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seams, and Ariel is starting scallops, so they may need a little help. See that the children wash their necks. (I remembered that last time I looked after them their mother found a really well defined high-water mark round their necks.) And you have to see that Ariel cleans her teeth morning and evening. Ariel goes to bed at seven o'clock, but she will use any excuse to make it later. Rosemary goes at seven-thirty. They change their clothes on Sundays and I'm afraid they get a good many holes in their stockings. But don't worry too much about mending. Ariel has rather bad chilblains, and Rosemary had a nasty fall from her cycle, but I think they are all right apart from that. If they get bad colds, perhaps they should stay away from school. Anyway, if anything goes wrong, just send for me and I'll come straight home.

"Now, have I forgotten anything? Oh yes, the electric stove! They are apt to turn the power off unexpectedly, so you may have a little bother with the cooking, but remember, there's always the open fireplace in case of emergency. It's wonderful what you can cook in a large pot with a steamer on top. What a good think I kept that old iron pot of Grandmother's.

"Now darling, don't worry about anything, but just make the most of your time while you are in town and away from home. I hope you'll have lots of time for painting and music. And do have some fun. Good-bye!"

HOME AGAIN Last Party of Evacuees

THE third and last large party of boys and girls evacuated from Britain who have been the guests of the New Zealand Government and people for the last five years sailed for Britain some days ago. The High Commissioner was unable personally to address them before they left, as he would have wished to do, principally in order to take the occasion to try to say a word of thanks on the part of the United Kingdom Government. Instead, Sir Patrick Duff sent this message to them:

"On your departure for Britain, Lady Duff and I wish you a good voyage. You have had five memorable years here and will be thinking to-day and for the rest of your lives of the hospitality and loving care which your foster-parents here have shown you. The British Government share your gratitude for all that has been done for you, in the first and foremost place by your foster-parents, and by many other people and organisations, and not least by the New Zealand Government. Make a resolve not to lose touch with those who have been such wonderful friends to you, and wherever you go tell Britain of the heart-filling welcome you have had for five years in New Zealand's kind and lovely land.

"Happy landing to you all. And give my love to England. — PATRICK DUFF."

V.C. and Bar and a Dog



A SCOTTISH terrier, which had been part and parcel of my Christchurch household for some years, fell ill. He had cancer of the ear. Veterinary surgeons could do very little about it.

"Come with us," said some friends from the country. "We know a chap, who, if he can't do anything himself for the dog, will soon put you on to somebody who can. But it means a drive out to Lincoln College. First of all, though, we'll have to pick up the chap at 32 Gloucester Street."

We picked up the chap. "Oh yes, I'll see what can be done; glad to," he said.

"As a matter of fact I don't know much about these little dogs. I am more used to the bigger types myself." He looked at the Scottie I was carrying, and stroked him. "Poor little tyke's not too good, I gather."

The Scottie's name was Hamish. (This is his photograph here.) The chap fondled him, called him by his name and received the usual look of appreciation a dog gives for sympathy when in trouble. In spite of his professed preference for dogs of a larger type, he talked to Hamish in the way dog-lovers do.

At the college the chap introduced us to a veterinary surgeon. "Clever man, this," he had explained on the way out. "If he can't fix the dog, nobody can."

"Yes, I see what the trouble is," said the surgeon, "but it's beyond me." He suggested ways of relieving the pain, however.

"Sorry," said the chap from 32 Gloucester Street, "but you see how it is. Pity you've had such a waste of time. I wish an operation could have been performed."

We dropped the chap at his home. "Let's know how he gets on," was his parting remark.

Eventually the dog had to be destroyed, but I was very grateful to the man who had gone to so much trouble for an animal that wasn't his.

It is part of human nature, when a man becomes world-famous, for anybody who has met him for a moment, or had the scantiest dealings with him, to claim personal knowledge, if not a long-standing friendship. I claim the former, for the "chap" was the man who three years later became known the world over as Captain C. H. Upham, V.C. and Bar.

—SANDRA

it's the truth!

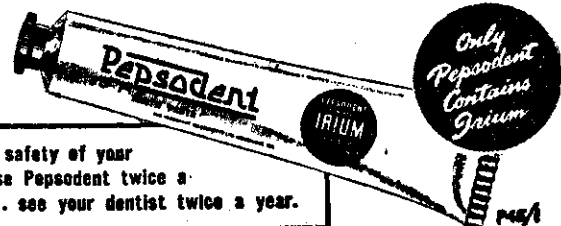


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