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beauty when you use*

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Who wants a lovely smile? Who doesn't! IPANA helps your smile by thoroughly cleaning and brilliantly polishing your teeth. And IPANA'S *refreshingly different* taste is grand — it makes your mouth feel good. With massage, too, IPANA helps ensure firm, healthy gums — so vital to sound teeth.

*refreshingly  
different!*

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127 Manners Street, Wellington.

## SHORT STORY

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He showed his elbow, the joint projecting, the flesh scarred deeply with the vicious marks of rough surgery still visible. Johnnie nodded. "Everyone gets it sooner or later," he said. The foot throbbed, and he could feel the soggy bandage spilling. They were passing the small school with its clean cream walls and the pointed roof like a church. Through the pines planted evenly along the south of the cleared patch that made a playground he could see the children out for lunch. Some of them came running to the gate, hearing the lorry. They waved and he waved back. Suddenly his mind was at peace. Twenty miles to go, but a good road from here on. In an hour the doctor would be cleaning up the mess. As the school disappeared behind the trees Johnnie caught a glimpse of a slim blonde girl standing in the doorway. He could feel the blood come to his face, a hot wave running up to his ears, making them scarlet. He looked around, but Ralph was busy negotiating the railway crossing where one train passed each night and morning but where the signpost told you to Stop, Look and Listen.

YOUNG Johnnie sat on a stone under a tree and ate his lunch made of white bread sandwiches with mince and blackberry jam, smeared on thick so the purple came through like dye. He had been kept in for putting gum in Pat's hair. Now as he ate his lunch he watched the other children playing rounders. The girls and boys played together, the big ones with the little ones, and when the ball went over the fence into the scrub they all went over to look for it. Young Johnnie liked playing rounders and he liked coming down to the cream school with the red roof and hoisting the flag for Miss Thomas even though he couldn't sing the King in tune. Miss Thomas was blonde and very beautiful, especially when someone was naughty and she flared up and her blue eyes were like ice with a flame in the middle of them cutting into you. It wasn't only with children that she went like that. He had seen her once with big Johnnie, tearing into him so that he, little Johnnie had got frightened. Mister, she called him; no one ever called anyone Mister in the mill settlement unless they didn't belong. But then Miss Thomas lived at the farm near the school, and anyway she had come from town. Looking through the school porch Johnnie could see her sitting at her table with her head down and he suddenly wondered what she was thinking about. And then he heard the lorry coming and crammed the last mouthful down and crumpled the paper and ran to the gate, and Miss Thomas came out to look too. The lorry didn't stop but went right on, and big Johnnie was sitting very white and he waved at them; but then they noticed that the lorry was empty and they knew that something was wrong. Little Johnnie saw Miss Thomas come out and heard her ask in a funny kind of voice who was in the lorry, and saying, "Johnnie? Why, Johnnie's in the bush. . ."

They stood and watched the lorry cross the line and veer past the station on the way to town, and then they went on with their rounders.

RALPH came back about sundown and said everything was O.K. Johnnie would be right in no time, and no complications. Young Johnnie and the other children had a great time running wild around the school playing cowboys and Indians while waiting for the lorry; but now they were getting peevish. While they were having tea Johnnie heard his father and mother talk about accidents, and when he went to bed he could still hear them talking and his Dad saying, "Anyway he'll get compo." Then he heard his Dad go out, and he lay there in the dark thinking about Johnnie who was hurt until he felt quite bad about it.

THAT night Andy drove down to the pub himself to ring up the hospital. Ben and Sailor and Sailor's wife and Dave, the sawyer, went down too. While the ring was going through they went into the pub parlour. There was a good fire getting under way. There were no customers in the pub except after hours. The law said you could only drink until 6 o'clock; but the men from the mill, or from the few outlying farms, or the small dredge working up Mura creek had a fat chance of getting in before that. So since there was nothing else to do they broke the law. The pub stood open for all the world to see, with a light in front and a good fire in the parlour. It was good to get in out of the rain and stand drying yourself in front of the fire, and warming your inside too, even if the stuff was getting so weak that you needed a stiffener to get a kick out of it. It was civilised drinking, with women present and no rush, sitting down to it when you got dry; with the radio throwing out a good tune that made you forget the green bush and the tough going and the small boxlike houses. Tunes from the bright lights and the big streets, London and New York, and all the other places you wouldn't see, unless you were like Sailor but it was too late for that now. For good measure they had dragged in an old piano from the disused parlour at the back, and the sawyer Dave played: catchy tunes that had them singing and sometimes swinging it. Then the dingy parlour with its splotchy walls and cheap-jack couch and old red chairs became alive. Dave would thump, keeping time with his body till the hair got in his eyes and he had to throw his head back to keep it out. There was big drinking done, with everyone in. You put down ten bob and there wasn't much change, but you wouldn't put down any more for a long time, or maybe at all unless you were one of the cows who never went home. Sailor could take more than any of them, and when old Martin the publican got too shikkered to deal anything out Sailor used to take over. There was one thing about Sailor; he could take any amount himself, but when he was behind the counter he would never give it out to anyone who couldn't take it. Instead he'd fix up a bed with his coat out in the passage and tuck you up there, and every so often he would go out and see if you were O.K. At about 1 o'clock most Sunday mornings old Mrs. Martin would turn on a bit of supper, good hunks of bread and cheese and a cup of tea. If you were hungry she would sometimes let you get

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