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FOR YOUR CARTAGE REQUIREMENTS

ENGLISH TO THE CORE

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 write.

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 military intelligence in Moscow.

When the revolution broke out, Michael had to flee with other refugees. He came back to England and was educated at Christ's Hospital, Horsham. He was seven when 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 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 him, and he wandered scribble away on the tablecloth until someone came 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 to 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 learn something of the work he wanted to do.

Michael thought that it would be a good idea to work as an extra while he was at the studio waiting for a vacancy in the scenic 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 before the camera. He became so enthusiastic about acting that he decided he would rather be an actor than an artist.

After a few weeks, to his great surprise and delight, he was picked out of the crowd and sent to Austria to play a role in a film called Pastorate.

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 opposite Paulette Goddard in the screen version of Oscar Wilde's play An Ideal Husband—might think that he leapt to fame. The truth, however, 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 determination. When he saw himself in Pastorate, 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 Repertory Company and worked very hard 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, 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 Three, The Farmer's Wife, Spring Meeting, Kippis, Cottage To Let and Ships With Wings.

After being in Noel Coward's film In Which We Serve, he played the role of Denis Royd in Quiet Week-End at Wyndham'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 aiming, he was certainly getting the experience he had set out to obtain.

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.

English Without Tears and 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 Neagle.

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 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 young people in particular, the necessity of stamping out Australia's national scourge—Tuberculosis.

Encouraged by its early success in raising funds to assist the 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.

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 managing an After-Care Hostel for patients discharged from the Sanatorium as being cured from the ravages of Tuberculosis, and capable of performing light duties under the most favorable conditions.

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 your practical interest and support in the work of the Tasmanian Wattle League in helping to alleviate human suffering and distress?

Everyone can help, and your help will assist in rehabilitating some unfortunate member of the community who, perhaps, has to undergo months of treatment before 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 programme, which totals £2800, is as follows: £85 Hopeful Stakes (11 miles and 60 yards), £105 Stand Handicap (14 miles, limit 3.42), £135 Totalisator Handicap (14 miles, limit 3.36), £200 September Handicap (14 miles, limit 3.31), £115 Lawn Handicap (14 miles, limit 3.39), £160 September Purse (14 miles and 60 yards, limit 3.33 basis).

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Father Knows Best

(By HENRY H. KELLEY)

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

"Yes, sir." "And tell him he's for it, poor blighter," was added when the message reached Seager, foreman of the despatch room, to which department of Wainwright's Store Wainwright the Third had graduated 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, unsmiling. 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 unevenly.

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

Mrs. Wainwright had broken it to him after breakfast. She 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 marriage. So she thought it might make it easier for her son if she broke the ice.

All the way up to the store Wainwright 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 moment anticipate—he had a trump card.

This trump card sent his thoughts ricocheting 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 Second told himself. He was managing director and the old man chairman. Ransome and Plummer could be given directorships. They've been with the firm long enough. He'd get 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.

"All 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. "I'd like to prevent him. That's the point. A directorship in a limited company, with a large holding of shares, would put another face on the matter."

"He 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 no talking to him sometimes. One-day store, indeed! Ridiculous. It is high time something really definite was done about it. I'll go along and see him when I've finished 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. Overtopped 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 better!

He began striding up and down the room, hands behind, fist in palm. He strode for some minutes 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 smoothly.

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 mistaking. "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 exploded venomously. "Haven't the guts of a jellyfish, any of you."

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

A SILVER COIN An English Tragedy

(Continued from Page 1)

Wainwright gulped hard. "I—I thought, 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 earning enough." "And rightly so. How old are you?" "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's 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 grandfather is only eighteen when he married." "Your grandfather's different; and times weren't the same in his day. And you can't compare yourself to your grandfather. There are none like 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."

Wainwright the Second felt pruned with himself. He'd handed the situation, uncommotioned, 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 better play it anyway. "And if you do anything without my permission, 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 figure 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," Wainwright the Third stammered. "I was hurrying back to the despatch room."

Wainwright the First gave his grandson a keen glance. "Been seeing your father?"

"Yes." "What's the trouble?"

"Why—nothing—nothing at all."

"Now, come, come," his grandfather cajoled. "Tell your old grandpa all about it. He'd like to see the younger 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 letting the boy get married? Wainwright the First was demanding of his son a few seconds later.

"Has he been beating round to you? 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 nappies. 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 getting 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 a penny.

REMEMBER CANE'S FOR HARDWARE

Printed and Published by C. D. Stevens, at the Offices of The Monotype Art Printers Pty. Ltd., 54-56-58 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

A SILVER COIN An English Tragedy

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A CAREER AWAITS YOU IN The Tasmania Police Service

(Continued from Page 1)

Zeus, by what name so'er He glories being addressed, Even by that holiest name I name the Highest and the Best, Ourselves I cast my troubles care, My only refuge from despair, Weighing all else, in Him alone, I find Relief from this vain burden of the mind.

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 peace and convinced the judges of his sanity. Tragedy, says Aristotle, effects through pity and terror the purgation of passion.

As Dr. Johnson says, it is the expulsion of impurities, "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 Victoria. Can we discern it? Can we apply it to our own soul and the soul of the world?

THE ETERNAL MYSTERY FATE is not a tyranny. The justice of God is not a despotism. It is the eternal mystery of life struggling against spiritual death. It is the pride and insolence 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" of Aeschylus:—

Zeus, by what name so'er He glories being addressed, Even by that holiest name I name the Highest and the Best, Ourselves I cast my troubles care, My only refuge from despair, Weighing all else, in Him alone, I find Relief from this vain burden of the mind.

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Apply in the first instance to the Superintendent of Police at Hobart, Launceston, Burnie or New Norfolk.

Hobart Turf Club

FIRST GALLOP MEET

CONSIDERING that next Saturday'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 indication that this Club will immediately embark on another successful season. Chief event is the £150 Garth Handicap Plate, of 1 mile, and though this may not be a large field there is material enough to make an excellent race. Nine northern horses have been nominated.

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 wrist." "I heard a horn blown and was struck in the back—a lady was evidently trying to pass me."

"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 stepped forward and one stepped backward, I had to have an accident."

ALL persons having claims against the unmentioned 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 GLENDENING late of Lachlan Park in Tasmania; Widow; ALBERT SIDNEY BELLIS, late of Mochah 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, Public Trustee

Tenders: Bricklaying

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

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

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

WE'VE had a war, we've got a debt an' a flag; and if this ain't to 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 another mouth to feed.



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 there is a

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 service, with pay in advance.

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 £3,000.

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.

Cox Bros. FOOTWEAR

FOR STYLE AND COMFORT

WOMEN'S TAN CALF WEDGIES

High lace, with cut-out toe and platform sole. Full and half sizes. 40/-

SMART SUEDE CASUALS

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

SMART COURT SHOES

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

BLACK GAB. SHOES

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

Cox Bros. Shop 3 WAYS AT CO