

Living and Learning

By "SUNDOWNER"

HERE is another angle on school education that it is perhaps worth emphasising. On my way up the valley I got into difficulties crossing a creek and emerged (on the wrong side)

EDUCATION FOR WHAT?

with a badly perforated radiator. It was risking more serious trouble to drive on to the nearest homestead—even in short bursts with my bonnet up—and I had neither the knowledge nor the facilities to effect repairs where the truck now stood. All I could think of was a telephone call to Oxford and a long and costly journey by a mechanic who might or might not be able to get me running again at one visit. As it was already six in the afternoon I was not at all cheerful.

what books or teachers have to say about them, and not suffering much whether they learn accurately or not. It made me think when all I could get him to accept in the way of payment was help with his "social studies" for the Correspondence School.

BY neglecting to go to the head of the valley I missed the Sunlight League settlement at the bottom of the saddle leading over to the Okuku. But I saw it from the ridges on both sides, and of course heard much comment about it from those who do as well as from those who do not think that Colonel

SUNLIGHT AND FAITH

Millton did his best day's work when he bequeathed his fine estate to this organisation. I am not going to repeat what I heard whether it was about Colonel Millton or the Commissioner of Taxes or the present committee of management. I am going to add an observation of my own.

I am not a member of the Sunlight League, nor, as far as I can remember, has it ever had a shilling from me. I am not sure that I even approve of it, or believe that any of these health campaigns bring results that justify the energy put into them. But I remember when the League was merely a hope in a noble woman's mind. I recall her first shy references to it, and my own shallow conviction that it would end before it began.



He set to work to take out the radiator

But I was saved by a boy of 14. Ransom Bruce saw me as he came in from the hills, rode over to ask what the trouble was, and at once went home for a tractor. In half an hour he had me under the trees at Island Hill, and next morning, having crawled under the truck and estimated the damage, he set to work with his own kit of tools to take out the radiator. To my astonishment he got every nut and washer and sleeve and bolt removed but one that had rusted in, and if I had been half as intelligent as he was and half as handy, he would have had that out too, and the radiator ready for despatch to Christchurch in something under two hours. (By a further piece of luck a plane arrived while we were struggling with this last obstacle, and when the handy pilot replaced the unhandy truck-driver the job was soon finished.)

Now the point is that Ransom had not once in his short life removed a radiator or seen one removed, and he should therefore have been as helpless as I was. But in half an hour he knew exactly what to do, chiefly because he is very intelligent, but at least partly because he has not been to school. He has been learning about things while others of his age have been learning

Twenty years have passed since then; perhaps twenty-five. When the first real believer came—I mean the first after Cora Wilding—I don't know. I am sure that most of those she approached with such hesitation proved as dull and heavy lumps of dough as I was, never passing, never intending to pass, beyond polite and tight-fisted sympathy. But the day must have come when her passion burnt a hole in a second person's cloak of complacency. She must have gained a disciple; then another; and when there were three gathered together in the name of sun-starved children their fervour perhaps broke bounds. I don't know what happened, or how, or when, but a society of sun-worshippers came one day into existence, and the rest of the story is on record.

The Sunlight League owns land. Unless some national disaster comes it is endowed in perpetuity. Already 8,000 sheep, on one of the best low-country runs in North Canterbury, are bearing lambs and growing wool to round off one shy woman's dream. She has waited long. Now she can see the glow com-

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"Today we're playing my way, mum!"



BABY: See—I'm the mama and you're me! How does it feel?

MUM: Terrible! Is this what it's like to be a baby? So many things making your skin uncomfortable?

BABY: Aha, Mum! I just wanted you to see what I go through! Now maybe you'll do right by me—with Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MUM: You mean you need both?

BABY: Sure do, Mum! Remember what the experts said? How Johnson's

pure, gentle Baby Cream would smooth me up and help protect me against the "irritating effects of urine"? And how nothing beats Johnson's soft, silky Baby Powder for chasing away those little chafes and prickles?

MUM: Honey child, I haven't been on my toes!



BABY: Get on 'em Mum! And when you see how Johnson's two blessings-to-babies agree with my skin you'll wish you were me—all the time!

Safe for Baby—Safe for You

Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson's Baby Cream
Johnson's Baby Soap

Johnson & Johnson
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