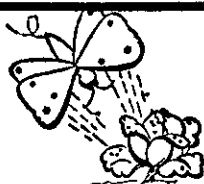


OF CABBAGES AND WINGS



He dug very deeply and just to make sure
He lined all the trench with nutritious
manure;
Then planted the cabbages out in a row
Kept giving them water and using the
hoe.

They grew very strong and were getting
big hearted,
Till the little white butterfly really got
started.
They chewed and they burrowed in
gluttonous glee,
While the gardener cried "Lackaday,
Woe is me".



Then came Mrs. Ata crying "Go on the
bust
And sprinkle them greens with Ata
Derris Dust;
It's death to the insects that chew up
your cabbages,
And it puts instant stop to their ruinous
ravages."



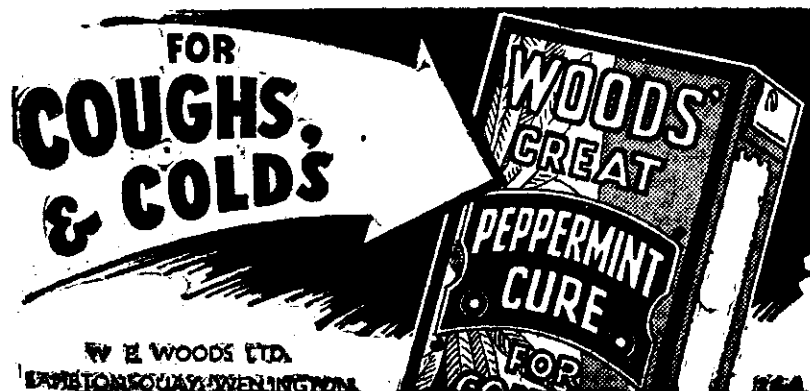
Ata Derris Dust is the non-poisonous plant insecticide. It is death to white butterfly, diamond back moth, green fly, cabbage moth, caterpillar, worms, red spider, plant lice, thrips, leaf hoppers, aphids, and other insect pests which attack vegetables, fruit trees, roses, etc. Keep a tin in your tool shed ready to kill the pests.

Mrs Ata says

ATA DERRIS DUST

protects garden greens

Ata Derris Dust is a product of S. W. Peterson & Co. Ltd., makers of the famous Ata family of household products.



Tinker Tailor Soldier . . .

A SHORT STORY
written for "The Listener" by
J. H. HENDERSON
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plate: "soldier . . . sailor . . . rich man. See, Peter?"

Peter was greatly excited. These were lovely new sounds, and he forgot all about his sheep, and cried "Tinker . . . Tinker . . . Tinker," turning the new word over and over upon his little tongue.

"Poor man . . . beggar man . . . thief, Tinker . . . tailor . . . soldier," said Mum. And that was the last of the cherry stones.

"Now try with me," said Mum, and holding Peter's hand which had clutched his own little spoon, they went over the stones, one by one, again.

"Tinker . . . tailor . . . soldier . . . sailor . . . rich man . . . poor man . . . beggar man . . . thief. Tinker . . . tailor . . . soldier."

THAT was many, many years ago, my friend, when Peter was only four. And the years went by, and the farmers were still poor, but content, and Peter went away to the city school, and then to University, and nobody ever thought of those cherry stones of long, long ago. And the war came, and the voice of hate came to the cities and to even the quietest country farms; the voice of hate, black and white and glaring in the newspapers, and angry and threatening through the wireless sets. And Peter went away to the war, but his big brother John had to stay behind to look after the farm and also to care for his parents, who were getting old and rather quiet and sleepy, and grey-haired, now, you see. And Peter's big brother married, and a new young woman with big blue eyes came to live at the farm, with John and the old parents.

And after some little time, they, too, had a little son. And they called him Michael. And when Michael was three years old, they all suddenly wished they'd called him Peter. For Peter, the soldier, was killed near the Sangro, and lay beneath gnarled, rheumatic, old olive trees, far, far away in Italy. And only his photograph would look down upon them now, for ever.

And Mum, who was now a grandmother, wept bitterly, but Dad remained tearless and gaunt, and gave no expression to his sorrow.

AND the days passed until one afternoon when they had almost finished their dinner and little Michael began to play with his spoon and raise a little uproar, crying "Hey! Hey!"

And the new young woman with the big blue eyes leaned over towards the baby chair and said: "Look, Michael, I will show you how to play a lovely new game. Now watch me."

(continued on next page)

HE had finished the last of the cherries and the stones, a hard white veined with red, nudged one another as they lay in smears of crimson juice at the bottom of his plate. When he had eaten the flesh from his first cherry, he wanted to spit the stone out of his mouth. I'll spit it out to please Mum, he thought to himself, puffing his cheeks out tight and firm, then putting his lips together to form a little O, the stone close behind them, waiting. Then suddenly he let his cheeks fall flat, and *pou-woufff*, out shot the stone. But he was only a little boy, and his lungs weren't very big just yet, and the stone, instead of sailing gloriously towards Mum, as he had imagined so happily, fell just in front of her, upon the white cloth of the dinner-table.

"Oh, Peter, you mustn't do that," his mother said, picking up the stone and putting it back in his plate. She showed him how Grown Ups, who never spit cherry stones into the air, drop the cherry stones into their spoons, and then lower them quietly into their plates.

"Do it like this, Peter," she said, showing him. "Like this . . . see? That's right. Don't be a big baby."

So Peter did as he was told, and he lowered the cherry stones into his plate, but with every one he imagined it curving gloriously into the air, and he thought to himself defiantly, But I am a baby en-e-how.

And now he had sucked all the firm red flesh from his cherries, and Mum and Dad and big brother John had finished all their cherries too. Perched high in his baby-chair, Peter began to play with the cherry stones, moving them from one side of the plate to the other.

I'm mustering sheep like my big brother, and my spoon is my dog, he said to himself. And aloud he cried "Hey! Hey!" and mustered the sheep within his plate vigorously.

Mum looked at Dad, and just for a moment their eyes were soft, and each knew of the other's unspoken love, both for one another and for their little son Peter. For poor people, people close to the earth, hard-working people do not find it necessary to speak of their love.

"Look, Peter, boy," said Mum, "here's a nice new game for you to play." She leaned over towards the baby-chair, and with her own spoon, which was far bigger than Peter's, she began to pick out the cherry stones.

"Tinker," said Mum, separating one stone from the others.

"Tailor," she went on, with the next stone. Then, bringing others across the