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feel that I had been sitting in that train for weeks. But just afterwards we reached Campo Grande, a town of some little importance, and at once we saw that something was toward. Assembled at the small station were all the locals of any standing, and quite a few of no apparent standing at all. Strolling about, smoking cigarettes, were several soldiers with rifles and very long bayonets. The rifles and bayonets I mention particularly, since without them these warriors looked less like soldiers than sandwich-men, or scene shifters in a circus. Half-a-dozen half-starved, mangy dogs were there, too, and a band.

Very definitely there was a band. Such a band! In all, they must have numbered quite 10, and they did not possess that number of shod feet among them. The bootless ones just wriggled their toes, but were still able to mete out shrewd chastisement to any of the dogs which unwisely came within reach. The tunics of some matched the trousers of others, and in few cases did both garments possess anything like their full complement of buttons. Some wore hats, some didn't; and, without exception, none had shaved that morning, or, more probably, that week. And so battered and battle-scarred were their instruments one doubted their ability to produce a note at all, let alone a true one.

The band sprang smartly to attention by putting out their cigarettes and placing them behind their ears, and I saw that the chief actor in the drama was approaching. The instrumentalists' big moment had arrived, and they crashed into it. To my surprise, after the opening bars, their tempo was not fast nor furious, neither was the volume of sound in any way tempestuous. Rather, they played softly, languidly, even carelessly, knowing just when they could stop to spit without letting the side down. The trombone player succeeded in hitting a mongrel with one of his expectorations, a feat which brought a satisfied gleam to his eye, and an added vigour to his trombone playing. But, perhaps, it was hardly fair to expect an inspiring performance at 6.30 in the morning, and after a short spasm the melody-makers called a truce.

The occasion was evidently an official farewell to a person of some importance, and this proved to be a good-looking man in his thirties, who throughout this, and subsequent scene at other stations, bore himself well, with a pleasing air of modesty and dignity.

When the band ceased playing, a well-moustached little man said his piece, and his impassioned tones drew rounds of "Vivas!" from his audience. With great composure, the hero accepted a bouquet from an olive-skinned beauty, and removing a bloom, admired it, before placing it in his buttonhole. His answering speech evoked great enthusiasm. "Vivas!" rang out vociferously.

At last, after a series of caressing hugs, the great one was allowed to enter the train. The band slipped into something lively; rockets were fired; and amid a salvo of cheers we jerked on our way.

It had all been very entertaining, and I was further heartened to discover that with the exception of myself the other passengers in my section of the coach had been obliged to vacate it in favour

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