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FOR YOUR CARTAGE REQUIREMENTS

ENGLISH TO THE CORE Father Knows Best

MICHAEL WILDING RANKS WITH THE BEST

Next Friday, at the State Theatre, An Ideal Husband will be screened for six days. Its stars are Paulette Goddard and Michael Wilding, and it is about the latter that we

MICHAEL WILDING was born in London on July 23rd, 1912, but he was only six months old when his parents took him to Russia, as his father had a job there as linguist attached to mili-tary intelligence in Moscow.

When the revolution broke out, Michael had to flee with other re-Michael had to fiee with other refugees. He came back to England and was educated at Christ's
Hospital, Horsham. He was seventeen with he left there, and at
that time he had no idea that one
day he would be an actor. His
ambition was to become a portrait and commercial artist, and
he was trained for their was.

trait and commercial artist, and he was trained for that career.

At the age of twenty he went to the Continent, where he earned his living by sketching portraits around the cafes and night clubs in Brussels, Antwerp and Paris. Being very shy he could not bring himself to ask people to sit for himself to ask people to sit for him, and he would scribble away the tablecloth until someo ame along and was sufficiently intrigued to offer to sit as his model. He charged five shillings each for his sketches, and managed to earn just enough jto pay for his keep.

Eventually he went back to England with a slightly different ambition. He thought he would like to be a scenic designer for films. He applied at a studio, and although there were no vacancies at the time, the studio manager told him that he could go there whenever he liked so that he could absorb the atmosphere of picture-making and so there of picture-making and so earn something of the work he

Michael thought that it would be a good idea to work as an ex-tra while he was at the studio waiting for a vacancy in the scen-ic department. His mother had been a stage actress, and although it is said that "acting is in the blood," Michael did not realise it until he actually appeared be-fore the camera. He became so enthusiastic about acting that he decided he would rather be an ac-

After a few weeks, to his great urprise and delight, he was pick-d out of the crowd and sent to Austria to play a role in a film called Pastorale.

THE HARD WAY

Those who note Michael Wilding's great success to-day-co-star of Piccadilly Incident, co-star of The Courtneys of Curzon Street, winner of the coveted role oppos-ite Paulette Goddard in the screen version of Oscar Wilde's play An Ideal Husband—might think that he leapt to fame. The truth, howhe leapt to fame. The truth, how-ever, is something different. Those leaps to fame overnight are mostly a myth. Michael Wilding, like all successful people, came up the hard way. His rewards were the result of work and determina-tion. When he saw himself in Pastorale, he was horrified at the badness of his own performance, and promptly decided that he would go into repertory to learn the job of acting.

He joined the Watford Reper-ory Company and worked very ard indeed. He made his first West End appearance with Eric Portman in Chase the Ace, and after that played in two musicals
—Spread It Abroad and Home

and Beauty.

In 1937 and 1938 he toured Australia and New Zealand with Fay Compton. He appeared in three plays—Victoria Regina, To-Night at 8.30 and George and Margaret. Back in England once more, he went straight into the first Gate Revue, and followed this by playing in another revue, Let's Face It and Who's Taking Liberty—a modern pantomime.

This sounds like success at last

This sounds like success at last, but Michael will tell you that he had not yet achieved it. "It was sheer poverty," he says, "that drove me back to films in 1940 to play a Cockney part in Tilly of Bloomsbury."

HIS BIG CHANCE He played parts in Sailors hree, The Farmer's Wife,

After being in Noel Coward's film In Which We Serve, he played the role of Denys Royd in Quiet Week-End at Wyndhau's Theatre, London, for over a year. In 1943 he went with John Gielgud to Gibraltar to entertain the troops. If he had not reached the goal at which he was siming be goal at which he was aiming, he was certainly getting the experi-ence he had set out to obtain.

Later in 1943 he was seen on Later in 1943 he was seen on the screen in Undercover and Dear Octopus. Then he went back to the stage to take over John Mills' part in Men in Shadow. After this came another stage engagement—in Terence Rattigan's comedy While the Sun Shines

Carnival were his next films, and then at last he got his really big chance. Herbert Wilcox gave him the co-starring role in Piccadilly Incident opposite Anna Nea-

The Courtneys of Curzon St. amply confirmed the fact that Michael Wilding had reached his goal. He then was teamed with Anna Neagle in Herbert Wilcox's Spring in Park Lane. The important part of Lord Goring in An Ideal Husband soon followed.

Michael Wilding has brown hair, blue eyes and is six feet one.

Wattle Day Appeal

2nd SEPTEMBER, 1950

THE Tasmanian Wattle League THE Tasmanian Wattle League was formed in 1911, having as its main objects: 1—The creation and building of national sentiment; 2—The adoption of a National floral emblem; 3—The building up of a love for Australian flowering trees and shrubs and their preservation from wanton destruction; 4—To instil into the minds of the people, and of the minds of the people, and of the young people in particular, the necessity of stamping out Aus-tralia's national scourge—Tuber-

Encouraged by its early success in raising funds to assist the Tasmanian Sanatorium in its efforts to care for T.B. patients the Wattle League has year by year organised its Wattle Day Appeal, and has up to the present time been instrumental in handing over to the Sanatorium Committee over £40.000.

£40,000. The Sanatorium was taken over by the State Government in 1945 and since that date the proceeds of Wattle Day Appeal have been applied in establishing and managapplied in establishing and manag-ing an After-Care Hostel for patients discharged from the San-atorium as being cured from the ravages of Tuberculosis, and capof performing light duties under the most favorable condi-

Sportsmen and all supporters of sport—Have you a cheque or bank note you may not need, or even a shilling for a Wattle Day Badge to wear and demonstrate bauge to wear and demonstrate your practical interest and sup-port in the work of the Tasman-ian Wattle League in helping to alleviate human suffering and dis-tress?

Everyone can help, and your help w.ll assist in rehabilitating some unfortunate member of the community who, perhaps, has to undergo months of treatment be-fore being able to take his or her place again as effective members of our Island State.

S.T.T. Club

ENTRIES ON TUESDAY

ON Saturday, September 9th, the Southern Tasmanian Trotting Club will commence its operations for the new season at the Elwick Showground, and nominations for all events close at 9 p.m. on Tuesday next. The pro-9 p.m. on Tuesday next. The programme, which totals £800, is as follows: £85 Hopeful Stakes (14 miles and 60 yards), £105 Stand Handicap (14 miles, limit 3.42,) £135 Totalisator Handicap (14 miles, limit 3.36), £200 September plate (14 miles, limit 3.31), £115 Lawn Handicap (14 miles, limit 3.39, £160 September Purse (14 miles, and 60 yards, limit 3.39). (11 miles and 60 yards, limit 3.33

Meeting, Kipps, Cottage and Ships With Wings. Technicolor English Comedy De Luxe

You just couldn't have forgotten "Spring in Park Lane," or the star, Michael Wilding, who gave you such joy with

his inimitable comedy See him again in this brilliant English Technicolor hit_

Co-starring with Paulette Goddard, Diana Wynyard, Sir Aubrey Smith, Glynis Johns and Constance Collier

Prepare to laugh your way through a week of fun

- commencing -FRIDAY NEXT, 1st SEPTEMBER

Ring 6363 Now Open

Another Ace from Your Favorite Theatre

(By HENRY H. KELLEY)

WAINWRIGHT the Second reached for the house 'phone. His thin lips were pursed angrily. "Sir?" came a meek voice. "Tell my son I want him," Wainwright the Second rapped out. "Here in my office. Immediately."

"And tell him he's for it, poor blighter," was added when the message reached Seager, foreman of the despatch room, to which of the despatch room, to which department of Wainwright's Store Wainwright the Third had gradu-ated in process of learning the business from the bottom up.

Finger tips beating an impatient tattoo on the desk, Wainwright the Second sat waiting. He was a smallish man, sour-faced, unsmil-ing. His sparse dark hair was grey at the sides. He wore pince-nez. He sat stiffly upright in his high-backed chair, staring ahead of him. And, as always when he was annoyed, his breath came un-

"The young fool!" he muttered, half aloud. "I'll give him wanting to get married, the damned young

Mrs. Wainwright had broken it to him after breakfast. Se knew Ronald had for weeks past been trying to summon courage enough to tackle his father, but the latter had never encouraged the boy's confidences and Ronald was only too well aware of his father's views on the subject of early mar-riage. So she thought it might make it easier for her son it she broke the ice.

All the way up to the store Wainright the Second's anger had been mounting. As he sat waiting for his son he decided upon the exact words he would use, and he felt satisfied. If the worst came to the worst and there was insubordination—which he didn't for a single mount anticipate he single moment anticipate-he

This trump card sent his thoughts ricochetting along another path—a well-worn track. After this interview with his son, while he was in the mood, he would pop along and have a talk with his father, Wainwright the First. A talk was intolerable. Had been for years.

"It's high time we had a limited company," Wainwright the Sec-ond told himself. "I could be managing director and the old managing director and the old man chairman. Ransome and Plummer could be given directorships. They've been with the firm long enough. Worked behind the counter in the old days, before my time. Later Ronald could be co-opted on the board, when he's got rid of the silly ideas his head's full of

"As things are there's no real security for anyone. Not even for me, What's to prevent the old man selling the store and leaving me out of his will? Where should I be? He's getting on, too.

"Not that he's likely to do anything so fantastic," Wainwright the Second mused. "But what's to prevent him? That's the point. A directorship in a limited company, with a large holding of shares would put another face on shares, would put another face on

the matter.

"He might even give me the The might even give me the sack if he chose to. And he's getting so damned cantankerous these days. More pig-headed and obstinate than ever. There's notalking to him sometimes. One-man store, indeed! Ridiculous. It is high time something really definite was done about it. I'll go finite was done about it. I'll go along and see him when I've fin-ished with Ronald. I'll be in the mood."

There was a knock at the door. Wainwright the Second stiffened.

"Come in," he barked. It was his son. He came across the room and stood in front of his

father. He was a tall boy. Over-topped his father by a good head, Wainwright the Second observed for the first time how big his son was. He appeared to tower over him. Gave him a feeling of inferiority.

"Sit down, boy," he rapped out.
"Don't stand there like a statue." Wainwright the Third sat down. Wainwright the Second stood up. He glowered down at his son across the desk. Ah, that was

He began striding up and down the room, hands behind, fist in palm. He strode for some min-utes without speaking. He could feel the room becoming charged with the electricity of his fury. Wainwright the Second knew the psychological value of creating an appropriate atmosphere.

Suddenly he stopped in front of his son. "So you want to get married, eh, my boy?" he said

Wainwright the Third mistook his father's tone. He leaned forward eagerly. "Did mother tell you, dad?"

"She did"—grimly. "So you've taken to cowering behind your mother's skirts, have you?"

This tone there was no mistak-"I've been trying to tell you for

weeks, dad. But somehow, I-"You didn't have the courage. That's it, isn't it? Own up. Pah! A fine specimen of your type you are," Wainwright the Second ex-ploded venomously. "Haven't the guts of a jellyfish, any of you."

"It isn't that, dad. Honest, it in't. You see—" "I can see only one thing," his father broke in. "My son trying his damnedest to make a fool of himself. Well, get the idea out of your head-understand? Marri-

age, indeed! And on what, pray. A

Wainwright gulped hard, "I-I thought, perhaps—perhaps, you could start giving me a salary." "Bosh, boy! You know my views. Not a farthing more than my other employees get." "But it'll be years before I'm carning enough."

"And rightly so. How old are

"Nearly twenty." Time enough to marry when you are twenty-five. I was thirty when I married. Too many hasty marriages to day. That's what is wrong with the world. Then what wrong with the world. Then what happens? Either you're handicapped for life or you find you've made a blunder. Then there's the Divorce Court. That's why it's so full. You're not going to make that mistake, if I can help it, young man. Twenty-five is soon enough."

"But grandiather was only eighteen when he married." "Your grandfather's different:

"Your grandiather's different; and things weren't the same in his day. And you can't compare your-self to your grandfather. There are none I ke him to-day. I wish you had half his grit. You are too full of sentimental ideas, young man. When I was your age I'd time for nothing but the business. It's time you got down to it". It's time you got down to it."

Wainwright the Second felt pleased with himself. He'd handled the situation uncommon-well. He softened, "Come and see me again in a year's time. That's all."

Wainwright the Third got up to go. His father glanced at him with swift suspicion. He thought he detected a look of defiance.

"And mind you don't get up to anything foolish. "I've said you're too young, and those are my last words." He hadn't needed his trump card, but thought he'd bet-ter play it anyway. "And if you do anything without my permis-sion, out you go. Understand?"

Wainwright the Third understood perfectly. Outside the firm his grandfather had founded he probably would not be able to earn a penny. Biting his lips, he turned and left the room. Hurrying along the corridor, his

eyes dim with tears, he failed to notice an elderly grey-haired fig-ure emerge from one of the offices, and bumped into it. "Say, what's the hurry, son? The store on fire?"

"I'm so sorry, grandpa," Wain-wright the Third stammered. "I was hurrying back to the des-patch room." Wainwright the First gave his

"Been seeing your father?" "Yes."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why-nothing-nothing "Now, come, come," his grand-father cajoled. "Tell your old grandpa all about it." He drew the youngster into his office and wormed the story from him.

"So that's it," he remarked grimly, when it was finished. "Just you wait here for me, son. I'll be back soon." "Here, what's the idea not let-ting the boy get married?" Wain-wright the First was demanding of his son a few seconds later.

"Has he been bleating round to ou? Why, the young-"

"I met him outside," his father interrupted. "I made him tell me. What is the idea?"

"Well, if you want to know, I consider he's far too young. He's hardly out of his napkins. The young whippersnapper can't possibly know his own mind."

"Fiddlesticks! I had you when I was his age, I knew my own mind and so does he." . "Well, I tell you he's not get-ting married."

Wainwright the First banged on his son's desk. "And I tell you he is. And if you lift a finger to try and stop him—out you go. Understand?" Wainwright the Second stared

at his father open-mouthed. But he understood perfectly. Outside the firm his father founded he probably wouldn't be able to earn

REMEMBER CANE'S FOR HARDWARE

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SILVER COIN An English Tragedy

BROUGHT TWO MEN

THREEPENNY-BIT with a

A DENT on a cartridge shell ing suit-case assailing the nostrils ing suit-case assailing the nostrils of a curious neighbour led to Angus Murray's execution. Further delving into the notebook of crime reveals that in the Brisbane case the battered threepenny bit gave trumpet-tongued testimony almost equal in efficacy to the evidence that an eye-witness could have given

SKULL BATTERED

gabba police station, was found in the early hours of the morning with his skull battered in. Appar-ently he had disturbed two burglars in a hotel in Ipswich Road about 2 a.m., and they had suc-cessfully resisted his efforts to ap-prehend them.

The officer's skull was badly fractured, and his life was despaired of. One solitary clue existed. A milk-carter had seen two sus-picious-looking characters near the hotel heading toward South

Brisbane. at the head of a squad of investi-gators, and at last he secured a lucky break. The cash register of the hotel had been forced open with an iron bar and the contents stolen. In the register was a special little cash box belonging to an adopted orphan. It contained 60 pennies and four silver coins.

taken by the burglars, but the orphan, a bright youngster, told the detectives that his box had contained a threepenny bit with a hole in it. Next day Detective Donnelly arrested a man who gave the name of "Smith." The prisoner refused to talk. He was identified by the milkuan. At 7 o'clock that night detectives arrested an abusive stranger in an hotel. He had paid for all his drinks with pennies.

When searched at the C.I.B. taken by the burglars, but the or-

When searched at the C.I.B. this second suspect was found to have in his vest pocket a three-penny piece, and, to the intense satisfaction of the detectives, there was a hole punched through the eye on the King's Head. The men were sentenced to seven and four years' gaol respectively.

As the Queensland law then stood, if a victim died within 12 months from the date physical injuries were inflicted on him, his assailants could be indicted for murder. Sergeant Heeney died 54 weeks after the assault. Had he succumbed fourteen days earlier. the two convicts would have been arraigned on a capital charge. In the solitude of their prison cells, they never ceased to curse the fact that they had not thrown the incriminating threepence away.

Tip Fortunes

leaving £49,000; a Scots bank messenger bequeathed £30,000 and a Manchester head porter £50,000.

The porter of a West End hotel, by collecting "tips" of a different kind from patrons who were connected with the Stock Exchange, and by acting upon them wisely, amassed a fortune of £20,000. A waiter claims to have received £200 as a single tip from a customer in New York, and a London chauffeur named Eastwood, after driving an American family around Britain, was presented with their limousine car as

FARMERS AND GRAZIERS

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YOU SHOULD AVAIL YOURSELF OF THE EXCELLENT SERVICES OFFERED BY

TASMANIA'S OWN SAVINGS BANK FACILITIES FOR WITHDRAWALS at other Cities and

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ly capable of harbouring the blank

misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds unrealised."

their worst. The great poets and mystics for thousands of years have explored the mystery of the moral law, but they are not now understood or honored or obeyed.

of Aeschylus:-

Zeus, by what name soe'er He glories being addressed, Even by that holiest name I name the Highest and the Best, On Him I cast my troublous care, My only refuge from despair, Weighing all else, in Him alone, I

Relief from this vain burden of the mind.

Rehold the blind Oedinus in the

Behold the blind Oedipus in the great tragedy of Sophocles, "Oedipus at Colonus." He is at last at peace with his "passionless bride, divine tranquility." When the sons of the old poet dragged him before the court, accusing him of being witless, Sophocles recited his immortal chorus of moral passes and convised the induse of

peace and convinced the judges of his sanity. Tragedy, says Aristo-tle, effects through pity and terror

As Dr. Johnson says, it is the expulsion of inpurities. The tragic spirit of divine order of the universe. It is the sense of sin in the soul of man. There is the meaning of the catastrophe in the life and the death of Alma Vic-

life and the death of Alma Vic-

toria. Can we discern it? Can

Hobart Turf Club

FIRST GALLOP MEET

gaged to make an excellent race. Nine northern horses have been

How It Happened

DRIVERS' VERSIONS

HOW motor accidents happen

(according to the drivers) is shown in the following examples from a collection of English claim forms:—"She suddenly saw me, lost her head, and we met." "I

told the other idiot what he was and went on." "I ran into a shop window and sustained injuries to my wife." "I heard a horn blown

and was struck in the back—a lady was evidently trying to pass

"I thought the side window was

"I thought the side window was down, but it was up, as I found out when I put my head through it." "To avoid a collision, I ran into the other car." "I blew my horn, but it would not work, as it was stolen." "Three women were all talking to each other and when two tenned forward and one step.

two stepped forward and one step-ped backward. I had to have an accident."

the purgation of passion.

As herds and tribes and nations they are in the category of Cali-ban at their best and of Satan at

(Continued from Page 1) TO JUSTICE

THREEPENNY-BIT with a hole punched through King Edward's eye once sent two Brisbane criminals to gaol for long terms. The incident demonstrates that a chain of circumstantial evidence is sometimes completed by a tiny thread, which in point of significance, is stronger than any of the other links.

Here is the tragedy of the human being, driven by desires, by pas-sions, by the destructive violence of his will to destroy and to cor-rupt. Here is the historic conflict between the Powers of Good and the Powers of Darkness. sent Guy Brown and Kennedy to the gallows for the shooting of Constable Gutteridge in a lonely Essex lane; a one-inch news item in a Sunday paper put George-Smith, the infamous bride-in-the bath murderer, into the hangman's hands, while the smell of a burn-THE ETERNAL MYSTERY FATE is not a tyranny. The justice of God is not a despotism. It is the eternal mystery of ism. It is the eternal mystery of life struggling against spiritual death. It is the pride and insol-ence of forward man defying his creator. Pathema, Mathema! Sorrow is the path to knowledge and redemption. Suffering is the hard road to liberty. Hear the great chorus of the "Agamemnon"

Sergeant Heeney, of Woolloon-

Detective Donnelly was placed

PAID WITH PENNIES

The orphan's cash box had been

MANY'a fortune has been made from "tips." The chief stew-ard on a big liner sometimes aver-ages £40 a week, which is higher than the salary of his captain, several head porters of first-class ho-tels earn more than their man-agers. Some years ago a head water at Eastburn (Eng.) died

The porter of a West End hosented with their limousine car as a "tip."

ALL persons having claims against the undermentioned estates are required to lodge the same with the Public Trustee, Hobart, on or before the 19th day of September next. Particulars of assets held by any person are also requested: EMILY GLENDEN.
NING late of Lachlan Park in Tasmania, Widow; ALBERT SIDNEY BELLIS, late of Moonah in Tasmania, Foreman; SYDNEY MORRISBY, late of Hobart in Tasmania, Retired Farmer; ALFRED COOPER, late of Collinsvale in Tasmania, Retired Farmer; HENRY JACOB McKAY, late of Hobart in Tasmania, Retired Wharf Laborer; INA MAY SIMONDS, also known as Ida May Simonds, late of Hobart in Tasmania, Spinster.

C. CROFT,

C. CROFT, Public Trustee

Tenders: Bricklaying

TENDERS are called for the laying of approximately 50,000 Secondand Bricks (Labor only) at the Claremont War Memorial Hall

Tenders close with the Secretary, Claremont R.S.S.A.I.L.A. on Thursday, 21st September, 1950. Plans and Specifications can be inspected by ringing W. J. Harris, Claremont, W8248.

> sarily accepted. J. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

A CAREER AWAITS YOU-IN Tasmania **Police Service**



For men of good physique, character and education who are between the ages of 20 and 27 years (or up to 30 years for ex-servicemen) and who are not less than 5ft. 9in. in height

CAREER WITH SECURITY IN THE TASMANIA POLICE SERVICE

PAY AND CONDITIONS ARE EXCELLENT Constables in training will receive not less than £20/6/7 per fortnight (gross) upon appointment and entry into the Police School of Instruction at Hobart. There are automatic salary increments occurring in the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th years of service.

SERVICE CONDITIONS INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING,

FORTY HOUR WEEK. LIBERAL ANNUAL RECREATION LEAVE with free Railway Pass for the Police Officer, and if married Ex-cursion rates are available to his wife and children.

SICK LEAVE Sick Leave on full pay for a minimum of 14 days during the probationary period and thereafter up to 60 days on full pay, with additional 30 days on half-pay, may be granted during any one year of service.

LONG SERVICE LEAVE . Amounts to 90 days for every ten years of continuous

FREE TRAM, BUS AND TRAIN TRAVEL in uniform when going to and from duty. PROVIDENT FUND

Your Government subsidises your own contributions to the Police Provident Fund during your service on a £ for £ basis, and thus contributes towards your security upon retirement, the average sum payable at 65 being in excess of £2000.

REMEMBER THAT SECURITY MEANS MUCH TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

BE EARLY AND ENTER THE NEXT SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 4, 1950 Apply in the first instance to the Superintendent of Police at Hobart, Launceston, Burnie or New Norfolk.

M. T. DOWLING. Commissioner of Police. ······ CONSIDERING that next Sat-CONSIDERING that next Sat-urday's fixture at Elwick will be the first galloping meeting in the south the Hobart Turf Club has received a splendid entry, and given fine weather, there is every indicated that this Club will im-mediately embark on another suc-cessful season. Chief event is the £150 Garth Handicap Plate, of I mile, and though this may not be a large field there is material en-gazed to make an excellent race.

service, with pay in advance.

Cox Bros.

FOR STYLE AND COMFORT

Cross DE IS

WOMEN'S TAN CALF WEDGIES High lace, with cut-out toe and plat-

form sole. Full and half sizes.

SMART SUEDE CASUALS Beautifully tailored, with fluted crepe sole, excellent fitting. All sizes, in 56/6 Grey, Tan, and Brown.

SMART COURT SHOES

These are Gab, and Calf Court Shoes, 48/6 with bow on vamp and high Cuban 48/6 heel. All sizes.

BLACK GAB. SHOES

Patent sling back, with cut-outs on 47/6 vamp, high Cuban heel. All sizes.





● WE'VE had a war, we've got a debt an' a flag; and if this ain't Lowest or any tender not necesto be independent, why what on airth is-Lowell.

YOU can understand why the average man doesn't welcome a visit from his mother-in-law. It's