

# What is a good Eye Lotion?

First of all it is a Lotion—that is, a LIQUID medicinal preparation.

Secondly, it is a Lotion which is prepared, not in the factory, not even in the home, but in the aseptic conditions of the laboratory.

Thirdly, it is a Lotion that is kind to the eye—like its own natural fluid.

Fourthly, it is a Lotion that can safely be used for all eyes of all ages, at all times, whatever their state of health or sickness.

Fifthly, it is a Lotion that your eyes can go on using, however frequently or copiously it is applied.



## EYE LOTION

answers all these requirements, but because of war needs, supplies are not plentiful at the moment.

Please don't blame your chemist—he'll have supplies later.

Optrex (Overseas) Ltd., 17 Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex, England.



## STAMPS

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## SHORT STORY

# THE MAN BEHIND YOU

(Dedicated to The Man Who Paid)

(Written for "The Listener" by JIM HENDERSON)

"BY gee, this is great," I was thinking to myself, sticking in the fork, then cutting away with the knife, cutting carefully so not to prick the red-gold mound of yolk, yet approaching the centre sufficiently close to slice off a goodly portion, you understand. Then, with a sort of unpractised push, the slice of white fried egg would be half-way up the prongs of the fork. Next, that chip, that one on the outside, rather superior with its dark-brown tan of thorough frying. Spear it, then there's still enough room for a piece of steak. That bit there is nice and frizzled. Just the job. Again, the knife. Then into the mouth, down with the fork and knife, quickly the bread, heavily buttered and waiting; just a small bite, just enough to taste the butter, then the freshness of the bread, all blending, all in harmony, with the slice of white fried egg, the superior chip, the hot frizzled fragment of steak.

"By crikey, this is good," I was thinking to myself, chewing thoroughly and happily and with much, much deliberation.

And I thought, in that warm little cafe in Lower Hutt, of the prisoner-of-war camp, and the feeds I'd promised myself once I was repatriated, and here I was eating such a one now, and although I said nothing and thought nothing in particular, I reckon if God was listening in at that moment, why, He'd know I was thanking Him, in that little cafe in the Lower Hutt, although I didn't know it, you see.

I'D swallowed the mouthful, by then almost a smooth, delicious paste, and was setting about knifing into the egg yolk, so that the red-gold liquid would spill itself all over the chips, as I had planned, when a bloke hit me on the shoulder, and I turned round to see it was Peter Barclay.

"Well, damn me," I cried, astonished. (I guess God wisely hurried away then, if He'd been there before.) "Ole Pete Barclay! Well I'll be damned. Damn it, Pete, this is great, seeing you again. Heck! How the hell you come to be in the Hutt when last I saw you..."

And Peter—thin as ever, his face still not peaceful with health and contentment of mind—Peter grinned and said it was flamin' well amazin', fancy seeing you here, Hebrew. And he sat down next to me, loosening the collar of his battledress, and we shouted at one another, delighted, until the waitress came and stood beside us, patiently.

"I'll have steak and eggs and chips—well done, please, but the eggs soft,"

Peter told her, without even bothering to look at the menu.

And she went away, and we talked and talked until she returned with Peter's order, and it was only then I realised I'd left my own beautiful food untouched (but it wasn't quite cold), so we began to eat together, triumphantly.

(I'm telling you this was in that warm little cafe, in Lower Hutt, in the new year of 1945.)

IT was in January, 1943, I'd last seen Peter. He was wan and gaunt then, dressed in a faded green-blue Eyetie uniform: baggy pants, torn puttees, forlorn boots, threadbare jacket. Both of us were New Zealand prisoners of war in Bari, Camp 75, upon the heel of Fascist Italia. We'd knocked about a bit together, in those prisoner days, and,



always hungry, we'd often talk about steak—and eggs—and, ah, chips—

Peter told me how he escaped when Italy capitulated. How he'd lived like a dingo up in the mountains; how, after six months, he linked up with the Eighth Army. And how, in those refugee days, now and again unexpected people, at unexpected times, would show him great kindness.

"But things seem so flat and stale and tame, now I'm really back home, safe, the war over, everything finished," said Peter.

I said by hell, I'd felt like that, often, come to think of it. And we found ourselves agreeing, as we ate our steak and eggs and chips in this little cafe in Lower Hutt that New Zealand was a somewhat selfish country. Lots of people didn't seem to really understand or care, and, although we loved New Zealand all the more, because of what we'd seen, yet somehow there was too much inconsideration about. Oh, remember the old days, Pete, when we'd share a cigarette butt together...

AND Peter, veering away from the present, got to talking about kindness in the old days of warfare, the little kindnesses which stood out, gloriously radiant, in the bleakness of a prisoner of war's life.

Peter said yes, he remembered how just after he'd been captured the Jerry guard marched and marched and marched him on, on, on, until he (nerves all chewed up by shelling and the sudden death all around, then capture) felt like collapsing and bursting into tears. And the German guard, in appearance brutal and ruthless, just looked straight ahead, and marched him on, over the desert. And at last the two reached a small shack, and the guard motioned his prisoner inside. But just before Pete went in, to join the other prisoners, the guard (still silent, still looking brutal) laid a hand upon the prisoner's shoulder, and squeezed it, ever so slightly,

then lit a cigarette and gave it to Peter. And, this time, Peter damn nearly did cry, for he knew the Jerry felt sorry for him.

"I'll never forget that bloke," said Peter.

Then in the Benghazi compound the Two-up King, a renegade Aussie, suddenly taking pity upon some medical men. Just as they felt they could endure no more, the gambler unexpectedly showered them with black market comforts.

And in the Italian cages there were dozens of such little incidents. Just one for example: you know that Rhodes scholar and Oxford blue who lost all sense of reason and proportion, and went about eating weeds and licking the insides of discarded Red Cross and St. John food tins. And, when everyone thought this scarecrow had gone beyond all aid and had become an animal, another prisoner came to his assistance, found he was once a keen boxer, interested him in his old sport, and eventually turned him back into a self-respecting man again.

"IT seems almost like this," said Peter, blowing thoughtfully upon his coffee. "I'm beginning to think that when a

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