

"Cut two catties for sand then, will that be all right?" said the tall boy.

"Take it," Fan nudged Er Wa.

Er Wa led the donkey into the temple courtyard where there were boys working at machine shops, going to classes, and doing all manner of things he hardly understood. Outside a big store room he stopped, and lads came out to weigh the wool. Half a dozen dogs came to sniff around Huang, and sit at a respectable distance, for Huang was very big, even for a Mongolian mastiff. Other boys he knew came around, and he talked with them about what he had to purchase. They had said that all the boys came from foreign parts, but most of those who came to look at his dog seemed to speak his own language.

He was given his money in crisp, new notes, and hurriedly left to buy the milk, wheat, and peas. Fan told him to come back and sleep in the school farm and put the donkey there. He said he would speak to the lad in charge of the farm, since the school always wanted things from Hung Shih Hu—gypsum, wool, and camel's hair.

SO in the evening Er Wa came back to the school, past the big gates, and on under a big paifang to the school farm near by, where there was a bit of ground covered with ice, on which Fan was skating, with pieces of iron fixed to leather shoes. This was a new thing for him to go back and talk about. In the farm the lad in charge was kind, and let Er Wa put the grain sacks at the foot of the k'ang where he was to sleep, but he would not have the donkey in the same room. They gave him a meal of mien, which tasted very good, even though he had bought a big bit of wheat bread in the afternoon and had finished it entirely.

Then as the gloom deepened, Fan took him over to the engine-house beside the big dagoba, and there, with a roar, a tractor motor started, the generator whirled, a boy went to the big switch-board, and suddenly, all over the school buildings, and down the street, lights leapt into brilliance. It was amazing. Er Wa had never heard such a stirring noise, never thought that such miracles could happen. In his home, it was perpetually dark and smoky in the win-

ter, always cold. In the summer the rooms were so full of bugs that sleep was not easy. But this electric light, these wide rooms, this bustle of doing and making, of fun and efficiency mixed—this was a boy's world undreamed of. . . .

He could hardly sleep for excitement that night. The k'ang was lit, and someone threw a sheepskin coat over him. . . .

NEXT morning he found Fan again, and asked how to get into the school. Fan scratched his head, and wondered, and called over some other Sandan boys to talk about the matter. Er Wa knew only a very few characters, but then, he was very clever and he was strong—they would see. And so they went to consult the lad in charge of the farm, a quiet Honanese, who scratched his head, too, and looked at Er Wa appraisingly.

"How would you like to shovel coal into the boiler?" he asked.

Er Wa did not like anything to do with coal. He had once been sent to work in coal pits, and a pit had collapsed, crushing several of the other naked "ants"—men who had to crawl up long tunnels carrying pitiful baskets of coal dust. But then those lights. Did they really come from coal, and not wheat? Yes, he would even shovel coal, if that was necessary, and pass through any apprenticeship needed. The Hunan boy smiled, and said he had better take his donkey home, and then after New Year, if his family wanted him to do so, he could come and work for a few months in the day, and study at night, to see if he could really work and learn, and after that . . . then they would see.

That night on the k'ang in Hung Shih Hu there was a long discussion. The donkey came close to the k'ang, and the mastiff crept close to the donkey, the family huddled together. Er Wa, under his father's sheepskin, talked till they slept. Er Wa's excitement was infectious, for the next day they talked on, and for many other nights. The cold days that crept on to the New Year seemed a little less cold, for Er Wa asked the way to write sounds from anyone who could tell him. The world seemed to be more hopeful somehow.

BBC TEAM IN INDIA

THE BBC has sent a team of news correspondents, feature writers and engineers to India to cover the first months of the transfer of power. Their aim will be to give the fullest eye-witness reports of day-to-day events, and to follow up with feature programmes putting the whole story into its historic perspective.

The news men are Richard Sharp, Wynford Vaughan Thomas, and Edward Ward. Each correspondent and his accompanying engineer will cover an area, following the run of the news there, and sending back their recorded despatches London either by beam wireless or air-mail, to be heard in bulletins, news-reels and special periods in all Home and Overseas programmes.

All three news men were BBC war correspondents. Sharp knows the ground already as he was in India and the East from the end of 1943 until the beginning of 1945. Ward was in the Far East after his release from a prisoner of war camp (he was captured in the Western

Desert) and has passed through India, while Vaughan Thomas who, it will be remembered, covered the Royal Tour in South Africa, will be paying his first visit to the country.

The task of the two feature writers, Louis MacNeice and Francis Dillon, will be to prepare programmes describing the landmarks of British rule in India from the beginning up to 1947. To help in gathering material they will take over the trucks and recording gear when the news correspondents return home, probably during October, and will carry on in India until towards the end of the year. Preparation of this material will be carried out under the editorship of Sir Reginald Coupland, Professor of Colonial History at Oxford University.

Both MacNeice and Dillon, as script-writers and producers, have many distinguished feature programmes to their credit. Much of MacNeice's work has been in the field of history, and Dillon has specialised in programmes about the countryside, notably the *Country Magazine* series.

SELF HELP September COMPETITION

Write 5 Slogans and
WIN £150



2nd PRIZE

A Kelvinator Refrigerator valued at £128/10/-.

3rd PRIZE

A "Whiteway" Washing Machine valued at £51/9/-.

4th PRIZE

An "Atlas" Electric Range valued at £32/10/-.

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SLOGAN COMPETITION CONDITIONS

1. Each entrant to submit 5 slogans, each not exceeding 10 words in length (the shorter the better).
2. The competitor's name and address in block letters must appear on the entry.
3. Envelopes must be marked "September Competition" and posted to Self Help Co-op., P.O. Box 2180, Auckland; P.O. Box 125, Wellington; P.O. Box 670, Christchurch; P.O. Box 612, Dunedin; P.O. Box 185, Invercargill, or handed in to any Self Help shop on or before September 30th, 1947.
4. No entry fee or entry form is required and the competition is open to everyone except employees of Self Help Co-op., or associated companies, and J. Inglis Wright Ltd.
5. All entries become the sole property of the Self Help Co-op.
6. The decision of the judges will be final.
7. Results of the competition will be published in leading newspapers and journals and will be available from Self Help shops everywhere.

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1st PRIZE
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3rd PRIZE
"Empire Sports"
Bicycle

Jack Morley,
9 Peel Street, Grey Lynn, Auckland, W.2.
Shirley Treadway,
c.o. Factory, Te Aroha West, Te Aroha.

Basil Logan,
19 Thomas St., Linwood, Christchurch, E.2.

WINNERS OF JULY COMPETITION

1st PRIZE.
£100.
2nd PRIZE.
7-Valve Dual Wave
Ultimate Radio
3rd PRIZE.
"Empire Sports"
Bicycle

Graham Botting,
16 Passmore Crescent, Maori Hill, Dunedin, N.W.1.
Melvin Dunne,
164 Derwent St., Island Bay, Wellington, S.2.
Miss D. Sutton, 17 France Road, Napier.