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WELL MADE AT "MANHATTAN" HOUSE, DUNEDIN

## HANDKERCHIEF MAGIC

No. 11

You can pull and jerk at this knot with a

**Grafton** HANDKERCHIEF

A Grafton will take any sort of strain and wear

### SHEET BEND

Roll two Grafton handkerchiefs rope-wise and lay flat upon a table. The Sheet Bend is the seaman's method of attaching the end of one rope to the end of another.

Fashion a loop (the shape of a horse-shoe) out of one Grafton handkerchief. Dip the end of the second handkerchief through this loop and pass it right around behind the two ends of the first handkerchief (Fig. 1). To complete the knot, you must tuck the loose end of the second handkerchief under its own cross-over (Fig. 2).

Fig. 1

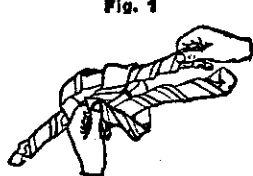


Fig. 2



Sole Manufacturers in N.Z.—Klippel Bros. (N.Z.) Ltd., Box 420, Auckland

# IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

## True Story With Moral

(Written for  
"The Listener" by  
ALONA PRIESTLEY)



"... The hours dragged along"

I STILL don't believe it. Not here. Not in New Zealand. And yet I don't know. It should be more likely here than anywhere. And all that, of course, will put you completely off the track. It wasn't really exciting or wonderful. Just another of her swans, you'll think.

Perhaps it was just because I was so tired. It's no picnic having three children on the train all night. It wasn't that they weren't good, poor lambs; I could tell they were trying so hard to do all that was expected of them. Especially Ann. Slim little Ann with the grave eyes who is sometimes so wise and womanly that I want to cry. It was sweaty and sticky and dirty in the carriage and though they all tried so patiently to get to sleep, they couldn't help wriggling and then being fretful and worrying each other. My patience got tauter and more self-conscious, and I went through all the stock tricks to avoid disaster. People watched and were sorry or angry or sniggered. They all made me mad. When the children were really off to sleep I relaxed, but then I couldn't get comfortable myself and the hours dragged along like sulky dogs. At one station some kind soul got me a cup of coffee. At another a man and woman got in. As they passed the woman said, "Children in the carriage. My God, we're in for a night of it." Down at the other end of the carriage a baby started to wail, wakened by a light suddenly switched on. A young dishevelled mother bundled it up and went out into the porch. The baby cried on and on. It was almost dawn before she ventured back with it. The children turned and twisted and whimpered in their sleep and I half dozed like a watchful mother cat.

So you can imagine how I felt about arriving from that journey with the children to stay at an hotel. Elizabeth's piercing voice, my angel baby Roger's hideous escapades at table, the prickly times when Ann gets nervous and shows off—I sank lower and lower the more I tried not to think of it.

THE taxi stopped and I gathered up my wilting party. Thank goodness they looked moderately clean, anyway. I tried to brace myself up, to get my mind ready to say all the expected things. Isn't it amazing how soon you learn to apologise for children. "I do hope the children didn't wake you this morning." "Do tell me if they disturb

you with their games." You know what I mean. We're all the same, and if we're not, we're bringing the children up badly, letting them run wild. Perhaps one day there'll be a campaign for equality of ages. "Oh, Mrs. Bennett, did we disturb the children when we came in late last night?" "Darling, the little girl wants to speak to you. It's rude to go on reading." Yes, you can just imagine it, can't you?

Anyway, there I was. I rang the bell and waited. Miserably. Saying desperately inside "Don't be a fool. You're morbid." The door opened. The girl was young, pretty. She stooped to Roger and swung him up with a practised hand. "You're a darling," she said. "A bit younger than mine." Roger considered her with approval and patted her stickily. We all relaxed a little. One friend at least, I thought. We went upstairs. "Mrs. Allen thought you'd have more rest with a room to yourself," the girl said. "The children are right next door. And we've put in a cot for the baby. He'll probably sleep better in a cot. You're by yourselves at the end of this passage. The children won't disturb anyone." I blinked. Mrs. Allen sounded an angel from heaven, but wait and see.

BREAKFAST next. A really grim ordeal. The children tired, too messed up to be hungry, strange surroundings, strange food—well, better get it over and let them know the worst. The table was set with water-proof mats, Elizabeth and Ann had small knives and forks, Roger had bakelite dishes. Evidently Mrs. Allen was one of Us. But for all that it was a terrible meal. Roger was at his most fiendish, Elizabeth licked her knife and sniffed the jam, Ann turned sulky and kicked Elizabeth under the table. Finally Roger hurled his spoon across the table and burst into screams. I gathered him up and streaked for the room at the end of the passage where no one would be disturbed. It was going to be worse than I'd thought. A fortnight of this and I'd be a wreck. I cleaned Roger up, got him rather doubtfully interested in some blocks and began to unpack.

"I thought I'd just come up and see if you were comfortable," said a large placid voice. I looked up to see a woman to match the voice. Mrs. Allen. "What lovely dolls!" she said to Elizabeth and Ann, who immediately thawed and started talking both at once. I started off on the usual explanations. "You know what children are when they're tired. I

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