

EZYWURK

STOVE POLISH
saves you **HOURS**
of cleaning!



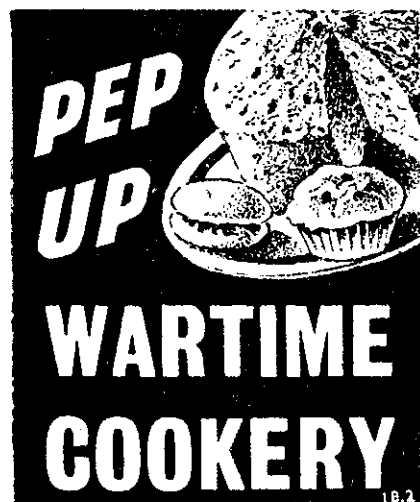
Stays bright
and clean
for WEEKS.

Also
EZYWURK
Cleanser
and
Stain Polish
in 6 colours



EZYWURK STOVE POLISH

Made in New Zealand
by S. A. SMITH & CO. LTD., Auckland



Make food more interesting, more delicious
by using Hansell's Cloudy Food Flavouring...
for sweet or savoury dishes. Highly
concentrated, therefore economical.
"Cloudy" means strength.

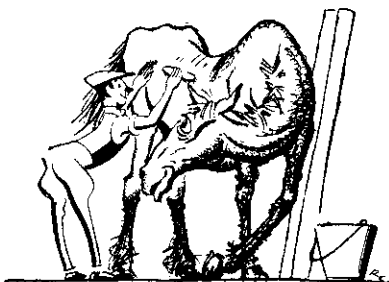
HANSELL'S

CLOUDY **FOOD**
FLAVOURINGS

COUNTRY PUB AND COUNTRY SHOW

HAVE you ever tried to get into a country pub at 20 minutes to three on a Saturday morning? A much more difficult feat, believe me, than the same at 20 minutes to three on a Saturday afternoon.

It was bright moonlight, but even so we didn't discover till much later that the door we gave most attention to was labelled *Private Entrance Only*. We chose that door because all the others seemed to be gigantic advertisements, a hollow mockery, we had no doubt, for various kinds of whisky. So W. danced hard on the heels of her riding boots and I knocked timidly, and then less timidly; but no one stirred; not even a dog. In the end, we walked in a



back door, crept along a corridor, and at last roused a head full of curling pins.

"You're late."

That was the only comment. Late! Twenty minutes to three on a bright moonlight Saturday morning. Late! And we'd walked those horses over 25 miles of hills since a dusky seven o'clock on Friday evening, a long time ago. All right. Late. And glad of those demure white beds in a school dormitory of a room with windows got at from a step ladder. And late for breakfast (scrambled egg or mince on toast): and late down to the showgrounds. . . .

* * *

"SHAKE a leg, you girls, we've still got these two horses to clean. Here, you take Joe and Pop down to the water and wash the paspalum off. Mind you make a job of Joe's white sock. And don't leave that brush lying around. I lose a couple of dandy brushes every time I come to a show. Now don't stand there gawping. Haven't you seen a horse before?"

Then I remembered that it must be 10 years since I'd been to a country show. No wonder I was dazed at the sight of so many horses all at once. The rope ring with the tethers extraordinarily close together—yet I didn't see a single kicking match—the patches of chaff eaten from the ground, the overalls, the brushes put carefully into the sugar bags, the saddles up-turned, the oilskins on the posts, the constant undercurrent of swearing over paspalum stickiness, the air of brittle excitement hanging over the ring as the man with the loudspeaker says it is now 10 to 10, and class 11 will be wanted in the judging ring at 10 o'clock sharp, we've got hundreds of horses to put through

to-day, and if you all want prizes, you'll have to make it snappy, thank you. . . .

* * *

MARE suitable for breeding military remounts, the schedule said. (There's no charge for the schedule; but I saw one man pay 32/- for entrance fees for two ponies; and neither of those ponies won a red, a blue, or a yellow ribbon). So the mares suitable for breeding remounts went into the ring and the judge looked at them. I looked at them, too. They would, it didn't matter what the judge decided, be the dams of the future farm hacks of the district; a few of them were stylish dames, visitors used to the hunting fields; but most of them came home yesterday on dusty roads with sheep from 10 or 15 miles away, or carted the cream down to the road-end, or stood with reins hanging waiting till the boss had finished fixing the well, or did a turn in the mower for the third cut off the lucerne, or jogged the four or five miles for the mail, for the bread, for the half-sheep from next door. . . . Most of them were fit-looking, but without that satin

polish you associate with horses hard fed and constantly rugged. Good sturdy farm horses whose breeding you couldn't discover if you tried for a month; but you won't find a farmer who'll sell one—the only way you'll get one is by waiting four years till it's a three-year-old. . . .

Ominous phrase: "suitable for breeding military remounts." So are they planning more wars and more wars, breeding new horses to work and die in those wars? If they must settle in for war *ad infinitum*, let them leave the horses out of it.

* * *

PONIES in the ring. That means very small girls and very small boys, a whole battalion of sticks and whips, and an occasional managing parent. A bad show, to have a managing parent along; if the little brute pitches you and you get on again and stay on, you probably get the prize out of simple force of popularity; if the little brute tries to pitch you and doesn't, you probably get

the prize and a round of applause as well; whereas with a managing parent along, the judge absolutely fails to see you, you might as well not be there, it's no fun, the other kids jeer at you, the pony is as smug as a poodle and the whole thing's a washout. (Note: Managing Parents kindly stay out.)



Some judges have a funny idea that a pony is going along fine under its own steam. Just let him come on the outside of the ring and see the view. He will see (a) the battalion of sticks in

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