

had our chores to do before school and Vivian was supposed to do the milking. Angela could sense when things were not running to schedule. She would refuse to see the cow bail, side-stepping this way and that, round it and past it till Vivian was nearly frantic. Then she'd isolate herself in the muddiest part of the yard, between the bail and the fowl run, and stand there idly flicking her tail, defying approach. Or she'd blunder into the wire-netting, and send the young cockerels we were fattening for Christmas, flapping and cackling and skeltering round the yard. And Vivian would yell for me, and I'd drop the mash buckets, and between us we'd bail her up somehow; and afterwards Vivian would gulp her breakfast and rush into her clothes and down to the gate, but not before we'd sighted the school bus crawling like a caterpillar in the distance, and yelled to her to hurry. Sometimes the bus would be there and we'd have to ask the driver to wait, and the kids would be squealing with delight and shrieking, "Shut the gate! Oh, bother the gate. *Gee up, Neddy!*" and poor Vivian would come panting up, furious, nearly in tears.

Yet when Grandfather went to milk Angela would come lolloping up as soon as she heard the bucket rattle, and

GEORGES THILL'S CONCERTS

THE NZBS arranged for four broadcasts from concerts given in New Zealand by Georges Thill, the famous French tenor (below), who is here at present, and two of these have been heard already. The third will be from 4YA Dunedin this Thursday, October 24, and the final one will be from 3YA



Christchurch next Tuesday, October 29. The broadcast is expected to begin at about 9.10 p.m. in each case. Many listeners will have already heard M. Thill from 2YA and 1YA (on October 12 and October 19), when broadcasts were made of parts of his Wellington and Auckland concerts.

This is M. Thill's first visit to New Zealand, but he has with him as accompanist Marcel Lorber, a Viennese, who was here just before the war. Georges Thill is 47, and famed for his singing of leading roles in French opera. He speaks practically no English, but at a gathering in Wellington to which the press were invited he seemed to be well pleased with his first impressions here.

would stand like a rock without being bailed or anything.

She had a maddening habit of switching her tail, too. Once when Vivian was milking she asked me to hold the tail out of the way. So I held it for a while but pretty soon I got bored and hitched it to a rope that hung from the top of the shed. Then I perched on a rail while Vivian finished and we talked about what we'd do when we were grown up.

"And no nasty old beasts like you," said Vivian, unhitching the leg rope and giving her a none too gentle swipe on the rump. Angela lurched out of the bail, then swung as if on a pivot, arrested in mid motion. The bail creaked and swayed ominously.

I squealed, "Earthquake!" and fled. Vivian cried, "Oh, Lord! Look at that! Silly! You left her tail tied up."

Two inches of tail and the long middle ringlet dangled from the rope and poor Angela looked at us reproachfully. We were horribly contrite of course, but Grandfather never forgave us. He vowed we did it on purpose.

THE day the load of mangolds arrived for the winter Angela was very excited. She raced up and down, obstructing everybody and doing her best to sneak in when we weren't looking. That night she did a little solid work on the gate and in the morning there she was, blown up like a barrage balloon, hiccupping gently over the wreckage.

Grandfather roared, "Which of you children left the gate open?" and there followed a bad five minutes, but by the process of reconstruction it was found that he was last in, so Angela got all the blame. After that the gate was always wired.

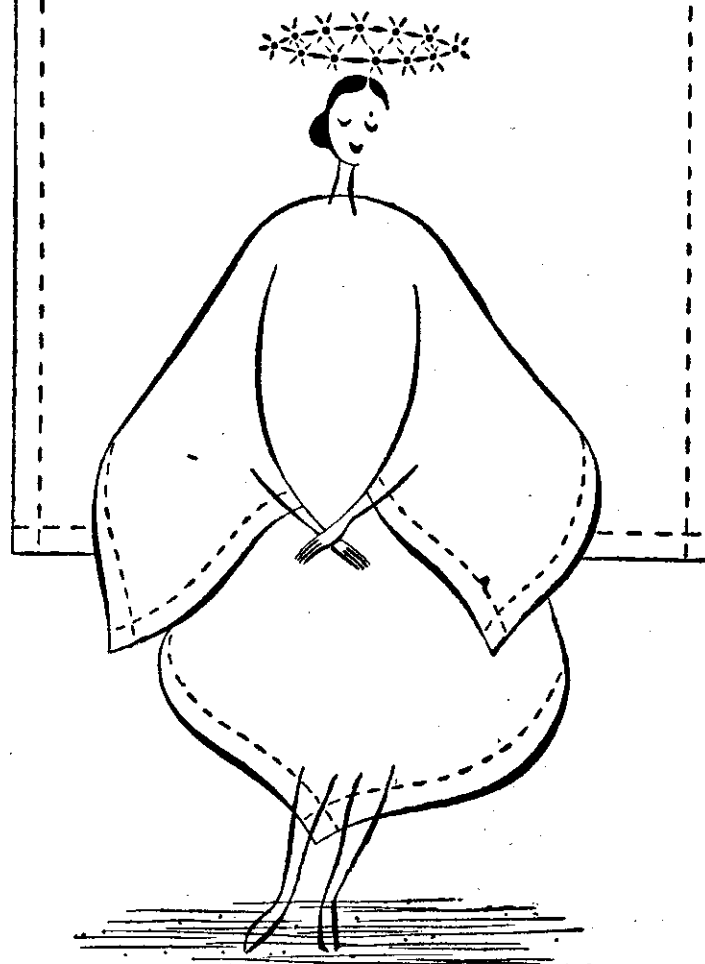
Yet Angela was not easily defeated. When the apples were gathered and stacked in the wire hammock under the trees by the house, the sight was too much for her. Knowing that the gate was useless, she kept pounding up and down the fence looking for the weakest place. Finally she charged and later we found her, the hammock trailing on the ground and apples everywhere. You never saw such a mess. But Angela was completely unabashed, even playful. When we tried to drive her out, she refused to see the gate and capered across the wet lawn leaving her great hoof marks everywhere. Even Grandfather was annoyed with her.

I think it was the air of complete innocence with which she used to cloak her evil doing that exasperated me most. Her misdemeanours were entirely unintentional. She was always so mildly astonished, so apologetic, like some dear old lady who has blundered into the wrong tea party. Yet, come hell or high water, she was determined to enjoy herself to the full.

And there was the performance with the drinking trough that we kept filled from a tap at the end of the paddock. She would deliberately nose the trough over on its side, right it again, and then run up and down the fence, mooing plaintively, as if she hadn't had a drink in years.

She certainly was a troublesome beast. Yet we missed her hideously. When we moved to town and Angela was driven back to the saleyards, we all had lumps in our throats as we watched her lumber off. From the impudent cock of her ears to the insolent flick of her tail, she was brimful of character—bad, perhaps, but nevertheless character.


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