UNITY
By CYNTHIA, M. EKRIE

WONGA the Kangaroo peered through the tall spinifex at the man who, halted in his climb, appeared to be admiring the scenery.

Wonga thought he showed good sense, for the view was sublime.

Wonga did not have to turn his head to recollect the wide, sweeping valley, hemmed in by ragged hills, the ranges beyond, opalescent in the early light, or the far distant mountains that were a clear, vivid pink as the sunlight reached them; and, far beyond all, the blue distance which gave an illusion of the sea.

The man raised a binocular contraction to his face, and there was a faint click.

Wonga sighed with relief and stood up straight. It was all right. This man used no stick-things.

Wonga had seen such men before—hunters who collected no corpus, unless they found them rudely made; but, on the other hand, clicked their little black boxes, or gathered leaves, flowers and-berets of such, which they laid away tenderly in special receptacles.

Of all the strange habits of the white man, Wonga found these the hardest to understand, and the easiest to condone.

"Hello, old man!" exclaimed the Hunter, catching sight of Mronga. "You're a fine specimen, all white man, Uronga found these right. Come out from behind that hilly, click your little black box, and come out. Come on, old chap!" Wonga had seen such men before—hunters who collected no corpus, unless they found them rudely made; but, on the other hand, clicked their little black boxes, or gathered leaves, flowers and-berets of such, which they laid away tenderly in special receptacles.

"Hullo, old man!" exclaimed the Hunter, catching sight of Mronga. "You're a fine specimen, all white man, Uronga found these right. Come out from behind that hilly, click your little black box, and come out. Come on, old chap!"

"Hullo, Bungal! How come you're about at this time of day? Get a holiday?"

Bungal shrugged.

"Tired of work," he explained. "Bungal and the Hunter were old friends. They had first met in his time."

"If they were all like you, it would be all right," admitted Wonga, and the man smiled his thanks. "But they come with their sticks-that-kill, and only the fleetest or most cunning of us would escape a spear, unless they found them readymade; but, on the other hand, clicked their little black boxes, or gathered leaves, flowers and-berets of such, which they laid away tenderly in special receptacles."

"But it isn't only the white man who kills kangaroos, protested the Hunter. "Fill him up, Bungal has bowled a few of your friends over in his time."

"That's different," said Wonga. "Every creature evokes the elementary laws of life. One must eat to live. In order to eat, one must sometimes kill. That is understood."

"But the black man doesn't kill merely to fill himself up with kangaroo-tail soup or a tender steak, or to flay the skin off a scarce-dead carcase in order to fill his own greedy pocket."

All the station blacks did the same thing; it was an accepted practice.

"Do you reckon all animals think?" asked the Hunter. "What's that?"

"A penny for your thoughts," said the Hunter. "Or don't you think?"

"All animals think," said a new voice, and the Hunter swung round to face a tall tribesman carrying spears and boomerangs, who had approached unseen, after the manner of his kind. "Oh, hello, Bungal! How come you're about at this time of day? Get a holiday?"

Bungal shrugged.

"Tired of work," he explained. "Bungal and the Hunter were old friends. They had first met in his time."

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"But the black man doesn't kill merely to fill himself up with kangaroo-tail soup or a tender steak, or to flay the skin off a scarce-dead carcase in order to fill his own greedy pocket."

And the black man doesn't slaughter the doe with a little one in her pouch, so that two perish at the one time. It is only the white man who does these things."

"I've done my best to stop it," muttered the Hunter. "Yes, you're a good man," said Bungal. "It's a pity there aren't a great many more like you. I have read what you have written for other white men to read. But your people are so stupid; they will not learn—not even from dis-aster."

"Long ago we thought to teach Man a lesson," went on Wonga, speaking almost to himself. "Throughout the tree, various animals have thought to teach him. Once it was the tiger. In far-off India they organised a man-riot. They killed a few grown men and some little children, but the stick-that-kill made it very bad for the tigers—very bad indeed."

"Another time it was the ele-phants—this was in Africa. Some of the herd sent on the ran-ger, destroying villages and towns and camps. But they stopped short on the outskirts of a city, bewildered by the strange surroundings."

"Then the white men organised, and the outcome of it was that many elephants were killed, and the savages had a fine time of it. It was most unfortunate."

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...and the lights - it was terrible! The white men thought it great sport.

"It makes me sick and ashamed to think of it," said the Hunter, bowing his head in his hands.

"You wouldn't have done such a thing," said Bungal, warning his friends to consider the facts.

"Please don't think I held it against you," said the Hunter, putting his hand over the black one.

"Fleas?" queried the Hunter. "What makes you think of fleas?" asked the Hunter, not understanding.

"Yes. They made a suggestion, and the animals realised that their last invention — their best. You know the fleas," explained Bungal, "they drop bombs that can destroy this mountain in a moment!"

"It's a fact," declared the aborigine, "but their last invention is their best. You know the fleas."

"Cheer up, brother!" cried Bungal. "They aren't as bad as you think. Leave Man alone, and he'll destroy himself in time — that is, if he keeps on as he's going now."

Wonga looked interested.

"Man uses the sticks that kill on himself, too," explained Bungal. "He has killing sticks that are enormous. Their bullets travel great distances. A man could fire one of these guns from here and hit a kangaroo on the second range of mountains."

Wonga stared at the ranges whose wild sunsets colors had toned to a rich blue, and shook his head unbelievingly.

"You wouldn't have done such a thing," said Bungal, "and I'll admit they were very few, but they were too many for the dingoes."

"That's true," said Bungal, taking up the tale. "Besides hunting the animals, they used to hunt our people.

"More than once they handed hundreds of us over to the pangs and shot us down in cold blood.

"One such shot took two days — two days of slaughter, with many women and children lying dead and wounded inside a compound, or fighting to get out. The animals ate the bodies — it was terrible! The white men thought it great sport."

"That's true," said Bungal, taking up the tale again.
We never plan for the future. To marry clients without merit and to merit their money may not be considered as thrift in money. It is just in the nature of mercenary, mercenary, mercenary, and obviously the saving must then be done.

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"In the blinking of an eyelid, it wipes out a city."

"A city?" asked Wonga. "And all the people in it?"

"I'm afraid so," sighed the Hunter.

"I think the yellow men may have this weapon, too," said Bungal. "The black man is too ignorant for such things—may all his shades be praised! But there is no knowing where the madmen may drop their new bombs. They fall on white, yellow, and black without discrimination."

Wonga stared in horror.

"They kill their own kind, even when they are not hungry? Why? Is it for sport?"

"It's through ignorance," said the Hunter. "Stupid, wanting ignorance. And not knowing when to stop."

"So don't worry any more," continued Bungal soothingly. "Avoid the haunts of men, because they drop bombs only on their own kind."

"Leave Man alone, and in time he will destroy himself. All races appear to be united in this one aim."

"In time, Man will destroy himself," murmured Wonga, gazing far over the sun-filled plains, the jagged hills sharp against a turquoise sky, the far blue ranges, and the wraith-like pink ones, beyond which stretched a calm, limitless ocean of country. "It's all very sad," remarked Wonga. And he smiled contentedly.

PERFUME OF WATTLE

The bright landscape danced in air translucent and dazzling. The weathering sun, lancing vapors on the rim of dawn, melted sky and mountains into a glory of filtered light, and retreated to the core of a continent over which as yet man has no sure dominion. A land of distances, a land dependent upon distances for preservation; a land gorgeously empty and with none of the accumulations of centuries of human occupation; a continent surveyed, fenced, patrolled and policed by the nucleus of a nation analogous to a patriarchal with unwieldy wealth. "Australia, the incredible feat!" he chanted—Miles Franklin in "All That Swagger."

"No Failure Save In Giving Up"

Then take this honey for the bitterest cup
There is no failure save in giving up.
No real fall, so long as one still tries,
For needing setbacks make the strong man wise.
There's no defeat in truth, save from within.
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.—Anon.

SOME years ago a distinguished churchman stopped on his journey to speak to the Maoris in a settlement. Before leaving for the meeting, he asked his host, a Maori chief, whether it would be wise to leave his personal belongings in the pa.

"Oh, yes," replied the chief, "there is not a white man within miles!"