



"You must wait for daylight"

MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK

The Patriotic Farrier

THEY arrived in a never-ending stream of boxes, each box with a rope handle at the end, and a backache in every lift from the Army lorry to the shelves of the Q.M. store. Asked what they were, the transport driver explained that, as he was just the so-and-so driver, how should he know, and he didn't care a darn, anyway. But an accompanying Army voucher told the story. They were "shoes, horse, foes and hinds, with nails, squadrons mounted, for the use of."

At the end of a day's counting and checking, foes and hinds and nails to match, I never wanted to see a shoe, horse, again. But, back once more in civilian life, I encountered this kind of footwear in much happier circumstances. It was on a country road in the middle of the North Island. From a little shed, separated from the highway by a ditch with a rickety bridge, came a few bars of "Rule, Britannia," played in perfect tune and apparently on bells.

The farrier rested his hammer on the anvil and got ready for a yarn.

No, business wasn't so good; still, he managed to keep going. He had three good meals a day, a bed and a couple of pints at the end of the day. It was a pity that the Home Guard had been demobilised. Lots of chaps from a nearby squadron had brought their horses along to be fitted with shoes. But now there were only the local farmers and a bloke who was training a racehorse or two and who was talking about a string of polo ponies.

A good blacksmith would never be really out of a job. He did quite a bit of work on cars and farm implements, but he liked shoeing best. Horse riding, hunting, and polo playing would be more popular than ever after the war and he was so hopeful of the future that he was training his son in the art. "Art" was the right word, of course, because the farrier was just as indispensable to the welfare of horseflesh as the fitter in a ladies' shoe shop.

Punters on a racecourse, he said, never gave a thought to the fact that a properly-shod foot on a horse could make all the difference to its health. The average weight of a racehorse was half-a-ton, yet he ran on three or four-ounce shoes which lasted about five weeks when he was busy.

(continued from previous page)

quick shots in the air. This is where the damp cartridges come in. You try for a long time but you can't even get one quick shot into the air. There is nothing for it now! You must wait for daylight.

So, with the comforting thought that you at least have a rifle (that won't go off) for protection, you lean against a tree and listen to the jungle frogs quacking, the flying foxes screaming, and the sinister whine of the malaria mosquitoes. You are glad you took your atabrine but otherwise you aren't very glad about anything. Nor does joy come in the morning when you find you've been standing all night in the jungle about 25 yards from your own hut!

"Why," I asked, "do you tap the anvil gently after every four or five blows? Every blacksmith I have seen does that, and I have never understood why."

"Well, it's not just a habit," he explained. "It helps to give the head of



Our artist suggests the scene to be expected if "God Save the King" were played

the hammer a certain amount of springiness and eases the weight for the lift."

"But your music? That's just for amusement?"

"Yes, that's all. To amuse myself and my visitors. If I played it on a piano they wouldn't be interested. They think it marvellous, as you did, when I play it with a hammer on the anvil. People are like that." —E.R.B.

Benefits from Floods

ONE of the world's most ambitious engineering achievements — an achievement which has produced remarkable economic and social developments — is to be described by Sydney Greenbie from 2YA on Tuesday, May 22, at 7.0 p.m. Mr. Greenbie, who is special assistant to the American Minister in the Dominion, and general representative of the Office of War Information, will tell the story of the Tennessee Valley Authority. There are lessons to be learned by New Zealand from this talk. Problems we are endeavouring to solve—problems of river control and protection of agricultural land against erosion—have been successfully handled by the T.V.A. Mr. Greenbie happened to be in the South Island during the recent disastrous floods and what he saw prompted him to prepare a talk which suggests how all this waste might be avoided, and rich rewards obtained by the community.

American Society Favourite



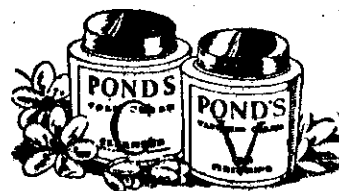
Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.

A charming hostess, Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., has a fascinatingly fine-textured complexion. She says "I've found Pond's Two Creams all I need for my skin care."

Pond's is the complexion care of lovely women all over the world. It is such a simple beauty method—and so effective! Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth your skin for make-up and hold your powder beautifully.

Supplies of Pond's Creams

Pond's are happy to let you know that supplies of your favourite Pond's Creams should be much easier to get very soon.



POND'S EXTRACT CO. INTERNATIONAL LTD., BROCK AV., TORONTO, CANADA