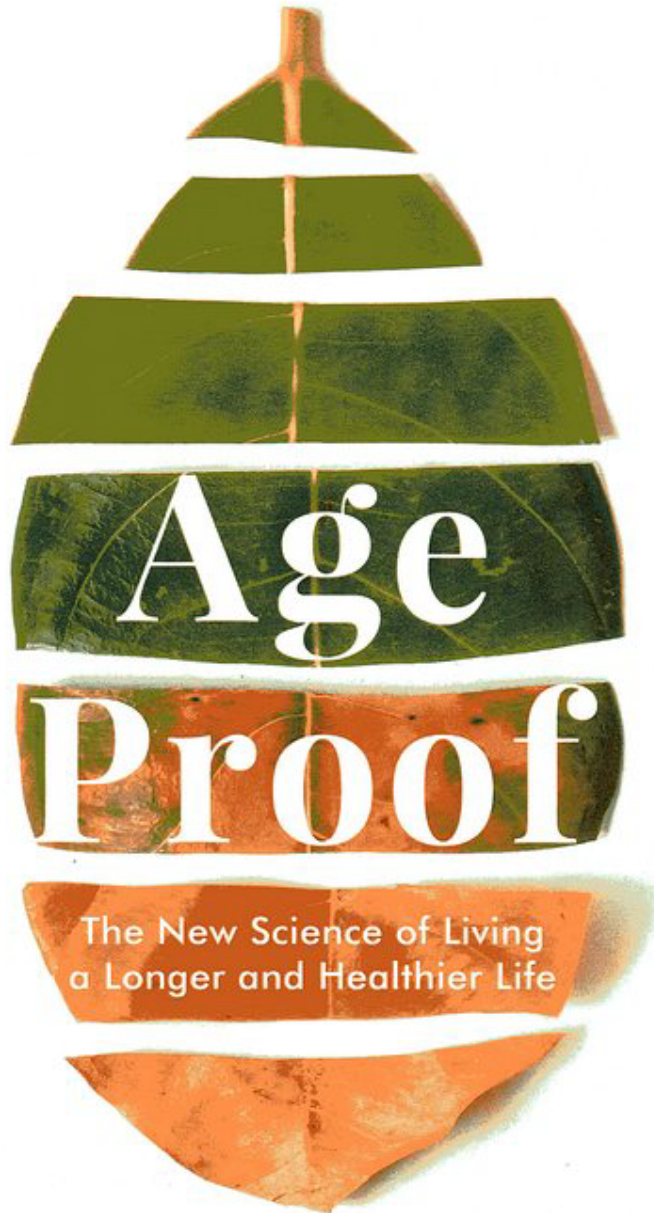


Cat's Eye Weekly

alias *The Ferret*

No. 141

20 April 2022



PROFESSOR ROSE ANNE KENNY

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Pet Medical Crisis

The Animal Rehoming Service

1959 Bristol 406 Zagato

And more



Any excuse for stirring up the universe

Edited by
Graham Price

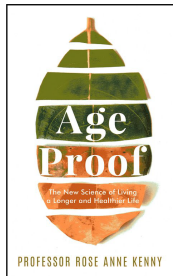
Once was weekly now highly irregular in more ways than one

HIGHLIGHTS

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The editor's desk

Your editor had a hard fall due to a piece of jagged concrete sticking up out of an asphalt footpath, not long after being thrown around on a tram making a sudden emergency stop. Bingo! Surprise, a walking stick needed, which hopefully may not be all that long. Surprise, double vision at times, same future, hopefully. Quite mild conditions compared to what others are going through.

Let me 'bend your ear' for a moment. Bad things happen in life — the smooth road we once travelled upon suddenly becomes rough and a certain sourness appears, knocking one off one's stable platform. The highway disappears to be replaced by broken, muddy tracks that seem endless and the future seems screwed. The first temptation is to complain, to commence telling the story of your woes over and over, not only to yourself but to others close to you. Surely you do not need medical experts to tell you that continuous complaining can lead to further dis-ease within the body, so that life's expectancy is then shortened?

The butcher of the Ukraine, Vladimir Putin, is following in the steps of his mentor Joseph Stalin, Premier of the Soviet Union and the butcher of Hungary and other Eastern bloc countries. In 1957 a book was published by George Mikes, a Hungarian born journalist with the BBC. I bought the book — *The Hungarian Revolution* — in that same year from a bookstore in Geelong. It still sits on my bookshelf. See page 10 for the revolution that was suppressed.

And what is China up to while the focus is upon Russia's invasion into the Ukraine? Attempting to place a naval base in the South Pacific, which is not surprising. The Solomons Islands is on the brink of signing a treaty with China that will enable China to place a naval base there — so close to Australia. Rise from your slumber, Australian politicians.

A sobering note from CEW 131 Oct 2019: It is probably fitting upon the 70th anniversary of China's Communist Party that Carl Jung's quote from earlier years is given space in CEW. The celebrated analyst put his finger right on the target when he said: "*People don't have ideas, ideas have people*". This is perfectly illustrated with the ideas of Marx and Lenin — the spread of their ideas throughout the world has enabled dictators to rule millions of people, and at the same time given them ultimate power to jail and murder further millions. So-called re-education camps are nothing but brainwashing, murderous prisons. As A.G. Grayling states in his book *Ideas that Matter*, regarding Communism: "Wherever it has been put into effect in the modern world, most of the experiments in this regard have failed in what, in historical terms, is the blink of an eye." The blink of an eye in the modern world may well be several decades or more, but when it is ended it is as if it were but yesterday. Perhaps the title of his book could have been better named, though ideas that matter can be both positive and negative.

But apart from Marx and Lenin, there are other dictatorships in progress throughout the modern world, and many of them are blind religious in their firm and unchangeable restrictions. It's time the West buckled up and fast.

Cheers, **Graham**

Feedback to Cat's Eye Weekly
is always welcome.
Click onto my purrfect nose!





Crazy Rich Asians

A rollicking insight into the millionaire and billionaire society in Hong Kong, Singapore and Shanghai.

Kevin Kwan was born in Singapore and as a writer has considerable knowledge of the crazy rich Asians of that island nation — and not only of Singapore, but also of mainland China — particularly Shanghai — and Hong Kong.

His trilogy of 'rich Asian' books which feature the residents of these areas, open up the strange and uncanny goings on of Asia's millionaire and billionaire classes — people whose money simply allows them to screw other people's lives when they feel like it. If you've got it, flaunt it all the way and don't bother with trinkets and anything that is below your level of acceptance.

The three books are hilarious, mainly because being filthy rich doesn't prevent you from getting into trouble, even if sometimes you have the cold hard cash to attempt to pay your way out of it. Even though these folk are filthy rich and spend money like water cascading over Niagara Falls, they still have the same human faults such as greed, jealousy, envy, lust and all the rest.

We do, however, find a young couple (and one or two others) who are level-headed, kind, and attentive. In the minority, natch. The trilogy is woven around them and how they are treated by their also rich relatives. Kwan weaves intricate occurrences of mind blowing qualities throughout the three novels. If your interest lies in fiction (ha ha, this is more like fact!) about Asia, then there three books are definitely for you.



Crazy Rich Asians trilogy

Allen & Unwin or Windmill

Approx: \$AUD18.00 each

MS Australia

**Multiple Sclerosis
needs your help**

Log in for the latest news at:
<http://www.msaustralia.org.au/>

Wire

Women's Information Referral Exchange

One in three calls WIRE receives from women are related to family violence. Wire: 372 Spencer Street, West Melbourne 3003. Telephone Support Service Line 1300 134 130 Mon-Fri 9.00-5.00. <http://www.wire.org.au/>

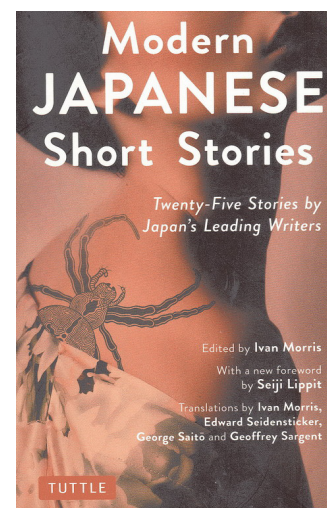


Review: Modern Japanese Short Stories and more

These are wide-ranging stories about Japan and its culture from the late eighteen hundreds through to the 1980s. The book was first published in Japan in 1962, and this translated version published in Malaysia in 2019. The authors are from various cultural and political avenues of life and many of the stories relate to ancient Japan under the rule of the Shoguns.

The stories are excellent examples of Japanese fiction, and though some have been difficult to translate, those who have been engaged in this effort have proven to be of high quality. Some quotes about the authors are relevant. The author of *Tattoo*, Junichiro Tanizaki, born in Tokyo 1886, studied classical Japanese Literature at Tokyo Imperial University. He soon became known as a leader of the so-called neo-romantic school. Mimei Ogawa, author of *The Handstand* born 1882, graduated in English Literature from Waseda University in 1903. For a time the socialist content of his work became pronounced. In later years he created children's tales, largely out of everyday material, with a deep concern for human welfare. Yasunari Kawabata, author of *The Moon on the Water* born Osaka 1899, entered the English Literature Department of Tokyo Imperial University in 1920 and started writing literary reviews. He turned novelist and has written several. His later years as a literary critic brought him much fame.

Modern Japanese Short Stories
Paperback, by Tuttle 2019 — AUD\$22.70—28.50



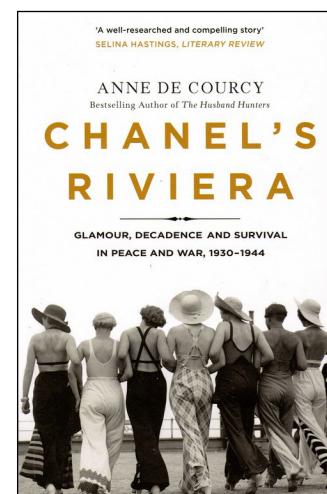
From the Introduction: This book is neither a biography nor a history of the Riviera — both have been written many times before — but the story of the years during which Chanel spent her summers in that part of France

The French Riviera is probably the most famous piece of coastline in the world, while Coco Chanel has a good claim to be the most famous dress designer ever. In 1930 they so to speak joined forces, with Chanel building a glamorous villa there, known as La Pausa

The 1930s were provably the heyday of the Riviera in its modern sense — that is, as a place to visit for its long, glorious summer rather than, as Queen Victoria did, for winter warmth. Not yet smothered in concrete.

Then came the war years. Through it all, Chanel spent summers at La Pausa, in the later years with her German lover until, with the liberation of the coast in 1944, her business still closed and her lover gone, she left for the peaceful neutrality of Switzerland. Although she visited La Pausa several times afterwards, it was no longer her home; and its sale in 1952 snapped her final link with the coast.

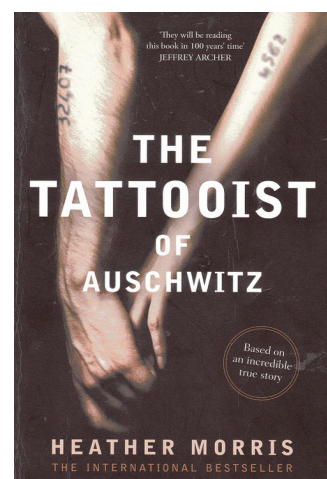
Weidenfeld & Nicholson paperback 2020
By Anne de Courcy
\$AUD24.99



A Jewish prisoner of the German Reich, Lale Sokolov is 24, a charming well dressed ladies man arrives on a cattle train from Slovakia to a camp where he sees the sign overhead **AEBEIT MACHT FREI** — *Work will make you free*. This is Auschwitz; the commandant is Rudolf Hoess, and he is scanning the faces and telling lies: "I am in charge here at Auschwitz . . . Do as you are told and you will go free. Disobey and there will be consequences. You will be processed here, and then you will be taken to your new home: Auschwitz Two - Birkenau."

Eventually, Lale becomes one of the lucky ones after being put to exhausting work and being infected with typhus — he becomes assistant to a man named Pepan, an academic from France, who says "I am the Tätowierer. What do you think of my handiwork?" He pulls up Lale's sleeve. "You mean, you did this to me?" Pepan shrugged "I wasn't given much choice. And so Pepan offers Lale a job, which will see him survive the horrors of the camp, together with a Jewish girl named Gita, with whom he makes frenzied love to when it becomes possible. Girl and boy survive the horrors. How? Ah, that would be telling tales.

The Tattooist of Auschwitz
Heather Morris
Dymocks \$AUD29.99





Age -proofing your life

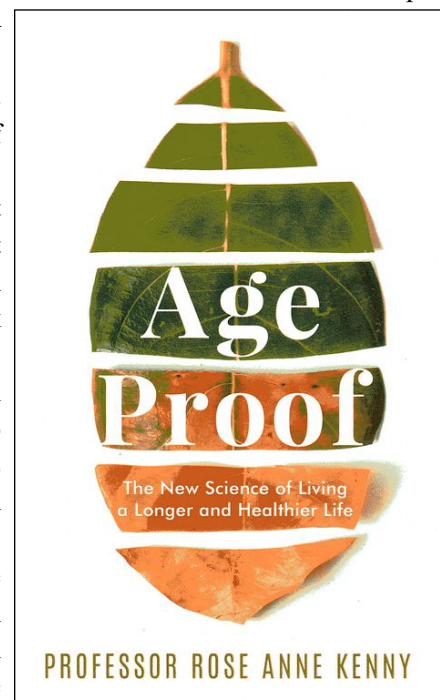
The heading of Chapter 1 reads “You are as Young as you Feel — Age is Not a Number.” The author, Professor Rose Anne Kenny, writes: “At the time of writing [Eileen Ash] is one of the oldest women in Britain and still driving at age 105, having passed her driving test 80 years previously. When I read about Eileen, I was struck by her positive attitude and that she always led and continued to lead an active and varied life. Despite being over a century old, Eileen continues to take daily brisk walks and does yoga — an activity that she took up in her nineties, an age when most choose to slow down.

Professor Kenny puts into practice her own scientific research, which shows that biology is under our control — that we need not “wear out” at 60 or 70 years of age. She takes into consideration the genes that we are born with, the food we eat, exercise that we may take, how laughter and sex have an extremely positive effect upon our biological age. And because this book is the result of scientific research it is not just one of those ‘self help’ manuals that are furiously pumped out by certain publishing houses looking for a fast return on their money. This is a science book made friendly.

Kenny writes about baby boomers and their expectations, some of which turn out to be naive in the extreme and in time simply do not work for them. Even so “A large percentage of baby boomers will live up to 25 years longer than their parents did.” The one catch to this is, naturally enough, how they look after their bodies and their mental health.

Managing stress, diet, and exercise are very important factors in the chase for a longer life. Modern life is particularly susceptible to stress — this age when everything seems to go faster than before; when the temptation is to hardly ever turn a smart phone off, to answer a text message immediately. It’s the old story of the Tortoise and the Hare. The Hare wants to get there quickly, but the Tortoise is the one who lives much longer. Kenny gives good advice on food and eating, especially on not over-eating; she rambles through what exercise is and what it does for you, and in particular writes concerning mental health. She is strong on laughter and friendship — finds that happiness occurs naturally when one looks for meaning in life, not the other way around. Along with numerous therapists in these 21st Century days, she finds comfort and certainty in one of the world’s best known Holocaust survivors. *Age Proof* p78-79: “Closely aligned with health benefits of laughter is having a sense of purpose. Purpose is a key psychological strength which shares many of the biological benefits we get with laughter. One of the first physicians to detail the value of purpose was a psychiatrist who spent three years as a prisoner in Nazi concentration camps, where he documented how purpose had life-saving features. His name was Victor Frankl and he went on to develop a psychotherapy* which is still used today and is based on his observations in the camps. Frankl considered that everything “can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of human freedoms — to choose one’s attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one’s own way.”

Age Proof — full of instructions about living longer, while at the same time feeling good. Oh, and some great tips about getting a good night’s sleep! •



Age Proof by Prof Rose Anne Kenny

Paperback, Bonnier Books or other Australian publishers

Approximately AUD\$24.75

**Man's Search for Meaning*

Paperback & Hardback

Various publishers

The Council to Homeless Persons

Established in 1972, the Council to Homeless Persons is the peak Victorian body representing individuals and organisations with a stake or interest in homelessness. Our mission is to work towards ending homelessness through leadership in policy, advocacy and sector development.

<http://www.chp.org.au/>

See our Consumer Participation Resource Kit at:

http://www.chp.org.au/public_library/cpkit/index.shtml



To make a difference in the life of a child is one of the greatest joys in life.

Bella* takes steps toward successful learning and education.

Bella and her parents were referred to **OzChild's Stepping Stones to School (SS2S) program** by her kindergarten teacher. Five-year-old Bella was attending her second year of four-year-old kinder. Her parents had recently separated and Bella had been diagnosed with ADHD.

Struggling to recognise the emotions of other children and expressing empathy, Bella frequently used inappropriate language and was disruptive in the classroom – she also liked to pretend to be a dog. Bella's parents had differing parenting styles and behaviour management approaches and her mum, Linda* found it hard to implement and follow through with strategies.



The separation of her parents had no doubt influenced Bella's behaviour and disrupted her attendance at kinder. Linda, and Bella's dad Michael* had also disengaged from support services. The SS2S facilitator conducted home visits working with Linda and Michael separately with Bella. While Bella appeared relaxed and attentive during each session she still exhibited a short concentration span and would use silly language in outbursts.

When Bella was with her mum she tended to get her own way and Linda would ignore her behaviours. Michael on the other was more confident in intervening letting Bella know when her behaviour was not acceptable. OzChild's SS2S facilitator noticed at times both parents would become distracted walking away from Bella to complete jobs or make a cuppa, behaviours which Bella was likely picking up on leading to her own distraction and lack of concentration.

Bella constantly needed reminding to complete activities and was unable to stay seated or keep still. Bella's obsession with pretending to be a dog was of concern to the facilitator. In each session Bella continued to behave like a dog, greeting people on all fours, barking when she was spoken to, putting items in her mouth and licking.

The SS2S facilitator developed strategies with Michael and Linda to address Bella's behaviours, providing them with ideas on ways to engage Bella in activities to improve her concentration and introduced family time activities so Bella felt connected to her mum and dad.

The focus of the facilitator's work with Bella's parents was on parenting styles, quality time and routines giving them the task of considering how this could impact Bella's learning and well being. Linda and Michael began to focus on the time they spent with Bella, ensuring the activities they engaged in were child-focused and started to work on simple tasks such as sitting at a table, and listening to and following instructions.

Soon, Bella demonstrated she was able to concentrate long enough to play games and complete activities the facilitator provided. Linda and Michael began to see the positive impact the change in their parenting style was having on Bella and she started attending kindergarten regularly.

Linda and Michael knew Bella was not ready to attend school, but they were determined to work hard to ensure she didn't repeat kinder again. They continued to engage with the SS2S facilitator and re-engaged in other health services, visiting the Paediatrication and seeing an Occupational Therapist.

Linda and Michael acknowledge they needed to work on themselves too and are now more focused than ever on Bella. They are proactive when interacting with Bella, focused on developing her reading and writing skills and managing her ADHD.

Bella spends less time pretending to be a dog and more time reading books, colouring and being a kid.

**names have been changed to protect identities*

Stepping Stones to School

Stepping Stones to School is a collaborative, early childhood transition project which enhances relationships and connections between families and early years providers. The project improves outcomes for children and supports provider capacity, so that more children in the region have a positive transition to school experience.

Contact Us: OzChild National Support Office

PO Box 1312

South Melbourne VIC 3205

Phone: +613 9695 2200 Fax: +613 9696 0507

Email: hello@ozchild.org.au



The Animal Rehoming Service

For further information, please log onto <http://www.tars.org.au/>
The Animal Rehoming Service Inc. is a registered charity.
Donations over \$2 are tax deductible. (ABN: 51 275 837 567)



Puffy is an 8 year old, desexed, vaccinated, wormed and microchipped 5kg female Maltese x Chihuahua, who's looking for a loving home.

Please note, preference will be given to people with a similarly small or very gentle, medium sized male dog. She's a lively, perky, playful and very loving girl who loves human company.

Her ideal home would be a calm, relaxed place with someone retired but still active enough to keep up with her (and agile enough not to fall over her!) Otherwise someone who works from home on an ongoing basis would be great. An all adult home or one with gentle, dog savvy older children would also suit.

A home with a doggy door would be ideal. Given her size and her curious and cheeky personality, 100% dog proof fencing is required to stop her wandering through or under any gaps you might have. She's also not a fan of thunderstorms and sudden loud noises so will try and escape in those situations. Puffy enjoys her daily walks and time at the park, but has no recall or road sense, so must be kept on lead at all times, unless in a fully fenced park with a pocket full of treats. She loves other dogs and is fine with cats. As mentioned above, a home with a gentle, small desexed male dog or a very gentle, medium sized desexed male dog, would suit.

Puffy's had four teeth removed and still happily eats. Several years ago, she also had some kidney stones removed and has been fine since.

She enjoys an indoor/ outdoor lifestyle, sleeping indoors. Regular grooming would also be required.

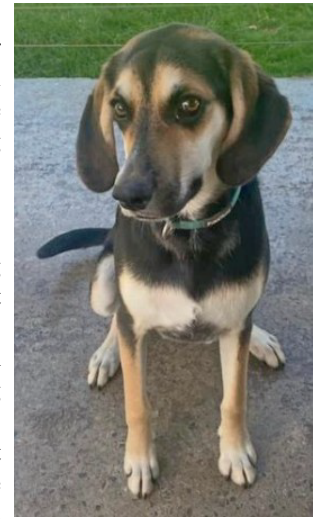
Puffy's adoption fee is \$750. Microchip Number: 900164000553490 Pet Exchange Register Source Number: RE100709. If interested, please call Michaela on 0409213131 (Noble Park based, but we go to you).

Mava is an 8 month old, desexed, vaccinated, wormed and microchipped 20kg female Beagle x Kelpie, who's looking for a loving home.

She's an active, inquisitive and intelligent girl who's also very well behaved, gentle and affectionate (she loves a cuddle). She's food driven which makes her easy to train and helps with recall at the park. (She's had positive reinforcement training, including clicker training).

As mentioned above, Mava would thrive having a large, active but sweet natured male dog for company. She would also suit an all adult home or one with older, dog friendly children (ideally aged 12 and over). Someone working from home would be a bonus.

She loves her daily (if not twice daily) walks or runs at the dog park. She also really enjoys swimming, so a home near the beach or a river would be ideal. Mava enjoys an indoor/ outdoor lifestyle, sleeping indoors. Secure fencing would also be required. Mava's adoption fee is \$800. Microchip Number: 991003001408115 Pet Exchange Register Source Number: RE100709 If interested, please call Michaela on 0409213131. (Ringwood North based, but we go to you).



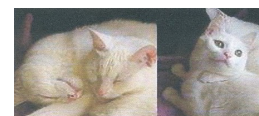
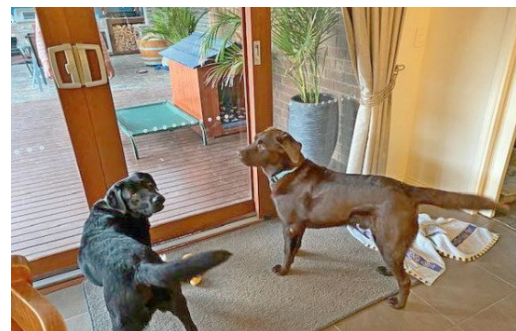
Happy Adoption Tale!

'Maddy the black Labrador has found a fantastic new home with Karen and her family, which includes various animals such as ponies and alpacas, plus Archie the chocolate Lab.

We received this from Karen. 'Recently we were fortunate enough to adopt the gorgeous Maddy into our family. Michaela was wonderful, with her genuine support and guidance throughout the adoption process.

Her love of animals and caring nature was much appreciated by both of the families involved in rehoming Maddy. Maddy is loving life and keeping very busy with her new brother Archie.

Thank you Michaela and The Animal Rehoming Service!' Thank you Karen!



We are now much loved in our new home and very grateful to TARS Inc. Such a new lease of life!



DAILYMAIL.CO.UK | BY DAILY MAIL

Caretakers at Ukrainian rescue shelters refuse to leave animals behind



Pet medical crisis

from Jennifer Hunt



‘Jock’ just turned 13 and the happy guy has been a huge part of life for mum Rachel who has been severely impacted during the lock downs and stoppages for the past 2 years. Being a single mum of 2, while trying to rebuild a business at the same time has been so difficult it has meant living weekly is part of the norm.

When Rachel noticed that her little man was struggling to eat and very lazy all of a sudden, she hoped it wasn't a serious problem but took him to get checked at the vet regardless. Knowing how short she was on funds she feared that she wouldn't be able to get whatever her boy needed to be well again.

Contacting the team at PMC Rachel was so thankful we could kick in to help with the money she had put

aside to help her boy. The check up at [Meow & Friends Community Vet](#) Cranbourne West clarified that ‘Jock’ needed some serious dental and gum work. As you can see in the photos the difference it makes is incredible •

‘Gogo’- Greyhound injured while having rough and tumble. Greyhounds are beautiful noble dogs who are usually gentle and playful. What we didn't know about them at PMC is that they are made with a much thinner dermis (skin) than most other dogs, hence they get cold easily and can get cut more readily.

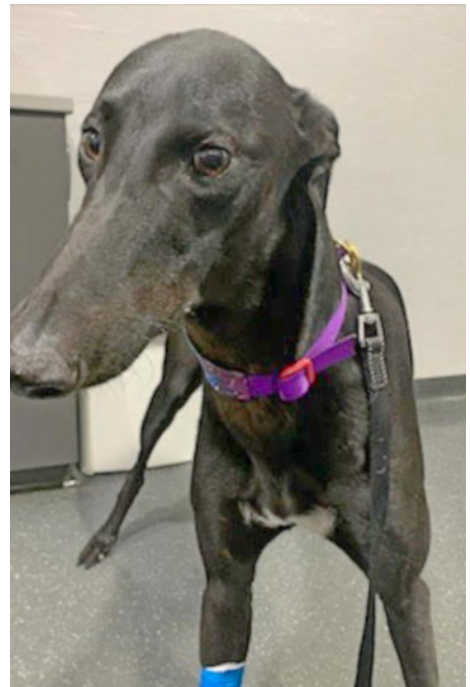
‘Gogo’ is a 2 year old greyhound who his mum Belinda is in love with as are her two young children. Belinda is on a pension and raising her sons has been ultra tough over this period on the planet but she has managed to make ends meet, just.

After a play session with a random dog the other day Belinda was unsure whether the big dog was friendly so she called her boy back. Not noticing that ‘Gogo’ had been bitten on his side, Belinda took him home. By the time the injury was noticeable under his black fur it had begun to get infected and needed immediate attention from a vet, but with little funds available Belinda feared how she could afford the surgery.

PMC were contacted and thanks to a huge discount to help southern animal health ‘Gogo’ was able to get stitched up and get the medication required to heal.

“He is so sweet and caring and amazing with my children. I grew up always having dogs and feel they are so valuable to kids. I think he brings something to our lives that we could not get elsewhere. I’ve had many pets throughout my life, but have never seen gratitude like I see in my rescue greyhound's face.” Brilliantly stated by Belinda

‘Gogo’ managed to rip the first surgery out and needed further work done but is now doing beautifully as he relaxes and heals nicely. Thanks for the care and kindness shown by our platinum vets once again for allowing this family to go on together. •



Pet Medical Crisis

A not for profit fund to save pets whose owners cannot afford their emergency care.

www.petmedicalcrisis.com.au

Email: petmedicalcrisis@gmail.com

PMC is now on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/PetMedicalCrisis/>

Also, a walking harness — ‘Dog-A-Long’ — is available to assist your dog to become more mobile — supports dogs with hind leg problems associated with ageing, arthritis, hip & spinal problems.

For suitability check with your Vet.



Mercury O'Proud Political correspondent

Some Labor supporters would be shocked if you called any of them or their elected members, bullies. No way, that only happens in the right wing parties. Surprise! The so-called gang of three — to which there seems very good evidence — Penny Wong, Christine Keneally and Katy Gallagher reputedly ganging up on the Federal Labor Senator, Kimberley Kitching, who died at an early age of a suspected heart attack accelerated by stress — a Senator who was much loved by many Labor, Liberal and Independents alike.

The fact is that there are bullies in every party — even the Greens. Some, who consider themselves the saviours of the human race with their policies of supposed empathy, etc. These so-called noble personages may be shocked if anyone called them a bully. But unfortunately, sometimes that is the fact of the matter. This holier than thou attitude is too prevalent in modern politics, particularly among those who see themselves as crusaders.

The recent phenomenon of people posing as influencers on social media has attracted the attention of sociologists and psychologists. Now, why would anyone follow an influencer? Good question, aye! Why this sudden burst of following, following, like a herd of sheep? Changing your looks simply because the influencer considers so. Changing your lifestyle simply because the influencer urges you to. Programs like Instagram, Tik Tok, YouTube, are flooded with influencers pushing brand names, and while there is very little harm in that, influencers may be toting a product that they have not even used themselves. So, how do you know what ethical standards an influencer has? Much of the time you do not — especially from influencers who reach out to teen-age girls with images and products. One young influencer, who considers herself ethical has recently come forward with interesting information: “One time I was paid \$18,000 for a single TikTok . . . [A one-off, usually \$2,000-\$8.00 per brief] One of the internal studies that *Haugen leaked, specifically focused on teen girls. It suggested that teen girls experience an increase in suicidal thoughts after using Instagram. Other studies focused on Instagram’s detrimental effect on eating disorders and body image issues. [Seventeen percent of teen girls said that their eating disorders worsened after Instagram use, and 32 percent reported that the app made them feel worse about their bodies](#) When I see a fellow fitness influencer post a picture of their fit, slender body, I assume that’s what their body actually looks like . . . We often consume edited and fictional content unknowingly on social media. We forget that people can simply make things up and present it as truth . . . The imaginary and fantastical are presented as reality. This feels quite dangerous. •

*Facebook whistleblower

From CEW 131 Oct 2019

China: When the Tiger had its paws burnt

From CEW131, Oct 2012. Vietnam had the colonial French to deal with, then the Americans, and suddenly out of the blue the Chinese mainland government got its paws caught up in something that was none of its business.

Today’s Western generations probably know nothing of this aggressive venture by China into Vietnam in 1979. To the Vietnamese it was the old story of China interfering once more in its administration. Not again! Past centuries had seen China carrying out numerous invasion techniques against Vietnam, which were mostly repelled by the sturdy Vietnamese fighters.

During the 1970s the Pol Pot communist regime in Cambodia had massacred intellectuals, professors and doctors of universities, and almost anyone of middle class education. Strange coincidence as it was, there was a similarity with the 1800s revolution in France with the peasant population taking over, only this time it wasn’t *madame le guillotine* that dispensed with lives considered to be elite, it was the machine gun. It was the utmost horror unleashed upon any country since the Nazi extermination of Jewish populations throughout Europe during the 1940s. Within the years 1975-1979 the Pol Pot regime had massacred between 1.671 to 1.871 million Cambodian people. Vietnam could not stand by and allow this to continue, so sent an army over the border on a rescue mission. China was already angry that Vietnam in 1978 had turned its favour toward Russia rather than China and was in a severe petulant mood. Let’s crush Vietnam and move through that land to free Cambodia, they thought. But the Tiger of China, rampant and militarily well equipped at the time was no match for the poorer equipped Vietnamese, who having sharpened their military techniques against the French and then against the Americans, knew they could win this battle.

The 2019 40th anniversary of China’s war against Vietnam in 1979 has gone totally unnoticed in China. No mention in any newspaper, no interviews with politburo personnel. . . nothing! This is China’s curtailment and repression of the news. You only get one side of it. Something we all need to remember. •



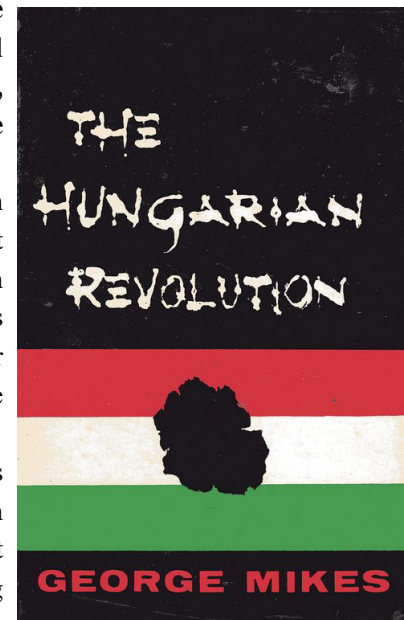
Hungary: Will the past repeat?

The Western powers did not expect that President Vladimir Putin of the Russian Federation would invade Ukraine, even though Polish leaders and others had warned that this was in all probability. Neither did Joseph Stalin, President of the Soviet Union expect that the Hungarian people under his rule would revolt against his harsh regime in October 1956.

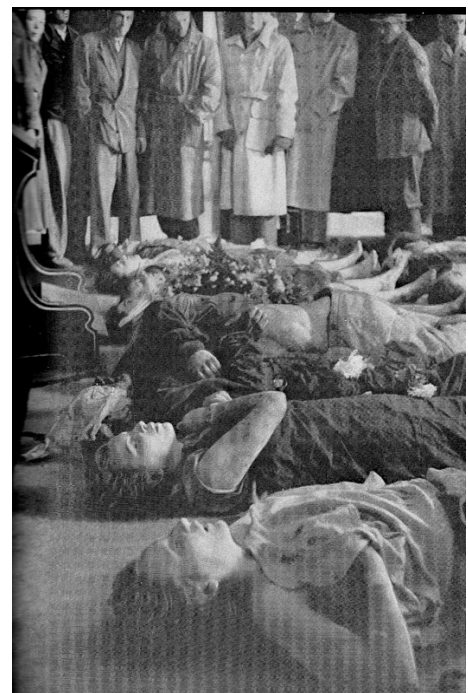
George Mikes was born a Hungarian, though at the time was a journalist with BBC Television. He was asked to go to Hungary and report on the uprising and net profits of his book would be devoted to the relief of Hungarian refugees. Andre Deutsch Ltd of Soho Square, London published the book in 1957, long after the revolution was put down by Joseph Stalin after a few weeks by his army and array of tanks — similar to what is occurring in the Ukraine today. The Hungarians fought hard, but they were no match for the heavily armoured Russians.

In 1942 the West was just as naive as it is today regarding Russia's intentions of re-claiming land that was lost to its vast empire when the Soviet Union collapsed in December 1991. *The Hungarian Revolution* p27: "In March 1942 [President] Roosevelt wrote to [England's Prime Minister] Churchill 'I know you will not mind my being brutally frank when I tell you that I think I can handle Stalin personally better than either your Foreign Office or my State Department . . . ' Later, in Teheran, he said to William Bullitt*: 'I have just a hunch that Stalin doesn't want anything but security for his country, and I think that if I give him everything I possibly can and ask nothing from him in return, *noblesse oblige*, he won't try to annex anything and will work for a world democracy and peace.' " Yes, very well summed up by an American president who didn't have much of a clue at the time. Does this seem very familiar? When Putin took back control of the Crimean Peninsula from Ukraine in 2014, what did the West do? Sit on their hands! It is estimated that since then about 140,000 persons have left the peninsula to escape the suffocating rule of the Russian Federation.

During the 1956 Hungarian uprising, Stalin sent into Hungary large numbers of the AVO [the Russian Security Police] who indiscriminately fired on >>>> to page 11.



The exodus



The dead

*American diplomat and journalist.

*The survivors**Freedom fighters**Destroyed Russian tanks*

innocent civilians. *The Hungarian Revolution* p109: “A crowd of about two thousand [students and townspeople in the park] now approached the AVO barracks. Two trenches had been dug during the night in front of the barracks and in each were two machine-gun posts, manned by AVO officers. The crowd stopped some distance from the trenches and four workers came forward to talk to them. “We request you not to shoot,” said one of the workers, “we are peaceful demonstrators and mean no harm.” “Don’t worry,” said the commander of the group, a man called Dudas, “Just come a bit nearer.”

The crowd approached. The four machine guns opened fire, together, mowing down many people. Those in the rear could not at first believe that they were being fired on, but when people started falling and groaning and blood was flowing, everyone realised what

was happening and lay flat on the ground . . . Eventually the crowd drew back out of range. They carried with them a hundred and one dead and more than a hundred and fifty wounded, many of them women and small children.”

On Thursday, October 25, a crowd of about a hundred thousand people was patiently waiting in Parliament square. this time there were also more than fifty Russian tanks in the square. The AVO without warning, were on the rooftops and opened fire, killing six hundred people. The civilian soldiers in their tanks thought *they* were being attacked and returned fire, silencing the AVO. The revolution ended within three weeks, a tactical failure. Hungary remained under the thumb of the Soviet Union. The United Nations was weak — there were no boycotts or sanctions imposed upon Russia. Trade with Russia carried on as usual. *The Hungarian Revolution* p183-186: “Should the Russians decide to turn Hungary into a military colony, then the West will express its deep sorrow, drop a number of bitter tears and send many warm pants to refugees — which is a good thing, they need them. The United Nations will pass many more resolutions which will all be totally disregarded. The world will declare that Hungary has shown — many souls will declare — that the human spirit is, after all, stronger than tyranny, and that revolution, even in this century, is possible . . . Hungary has been a glorious inspiration to all of us. And Hungary will be left in peace under the Russian boot . . . [Under Russian control the new government labelled the revolution] as a Fascist uprising, identical to what Putin has stated about Ukraine . . . The programme also spoke of the ‘continued dictatorship of the proletariat . . . the stationing of Russian troops in Hungary is necessary to protect the country from possible imperialist attacks from abroad.’” Does this not ring again in our ears during 2022? •

FOOTNOTE: Since the break-up of the Soviet Union in 1989, Hungary has maintained a close relationship with Russia, but in recent years has joined the European Union and NATO. Fearing interference from Russia, Hungary has helped in blocking Ukraine from joining NATO and rejected more NATO troops within Hungary’s Border. Pressure from other governments, however, has seen the Hungarian Prime Minister, Viktor Orban, sign an agreement with NATO for more troops as of March 3 2022. A vital move!

The Hungarian Revolution

By George Mikes

Andre Deutsch 1957

Copies still available on Amazon, eBay etc.



Pebbles in the Stream

An Australian saga in several episodes by Graham Price Chapter 3

The wind had whipped up the Thames to a fury, so much so that small craft were forbidden to take to the water. The sky was swirling with black clouds heavy with rain and the art deco window frames on the Chelsea flat rattled and chattered as if to burst open at any minute.

Caroline shivered and bent to turn up the oil heater, moments before her great aunt Vanessa Trengrove came over with a cocktail in her hand. "Think we should up the heater, my sweet?"

"Already done, aunty. *My* you do look spiffing in that dress; takes ten years off your age!"

"Do you think the men will notice? Most of them are half blind and almost in their graves." She spun slowly on her low heels, allowing the green and gold dress to flare out."

Caroline laughed. "I'm sure they will, but it makes me wonder what kind of presents will they bring to my 95-year-old great aunt? Some exercise equipment, perhaps?" She laughed again. "Which is what you never seem to need."

Vanessa took a small shrimp paté from the plate offered to her by her nephew, Charles Vickers. "Thank you Charlie, at least you are here on time and making yourself useful. Just had your seventy-third, isn't it, eh? You and me share that same glorious sign, Scorpio, keeper of hidden secrets. So, tell me Charlie, what secrets have you to tell me tonight? Let's have it, kiddo."

Charlie put the plate down on the mantelpiece, stared into the flames for a moment, then turned to Vanessa. "You're the one with the secrets, aunty. Lots of them still untold from the early days. I think I have run out of mine. Totally empty. Nothing in there for you to see anymore."

Caroline took the glass of champagne offered to her by one of Charlie's sons, a thin forty-something man beginning to bald, with a florid face and moustache that already had the incursion of silver hairs. "Thanks, Geoffrey, perhaps you also have some secrets to tell us, seemingly your father doesn't? I haven't seen you in a long time, hear you're getting married soon."

Geoffrey bowed slightly to Caroline. "Yes, there's my fiancée over there by the Chippendale; Mercia; lovely, isn't she!"

Caroline swung her eyes around to view the young lady. A redhead of indeed very pleasant proportions, she thought. But what's upstairs in the attic? Geoffrey didn't seem to have much in that capacity either. He'd attempted to woo her when she first came over from Australia, but thankfully Brett had come on the scene and squeezed him out. She had found a great sense of relief at that because Geoffrey was becoming intensively crowding.

As if to curtail any further conversation by Geoffrey, Vanessa seemed to moan "Oh, I do wonder if everyone is able to come tonight, the weather is just so foul."

"Yes, well, that's London I fear," said Charles. "Ah, there's your beau, Caroline . . . I do forget his name though . . . Brendan or, what was it now?"

"Brett McKinnley." Caroline moved away, heading toward the entrance where Brett had entered. Vanessa had hired a manservant and a maid for the party and the manservant was helping Brett out of his overcoat and hat. Caroline slid up to them on the shiny parquet floor, touching Brett by the arm. "Glad you're here, some of my relatives are being a little bit troll at the moment. Perhaps we should liquefy them a bit, eh? I'm sure you could help with that, should make them forget themselves somewhat."

Brett shot a look at her from his bright blue Scottish eyes. "Surely, you don't need me to do that for you, Caroline. You have enough spark in you to control almost anyone."

"Mmmm, how sweet of you darling, c'mon then, come and meet the trolls."

By 9.30, Vanessa's guests of old had arrived, not that there were many left, simply three. Quentin James, swishing in his purple and red kaftan who kissed her hand, pushed back the flowing locks of his long white hair and leered a little at Caroline. Peachy Wendover struggled with her ivory inlaid walking stick and somewhat staggering across the floor, held by the elbow by Oliver Wainscoat, an exceedingly thin octogenarian who looked as if the air from an electric hair dryer could



blow him over at any moment. He was dressed in a somewhat faded frock coat with a red waistcoat. These three, then, were all that remained from Vanessa's late Bloomsbury days. Vanessa gushed over them, introducing all around. The party carried on into the night, while outside the wind rose in its fury, pushing dark clouds dramatically across the night sky.

No moon tonight, thought Brett, as he cornered Caroline's great aunt on a gilded sofa. Anyway, it's cosy in here. What a delight! These old art deco units were worth a fortune, he figured. This one would turn over at a fair price. Values in Chelsea were pushing up at the moment.

"You're not really old enough to have been part of the Bloomsbury group, are you?"

Vanessa gave him a stare he thought had suddenly shot out of one of Alfred Hitchcock's black and white murder movies, but then her face softened. "For a real estate broker, you do seem to ask some unusual questions, but then, I understand that you are an admirer and curator of art, so you are forgiven. But, that also seems to be a somewhat contradiction. How can these two activities dwell within the same sweet Celtic body of yours? Ah, you do have a certain physique, don't you! If I were younger . . . ! Oh, I am rather tired . . . I feel I have overdone things tonight. Must be feeling my age, ha ha. But, to answer your question, we were what you may call the remnants of the Bloomsbury movement. The elders were mostly gone by the time I came of age, but there were enough of us to continue, to shore things up. Of course, we were too young to have known those who began it all, but I knew Noel Oliver in her later years . . . you know she was Rupert Brooke's lover. We corresponded. That was . . . is . . . rather memorable. She was a remarkable person."

"Brooke? The poet who died in service during the war in 1915?"

"Yes, you are up to date with that, no doubt. So tragic for such a talented young man . . . you know what D.H. Lawrence said of him?"

"I have no idea."

Vanessa smiled and placed a hand on his knee. "*Bright Phoebus smote him down . . . It's all in the saga.*"

"What did he mean, it is all in the saga?"

"Ah, you are not familiar with Apollo . . . Phoebus Apollo! The young god who considered he had the sweetest voice for poetry, who was killed by Marysas for boasting. Yes, boasting doesn't get you far, does it, eh? But Rupert had no need for boasting, it was far beyond him. It would never have entered his mind. I would have liked to have known him; we would have been magnificent lovers."

Brett eased himself on the divan, stretching his legs. "You sound very fond of the man."

Vanessa nodded. "If I had been there in earlier times, there is no doubt I would have fallen in love with him, just as Noel Oliver did."

Brett sighed. "That's pushing things somewhat, but even so, you must have had other lovers during your life?"

"The impudent cheek of you! Yes, there were some, and one of them is here tonight; see if you can guess which one. But getting back to Rupert, have you read him?"

"No, not really. I like poetry, but I haven't come across his works."

"No, they're not all that readily known. But shall I invite you into something now that will give you an inclination, my sweet, to indulge your senses far above this world?"

"I don't understand."

"You will, if you listen to this:

'When you were there, and you, and you,
Happiness crowned the night; I too,
Laughing and looking, one of all.
I watched the quivering lamplight fall
On plate and flowers and pouring tea
And cup and cloth; and they and we
Flung all the dancing moments by
With jest and glitter. Lip and eye
Flashed on the glory, shone and cried,
Improvident, unmemoried;
And fitfully and like a flame
The light of laughter went and came.
Proud n their careless transience moved
The changing faces that I loved'

"But the best is yet to come. Shall I continue?"

Brett nodded. "You have me enraptured. It is brilliant, please, please continue."

"Just a little, just enough to whet your appetite, young man:"



‘Till suddenly, and otherwhence,
I looked upon your innocence.
For lifted clear and still and strange
From the dark woven flow of change
Under a vast and starless sky
I saw the immortal moment lie . . .’

Oh, I can’t go on, it is too much . . . too strong, don’t you see! Too brave! Too strong! Immortal!”

The green and gold dress shimmered beside him. He was overawed at the words she had spoken; words from a very long time ago that spoke to him even of today. So, what has changed? If you looked at this kind of poetry, nothing had changed he thought. The words of those days were just as relevant to this day. This woman was amazing.

Caroline had come across, leaving a small group enjoying nibbles and champagne, “Well, what are you two up to?”

”Just because I’ve been commandeering your lovely boyfriend, no need to be jealous, Caroline. Besides, we seem to have formed a fascinating association. Be careful, my dear, I might just lure this one away from you. My bed is not always warm enough. And the nights are so cold out there.”

Brett drank down the last of his champagne. “Yes, I might just have to move in and comfort you.”

Caroline clapped a hand to her forehead. “You two are just so far off the planet. First of all you didn’t much care if either of you lived or died, and now you are here talking romance. Lordy, I give up. Come on, Brett, it’s late, and we should allow this dowager great aunt of mine to rest in her wide bed together with her current lover, the sweet and affectionate Prometheus.”

“Prometheus?”

Caroline squeezed herself between Vanessa and Brett. “Prometheus, her Abyssinian cat, which she loves to bits. No man could ever take the place of that relationship, even if he offered her all the gold and silver in the universe. Prom is the real ruler of this household and the watcher over my great aunt. You will find, if you intend to move in, that you will face a force more dominating than anything you have ever felt.”

Vanessa laughed. “Oh, I have to admit that she is right, my darling Brett. Prom rules my life, and Brett, I am so sorry that it is not on between you and me. Perhaps you should simply stay with my grand niece for as long as she will have you, and that, I am sure, may not be very long, my dearest. Now, it is time for bed, time to say goodnight to everyone here, and to thank all for coming. I am happy, but I am so tired, so, Caroline, would you do me the pleasure of saying goodnight to all?”

The wind lashed the shutters and rattled the art deco windows. The majority of the small crowd had departed, searching on their mobile phones for updated details of their cabs, and when the cabs arrived, they hastened with all purpose into the warm interiors. Umbrellas blew inside out with the fierce wind gusts and dresses whipped up around varicosed legs. Soon, all was silent except for the gramophone whispering blues of the 1950s through the flat. Caroline suppressed a yawn and took Brett by the hand. “It’s time you skipped, my love. Oh, it’s been a grand night . . . but sorry you can’t stay. Give me a bell tomorrow and we’ll arrange lunch.”

“Bring your great aunt. She’s really taken an attraction to me. I’d like to see more of her.”

Caroline laughed. “You estate agents! The flat’s not for sale, not for a very long time my dear. She will probably outlive you.”

Brett lowered his head and pretended to be miffed. “Oh, Cas, how could you!”

The sleek, tawny Abyssinian cat, Prometheus, jumped from the windowsill and landed near Brett’s feet. A pair of golden eyes stared up at Brett as the cat sat in front of him, swishing its tail. He laughed. “Okay, okay, I get the message.”

Caroline burst into a fit of giggles.

Tom pushed the typewriter away from him. The Remington stared back at him, ribbon black and red and almost juicy when he’d changed it. Rather too inky. He’d forgotten to wash his fingers, but it didn’t matter. He wasn’t going anywhere for lunch, neither was the typewriter. Bloody bulky thing, he cursed. He’d prefer something a little smoother, such as the Olivetti he had at home. Ah, the Italians might be bringing their mafia mob out to Australia with the recent immigrants, but they bloody-well made good typewriters. And the food! Sweet angel! Down in Melbourne the other week he’d dined with one of the reporters from *Il Globo*. Ah, such succulent dishes prepared by illustrious Italian chefs. Perhaps he could persuade McGregor to send him on a mission to Italy, though he thought if he was going to shoot off overseas, it had better be London



where Caroline was; it had been too long and the ache within him was building. Sarah, the weather reporter in the office next to him, was leaking out some recording of yesterday's memories, and that's all he needed to hear; the memories of yesterday; he and Caroline under the eucalyptus beside the banks of the river when all the others had gone. Just the two of them, he seventeen and she sixteen. She had been drawing him as he lay back in the grass and the grey sand, just his face. "It looks rather gaunt," he'd said as he peeped over her shoulder, caressing her arm. "Well, you are gaunt," she had said and turned to kiss him. "If it wasn't for your lovely golden hair . . ." And then she laughed. "Oh, how we copped it in school for being the golden pair . . . you and I, so perfect in the eyes of everyone else, but you can't be perfect without everyone having a crack at you."

"I loved you even then," he said, "Golden hair or not. You could have had the darkest hair and the darkest skin and I would have loved you no matter what."

She jumped up. "What if we dyed our hair black? What you reckon, Tom. That would be a scream. We'd really fit in then, wouldn't we?"

"Don't be damn silly. Changing your face or changing your hair won't make any difference to the mob. C'mon, Cas, what's got into you?"

She burst out laughing. "Ha, did you think I was serious. Just goes to show you, Tom Marshall, how little you understand us women."

"Well, my sweet love. I'm serious. I'll never love anyone ever but you, Cas. Never. That's a solemn promise, and we have our pebbles to last us till the end of time."

"Oh, Tom. You are just too serious now." She leant over him and sought his lips, touching them lightly, teasing him a little, then softer, and firmer then, and finally luxuriating in that sensual feeling that only Tom could give her. She felt her nipples grow firm and longed to feel the touch of his hand upon them. The passion between them surged until the sand fled in various directions underneath them. If this was heaven, then let it be forever.

McGregor startled him by coming by with a sheaf of papers in his hand. Tom looked over the top of the Remington at his boss's face. "Something up?"

"It's just this last piece of yours on minister Savilla. I'm not so sure that we won't be sued. Do you think you've gone too far? I'd need a few more facts before I can print it.

"Leave it with me. I'll check a few points and let you have a revised version, just to satisfy the bastard."

James McGregor grinned. "I trust you, Tom, you're my best reporter. It's just that this one runs a little close to the wire."

Tom nodded. The telephone rang, and McGregor waved off, turning back toward his office. Tom picked up the cream handle of the phone and listened. "Tom!" The voice whispered in his ear, soft, smooth and silky. It was Jennifer, McGregor's daughter. "You are coming for my birthday, aren't you, Tom?"

He leaned back in the chair. Oh, how could he resist this lovely young girl? Jennifer with the sultry looks, the figure that would put to shame the goddesses of the Iliad. The auburn hair that shone and sparkled in the afternoon light. And the sweet aroma of her body next to you, and then there was Beatrice, Jennifer's younger sister . . . if it wasn't for his dedication to Caroline . . .! McGregor's voice carried from his office "Don't forget, Tom, 1900 hours sharp."

The girls' mother, Avril, took Tom by the arm as he entered the hallway. "I'm so glad you've come, Tom," she said as she manoeuvred him into the extended lounge where a crush of noisy young men and women were telling rude jokes and laughing outrageously. Tom smelled the faint wisp of expensive perfume coming from Avril, and thought how delicate. She knows a thing or two about modesty, but he knew where she was steering him. Right up to Jennifer. The birthday girl was half leaning against a Steiner piano, holding a glass of champagne and talking to several young men who surrounded her like crabs hunting for food. Tom laughed inwardly as Avril simply clawed several of the youths away with her left hand, while winging Tom into Jennifer's presence with her right hand. He had felt her grip tightening on him and thought that her sporting prowess as a leading golfer had given her the strength of a man. Who would have believed that in this petite body there lay such power? So, both mentally and physically strong. He wondered if her daughters had inherited those qualities?

"Hi Tom, so glad you come come." Jennifer placed her glass on an occasional table, leaned forward and kissed Tom on his cheek. Again, the perfume was there, also subtle and cleverly moderated, though what brand it was he could not tell except that he thought it was quite delightful . . . and sensuous. Which, contrary to what Jennifer perhaps thought, stirred a mild passionate memory of Caroline within him. He kissed her in return.

"Happy 21st, Jen. Just a little something for you." He handed her a small gift-wrapped box.

"I won't open it yet," she said, taking the box and giving his hand a squeeze. "But you all can see how perfect Tom is in wrapping things, so neat, and the rose on top is an example of a very thoughtful man."

"Hear, hear," said Avril, clapping her hands, and Tom blushed.



A connected living area opened up into an outdoor setting where there was room enough for some dancing. McGregor had hired a three-piece band which played suitable 1950s music and sometimes dished out old favourites such as *Stardust*, *In the Mood*, *I'm Wild Again*, and when they proceeded to play *At Last*, Tom found himself again face to face with Jennifer.

"I think this is our song, Tom." She took him by the hand and they mingled with the crowded dancers. Tom thought there really wasn't much room for dancing, just simply moving against your partner as other couples attempted to circle around. He could feel the warmth of Jennifer's body close to him, and although he wasn't all that concerned, she began to softly sing the lyrics into his ear. "At last, my love has come along . . . my lonely days are over, and life is like a song . . . at last!"

"Is that so?" he laughed, managing to spin her to the outside of the circle of dancers.

"It could be, Tom. You know how I feel about you." He led her to a garden seat, where her sister Beatrice came along with some snacks.

"We're still young, Jen, there's a lot of world out there to see. I'm not ready for anything like marriage."

"I'll wait." They held hands and looked into each others eyes.

What could he say? There was no doubt that she was delightful and if they were to marry he would have wonderful in-laws, but the shadow of another kept crossing his mind — Caroline . . . but so far away in another land. And there was no way McGregor would release him from his commitment to *The Daily Mail*. •

To be continued



Last para from chapter 7: ‘You are no longer Tang Cuc . . . your new identification papers state that you are Nhan Lien, born to a respectable Saigon family, who for obvious reasons are dead, with the exception of your sister Tai and her brother, whom you will be living with.’ He grinned. ‘Your new name is very appropriate, no? Lotus flower! Our national symbol.’

Cuc was stunned. She could not believe it. Her mind swung everywhere it could possible go, until it centred upon the last time she had seen Kim. Oh, his smile, his touch, his look! She lowered her head and turned away from Chu, lost in her own remembrance of those last few days with Kim. She could almost reach out and touch him on his face, smooth his brow, kiss his cheek, murmur her love for him into his soft ear, while at the same time tickling him with her tongue. Oh Kim! Kim! Yes, she would go to Saigon, no matter what it was that they wanted her to do . . . she would go. She had a mission to fulfil; she had Kim’s death to be avenged, and if this re-visit to Saigon was to help that, then so be it. She was ready for what she considered might just be her last chance, even if it meant her death.’

Cuc, now known as Nhan Lien, stepped out of the pedicab on the edge of Arroyo Chinois, the creek that ran into the Saigon river. She stared at the red-brick building opposite which had seen better days. At one time it may well have been a grand and luxurious home, possibly owned by a French overseer or a high ranking Vietnamese government official. Now, it seemed, it was recognised as the home of a respectable Vietnamese family with parents passed on and only son and daughter living within, though there were some tenants on the first floor. An alley-way ran down the left side of the building where hawkers had set up a small market. On the right was the vacant remains of an old theatre with ragged billboards still displaying French films of the 1940s. Lien, having become used to her new name, walked up to the red brick building and banged on the door. A tall, slim young man with a tiny goatee opened the door, after first looking through the small visual opening. He nodded. ‘You are Lien, formerly known as Cuc?’

Lien hesitated to enter. The man asked for a password — she gave it and he took her small suitcase. ‘We have a room for you at the back; you will find it comfortable enough. I am Tai’s brother, Giang; it is so good to see you and you have an interview with Colonel Khuu tomorrow morning. But first things first, you must be tired after your journey. Follow me to your room, where you may rest.’

She caught his smile. He bore an amazing similarity to her lost Kim, slight cheekbones showing in a narrow face and eyes that seemed to sparkle behind long lashes. Handsome.

‘I have no need for rest . . . the journey was long but it doesn’t bother me. I would prefer to be instructed about our section here in Saigon — to know what you know, and Tai also. It would help prepare me for the days ahead.’

Giang shook his head. ‘I’m afraid we cannot do that. You have to wait for further instructions which will come by courier some time tonight. We must follow the leader of this section and his instructions. We are informed not to discuss anything at this time.’

Lien sighed. Was it to do with trust? She would not have been selected if they could not trust her. He placed the case on the floor of her bedroom and she sat on the bed. She needed to think, to prepare herself for the days to come. But Giang’s uncanny likeness to Kim saturated her thoughts. Oh so strange. How could this be? They could almost be twins.

Charmaine had supervised Ngan the cook and the extra help from the agency and was quietly satisfied with the results. This would be a dinner feast to be remembered. The children had been ushered upstairs, having had their own supper. Charmaine felt somewhat guilty about leaving them up there away from the activity, but it was a grown-up meeting and feast. She was particularly drawn to Samantha, who seemed still troubled after the recent confrontation with the CT’s on the road towards Tan Uyen. It had been a shock to the children, with Samantha suffering the most. Charmaine had given her a hug as she ushered the children up the stairs. Now to see to the place settings. She would put the Bishop on her left and Claude, her fiancée on her right. She fussed over the other placings, being a little uncertain where to put the newly known American Captain, Charles Reynolds, who was integrated with the recently organised Military Assistance Advisory Group Vietnam, known as MAAGV — a young man seemingly a little lost according to Claude, but known to have a great affection for Vietnam. After some deliberation she placed him next to Bishop Jean Baptiste-Lacroix. She worked the remainder of the round table next to Claude with James’s boss Justin and his wife Nguyet, Chef Victor Moulineaux and his wife, the writer Isabelle; then General Dao with his wife Trinh. Finally, James and his fiancée Phuong which brought Phuong to the left side of Charles Reynolds. Charmaine thought that this arrangement was perfect but she would have to insist that Victor kept out of the kitchen. She didn’t need a world class chef interfering with the menu.



By 9.00 p.m. they were all seated and enjoying a glass of white wine. The chatterbox as usual, was General Dao, who, once the alcohol had settled into his brain, became so impressive with his language. Trinh smiled and laughed at his spiels and every now and then she would dig him in the side with her fingers and frown.

The night became hilarious, with each guest joining into the conversation. Finally, it came around to something more serious — the secret war going on between North and South, even though they had been divided at the 17th parallel by the Geneva Convention.

“We are quite safe here in Saigon,” said General Dao, “Things are working well for us; we are rooting out infiltrators and spies from the North. Now and then, in the far northern counties my army has contact with some small bands of the Viet Minh, and sometimes those known as the Cong. They prefer to be known at the National Liberation Front, but the only thing they seem to be liberating is the mosquitoes, because some of those captured show signs of malaria. It would seem that the insects are helping our cause, ha ha.”

The people around the table laughed and clinked glasses. Charles Reynolds said: “Some of my people are helping to advise your troops, General; after all, we have had long experience with skirmishes and battles.”

“Yes, Korea has so far turned out in favour of the United States,” said the chef, Victor Moulineaux, “but sadly at the loss of . . . what was it now . . . almost forty thousand of your troops within three years. That’s a heavy price to pay for democracy. We appreciate the arrival of your advisors here, but really, we do not wish to see an escalation that would involve your on-the-ground fully equipped battle troops.”

The room was silent. Charles Reynolds stared at the chef. “I do find it somewhat difficult to understand, with all great respect Victor why you French people remain, especially after what occurred at Dien Bien Phu.”

“Well, said Victor, “That was over five years ago and things have settled somewhat for us civilians. We don’t have anything to do with the military, even though we are good friends with General Dao and Trinh. And several of us are married to wonderful national Vietnamese ladies . . . so here we stay, until a better offer comes up.” He shrugged his shoulders. “*c’est bon.*”

Charles, having imbibed several glasses of wine seemed not to be put off. He was smiling at those around the table as if he was far more knowledgeable than they had expected. “*Touché!* . . . but things for your countrymen have not settled in other colonies, have they? Look at Algeria; your troops are still there doing what? Struggling to hold on to a colony that they haven’t done much for in the past and are now bombing and killing innocent people who only wish for independence.”

Phuong spoke up. “I’m not sure where this conversation is going, can we talk about more happy themes?”

“I’d agree with that,” said James, raising his glass as the first course of Vietnamese food was served — *Canh Bun Tau* — fish and cellophane noodle soup.

Charles was not to be put off, as he gulped another fair quantity of white wine. “But you are all missing the point. France has a very long history of colonising and won’t give up any of its colonial territories without a fight.”

Phuong could see that General Dao was fuming. France had given him an education. France had accepted him into the military academy in Paris. France was his friend. Everything about Vietnam these days was half French — that could never be denied.

“So, France had lost their war here in Vietnam, but that didn’t mean the collapse of French culture here. No way.”

Phuong could not help herself. “And America! I have recently taught my students about the numerous American wars on their own land, first the Civil War, and secondly the numerous wars with the native Indian Americans. Did you know, Charlie, that your land committed virtual colonialism onto the native Indian tribes. There were virtually hundreds of battles by the United States army with the native American Indians. Massive slaughter took place. The history of your army is just as bad as some of the earlier French army massacres. That’s the past. We now have to live in the present for the future. I love my country and I would die for it, but we are kind of in a holding pattern at the moment and your comments are not helping.”

Charles stared at her. “I thought you taught English!”

“I stand in for History now and then, and my students like my preparations.”

Bishop Jean Baptise Lacroix, sitting next to Charmaine, held his wine glass high above his bowl of soup. “A toast, my friends . . . a toast to the future . . . a future of peace and harmony when the South with the help of its Christian soldiers and American military advisors, will overcome the North. . . . a toast my friends, to the future!”

Cuc, now known as Nhan Lien awoke in the strange bed. Difficult to sleep, she tossed and turned during the night on a mattress somewhat hard. She would have to do something about that if she was to stay, but then perhaps her stay would be



short if she accomplished the plan that was set out for her to follow. She knew there would be one, though it was too early to tell exactly what it was. She was due to meet the Colonel in a few hours, but where and when were her NLF instructions coming from? She dressed quickly and made her way down to the kitchen where a woman who seemed to be a cook was cooking fish and noodles. She sliced some bread, put it into a plate with some fat and shoved it towards Lien who had seated herself at the table.

"You hungry, better put that into you before the others wake. Fish noodles coming up in a minute. The others are ravenous eaters so better you here first. I am Hwa, you know what that means, eh? It means flower, so I flower all over these people with my fabulous cooking, don't ever forget that. I flower the better cook anywhere's in Saigon. You will like living here, and maybe you slip me some *dong* now and then, eh? Just to keep you and me happy."

Lien couldn't help but chuckle at the nerve of this woman. "Sure, I'll drop you something now and then, as long as the party agrees. You do know, of course, why I am here, don't you? And you do know what kind of a person I am with the Kalashnikov rifle, surely? And you are not stupid enough to understand that I may return from my mission very much upset or almost dead, don't you? You know how important I am, Hwa?"

The elderly cook turned to look at Lien. "Sometimes, in the past, my cooking faltered and I made mistakes. As long as you don't make mistakes, that fine by me. I am weary of things political and I take little interest in them. The army inquisitors do not frighten me, nor do any of your people whom I trust at this moment of time, but who know of the future?. I have lived to see it all, from Japanese incursion and then Chinese who want our land, and now differen' ideology arise to which I put my support that we are same, you and I, to kill . . . to poison . . . if need be." Lien nodded sagely as she bit into the warm bread, trusting. This cook would do. And, she had given her an idea.

The round table of guests at the James McKinnon's residence in Saigon, was full of hilarity. Having consumed the delicious fish soup prepared by James's elderly cook, Ngan, and much approved by the chef Victor Molinix. "So superb," he had said, "I shall have to steal your most perfect cook away from you, James. It has been some time since I have savoured a soup so delicious."

James, slightly under the influence of the white wine, smiled graciously at his friends around the round table. Such a wonderful arrangement, hosted by Charmaine. She was so perfect; he could not have assembled this night without her management. Of that he was most appreciative. He proposed a toast to Charmaine, knowing that she was now engaged to the inspector of police, Claude Bastien. Everyone responded with a lift to their glasses, while the American, Charles Reynolds seemed to nod and almost fall asleep at the table. He had become silent, which was what the majority of the diners preferred, especially General Dao and his wife, Trinh. Trinh thought she might be about to explode in defence of her husband and the South Vietnam regime, but as Charles had softened and quieted down, she kept the thoughts close to her heart. After all, Dao was looking after himself and responding well. No need for her to interfere, but if necessary she would, no doubt about it. Okay, let the North do their worst and let the Chinese come . . . sneaking mongrels as they were, supporting North Korea and now supporting their comrades of North Vietnam. They were vermin and they had to be stopped, but she feared that the South was not up to the job, even with the American advisory group. It needed more than this, it needed American troops on the ground, and the sooner the better. Even though somewhat overcome by the white and red wines of the evening, she thought that she had more to offer. And she was now determined to let it be known.

"You know, we have been infiltrated by China in centuries past. Continuously. Time and again they have attempted to rule us. And rule us they would now, through the North. Don't be misled,. The influence of the North comes out of communist China which has exceedingly expansionist ideas. Let me tell you something — they wish to rule the world. They want to spread their propaganda far and wide. The North calls for independence, but at the same time bows to the authority of Mao Tse Tung. The North will never win in this battle, never, never! Not ever. Not as long as Dao and myself are alive!"

There was silence for a moment around the table. Phuong looked at James and he raised his eyebrows. He smiled, while the hired help began to serve Ngan's specialty, *Dui heo kho noi dat*, a pot roasted pork served with a lush salad. The table calmed and savoured the special pork with its taste of garlic and mixed peppers. And the evening stole on as the talk moved away from politics.

Cuc was becoming used to her new name, Nhan Lien, as she presented her identity card to the military police at the steps of General Dao Loc's AVRN headquarters which was within walking distance of the Presidential Palace, to which she thought she might gain entrance once day if she was clever enough at her job with General Dao. The MP waved her in and she stepped

up into the interior of the concrete and marble building where she was greeted by a cool blast of air. She had a note which gave her entry through the vast interior lobby and to the several elevators at the rear. There was an MP in front of each elevator asking for ID. She joined the rush of morning workers, mostly female, pushing forward in line. Her stamped note showed permission for her to travel to the third floor to Colonel Khuu Anh's office. So far, so good, she thought as the elevator clunked and levelled, while the door slowly slid its way back. She stepped over the stainless steel plates, making sure she did not trip and walked into a hushed corridor with frosted windowed doors set in dark paneling. She stared left and right down the empty corridor, looking for some guidance, but it seemed there was none. She would have to walk along and search for the Colonel's rooms. She passed several offices, having no knowledge of what was inside and eventually came to one with the Colonel's name emblazoned onto the frosted glass window. She turned the knob on the door and stared at the scene before her. Seated behind a small metal-framed desk was a young Lieutenant attempting to make sense of some papers in front of him, while a telex machine chattered away on a small table by his side. He looked up with an anxious face as Lien entered the room, lines furrowed on his brow.

"Yes, what is it?" he snapped, pulling a fountain pen away from his lips. It had several grooves on the top casing, which indicated teeth marks. Lien registered in her mind that this was one slack jock to be cultivated if necessary. Also, he was reasonably handsome, which would make things easier. But what of the Colonel, the one who was compromised and seemingly willing to help her on her crusade. Where was he? She heard a cough behind a frosted glass door and the Lieutenant after checking her papers, rose from his desk, knocked on the frosted pane then entered, turning aside to usher Lien into the spacious office. The Colonel was lighting up a Havana cigar and staring out of the window. He indicated for Lien to sit. She drew a small cane chair up near his desk, sat comfortably with her hands folded on her small handbag, and waited. He certainly did not look like a man who could be compromised. She noted the braid and the heavy pips on his shoulders. His light khaki uniform appeared to have been made of fine linen or silk to suit the climate and she thought the heavy yellow service cuffs were meant to intimidate those of lesser ranks and no doubt civilians. Possibly, he once was true to the cause of the South, but lavish living had exposed him to compromise himself so as to save face and hedge his bets. He had opened himself up to so much blackmail by his foolish acts and was now aware of the price that was asked of him. Lien didn't attempt to flourish that in his face. She remained demure. She may well become one of the instruments of his further undoing, but she was not going to spoil the larger advantage by showing that. No, she would remain courteous, and although he would well be aware of why she was there, she had no intention of showing her hand. Any further pricking of the Colonel would be done by others. She was there for greater riches — she gazed out of the window at the prize waiting for her — the Presidential Palace.

The Colonel leaned back in his chair. She thought he seemed a little uncomfortable with her presence. His dark brown eyes looked her over, then he smiled quickly.

"Naturally, I am aware that what you go by now is not your real name, but that does not matter. Neither does the fact that I have arranged for General Dao's secretary to become indisposed. That is as far as I may go. Your superiors have assured me that will be the end of my responsibilities. Once I hand you over to the General it will be up to you."

Lien nodded. "And you will be leaving Vietnam?"

Colonel Khuu blew cigar smoke toward the window. He felt like blowing it into the girl's face, but thought he'd better not. "Yes, arrangements have been made for me and my family. You are to tell no one."

"Understood." She gave no indication that she sympathised with him. She wouldn't give him that satisfaction — he'd made his mistakes and he must live with them. "So, when do I meet the General?"

"You will begin as his secretary tomorrow morning at 8.00. I am told you have the necessary skills and have the correct security clearances?"

"Yes Colonel, all in order."

"Then present yourself to my Lieutenant in the morning and he will take you to General Dao's office on level four. I doubt if we will meet again . . . indeed, if that were to happen it would give me no pleasure."

Lien stepped out into the warm sunshine. It had been that easy! The man was a fool. She had expected some breathless moments, but it had all gone smoothly. The greater test would come tomorrow when she fronted the General, but then she knew that Dao was another ladies man and a sucker for a warm smile. While she wasn't full breasted, she would make certain to wear her tightest *ao dai* tomorrow, and she was fortunate that her rough time in the countryside had not affected her good looks, but a little paint and powder in the morning together with a subtle perfume surely wouldn't do any harm.

She felt light of heart. Things were going well, she was on the way to avenging her beloved Kim in a big way. She smiled as she mingled with the crowd, knowing that some of her comrades would be among those people — unrecognisable



to the average onlooker. Well, if there was not one or two upstairs in the building she had just left, there soon would be. Despite the crowd, she felt like a walk through the city and might even go in search of a good coffee, considering that the Colonel didn't offer her one, nor a cool drink. Ha, something she hardly expected! It was such a pleasant day that she decided to walk up the Rue Catinat to enjoy the surroundings of the old colonial buildings — a short walk to the Continental Palace Hotel where she might peep in and watch the rich at play. Much of the workforce had now thinned out on the pavements, dispersed at their places of work, which left soldiers, shop-keepers and tourists roaming the streets. She felt a little peckish and thought she might look in at the Givral Cafe opposite The Continental Palace. Normally, it would be a little out of her payment range, but once certainly wouldn't hurt considering that she'd been given enough francs and dong's by the movement, besides that was the place where all the foreign journalists hung out, even that author Graham Greene, though that was some years ago. Not likely to find him there now. And she had never read his book about Saigon, published in English and named *The Quiet American*. She didn't like Americans, neither did Greene apparently — too loud, too noisy, don't know much about Asia, especially the South. But to see where he sat at the bar, and to indulge in a pastry or two as the elite of Saigon did, well why not?

She came in sight of the Continental Palace Hotel with its 1880's French facade. She'd heard somewhere that the present owner, Mathier Francini, was a gangster who had come across from Corsica. She was not surprised. There were many French gangsters in Saigon. She wondered what he looked like? Probably had the same bony face with a dark moustache and tiny goatee beard as many of the French did. Somewhat a hangover from their earlier centuries, she thought, when they ruled the world. Or thought they did. Didn't Vasco de something or other get there before them to the Americas? Ah, there was the Givral, on the opposite corner looking so elegant underneath the Eden building with its French lattice windows above and the flats that may well have housed ladies of the night. And she was under no illusions that she may well have to temporarily join them if she was to carry out her aim. A sacrifice worth committing, she thought. Oh Cuc, you've come a long way. But then, it was so easy to get used to her new name Lien. It rolled off her tongue so easily and she had slipped into her new identity so well.

She passed by the window, looking in at the polished bar and shiny booths and thought, capitalists all of them, why should I mix with them? Why bother? And she remembered when the French troops left but three years ago, marching down this very Catinat, as if in honour. All of them, with their colours flying as if *they* had won the battle and not the North. A Drum Major flourishing his baton as if in admiration, paratroopers presenting arms, the defeated General kissing the South Vietnamese flag! What bloody hypocrisy, she thought. What utter lunacy, which made a mockery of the North Vietnam victory at Dien Bien Phu. She spat on the pavement and turned the corner, continuing down Boulevard Norodom. There was another cafe and bar around the corner, the *Fleur de lis Cafe*, which she thought she might check out. She was about to enter when she noticed the man sitting close to the bar. He was at a table as if he was waiting for someone. Cuc suddenly felt drained of all recent padding — she was back into her own skin, harshly remembering and knowing that the man she was looking at was none other than the Inspector of the Sûreté, Monsieur Bastein. What kind of destiny had brought her to this? Here was this man who had obviously tortured her Kim to his death and here was she almost standing in front of him! This could not be! Never! The impossibility of it all hit her like a heavy slap in the face. She felt herself bending to the waist, feeling sick. She had to get away . . . but her feet would not obey . . . she could not move. Her prayers immediately went to Son Trinh, the mountain spirit, for help. "Oh beloved Son Trinh, help me in this time of my distress . . ." She stumbled back around the corner into Rue Catinat, away from the scene that she had just witnessed. Difficult to believe what had occurred. She felt sick, but she could not vomit. The feeling swelled in her abdomen until she was sure she would burst. A man came up to her. "Are you all right? You don't look well." She shrugged him off and stumbled down the street past The Continental Palace Hotel. Wrong way, she thought, wrong way . . . how could those people in there see her like this?

She sat on the pavement . . . now she didn't care who looked at her. It didn't matter. Her thoughts began to stabilise as she hung her head. There is only me. There is only the quest I have been given to carry out. I believe in it. I believe in the future of Ho Chi Min. I am sent for a purpose which must be carried out, for there is no other way. But a voice within said 'some others must pay,' and she wondered if the inspector attended there regularly? And if he did . . . well, there might be an opportunity just too good to be missed!

Charmaine woke, feeling somewhat ragged. It had been an interesting evening, but not quite what she had been expecting,

To be continued



Motoring Memoirs

1959 Bristol 406 Zagato closed coupe D1-07



Found in a sorry state in America by Sean McSharry and brought to Australia, this Bristol Zagato took 10 years to restore under the expert craftsmanship of Sebastian Gross, just in time for the Earls Court Motor Show, Sydney 1959. Bristol had commissioned Carrozzeria Zagato build a limited series of light-weight four-seater cars on the 406 chassis in 1959, plus six which were solitary two-seaters. This is the first of these sic, only five of which survive. •

