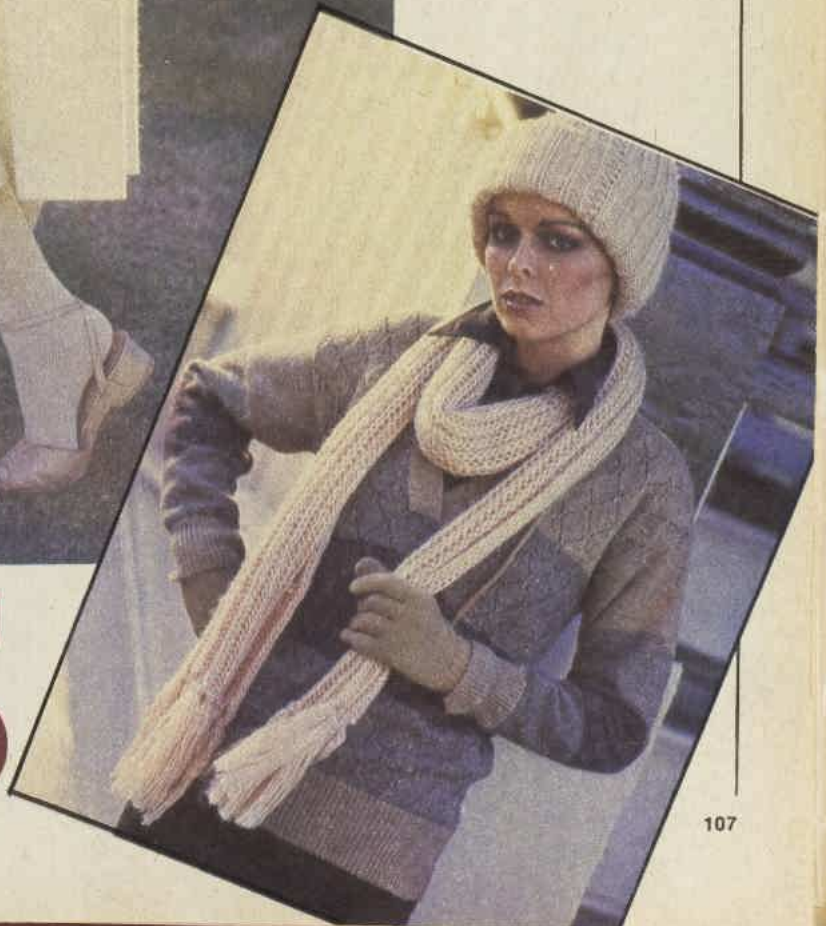
BELOW: V-neck wool jumper with striped and diamond patterned stitched front \$85 by Vanel of Paris. Plain shirt \$42 by Michel Axel. Knitted pull on cap \$4, scarf \$8.

MORE FASHIONS OVERLEAF



PICKS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 24, 1978





**I was out of it with oily skin and blackheads.
Scrub Out* helped get me in there again.**



I'm not saying that when you've got oily skin or blackheads no-one likes you. But what happens is you don't like you. You feel draggy. And you're no fun to be with. But now there's a simple

way to help control oily skin and blackheads. It's called **SCRUB OUT***.

It's a cream that contains thousands and



thousands of soft, tiny particles. You gently rub it wherever you've got oily skin, when you're having a shower say, and the little particles actually scrub out the pores. They remove the oil and muck that causes

blackheads and nasty pimples. Afterwards your skin feels taut and clean and kind of nice. If you've got oily skin and blackheads, Scrub Out* can help you get rid of them before they turn into pimples.

See your chemist and ask him for Scrub Out*.



*Trademark - Authorised User

Clinton Research
345 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest, N.S.W.



KNIT PICKS

FROM PAGE 107

Knits go to town in soft cashmere or alpaca, or in tailored jersey with swinging pleated skirts

BELOW: Belted dress in pure alpaca \$350 has full sleeves, soft skirt. Colours: Grey, plum, black, brown. Cashmere and lambswool blend skirt and bolero \$370. Colours: Pink, charcoal, navy. Crepe-de-chine shirt \$185. Many colours. All by Robin McKay, sizes S-M-L. Available from McKays Boutique, 168 Campbell St. Surry Hills, NSW, 2010. Telephone: (02) 211-3952. All prices approximate. Pictures by Jon Waddy.



ABOVE: Jersey top with keyhole neck and pleated skirt \$70. Jersey top with tailored collar and pleated skirt \$70. Both by Peter Lord in sizes 10-18. Colours: Cream, sky blue, pink, peppermint. Available from leading stores, boutiques. Inquiries: Knitting de Paris, 82 Abercrombie St. Chippendale, NSW, 2008. Telephone: (02) 698-1318.

FASHION ADVICE With Caroline Clubb

PATTERN OF THE WEEK

☛ I wear mostly co-ordinates and for weekends like a tailored country look. Can you suggest a pattern that would be appropriate for my weekends yet also be presentable for a working woman in the city during the week. I am a Women's pattern size 38. ☛

A tailored blazer and matching culottes will certainly give the look you are after. The fitted, lined blazer has a pointed collar and lapels, shaped patch pockets, front button closing, back vent and button trim on the sleeves.

The flared culottes in below mid-knee length are darted into the waistband and have a mock fly front zipper.

Straight-legged trousers are also included in the pattern. The shirt is not included.

This outfit will adapt from country weekends to city life with ease. I suggest you make the blazer and culottes in flannel, corduroy or a double knit. For weekend wear, team the suit with a polo neck sweater and a long scarf. For the city, add either a silk or fine wool shirt in a contrasting colour. It is Butterick pattern number 5588 in Women's sizes 38-44 and costs \$2. It also comes in a Half Size pattern number 5589 in sizes 16½-24½ and costs \$2. To order, write to Caroline Clubb, PO Box 371, Auburn, NSW, 2144. Please state the size you require and enclose a cheque or money order. No COD orders are accepted.



FASHION UNIFORMS



"JULIE" — Zipper fronted uniform has yoke, stitched collar and cuffs. Made in polyester/rayon in white, navy, bone, liberty gold and aqua. Sizes: 10-20. Price: \$19.95 plus \$2.25 postage and packing for 97cm (38in) length; longer lengths extra. No COD or return orders accepted. To order write to Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Uniforms may be inspected 9 am to 5 pm weekdays at above address and are available for six weeks after publication date.

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BOOKS

Reviewed by Heather Chapman

All the hubbub about Princess Margaret and Roddy Llewellyn was nothing compared with the gossip that went on in London towards the end of last century when a very rich and famous lady of 68 married a man 40 years younger.

What made Angela Burdett-Coutts, the epitome of Victorian do-gooders, friend of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Wellington, Charles Dickens and David Livingstone, suddenly thumb her nose at the world? We don't really know.

Edna Healey, in her book "LADY UNKNOWN" (Sidgwick and Jackson, \$21) is too polite to peer into Angela's soul. Instead, she gives us a fascinating account of the life of one of the most famous British women of her time.

(Ms Healey will forgive me, I hope, if I identify her as the wife of Denis Healey, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. It might not be relevant to her book, but still, I find it interesting.)

Angela Burdett-Coutts was made a baroness in her own right by Queen Victoria — the first woman to be so honoured. She was revered by the masses and the rich and famous for her good works.

Angela was 23, thin and rather plain when she unexpectedly inherited her grandfather's fortune in the bankers Coutts and Co.

She did a great deal of good with her money, which today would be worth around \$A65 million (40 million pounds) but she didn't stint herself and on one occasion valued the jewels she was then wearing at 100,000 pounds (\$162,000).

When she was young she turned down all offers of marriage because she was afraid of fortune hunters (which makes her late marriage so much more interesting!).

But at 33 she proposed to the Duke of Wellington, then 78, who graciously declined. He did, however, build a little staircase to connect their rooms when she came to visit!

Ms Healey never really scrapes the passions of a woman who defied convention (and the expressed wishes of Queen Victoria) to marry that young American and one fears that it is because she doesn't quite like to talk about the intimate life and private thoughts of a woman who was once so important. She hardly quotes Angela at all — in letters or diaries.

In spite of this, I still heartily recommend "Lady Unknown."

Perhaps Diana Orton, whose biography of Angela (no longer, obvi-

ously, a lady unknown) is due out in London shortly, will give us more of the woman and less of the public figure.

Angela's bank, Coutts and Co in London, have always looked after members of the royal family and still handle affairs for Prince Charles, according to Don Coolican and Serge Lemoine's book "CHARLES, ROYAL ADVENTURER" (Thomas Nelson \$7.95).

This book is expected in the shops at the beginning of June but I've had a sneaky look at it first and, as you might expect, it's a must for people who like to read about the British royals and a no no for the republicans.

Some of the writing is appalling, like these specimens: "George's parchment of marital mischief" (the Royal Marriage Act!) and "suitable princesses are thin on the ermine-shaded ground." Wow! The photographs are good. I particularly liked the one of Charles reviewing veterans of the Royal British Legion. Charles looks great but the whole thing is so stuffy and so terribly, terribly English.

Verity Bargate's first novel, "NO, MAMA NO" (Jonathan Cape \$9.95) is nicely crafted but there's no way I can urge you to read it.

Ms Bargate's photograph on the back of the book shows an unhappy young woman and her book goes with the face.

Young English mum goes off her head because she's had two boys instead of two girls and she had all those pretty, pretty Victorian dresses just waiting for a clutch of females. Mum dresses sons as girls and calls them (I swear it's true) Willow and Rainbow.

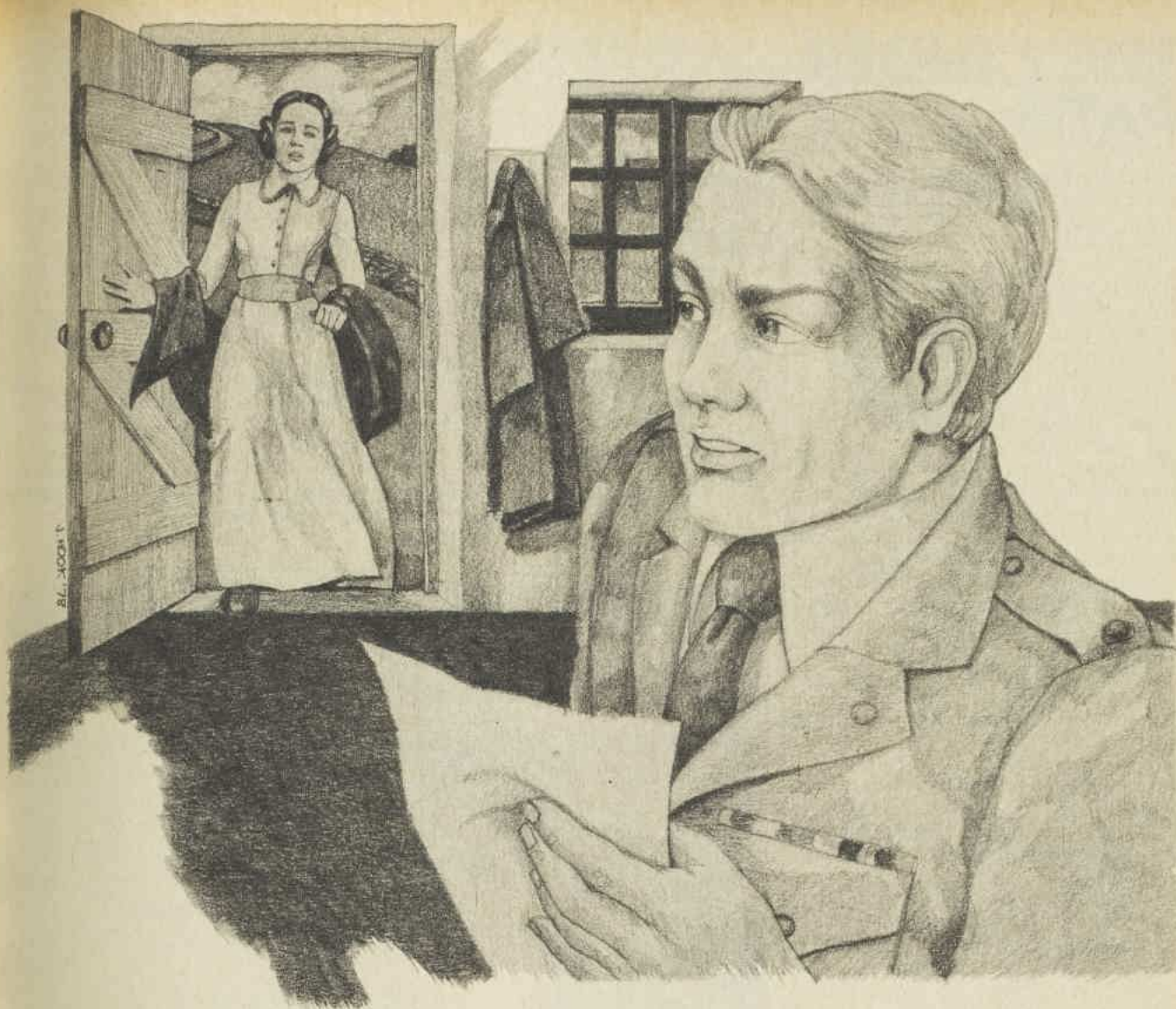
Rainbow, who is really two years old Matthew, isn't wild about the idea and says with conviction: "No, Mama No." My sentiments exactly.

Once there was a giant black flightless parrot on Mauritius but, like the Dodo, it's long gone.

Gerald Durrell flew to the island to check over its flora and fauna and wrote a book "GOLDEN BATS AND PINK PIGEONS" (Collins \$8.95).

Durrell's fans will go for it (as usual), wading thigh deep in his luscious, flamboyant prose.

Me, I fell for it at once because of the pink pigeons on the cover. They're nearly as interesting as that black parrot would have been — and prettier.



Happiness finally
surrounds Charlie . . .
concluding our serial

GINGER SLATER mockingly called CHARLIE MACFELL "a born loser", and this seemed all too true. By shielding the farm hand ARTHUR BENTON, Charlie laid himself open to Slater's blackmail. He took over managing the farm after his father's death, but was not good at it, and his sister BETTY scorned his efforts. He lost his boyhood sweetheart POLLY BENTON to Slater. Then marrying VICTORIA CHAPMAN, he realized too late that her sister NELLIE was his real love. In World War I Slater, as his sergeant, tormented him but Charlie escaped this by accepting a commission. But in the thick of trench warfare, Slater told him he had only been given the commission to stop him naming as co-respondent MAJOR SMITH, with whom Victoria was having an affair. This, together with the shock of a bursting shell, was too much for Charlie, and he shot Slater. NOW READ ON:

THE CINDER PATH

By
CATHERINE
COOKSON

THE BLAST OF another shell flung Charlie against the opposite parapet of the trench and he was lying there, the gun still in his hand, still pointing, when the sergeant came running into view.

Taking in the truth of the situation straightaway, he shouted, "What happened, sir? He tried to do for you?"

Before Charlie could even attempt to answer, another shell burst, and both he and the sergeant were flung down to the bottom of the trench.

"Let's get out of this, sir." The sergeant had hold of his arm, and they ran, but before they reached the dugout another shell burst and the trench caved in behind them.

Then they were inside the dugout and Charlie was standing upright and shouting orders, yelling them. "No use waiting any longer . . . Have to make a break for it. They've got us pin-pointed. Get the lieutenant up. Come on! Look slippery! Look slippery there!"

He had killed Slater. He had killed Slater.

"Come on! Come on, move!"

He was hustling them along the trench, making his way to the front of them. At the point he had chosen for making their break, he ordered them to push the stretcher on to the parapet, and

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THE CINDER PATH

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 113

when Bradshaw protested, that they should leave him behind, he shouted him down, bawling, "Shut up!" then, "Get him up and over! All of you, over!"

Ten minutes later Charlie was sitting in a dugout occupied not only by a lieutenant and his second, but also by a captain and a major.

"Have another." They refilled his glass, and the major for the second time in a few minutes said, "How you got your fellows through that lot I'll never know, but there's one sure thing. You all would have been dead by now if you had stayed in that line. Show's going well. You look all in, old chap."

"It's been a busy day," Charlie found himself answering in the same vein.

"Pity about the lieutenant. But they'll soon dig that out of him back at base. He's lucky, it must have just missed his heart. Well now, I'd suggest you have a nap until daylight, then you can go back to base with the wounded and have a wash an' brush up before you return to your unit."

In the same airy tone he ended, "Very good night's work. Not only did you bring your men back safely and the lieutenant, but three prisoners. You'll be mentioned."

Charlie sat on the edge of a camp-bed and lowered his head into his hands. Was he dreaming? You'll be mentioned. Good effort! Well, he seemingly had done the right thing according to the major, whose tone had also implied it was just what would be expected of an English officer and a gentleman.

An officer and a gentleman, not a conscript, and certainly not a man who had been betrayed by his wife, and been paid for it by being given a pip on his shoulder.

He mustn't think about that though. He must sleep, sleep. But when he slept he would still think about it, he would never be able to stop thinking about it, not till the day he died.

How they must have laughed! They had treated him like a country bumpkin, a yokel, a fool, and that's what he had been. Hadn't it struck him as too much of a coincidence that the very day after finding his wife sporting with the major he should have been offered a commission?

Hadn't he known in that moment that his hands were being tied? Yes, he had. But he thought he had tied them himself, and all he could really think of was that he had got one over on Slater.

But Slater had had the last word.

"Good effort. You'll be mentioned."

And he himself would have to mention that he had shot a private, shot him dead. Slater could win again. Even dead Slater could win.

Charlie was standing to the side of a long table. Sitting behind it were a colonel, a major, and a lieutenant. He had asked the major for a hearing on a matter that was troubling him. And now he was getting that hearing.

His sergeant was speaking.

"This Private Slater came crawling out of a mud-hole with a wounded man. Slater I think was under shock, sir. He acted funny from the start, aggressive like. Later in the day I made him relieve a sentry. It was just on dark, sir. Second-Lieutenant MacFell had told us what he intended to do to get us out of there.

"I saw him making an inspection, talking to each man as he went along the trench. I . . . I had just inspected the

strappin' up of Lieutenant Bradshaw when I heard the shell burst along toward the end of the trench where the lieutenant had just gone. I ran in that direction and when I rounded the bend I saw the lieutenant lying against one parapet and Private Slater against the other.

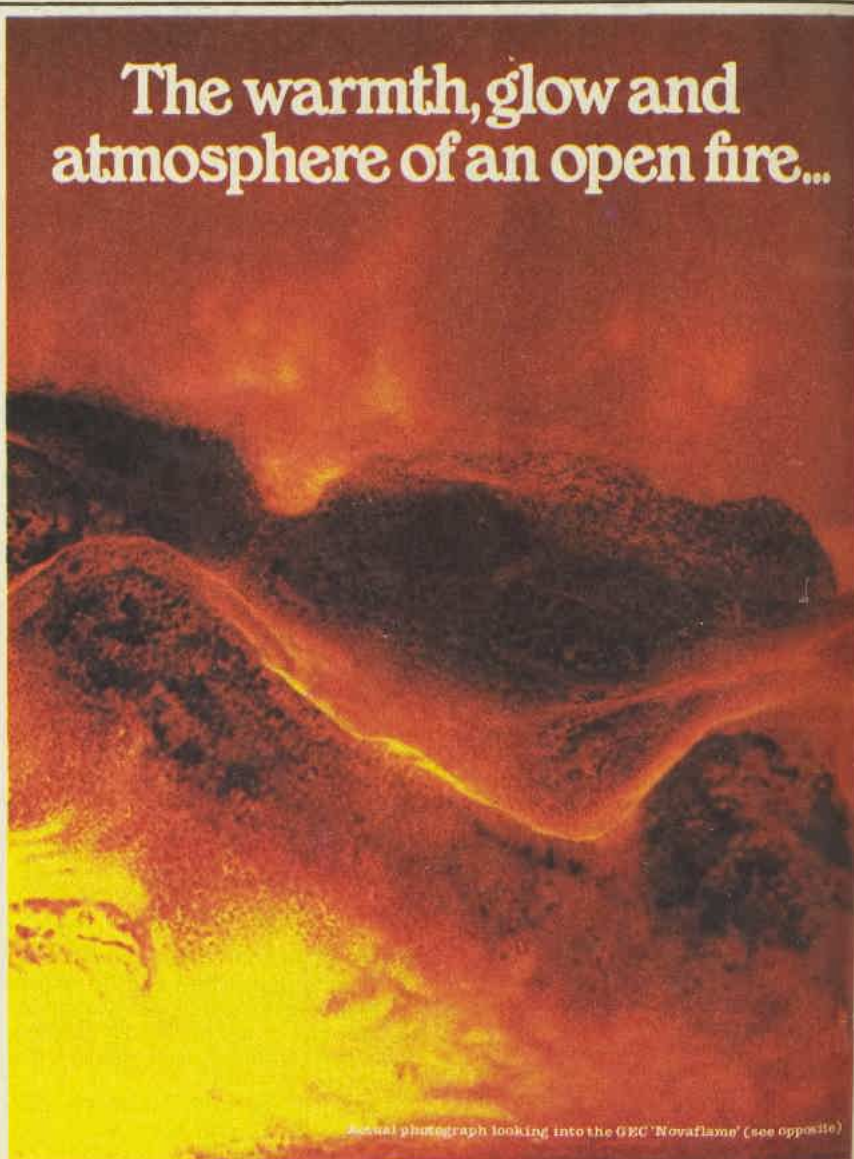
"Private Slater had his rifle in his hands. He had been shot through the chest. I said to the lieutenant, 'Are you all right, sir?' He seemed dazed. He said, 'Yes, I'm all right.' I said, 'Did he go for you, sir?' and he said, 'Yes. It must have been the reaction to the blast.'"

Had he said that? He couldn't remember. No, no, he hadn't said that.

"He was a man who seemed to resent authority, sir. He had turned on me earlier on when I asked his name and number but I let it pass as I thought he was under shock, sir."

"No doubt he was. Thank you,

The warmth, glow and atmosphere of an open fire...



Actual photograph looking into the GEC 'Novaflame' (see opposite)

Sergeant. You have been very explicit."

"Sir." The sergeant saluted smartly, turned about and went out of the room. The colonel addressed Charlie.

"Sorry about this business, MacFell. We all understand how you must feel, and it was very commendable of you to bring it to our notice. Under the circumstances we don't see what else you could have done." He glanced toward the major and the lieutenant, and they nodded in agreement. Then he fingered some papers that were lying in front of him.

"A very good report of you here from Major Deverell. You got most of your platoon back. Good work. Well, that will be all, gentlemen."

"Sir."

"Yes, MacFell?"

"May I ask how Private Slater's dependants will be informed of his death?"

"Oh... oh the usual, died in battle... bravely, you know. The man was definitely under shock. It happens. Hope to see you at dinner then." The colonel got to his feet, smiling.

Charlie stood straight. He looked cool, self-possessed, the kind of officer that men would follow into and out of tight corners. And hadn't he proved he was that type of man? Slater hadn't won. Conscript, fool, loser, not any more.

"It's over! Can you believe it? It's over!" The nurses were running round the ward, kissing everybody in sight. Two of them took the crutches from one man and made him hop into a dance.

Six of the ten men in the ward beds were sitting up shouting and joining in the fun, but the other four lay still. Charlie was one of the four. Then one of the nurses shouted warningly, "Look out, here comes Sister!"

The hilarity died down as Sister Layton walked up the ward. She stopped at Charlie's bed and looked down on him. "Dr Morgan is very pleased with you, Major."

"How many did he unearth this time?"

"Oh, quite a few."

"Did he get the main one?"

"Main one? They are all main ones. Now lie quiet."

"When will it be possible for me to be moved, Sister?"

"We'll have to talk to Dr Morgan about that."

He had already talked countless times to Dr Morgan who had promised that after the next operation he would see about having him moved up North. He wouldn't have minded staying here, not in the least, if it hadn't been for Nellie.



"No wonder you can't get the ball game. You're watching my microwave oven."

It was only a week since her last visit, but it seemed like years. It was a long way for her to come, first to London, then another hour's train journey. Yet it was all he wanted to live for.

How many times had he been down to the theatre? How many pieces had they taken out of him? Peppered they said he was. He didn't remember being brought over from France but the last words he recalled as he awoke in a clean bed came from a voice saying, "He'll never make it, he's like a sieve."

It was odd. He had gone through battle after battle without a scratch, right up till two months ago. Then one day he had walked right into it. It was just after returning from leave, his second leave, one as disappointing as the other.

On his first leave he had found Nellie still at Brooklands Farm with her mother. She had once again just returned from hospital, after having an appendicitis operation this time.

He knew before his second leave that Nellie had left the farm and gone in for nursing training. When he returned it was to find she had been posted to a hospital in Dorset. Four days of the seven he stayed down there, but spent hardly any time with her.

Her off-duty hours were limited.

To page 116

without a fireplace!

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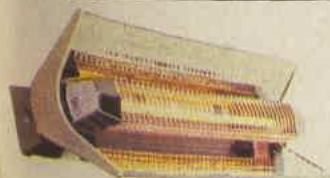
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THE CINDER PATH

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 115

Even when they met in his room in the hotel they were both constrained. Victoria was a barrier between them. They both knew it, though her name was never mentioned.

Just before they parted he said to Nellie, "I've written to my solicitor today. I've asked him to go ahead with divorce proceedings," and her only answer was to put her arms around his neck and press her mouth to his.

Now she was back in the North and he was here, and all he seemed to be living for was to be moved nearer to her, for he knew that once he was on his feet, divorce or no divorce, they would come together.

A couple of days later, behind curtains surrounding his bed, the doctor sat talking to Charlie. He said slowly, "You can go back North once you are on your feet."

"You got them all out then? I thought..."

"Not quite."

"It's still there then?"

"Yes, when we got in we thought it was a bit tricky. You're a lucky man you know to be alive."

"And I mayn't be alive much longer?"

"Oh, nonsense! You could go on for years and years."

"That's if it stays put?"

"No, we're hoping it moves."

"But in the right direction."

"As you say" — the doctor lowered his head — "in the right direction."

"The other direction would be short and swift?" There was a pause before the answer came: "Yes, short and swift."

"And if it went in the right direction would you try again?"

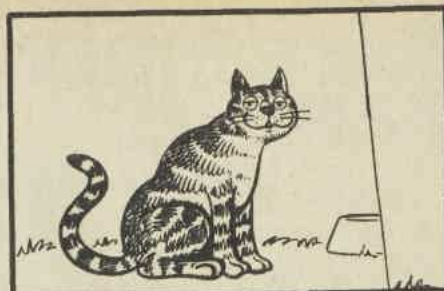
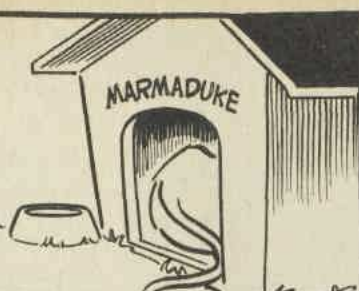
"Like a shot. Sorry, like a surgeon."

They both smiled, then the doctor said, "Of course when I say you may go North it will be into hospital. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, we can't let you go in the condition you're in at present. I don't think you realize how badly shattered you were. You've got to be built up before you get back to your farm and pick up everyday responsibilities, you understand?"

Yes, he understood, and also the meaning behind all the doctor's kindly chat. They wanted him in hospital for observation in case the piece of shrapnel inside him decided to move. If it moved in the right direction they could get it out, or given time, he understood it could settle in and make a home for itself where it was at present, near his heart.



The following day, Betty came to see Charlie. He was rather touched by the thought that she must have some affection for him to have undertaken the journey to this out of the way place.

But minutes after greetings had been exchanged, she asked bluntly, "Is it true what I hear about you and Nellie Chapman?"

"Well, Betty, if what you have heard is that I intend to marry Nellie once the divorce is through, it's true."

"And what about me?"

"Well, we've been over this a number of times, Betty, haven't we? We agreed that when you left to marry Wetherby I would see that you didn't go to him empty-handed."

"I'm not marrying Wetherby." Her lips scarcely moved as she brought out the words. "So where does that leave me now?"

"There'll always be a home for you there, Betty, you know that." But even as he said the words he was thinking in agitation, Oh no, not this now! Betty's acid tongue could turn everything sour.

"A home?" she repeated. "Where? In the corner of the kitchen? I've run that place since my father died, yes, since he died. Mother wasn't any good, and you weren't much better. It would have gone to rack and ruin if it hadn't been for me and now you say I'll always have a home."

She was searching in her handbag, and she brought out a sheet of paper, saying, "Will you sign this? I want to sell some cattle."

"But you have my authority to sell the cattle. It was all arranged before I left."

"Well, I wish you'd tell the authorities that. The laws are changing all the time, and because it's your farm and you're back in England they want your signature."

She handed him a pen, and he obediently wrote his name on the bottom of the folded sheet of paper. As she replaced it in her bag she asked, "When are you likely to be home?"

"Oh, not for some time yet. They're going to transfer me North, but I'll still be in hospital. I don't suppose they'll let me out until I'm fit."

Betty was on her feet now. "Goodbye, Charlie." There was something about the emphasis she laid on the words that made him sit up, saying, "Now, you're not to worry, Betty. I'll see you're all right, I promise."

"I'll be all right, never fear." She turned and went down the ward, a small, shabby, dowdy figure.

She must be taking the business of Wetherby very hard. He had always known the fellow was no good, but if Betty was capable of adoring anyone it had been Robin Wetherby. It was odd

that this small sister of his who was so accurate in her appraisal of others had not been able to see through Wetherby. Indeed love could be blind.

The hospital Charlie had been transferred to was situated in grounds. He hadn't been allowed out in them yet but from what he could see from the window of his cubicle they were full of shambling figures.

His companions on each side of him were captains. One, besides having lost an arm, was still suffering from the remnants of shellshock. And the other never stopped making jokes about his artificial foot.

The contrast between the patients and the staff was striking. Whereas all the patients seemed to amble, the staff were brisk, almost hearty, in step, voice and manner. It was possibly their usual approach to illness, but it could be wearing.

When Nellie paid her first visit, the door had been closed behind her only a second before they put their arms around each other.

"Oh, Nellie! Nellie! Oh, my dearest." He held her away from him for a moment, then pulled her swiftly to him again.

Seated close by his side, she said, "You're looking so much better than when I last saw you. Do . . . do you feel better?"

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THE CINDER PATH

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 117

"Oh yes, yes. Oh! Nellie, I wish I could put into words how I feel about you. And you know, recently I've thought more and more about the wasted years of our youth, I mean my youth. There you were just a few miles from me and I never realized what I was missing. All I want to do now is to get out of here and back there and start all over again, just you and me."

"Oh, but I told you in the letter, didn't I, there'll be Betty. But I'll fix her up in some place of her own soon. In the meantime, you won't mind . . . What is it? Why are you looking away? I promise you, dear, it won't be a case of Victoria over again, you won't have to put up . . ."

"It isn't that, Charlie. It isn't that."

"Then what is it?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing really."

"It's something about Betty, isn't it?"

"Well, I . . . I know how she must be feeling, for Wetherby to drop her like that."

"Has he got someone else?"

"Yes, he married Katie Nelson. You remember the Nelsons. They have a farm over Bellingham way. She must be ten years older than him. Apparently Betty

didn't know a thing about it until it was all done. Then he wrote to her. It was enough to send any girl round the bend. You can't blame her . . ."

"Oh!" Charlie groaned. "It's my fault really. I should have let her have him there during the war. But I knew once he was in I wouldn't get him out. How is she taking it? I mean, she wouldn't do anything silly."

"Not Betty, not like me Charlie. You needn't worry on that score, she's too practical."

"Oh, I wish I were home. It's odd how I longed to get away from that place and now I long to be back. How's the farm looking?"

She blinked, swallowed, then said, "Fine, fine, as usual. Oh, I forgot."

You'll never guess who I saw, in this very place, today. Polly!"

"Polly, here?"

"Yes. There's a big new wing, and Arthur's there."

"Arthur? When I saw him on the quay, I think I told you they didn't expect him to live. I must go and see him, as soon as they'll let me."

"Yes, he'd like that, I'm sure. I told Polly. Of course you know Slater's dead, don't you?"

Tiredness was assailing him. He gasped for breath. Then he said quietly,

"Yes, yes, I heard."

"Polly looked well, quite bonnie in fact. But then she was always bonnie. You were gone on her at one time, weren't you?"

"Yes," he smiled faintly. "I suppose I was. The madness of youth."

"I was mad in my youth too. I fell in love with a tall, lanky lad, and my madness didn't fade away, it developed into a mania." She took his face between her hands and said softly, "If you and I, Charlie, were to have nothing more than we've got at this moment I'd still thank God that I loved you."

As Christmas approached the activity in the hospital heightened and an excitement ran through the place. It was the first Christmas of peace.

Charlie did not see Nellie over the holidays for she was on duty, and when he did see her he was troubled for during her last two visits he had sensed there was something wrong with her. The only comfort he had was the knowledge that it had nothing to do with her feeling for him.

He had probed but to no avail. All he could get out of her was that everything was all right and he hadn't to worry, he had just to get well.

He had made himself ask if she had seen Victoria and she had answered no, but she had heard quite a lot about her

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

By Peter Cook

Our expert, Peter Cook, consultant editor of the Australian Antique Collector annual, of the Grafton Galleries, Sydney, answers readers' questions about antiques. A colour picture is required, only one subject can be answered and no valuations given.

QUESTION: I have an ice bucket that I believe belonged to Napoleon the First. It is silver plate on copper. When was ice first used in this manner, and how could one date such an item? Has it a greater commercial value because of its possible Napoleonic association?

ANSWER: Ice was used for preserving food from Roman times, but particularly in the 18th century. It came from natural sources. Refrigeration did not begin until the 1850s, and the big time for ice was the end of the 19th century. In New York in 1882, 725kg (1450lb) per person per year was used,



Sheffield plate ice bucket in Napoleonic style silver; sheet folded over copper.



mainly in factories and shops. In the Madison Square Garden, four tons of ice each night was put into the air stream.

As electroplate did not begin until the 1840s, it would be Sheffield plate if it

belonged to Napoleon. Evidence of Sheffield plate would be: A folded over edge where the silver sheet was folded over the copper; mounts that were lead or silver filled rather than being a silver skin on to embossed

copper; rubbed in silver shields to take the engraved crest, rather than the engraving going through on to copper.

In style it is of French Empire or Napoleonic period. To date it you should look for the manufacturing techniques that I have indicated, as styles can be copied, whereas manufacturing methods were not repeated later. Sheffield plate ceased about 1860. Between 1830 and 1860 styles were rococo, and if this was made after 1860 when classical styles returned, it would be made in electroplate and not Sheffield plate.

Unless one has documentary evidence as to the origin of an article as regards its previous ownership, there is no commercial value based on rumour, no matter how interesting such sentiments might be.

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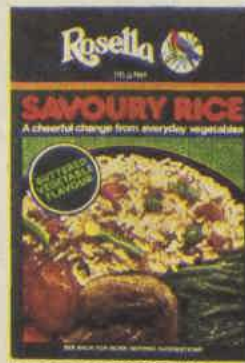
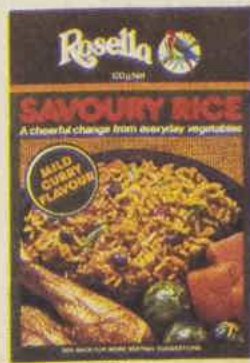
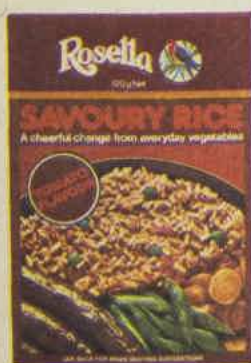
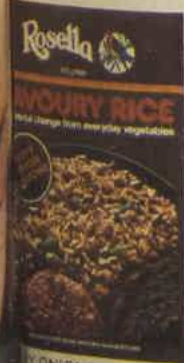
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BB84222

THE CINDER PATH

CONTINUED
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and did he want to hear it?

When he had replied, "Is it necessary?" her answer had been. "That all depends on how you feel about her. If you are still bitter you're bound to think that she's the last one who deserves any happiness. I... understand she is going to marry her one-time Major Smith."

"Really!" He hadn't been able to cover his surprise and added somewhat cynically, "He's still going then?"

"As far as I understand he's a lieutenant-colonel now and he's never been out of England."

"No? Well there's greater merit due to him that he has survived with her."

"Oh Charlie!" she had said. "It isn't like you to be bitter." And he had answered and truthfully, "I'm not the same Charlie you once knew Nellie."

But there was something wrong with Nellie, something troubling her. Was it her mother? He doubted it. She had said that Florence seemed willing now to countenance their association. The fact that Nellie would eventually be living only a few miles away seemed to have modified her attitude.

When he found out what was troubling Nellie, the earth was ripped from under him once again and he felt that Slater's curse was really on him... he was a loser, he had been a born loser and he would die a loser. It was a bright, clear morning when Charlie was at last able to go over to the annexe and visit Arthur. A nurse conducted him into a large room.

Everywhere he looked there were men sitting in wheelchairs. Some he saw had legs but no arms, others arms and legs but their bodies remained motionless. And then he was looking at Arthur, what was left of him, a stump of a body and one arm.

"Charlie!"

Arthur's voice exploded into almost a yell. "Why Charlie! Polly said you were here. Aw, man! Sit down, won't you, Charlie?"

Charlie sat down and with a tremor in his voice, he said, "It's good to see you, Arthur."

"And you, Charlie, Eeh! And a major. You remember me sayin' to you that day, why didn't you put in for an officer. Did you take me advice?"

"No, I'm afraid I didn't, Arthur. They just sprang it on me."

"They knew good stuff when they saw it. How are things with you, Charlie? I heard you were badly knocked up, but I see they've left you your limbs, and that's something."

Yes, it was certainly something. Having been riddled with shrapnel, he thought he had come off badly, but these poor devils in here, why did they go on? Yet the atmosphere was cheerful, bright, you could even say happy.

"Oh, I got some shrapnel here and there," he answered Arthur.

"Have they got it all out?"

"Well, not quite. They've had a few goes but it roams you know."

"Aye, shrapnel does that. You heard Slater was killed?"

"Yes, yes, I heard."

"Died bravely on the field of battle. That wouldn't have happened if I'd come across him. An' I mean that, Charlie, I do. That was one thing I prayed for, to come across him. Couldn't understand our Polly. She was so upset. She got to like him, and when he lost his stripes through her she wanted to pin medals on him herself."

"Lost the stripes through her? How do you mean?"

"She was about to have the third bairn and things went wrong and he wouldn't leave her. He told the doctor he was on leave and he stayed by her for days, four I think, before they came and took him. I wish I'd been there when they stripped him down. Of course you can't say that to her. She talks about him as if he were a hero."

He paused, then asked, "How's things with you, Charlie, I mean you happy like?"

"Well, yes and no, Arthur. Victoria and I are getting divorced."

"No! Is... is that why you've sold up the farm?"

"What!"

"I said is that why you sold up?"

"I haven't sold the farm."

"Well, Polly must have got it wrong. Likely it was only a rumour, but she heard that you were selling up and likely going to Australia or some such place. She thought it was because you were in a bad way and wouldn't be able to manage any more."

His mouth was open, he was drawing in great draughts of air. No! Not! He yelled at himself he had to keep steady. There was something afoot that he must see into, and now, right now.

He wasn't aware that he had risen from the chair but he was bending over Arthur now, saying, "Look, Arthur, I must go, there's something I've got to see to."

"You're in no fit state to drive a car, Major."

"Then I can take a taxi."

Dr Arlet looked across his desk at the tall, solemn-faced figure before him and shook his head. "I think you know the position as well as I do, Major. Any extra physical activity, over-excitement, at least for the present..."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 24, 1970

"I know all that, Doctor, but I understand that my farm is being sold up and I want to know what it is all about. The farm is my only means of livelihood."

"Why don't you get your solicitor, or better still your friend, Miss . . . Miss —" He looked about him as if searching for a name, until Charlie said, "Chapman."

"Yes, Miss Chapman. Now she would go out there."

"She lives out there and I'm now under the impression that she knows more about it than she said, her intention being not to worry me. Now doctor, whatever way I get out there I'm going. The frustration of being kept here is going to be more detrimental than my driving a car or sitting in a taxi."

"I'm . . . I'm not worried about the journey out there, Major." The doctor's voice was tight. "What I am worried about is your reaction to whatever situation you find out there. Dr Morgan's report said . . ."

"I know Dr Morgan's opinion, and I respect it. I also know that if this thing inside me moves to the right I won't need to worry any more about the farm or anything else. But there's a fifty-fifty chance it will move to the left, or even north or south, and if that should happen then I'd be pleased to let you all get at it."

"Well I won't say I'll wash my hands of you, but I'll say, for your own sake, go careful both physically and mentally."

The change struck Charlie immediately. It was in the silence and the absence of any animals. The cows would be inside but you could always see sheep sprinkled over the hills yonder. The only sound that came to him was from the burn. It was running high.

Then he was in the middle of the yard gazing about him. The place was deserted. Was he dreaming? There was no one here, nothing.

Now he was in the cowsheds and unable to believe what his eyes were seeing. The stalls were empty, dry. They had been cleaned out. He turned swiftly about and just stopped himself from running to continue his inspection.

The barn was swept almost clean, a few implements only lay scattered around. The upper platform was bare except for some broken bales of hay. The doors to the hen coops were swinging open, there was not a fowl to be seen. No echo of a grunt came from the pigsties.

He had to have support, so he leant back against the wall of the byres. His head drooping, he looked down at his feet, and the slab of stone on which he was standing disappeared and he saw his feet were deep in cinders, and there coming along the path, was a

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YOUR STARS James Hemingway

Week beginning May 17



ARIES March 21-April 20

Lucky number, 3. Best day, Tuesday. The conditions you meet this week may tend to dampen some of that Aries fire. People who are very close to you will tend to look on your ideas as foolish and somehow you will gain the impression that your popularity is waning. Romance from your past comes into the present. Tread warily.



TAURUS April 21-May 20

Lucky number, 7. Best day, Friday. The gentle, placid bull doesn't seem to mind too much if there are restrictions on the domestic scene so this week will not be too much of a strain. However, you will have to take a stand, and now seems as good a time as any. Start nothing you don't intend to finish.



GEMINI May 21-June 21

Lucky number, 2. Best day, Monday. Favourable vibes from your stars will help you in all close associations but you will have to contribute a little. Try to be a little less critical and cynical, neither role suits you and you will certainly catch more flies with honey than vinegar. Matters concerning neighbours or relatives will occupy a lot of your time.



CANCER June 22-July 23

Lucky number, 7. Best day, Wednesday. This will be a poor week for finances but if you put some of that Cancerian know-how to work, you will dazzle them all and earn a justifiably great reputation. There may be one or two minor delays after the weekend but these will eventually work to your advantage. Young people bring pleasure.



LEO July 24-August 23

Lucky number, 5. Best day, Saturday. A good time to make plans for the future and sort out just exactly what you want out of life. This is no time to show how forceful and aggressive the lion can be, you may arouse the resentment of those who will one day be important. News from someone out of your past.



VIRGO August 24-September 23

Lucky number, 6. Best day, Tuesday. This should be a fairly quiet week for you but if you try to take it too easily there will be one or two unexpected upsets, particularly over the weekend. A good week if you decide that you want to undertake any form of research or inquiry. You will have a nose for finding facts.



LIBRA September 24-October 23

Lucky number, 2. Best day, Thursday. Friendships and close associations started this week will receive the cosmic imprint of permanence. This means that you will be able to rely on the people you meet. Together you will be able to realize one of your most cherished ambitions. Minor cuts and burns likely.



SCORPIO October 24-November 22

Lucky number, 8. Best day, Sunday. This is no time for you to become hurt and introspective. People will say things which may seem hurtful at the time but, if you think about it all, you will see that they only speak the truth. There could be a tense situation which will involve either a neighbour or relative.



SAGITTARIUS November 23-December 22

Lucky number, 9. Best day, Wednesday. Your stars for this week will bring favourable influences to bear on your love life and close personal associations. You will seem to bring out the best in people and they will want to be constantly in your company. Don't spoil it all by talking too much. Speculation will yield some pleasant results.



CAPRICORN December 23-January 20

Lucky number, 4. Best day, Friday. Be very careful to avoid making people look and feel silly. You will be expected to maintain good relationships with business associates and saying things which you know are hurtful is not the way. Something which has been sadly depleted will be renewed and your outlook on life will brighten considerably.



AQUARIUS January 21-February 19

Lucky number, 6. Best day, Monday. This is no time for you to attend public meetings which are likely to get out of hand. You know how excited you get when you think someone is being poorly treated and there are people who seem to enjoy taking exception to your statements. Accept responsibility for your own mistakes.



PISCES February 20-March 20

Lucky number, 2. Best day, Thursday. This is likely to be a fairly quiet week for you. There will be one or two bumpy periods over the weekend but you will soon straighten them out and peace will be restored. You may be confronted with a little more work than you had thought that you were going to be doing.

Paddington.

by Michael Bond
drawn by Ivor Wood



© Michael Bond & Ivor Wood

THE CINDER PATH

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 121

red-headed youth, and when he stopped he grinned at him.

"You never thought you'd get a pip on your own, now did you, 'cos as I said you're a born loser. You lost the lass you loved, you married a whore, you even lost yourself and your platoon, and now, you've lost your farm. You've only got one more thing to lose and when that bit of shrapnel moves..."

He was brought from the wall as if he had been shot. His mouth was open, he was gasping for air. Stop it! Pull up! he told himself, and went toward the house.

The doors were all locked. Peering through windows, he saw that all the rooms were completely bare of furniture. Even the long white wooden kitchen table was no longer there.

As a strange thought entered his mind, he looked up into the sky. Was this death? Had he already died? Had his life ceased with the shock of Arthur's words? Was the farm still alive and it was only he who couldn't see it?

He was walking away from the house now toward the cottages. He didn't hope to find anyone there, yet as he rounded the bend, there was smoke coming out of one chimney.

It was some minutes before his knock on the door was answered, and there stood Arnold in his bare feet. The old man's mouth opened wide, but nothing came forth, until Charlie had stepped into the room and the door was closed.

"Sir, am... am I glad to see you! Oh sir, I am, I am that at this minute," he stammered.

It was plain to Charlie that the old cowman was suffering from a severe cold and he said to him immediately, "Get back into bed, Arnold." He pointed to the bed that was drawn up to the side of the fire, and now, the tears spurring from his eyes, Arnold muttered, "Sir, I never thought I'd live to see the day, but... but you're back, you're back. Sit down, sir, sit down."

When Arnold had got into bed, Charlie took a seat by the side of the fire. "What's happened, Arnold?" he asked. "Where is my sister?"

"Gone, sir. And... and we never expected to see you again. We did everything she said, you see, because it was supposed to be authorized by you."

"The clearance of the farm?"

"Aye, sir, aye. She had a written statement. She had been down to see you and... and when she came back she said you were in a very bad state and would never work again. She said, well,

sir, she gave us the idea that besides you being broken up in body your... your mind had gone, shellshock, she said."

A shiver ran through Charlie's body. Arnold went on, "Everybody around was sorry for her, so they helped. Regan took most of the cattle, they didn't go to market, the sheep did. But the pigs and hens and the rest of the livestock, everybody around bought privately."

"The house? The furniture?"

"Every stick was carted away to auction, but when I asked her about the farm itself and she said that would be seen to later, I guessed something was wrong. So did my wife Mary, but it was all done so quickly."

"She had got every animal off this farm within a week, and the furniture was

DECANTERS



Decanters can be difficult to clean, if they have narrow necks. Pour in a couple of tablespoons of coarse salt then add a little vinegar. Shake until the bottom is clean then rinse thoroughly with cold water.

out of the house, well, within ten days. When I asked her where she was going she said... she said she was going to take you to Australia as soon as you were well enough. But somehow I didn't believe her. Neither did Mary.

"So I went across to Mrs Chapman, her being your mother-in-law like, although I had heard rumours that you and your missis weren't... well, sir, hitting it off. But she was the only one I could go to for advice, and she said right out it was no use getting in touch with your missis, but what she did do was write to Miss Nellie."

"Well, Miss Nellie came out like a shot and she tackled Miss Betty, and they went at each other like two cats, Mary said. Miss Nellie threatened to bring the police, but Miss Betty said she had your written authority to sell everything, and she waved a paper at her."

"Miss Betty left the next morning an'

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THE CINDER PATH

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FROM PAGE 122

she put a letter into me hand and said that when you came back, that's if you did, I was to give it you. 'Twas then I knew she had done a terrible thing to you, an' quite innocently you had given her the power to do it, but as I said to Mary you've still got the buildings and the land, you can start again."

Start again! He'd never be able to start again. For one thing, he hadn't the money, for if she had cleared the farm she would have cleared the bank at the same time. And even if he had the money where would he get the strength?

It was a great wonder the shrapnel hadn't moved already.

"May I have the letter?" he asked.

"Behind the clock, sir." Arnold nodded toward the mantelpiece.

The letter had no heading, it began simply:

If the shock hasn't already killed you, you'll be reading this. What I've taken is only my just right, nobody but you would have expected me to live in that house under another of the Chapmans because the place, both the house and the farm, are virtually mine.

It was I who kept it going, working like a black all during the war. Then you had the nerve to tell me that you intended to bring another Chapman in there. Well, see how she reacts when she knows she'll have to start and build a home from scratch... on nothing!

Most of the furniture in the place was what Mother bought with her own money and it should have come to me. But what happened when she died? The same as when Father died, not a penny not a stick was I left. Well, I feel no compunction in taking what I rightly feel to be mine.

You'll likely be advised to take me to court. Well, you can do so if you can find me, but knowing you, you won't take that step, you'll just hide your head in the sand as always.

We never liked each other so I'm not

going to end with any fond farewells, yet in a way I feel sorry for you for you were born a loser. It has always amazed me how you ever became commissioned.

Well, I suppose everybody is allowed one break. That's how I see it and I'm giving it to myself, for nobody else will... Betty.

The letter was so characteristic of his sister, it was as if she had been sitting opposite him and talking at him.

"She's a wicked woman, sir, a hard wicked woman. There's never been a happy moment on the place since you left. What do you think you'll do, sir?"

Charlie leant back in his chair.

"I haven't the slightest idea, Arnold."

As he finished speaking there was a sound of footsteps outside and Arnold said, "That'll be Mary, she's been over to the Chapmans. Mrs Chapman is taking her on, mornings like, it helps."

However, it wasn't Mary who opened the door without knocking but Nellie. She almost burst into the room, held her breath for a moment, then came to Charlie's side and took his hand.

FROM THE BIBLE

Happy are those who reject the advice of evil men, who do not follow the example of sinners or join those who have no use for God. Instead, they find joy in obeying the law of the Lord, and they study it day and night.

Psalm 1:1 & 2 Good News Bible

"Oh my dear! You had to find out sometime, but I've nearly been out of my mind. Dr Arlet's secretary phoned me." She turned to Arnold and said, "You're looking a bit better, Arnold. Mary will be over presently. I called in home, then rode over." She took Charlie's arm, saying gently, "Come on. We'll be back, Arnold."

Neither of them spoke until they were entering the yard again and then Nellie said, "I... I was afraid to tell you but I should have. It would have been better than getting a shock like this."

He stopped and, looking down at her, asked quietly, "Why should this happen to me, Nellie?" There was no whine in the question, it was more in the nature of a statement.

"These things always happen to nice people, Charlie, easy-going, kind, nice people. They never happen to the rogues, the cheats, or the wily ones, for instance, to your father or mine. But you are different, Charlie, and —" Her lips trembled, "And that's why I love you, because you're so different."

He made no reply. He just asked, "What am I going to do, Nellie?"

"We'll find a way. Come in the barn and sit down."

But there was nothing to sit on in the

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DEAR DOCTOR

Your child's health

VIRAL HEPATITIS

One of my children has just come down with acute viral hepatitis. Could you tell me what causes this condition and if there could be any lasting complications? Also, how is the disease treated and can it be prevented?

Viral hepatitis is an infection of the liver and, as one would expect from the name, is caused by a virus. The two most common viruses are different in character — type A is infectious; type B is often contracted by injections or blood transfusions contaminated with the virus, although this type of hepatitis can be contracted by other means.

Recently a specific protein was found in the serum, urine and faeces of many patients with type B hepatitis. This protein is called the Australian Antigen and in many cases where it is discovered in a patient, it suggests that their hepatitis is caused by either a contaminated injection or transfusion.

The most common early symptoms of hepatitis are nausea, vomiting, loss of appetite, upper abdominal pain on the right side, and fever.

Dark urine and jaundice appear three to 10 days later, usually associated with an increase in the size of the liver. The main illness lasts about one or two weeks and children usually convalesce for a further couple of weeks. Prolonged complications are very rare indeed in children.

The condition is treated by rest in the early stages. A fat-free diet used to be advocated but recently this has been shown to be unnecessary. Adequate amounts of protein and carbohydrate should be taken.

All cases of hepatitis should be isolated, and eating and drinking utensils strictly confined to the individual patient's use. Nowadays all syringes and transfusion apparatus are thoroughly sterilized before use.

In the case of type A hepatitis, anyone exposed to the infected person should be given a gamma globulin injection to protect them against the disease.

EAR INFECTION

My son has recurrent weeping and painful ear canals. He does a lot of swimming and our doctor feels that the water is the most likely cause of this complaint. Can you tell me if this is so and how the outbreaks can be minimized?

Infection of the external ear canal, called otitis externa, usually involves

the whole of the skin of the external canal. Water and humid atmospheric conditions are the most common causes of this painful problem. Dust and other common irritants may increase the irritation and lead to scratching.

The symptoms produced by the infection are pain, which is increased by gently moving the ear, weeping from the canal, and the glands around the ear become inflamed, tender and enlarged.

In treating the condition the ear canal should be packed daily with a wick containing either ichthammal in glycerine or aluminium acetate. This daily packing should be continued until

the acute stage has subsided, then a combined antibiotic-steroid eardrop solution is used. Sometimes, in very severe cases, oral antibiotics are prescribed, but there are many doctors who believe that oral antibiotics have no place in treatment of this condition.

To prevent otitis externa from recurring it is important that the ear be kept dry; in the case of swimmers some form of plastic ear plug should be inserted into the ear canal while the person is in the water — in many cases this has led to a marked reduction in the number of relapses. The ear plugs also should be used while having a shower or washing hair.

When irregularity weighs you down Ford Pills help to get you going.



THE CINDER PATH

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 124

barn, and simultaneously their eyes lifted to the platform above on which were scattered the broken bales of hay, and she smiled.

"Can you risk going up into the loft with me for the second time?"

When a few minutes later they were sitting side by side on the straw she said quietly, "I haven't been idle all these weeks. First thing I'd like you to know is I'm . . . I'm finished with nursing. My discharge is through."

"Good." There was no enthusiasm in his voice.

"And I've made arrangements to sell my house. It'll bring a good price. I have a nice little bit my aunt left me, together

with what I've saved from my earnings. I reckon this will give us a start both outside and inside the house, and then . . ."

"Don't be silly, Nellie! You know I couldn't start again on your money."

"Charlie MacFell, don't you come the English gentleman with me." Here was the old Nellie talking. "What do you think you're going to do with your life? You've got to have work. And you've got more than most to start with. You've got land and a farmhouse and buildings, all you need is stock, and I'm going to buy that stock whether you like it or not."

"We're going to buy that stock because what I have is yours, Charlie." Her voice lowered. "You won't be able to stop me no matter what you say . . . And don't try, Charlie. Oh, please don't try."

Slowly he turned and taking her hands, he said, "You remember Slater?"

"Yes . . . Ginger the one that became a sergeant and put you through it."

"The same. Well, he told me years ago that I was a loser, and I didn't believe him, and the minute before he died he again told me I was a loser, and still I didn't believe him, but I do today because Betty has proved it."

"Oh! Charlie. You're not, you're not!"

"Shut up, and listen to me. There's some things you know about me but there's a lot you don't. Nellie, I shot Slater dead. Do you hear? I shot him when he was practically defenceless."

When he felt her hands jerk within his, he said, "Yes, I know how you feel, you're shocked, this isn't what the easy-going, soft Charlie would do, it isn't what any self-respecting officer would do, but I did it, Nellie."

Her lips were trembling. "Then there must have been a good reason, Charlie. Why did you do it?"

Still holding her hands, in a quiet resigned tone he went on to tell her the whole story starting about young Polly and big Polly and the outcome of his father's decision to introduce him into manhood.

He took her through the years of blackmail, both he and Arthur suffered at the hands of Slater, then the long agony of his term under Slater, and how it was ended by being given a commission.

The only time he stumbled in the telling was when he described why he had been given a commission, and when he finally came to the scene in the trenches his voice faltered.

"The humiliation was too great, Nellie. I . . . I thought I had achieved something. I was a lieutenant in command of men who I knew respected me, and then he took the ground from under my feet when he told me my appointment had been rigged. I couldn't bear it, and so I fired."

"Oh! Charlie. Charlie!" Her arms were around him, her lips were covering his face, and when they came direct on his mouth she held him so tightly that as they had done once before they overbalanced and fell on to the straw, and all the while she was muttering, "Oh! Charlie, Charlie!"

"Nellie! Nellie!" He had been warned, no mental excitement, no real physical exertion, if it moved to the right! But it would be a good way to die. Oh! Nellie, my Nellie!

He was loving a woman, really loving a woman. He was not struggling with a tigress, he was the master, the man, and he was loving a woman, his woman.

"Nellie! Nellie!"

He had climbed the mountain and the

To page 128



You'll master this lively little number in no time. Just follow these easy steps to prepare a delicious fruit flan that'll have them dancing on the ceiling.

The Flandango - how you do it:

- Step 1 Prepare a tart shell using 180g (6 oz) plain crushed biscuits mixed with 90g (3 oz) melted butter. When smooth press the mixture into a greased 23cm (9") pie plate and chill.
- Step 2 Combine 1x400g can NESTLÉ sweetened condensed milk, 1x450g can Golden Circle Crushed Pineapple (drained), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice and a teaspoon of gelatine dissolved in two tablespoons of water.
- Step 3 Pour mixture into tart shell and refrigerate until set, then top with NESTLÉ reduced cream and garnish with MILO, toasted coconut, crushed nuts or to taste. Serve chilled.

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128

THE CINDER PATH

CONTINUED
 FROM PAGE 126

sky was still high above him. He reached up into it and embraced the ecstasy and at the height of heights he was pierced through with pain. It came and then it went.

He came down from the mountain bearing her in his arms and he laid them both down on the straw.

Still clinging close, they lay in the great silence of peace and fulfilment and stared at each other.

CHILDREN

*The children live in fantasy,
 In dream filled worlds they play,*

But the children are tomorrow's hope

The greatest resource of today.

*They wander without worry
 And follow where we lead,
 So we must take them by the hand
 And teach them what they'll need.*

*Maybe one day all those dreams they have
 Will truly come to be,
 But life's a road they have to walk*

*With many things to see.
 For the world that we have built for them*

*Will be in their care one day
 And they'll learn how to tend for it*

If we'll just show the way;

Then they'll take their children by the hand

*And show them what to do.
 So you see to keep this world alive*

Is a job for me and you.

— Rosemarie Bond

He had killed his enemy, he had loved a woman, really loved a woman for the first time in his life, and death had moved in him but had taken a turn to the left. What more could a man want to begin again?

The End

(c) 1978 Catherine Cookson.

From the book to be published by Heinemann Ltd

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—MAY 24, 1978

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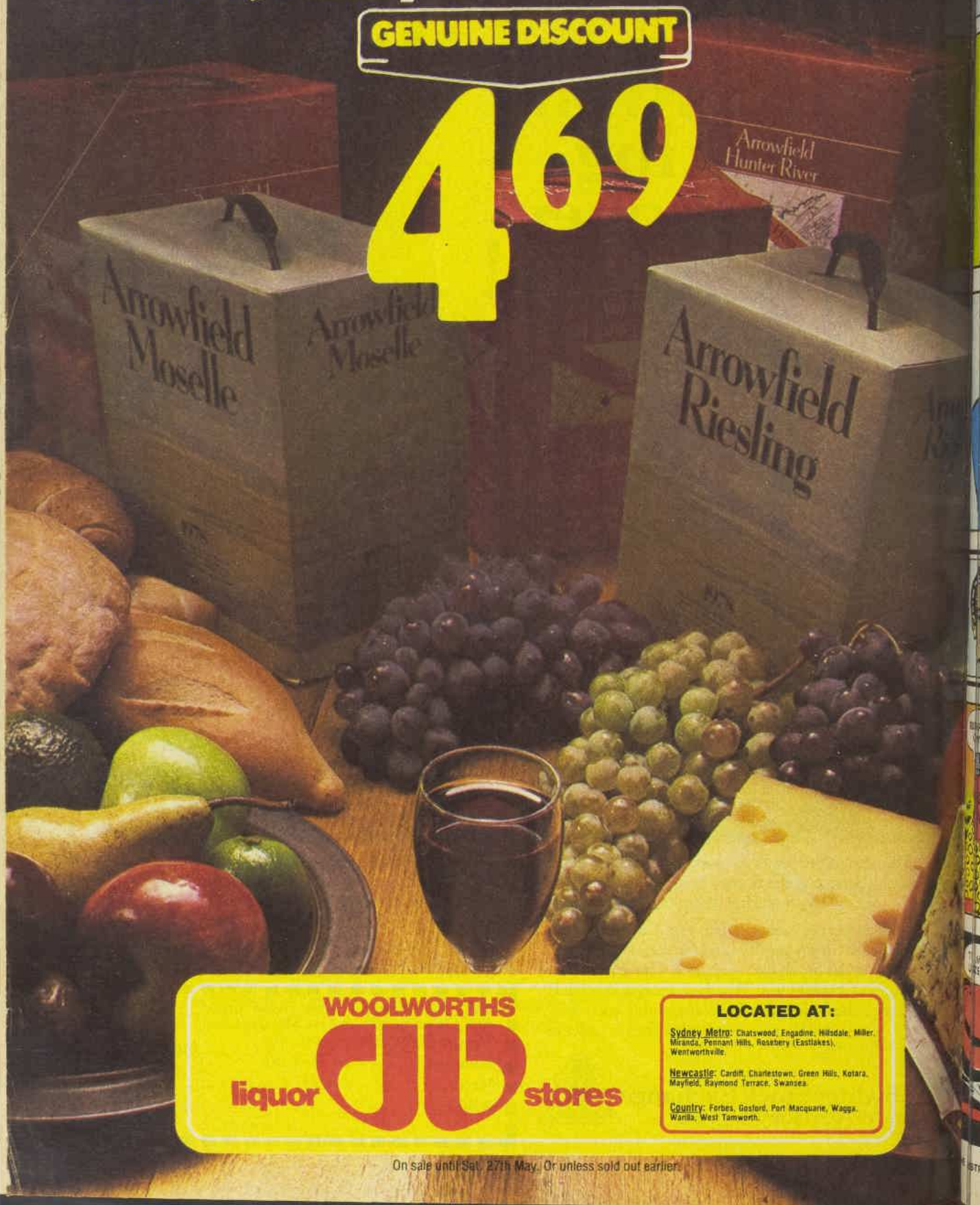
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FRED BASSET

by ALEX GRAHAM



DO YOU MIND IF I HAVE MY CHAIR?



WHAT A DAY!... I'M EXHAUSTED!

Exhausted?



Just with sitting in an office?



Now if he'd been under the tool-shed all day digging, like me...

2-19

GRAHAM



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

Mandrake and Lothar agree to Mr T.T.'s plan and are given one dose of the antidote. They take it to the nearest chemist but are told it will take a week to discover the formula. NOW READ ON . . .



BUT I FEEL OKAY.

NO MATTER, LOTHAR. ALMOST SIX HOURS GONE... TIME TO TAKE THIS ANTIDOTE FOR TT'S POISON... TAKE NO CHANCES...



ARE WE REALLY GOING TO STEAL THE MONA LISA?

TRUST ME, LOTHAR. AS LONG AS THAT POISON'S IN YOU, WE'RE IN TT'S POWER...



THE MONA LISA, ALSO KNOWN AS LA GIOCONDA... FRANCE'S GREATEST ART TREASURE... ON TOUR...

OH...

WOW!



TT'S MEN... WATCHING US... REPORTING US...

THEY'RE COMING TO THE TRUCK NOW, MR. TT... OVER.

KEEP ME INFORMED, OVER...



WAIT FOR US UNTIL DARK, THEN BE READY TO MOVE... FAST.

WITH THE MONA LISA?

ER... WHAT ELSE?



NOW WHAT DO WE DO? I'M PUZZLED.

AS I TOLD THEM, WE WAIT HERE UNTIL DARK, LOTHAR... AND THEN...

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

NEXT WEEK... AND THEN.

QUICK CROSSWORD

ACROSS

3. Stock-farm.
8. Prepared for publication.
10. Surpass.
11. Regret.
12. Giver.
14. Pulpit discourse.
15. Sour-tempered.
19. In existence.
20. Dash.
21. Writing tablets.
23. Of the navy.
25. Firearm.

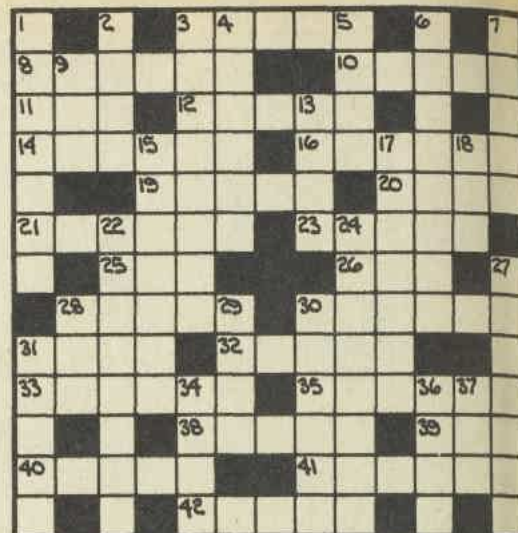
26. Accomplished.
28. Merriment.
30. Sovereigns.
31. Intense dislike.
32. Banishment.
33. Rubber.
35. Hanging tuft of threads.
38. First public appearance.
39. Reverential wonder.
40. Subject of composition.
41. Eagles' nests.
42. Fasteners.



Solution of last week's crossword

DOWN

1. Continue obstinately.
2. Jetty.
3. Fragrant.
4. Beautiful youth.
5. Brave man.
6. Action of conferring knighthood.
7. Foreign.
9. Owing.
13. Augury.
15. Ripens.
17. Assails with bitter abuse.
18. Salt.
22. Set in motion.



Solution will be published next week

24. Fawns upon.
27. Having no purpose.
28. Spoil.
29. This place.
30. Ceremonial.
31. Barren open country.
34. Paradise.
36. Leave by ship.
37. Female sheep.

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

ACROSS

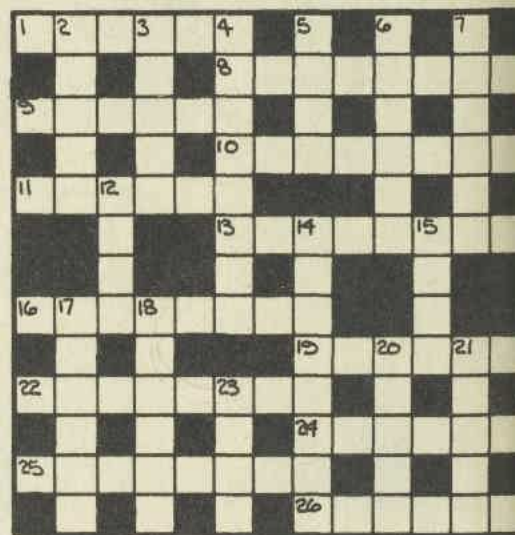
1. Professor has a spasm on making a gain (6).
8. Shred of a necessary commodity made of paper (8).
9. Anne is going back for pigment (6).
10. As corn is to the stupefying effect of a narcotic (8).
11. Disagreeable mixtures at common tables (6).
13. A cover for everything (8).
16. It is a bit of a twist if crones are appropriate to argumentation (8).
19. Very nearly got it to slam (6).
22. Find a way to get some sort of a meal together when the larder is nearly empty (6,2).
24. Scope from the shelter (6).
25. Almost a women's libber, got a meal and freed (8).
26. Dog who styles hair? (6).



Solution of last week's crossword

DOWN

2. Lift the serai (5).
3. Discovers 500 in a fish's steering gear (5).
4. Cross beams (8).
5. Bag arrived carrying seaweed jelly (4).
6. A heavenly body (6).
7. Would a man lie about a domestic servant (6).
12. Rats in a skylight (4).
14. Very unhappy residents? (8).
15. Several idols found on a bathing beach (4).
17. Colourful and exotic — in a
18. High spirits when an editor is behind time (6).
20. Met to arrange a musical work (5).
21. Get too close to flames (5).
23. Have a dash of melanin (4).



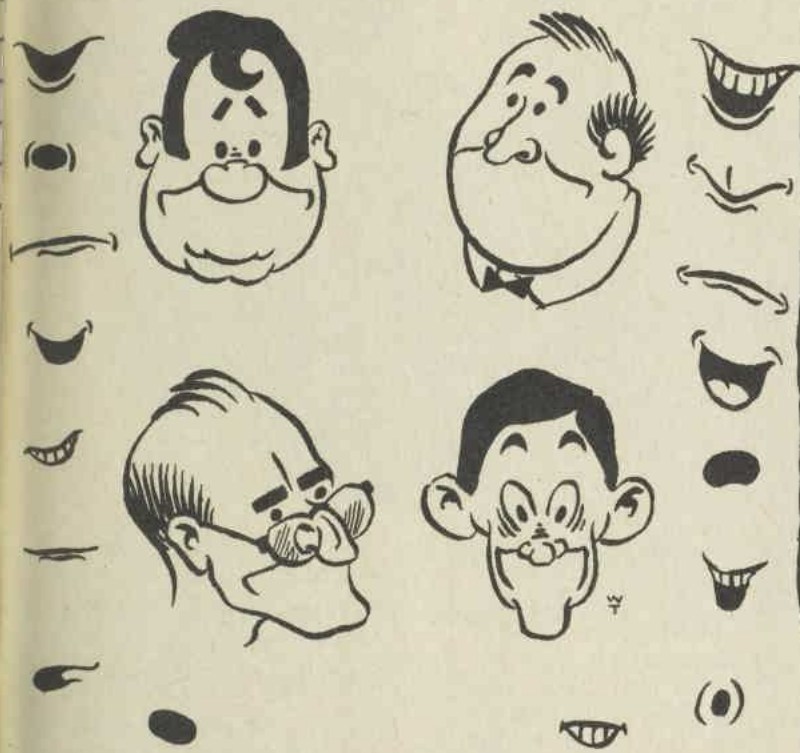
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For the Children

Change the faces

Each of these mouths can be drawn on any of the faces. Change them around as much as you like.

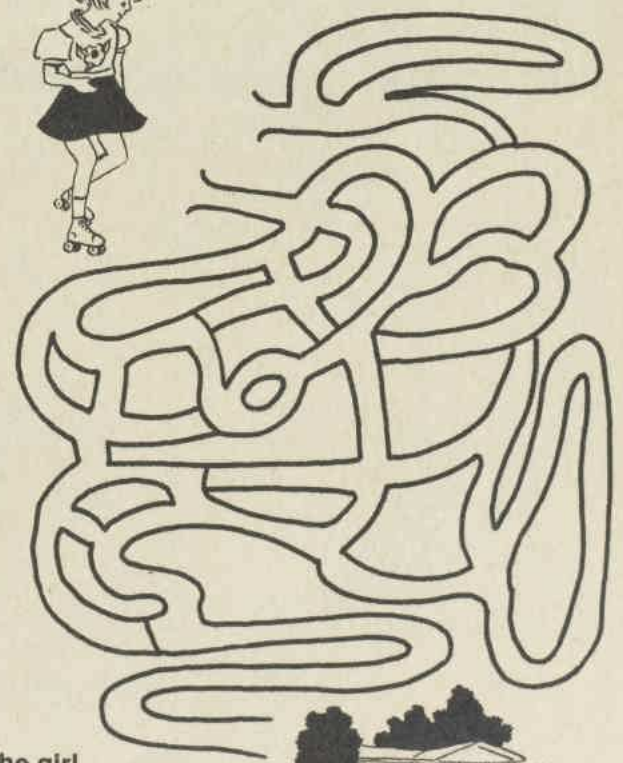


Colour in the picture.

How many eggs in the nest?



Answer: 15



Help the girl find her way home.





For the Children



From the top of the tree

There were once two little grey squirrels, who lived very comfortably in a place where there were not many humans to bother them. Then lots of funny little buildings kept appearing around their bushy park.

One day from the top of their tree they saw men with picks and axes. They wondered what was happening. Then a big noisy machine started to knock down the trees around them.

"Oh dear, oh dear," they said as they huddled together on their branch. The ground was shaking with the big machine and the crashing of the trees. A friendly workman saw the squirrels.

"Come and look at this. Two little squirrels — looks as though they live in this tree. Why not save this one for them," he said.

How lucky, thought the squirrels. A big sign post was put up near their tree 'UNDER CONSTRUCTION — SCHOOL'.

"What does that mean?" said one. "It means," said the other, "lots of little children are going to come here nearly every day and run around and they'll go inside the buildings and write in books."

They watched as the school slowly took shape. Finally the workmen went home for good. Some weeks later, little

children made their way through the school gates.

The squirrels stayed quietly in their tree all day, watching the children making friends. When all the boys and girls had gone home they came down and started to play. They saw a little girl by herself sitting on a log in the playground, who looked very unhappy

and was crying. She looked at the squirrels and stopped her crying.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

"We were here a long time before the school, and the workmen saved our tree," they said. "Why are you sad?"

She said she was sad because she didn't like this awful school, and her friend had gone home without her.

"Oh dear," they said, "you can't stay out here all night, the doors are locked. You are very welcome to stay in our tree with us."

"Thank you very much," she said "but I don't think I can climb the tree."

They thought she might be hungry, so they brought her some berries and nuts they had collected. She looked quite happy now she had made some friends.

Just then a car pulled up and a man started shouting "Mandy, Mandy, are you there?"

The squirrels scurried away to their home in the tree.

"Please don't hide," she said. The squirrels said they didn't like talking to grown-ups, and that Mandy must keep their talk a secret. Tomorrow they would come to cheer her up again.

She skipped away and they heard her say, "Daddy, I've had a lovely day, and this is such a nice school."

The squirrels decided that life in a school playground might be very interesting, after all.

— MAUREEN GODFREY



Why does the mouse look so happy?

Follow the dots from one to 18 and see





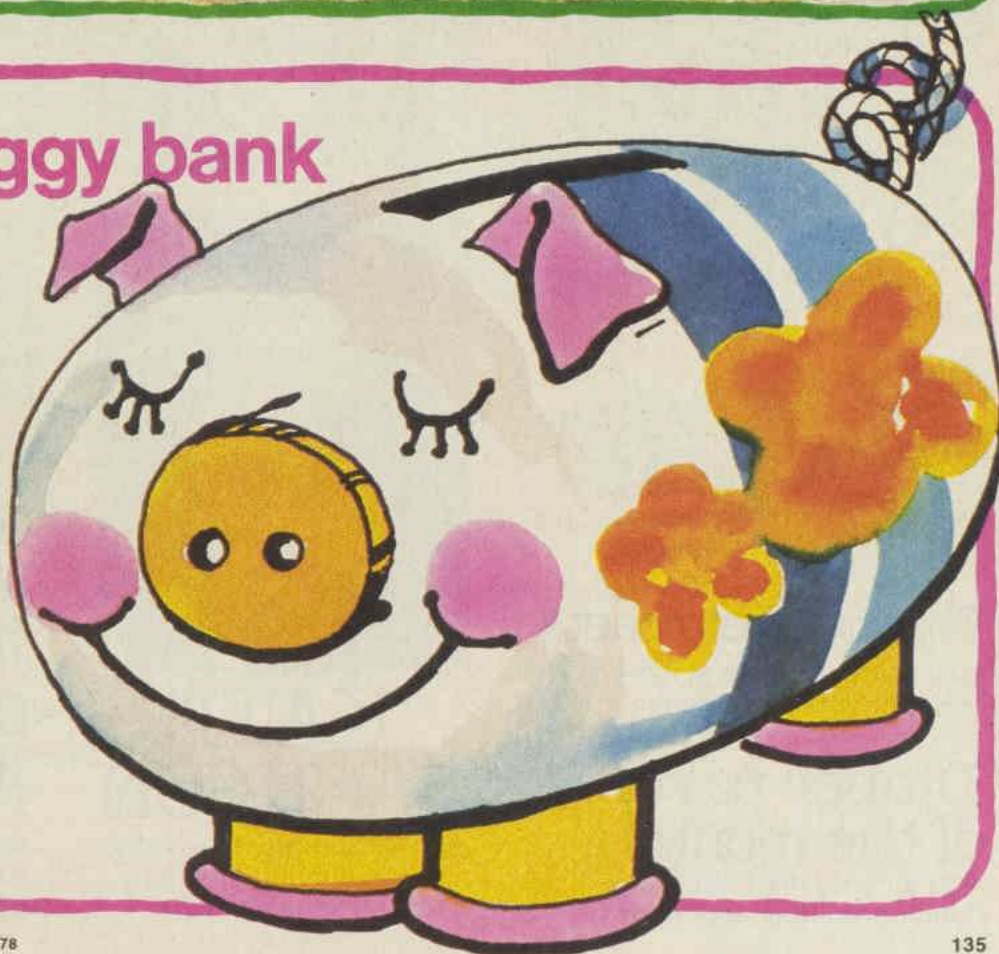
H h

H IS FOR HIPPO



Make a piggy bank

This lovely piggy is a great way to save all your loose coins. Make him by finding a clean plastic bottle. Ask an adult to punch a hole in the bottom of it, and make a slit in the side. His tail is a piece of pipe cleaner put in the hole, his feet are old cotton reels glued on to the side opposite the slit for money. His ears are made from pieces of pink paper. You can decorate him with felt pens so he looks nice. When you want to take out your money, open up his nose.



heart week



Another great learn-a-craft guide

MAKE YOUR OWN JEWELLERY

How to use plastic, beads, seeds, seashells and other inexpensive materials to make necklaces, earrings, bracelets and rings

GETTING MAD IS QUITE OK

... but what we do about
anger is something else again

Learn to accept angry feelings
and to deal with them so they
are not harmful and destructive

"MY DAREDEVIL SUPER SON"

The mother of young stunt rider
Dale Buggins tells how she
has learned to live with his
risk-filled motor cycle exploits

WHY WE CARRY ON MARRYING

One woman's personal view of
a much-maligned institution

Five perfect roasts

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with a menu men will like —
it includes steak and apple pie



Exclusive interview

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the former top Australian model
who married the Queen's cousin
and is now mistress of one of
England's stateliest homes



KATE JACKSON

shows how she makes the
most of mid-length hair
and varies its look

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to go, how to get there, and when
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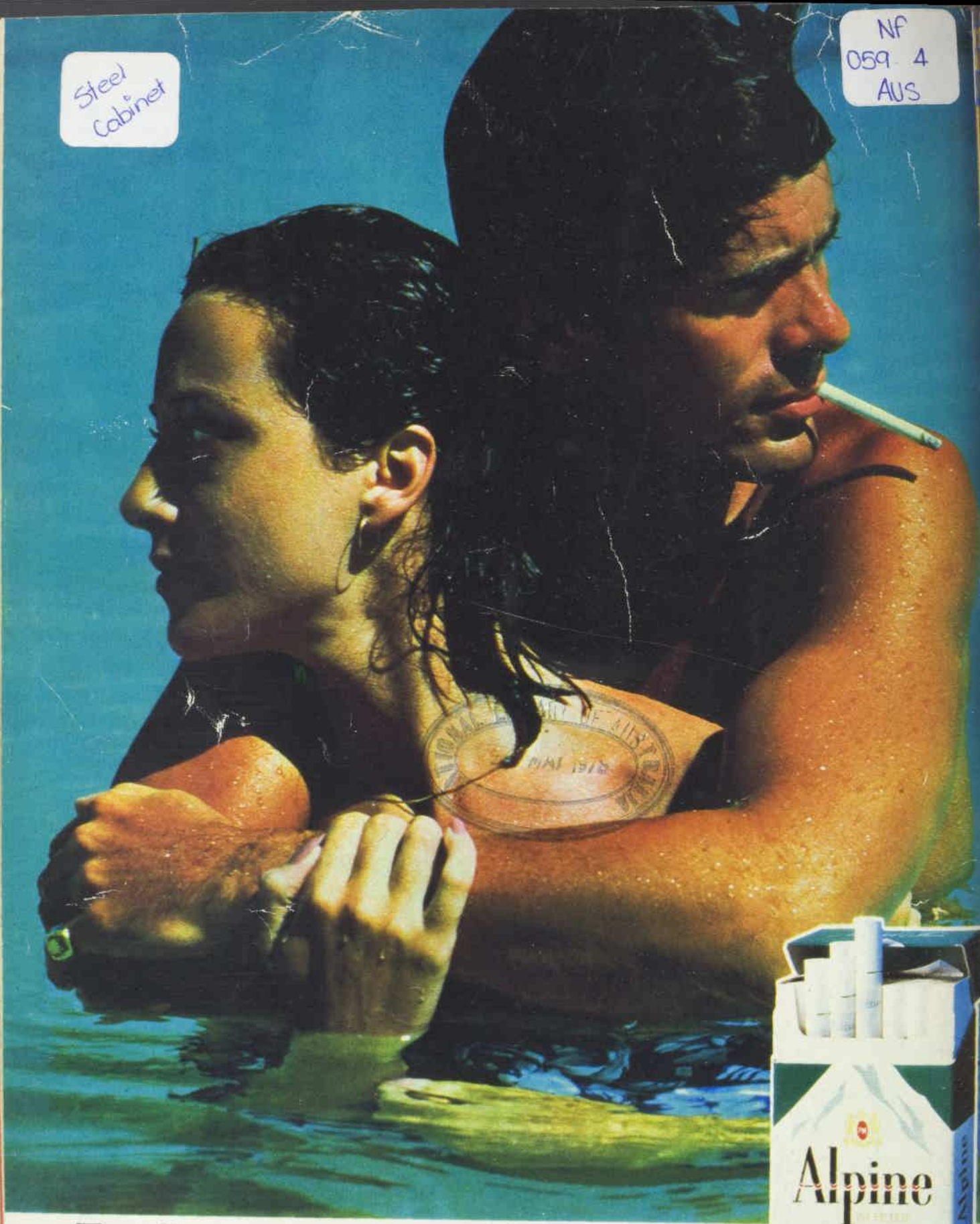
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