

BOYS AND GIRLS



A DOLL FOR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER:—

Here is the doll of a hundred years ago—an old Welsh Pedlar Woman with her enormous basket tray of wares. She would be rather difficult to play with, don't you think, but her tray would be the greatest fun to sort. She sells everything—clothes-lines and children's garments that she has made, dishes and buttons, thimbles and huge brass pins, skeins of home-made wool and strings of bright glass beads. She must have done a rare trade in the days before shops were everywhere. And see her tremendous black umbrella? I expect it had to cover her and her shop too!

I wonder what little girl first thought she was wonderful? A little girl who could be, now, your great-great-grandmother. She took great care of her doll and played with her very carefully, so that in the end the Old Welsh Woman could be put away under a dome of glass, safe from the dust, so that you could see her these long years after.

For World Travellers

Is your pet subject at school geography? There's a huge modelled world map spread out in one of the wings of the British Pavilion. The countries are coloured and lit from underneath so that they seem to come alive, and all the oceans are real water. All the airports are marked with tiny Neon lights for you to see. But, best of all, a hundred and one tiny model ships go back and forth over the sea, from port to port, plying the world's trade and carrying the world's travellers. You can almost imagine yourself in one and going too.

You Lucky Ones!

WHAT a time you're going to have—you lucky ones who go to the Exhibition! And it's just as well it's to be on for six months or you'd just never manage to see it all. I expect you'll go back and back and back, and find something new every time.

And you'll have to be good hikers because there's over twelve miles of paved road—just round and about and not counting inside the pavilions—for your feet to cover! And vehicles are not allowed in so there'll be nothing to give you a lift!

But it's a magic land of everything that ever was—old and new.

Do you like aeroplanes or stamps or toffee apples? You'll find them there.

Do you like model cities or limestone caves or "hot dogs"? You'll find them there.

Do you like miniature theatres or roundabouts or ice-cream? They're all there—more than you could ever do with!

It's all the interest and activity and life of one small land in 100 years brought together for you to explore—an endless explore that couldn't possibly make you tired because it's all such fun!

—JILL

Roundabouts

Roundabouts and swings—a whole circus of fun! A whole small park of it to yourselves with all the things you know and like and a hundred others. Here are some of their names:

SCOOTABOAT, PIN BOWL, ROLL DOWN, BARNEY, CRAZY HOUSE, KAN KAN, WHIP, JACK AND JILL, DODGEM, TUMBLE - BUG, and OCTOPUS.

All the queer excited crowd and the dust and the heat and the smell and the noise and the Hurdy-Gurdy music that's so important—they'll all be there. And there's a train with a truly marvellous engine that's a tiny model of the "Coronation" one, with carriages for you to ride in and half-a-mile of track. And when you're weary there's a playroom full of toys and games. And when you're hungry there's nothing you could possibly want that isn't there to eat. It's the best and biggest Fair Ground that New Zealand's ever known.

*"Penny on the railway,
Twopence on the sea,
Threepence on the roundabouts,
And out goes she!"*



PIONEER HUT: Are you "of pioneer stock"? If you are you've something to be proud of, because it was only men and women with plenty of courage who dared to come out to this new world across a whole unknown world of water. It's hard, isn't it—now that all the world is "discovered" and known to us—to imagine just HOW brave! Right across the world—to land among hostile Maoris and build a home out of this wild bush of ours.

But how you'd have loved to help with the building of it—this Pioneer Hut, this very first home made of logs and stones and mud and creepers! There would have been lots you could do, too; mix the clay down with water from the creek; collect and carry the smaller stones and help to plaster them together and fill in the chinks in the great add-hewn slab sides. The uprights that you can see inside (because I've left one of the walls off on purpose) are smooth bush saplings and the floor is beaten clay. The cosy thick thatch is made of raupo lashed into bundles and threaded with soft and springy vine—not supple-jack, because that's too hard and has to be soaked. You couldn't have cut the vines. They're awfully difficult. But you'd have had marvellous fun swinging on their great loops in the tangled Bush forest.

I rather think, though, that you'd have stayed pretty near the house building and your fathers and uncles. Nobody would be quite sure that a fierce brown face was not peering through the leaves and a hand raised to fling a native weapon. After all, we were strangers and we came to take their land from them. Even after we had made friends and done our best to prove to the Maori that we did not mean to harm him, we would be very glad indeed, on dark and stormy nights, of our cosy hearth fire and the four walls of the hut we'd built so strongly.

FAIR MAGIC

*All the world
over, these
are the
things—*

*Music and
Laughter and
Roundabout
Swings!*

*Hurting and
gliding,*

*Whirling and
sliding,*

*High in the air
With the wind
in your hair!*

*Laughter and
Music and
Roundabout
Swings*

*All the world
over, these
are the
things!*

