

BUT ANDY GOT THE MEDALS

ANDY, my friend, was a steward and I was third gunner aboard H.20, a large 22,000-ton troopship carrying troops from Marseilles to Alexandria. In Marseilles, Andy had adopted a full grown cat which he named "Ma-foo" and in time he became very much attached to it, feeding it luxuriously with scraps from the saloon.

But one wintry morning in 1917 while carrying approximately 2,000 troops, H.20 was suddenly tin-fished off the coast of Savona, Italy. Soon after the first fish hit her — she received two in twenty minutes—there was a rush for the boats. One of the first to be "at the ready" was Andy, clasping tightly in his arms the black and white Ma-Foo.

Also running here and there, bellowing orders at the top of his voice, came the Chief Officer in charge of lowering operations. In the confusion he happened to see the steward fondling his beloved cat.

"Drop that — cat," he roared, "there's men to be saved, not — cats." And before his command could be complied with, the officer lunged forward, dragged pussy from Andy's embrace, and pitched her overboard.

Andy's love for that feline was more intense than I had suspected. Without even waiting to discard his blue jacket he took a header after it. BUT ANDY COULDN'T SWIM! And although by this time, our escort, a Japanese destroyer, had come alongside, enabling hundreds of troops to jump to her decks in comparative safety, this did not help Andy. Down he went like a stone, but came up again, while pussy kept paddling

around in circles. When he disappeared a second time, however, a certain party aboard the destroyer, only taking time to remove his boots, went overboard too, landing almost on top of the steward, whom he held well up, head above the water, for fully a minute. Providentially a boat was near, just launched, and into this rescuer and rescued, including the cat, were drawn to safety.

When we landed at Savona, some seven hours later, we were met by the whole populace, it seemed, who did us great and embarrassing honour, the crowd including the British Consul and his wife, both of whom sat in an open carriage.

Andy, by this time fully recovered from his immersion, was standing conspicuously in front, holding in his arms Ma-foo. The Consul's wife took notice, and beckoned Andy towards her. What was said between them I was never to find out, although I had a fairly good idea, but the cat changed hands, the steward backed away all smiles, while Ma-foo seemed to enjoy the caresses of its new owner.

Yes, the joke was certainly on me—I was the goat, or the mug, whichever one likes to call it, for before we left Savona Andy received a medal in a beautiful blue plush case from the Italian R.S.P.C.A. And when he reached Blighty he was accorded a public reception in his little home town, being presented with a second medal from the same organisation in England and an illuminated address.

Am I to be blamed for severing our friendship?

IN SEARCH OF PEACE

(Continued from previous page.)

us that doubts existed as to the seriousness of our intentions. In particular, our friends all over the Continent, who themselves have long practiced compulsory military service, could not understand how, if we meant business, we would entrust our defences to volunteers, to men whose time was taken up in their ordinary occupations, and who, until actual war occurred, would never get that intensive training which all continental armies go through.

This feeling we found so strong that it was actually jeopardising the success of the policy we were pursuing of trying to build up a peace front, and we could not resist the conviction that there was no single step which we could take which would so encourage our friends as that we should introduce compulsory military training into this country. . . .

"When the Drought Breaks"

If only we could get a little relief from this international tension, this anxiety abroad, there are many indications that we might see a great expansion of trade which would be of benefit to every people in the world.

In our country the latest figures that have been issued by the Ministry of

Labour show a further substantial decrease in unemployment, and the number of insured persons now in employment exceeds anything that has ever been recorded. . . .

I have read of a great district in South Africa which, over long periods in the year while the dry season lasts, is nothing but a barren desert; but the time comes when the drought breaks, rains descend, and in a few hours the brown earth is carpeted with green and becomes a veritable garden of flowers. And so, too, we are waiting for the return of that vivifying confidence which, when it comes, would make our desert blossom like the South African Karoo.

The power to create that confidence does not rest in our hands alone, but so long as I am where I am I shall continue to hope and to spare no effort to bring it back. In the meantime, every one of us can contribute toward bringing it back by keeping up our faith. Depend upon it, however strong material forces may seem, they can never dominate the spirit.

Let me conclude by repeating to you from a great American poet:

*Our fathers sleep but men remain
As brave, as wise, as true as they.
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.*

THAT BLEEDING MUST STOP!



A SLIP of the knife—a nasty cut—and an urgent appeal goes forth to the Chemist.

Have you ever stopped to consider what would happen in such an emergency if there were no Chemists? Just think how much anxiety and expense there would be. And then you will realise what a wonderful and indispensable service the Chemist renders.

Remember this, the Chemist's advisory service costs you nothing; but to maintain this service, he depends on the sale of medicinal, toilet and many other lines, the prices of most of which are standardised to-day.

Buy from . . .

YOUR NEARBY CHEMIST

At ALL Times — Not merely in an Emergency



HE'S A COOL SHAVER!

Hundreds of Cool Shaves with
LAW'S
MENTHO-SHAVE
LIQUID SHAVING CREAM

Buy a Bottle
NOW at your
Tobacconist's

1/6

Saves Time,
Pain and
Razor Blades

KEEPS YOUR FACE AS COOL AS A CUCUMBER