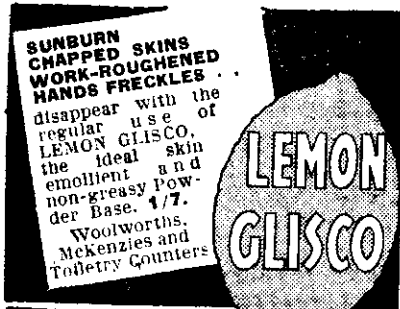
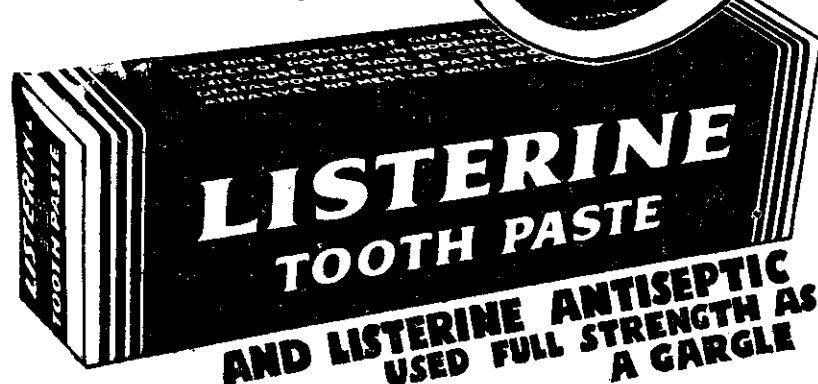


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MR. FERRIS THANKS HARDY'S for "INSTANT RELIEF"

24 Curlew Street, North Bondi, Sydney.

Mr. Hardy,—I am writing this letter to you with one thought in view, that it may help others suffering as I have suffered. Since I have been using Hardy's Indigestion and Ulcerated Stomach Remedy I have found that it is the only Remedy that has given me instant relief. And I owe my recovery to your wonderful remedy. I am sure all Hardy's users will be of the same opinion as I am.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) F. FERRIS.

HARDY'S INDIGESTION AND ULCERATED STOMACH REMEDY

ON A SOVIET SHIP

Written for "The Listener" by JOHN FISHER

It was announced last week by the BBC that one of the Counsellors of the Australian Legation opened recently in Moscow would be John Fisher, Moscow Correspondent of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Fisher is also Moscow Correspondent of "The New Zealand Listener," and with his wife, went to Russia a few months ago as a member of the crew of a Soviet ship. He is the youngest son of the late Rt. Hon. Andrew Fisher, a former Prime Minister of Australia. Here are some notes on the other members of the ship's company:

"TOVARISCHI!" ("Comrades!")
 The pleasantly lilting Ukrainian voice of the captain, now swiftly stiffened with a note of sure authority, cut through the dawn.

Various Russian equivalents of "Aye, aye, sir!" cracked back at him. From first officer to last stoker they sprang to it as one man (or woman). Ships, docks, shore slid past in the chill and murky gloom.

Just a tramp steamer, but one of the vital cogs in the war machine that is smashing the Axis.

At the dining table, on ship as on shore, he consolidates an international reputation as a raconteur, ranging over the whole world, including the time when he spent many months in a Fascist gaol in Spain for running the blockade. There is nothing forced about the gusts of mirth, including his own, which punctuate these anecdotes.

The Radio Officer

Often at table, and in many other ways, the captain's right-hand man appears to be the radio officer. Though all



MR. AND MRS. JOHN FISHER

The captain has the Order of Lenin, the highest decoration of almost the largest country in the world, something well up to our V.C.

He got it for services rendered in many lands and seas, not least of all in Australia, where his personality has left a permanent impression in circles ranging from true blue to deepest red.

His radio officer has the Order of the Red Banner, and one of his engineers has the medal for Valiant Labour, decorations that carry great material rewards and even greater prestige.

A "Stout Fellow"

The captain is a stout fellow in every sense of the term, about 16 stone; bland and smiling, with a sense of humour that weathers every storm. On the bridge in uniform, he seems in his easy assurance, to personify the entire Red Navy and Mercantile Marine.

Potting at dolphins with a double-barrelled gun, to keep in practice for possible guerrilla warfare on the high seas against sharks, whales, submarines and other "beeg feesh", he has the air of a schoolboy. At other times, in company with some of the younger members of his crew, he seems to have the parental authority of a huge hen shepherding a brood of chickens.

of the officers have a fair knowledge of the language, the radio officer is by a long way the best English scholar, the only man with any real fluency except an enterprising young stoker and a rather humorously lugubrious young man of 22 who, barring accidents, has a rather cushy job as assistant doctor. The radio officer appears to be the captain's chief adviser on political and diplomatic problems. He is a shortish sturdy man with the soberly aggressive features that may be correctly described as "typically Bolshevik," but every now and then over a bowl of borsch or a game of Chinese checkers he will burst forth into one of the richest and most joyously infectious laughs I have ever heard. Like everybody else on board, he seems to have an extremely well-developed sense of humour.

First, Second, Third—And Fourth

The first mate hails from Moscow, is about 35, but looks younger, a sort of youthful cross between Maurice Chevalier and Victor McLaglen. In peaked cap and top-coat in charge of the ship he looks like a Red Rear-Admiral. When he gives an order he speaks as if he has the authority of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics behind him, as indeed he has.

(Continued on next page)