

one foggy morning via lake steamer—a forceful, arresting personality. I was present when he was interviewed in his hotel by the representative of the local press. He showed us snapshots he had taken from the back of his blood transfusion van—snapshots of refugees along the road from Madrid to Valencia, old women holding up their arms and begging to be taken into the truck, which was already overcrowded with people who had fallen exhausted by the roadside.

The newspaperman ventured to ask if the Spanish Government were not receiving some help from Russia. Dr. Bethune turned on him in a spasm of anger. "My God, man!" he shouted, "are they to have no friends?"

Some of our local Committee in Aid of Spanish Democracy accompanied Dr. Bethune to the next town, 400 miles away. They said he drove like a man possessed. They stopped on the road at one point and held a council. Then one of their number approached Dr. Bethune and suggested that perhaps someone else had better drive. Dr. Bethune grinned, and informed them that he held the speed record from Madrid to Valencia, dodging shells all the way, and had never upset anyone yet. But he let the others drive after that.

From Spain to China

And now Dr. Bethune is dead. After his work in Spain was done, he went to China to carry on the fight against Fascism there. And a year or two ago he died of blood poisoning on the battle field. One can imagine the conditions under which he must have died—a handful of overworked, under-trained Chinese medical assistants around him, practically no medical supplies; starvation and filth.

And now as the end of the war in Europe approaches, the patriots of Spain are lifting up their heads again. It seems that the fall of Hitler and Mussolini will bring in its train the ruin of many of the lesser lights of Fascism. Refugees in Mexico, in that corner of France that borders on Spain, prisoners in Franco's concentration camps, are gathering their forces together and preparing to strike. Franco's authority grows weaker daily. Gil Robles, wealthy Fascist and former backer and ally of Franco, is reported to have deserted him. At all events, the political pot is boiling again, and big events are impending in the Iberian peninsula.

TWO young Wellingtonians went to Napier to join the staff of 2YH. Unable to find themselves a flat, they took over a 20-roomed house formerly used as a maternity home. With a little ingenuity and a spot of luck, they turned the old operating-theatre into a kitchen. Both are now firm believers in the idea that an old house retains something of the personality of its former occupants. The day after they arrived the house cat was accouched of seven kittens.

A THRILLING new ZB serial for boys and girls is *Secret Service Scouts*. This is the story of three Canadian Boy Scouts who go through exciting experiences, outwitting enemy spies. These young Canadians, Tom Masters, Dick Ramsay, and Jerry Williams might easily be members of one of our own Scout troops. The feature is presented every Tuesday and Thursday evening at 6 o'clock from 12B and 22B. It will begin from 32B on December 7 and from 42B on December 21.

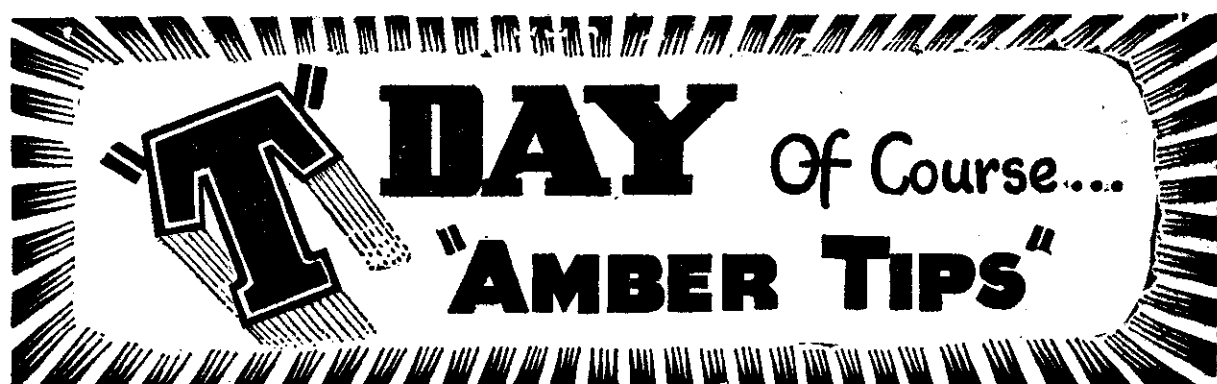


DARK INTERLUDE

Powderbloom... Dullness... Dulmode... graceful names of yesteryear to remind you of the glamour, the sheer, lovely perfection of Hosiery by Prestige. In this dark interlude of war, remember them sometimes. For in such worthy trifles are bound up something we fight for now... a woman's eternal right to beauty. So patience till that bright day when peace restores our right to give you once again...

HOSIERY BY Prestige

Silk Hosiery by Prestige isn't available. However, we are still making Prestige Lisles, but the quantity is limited because we must first meet the needs of the Women's War Services.



Fletcher, Humphreys & Co., Cathedral Square, Christchurch.