

blood—a mishap that left her looking more rakish than ever.

Our friendship was not all beer and skittles, though. On many occasions I had to get out of bed and heave a rock at her as she munched the hedge that grew outside my bedroom window. I didn't mind the hedge slowly disappearing so much, that would probably grow again, but Rosie, chewing and snorting, was like a concrete-mixer playing a serenade.

Rosie never bore me any grudge for the rocks I threw. She would always be her usual quiet, creaky self at milking-time. Once, though, when the flies were getting on her nerves a bit, and she was jiggling about and flicking her stock-whip of a tail into my face, she stood on my foot. That was a very memorable occasion, two toenails were taken off and one toe was flattened for good by her great hoof. I yelled blue murder and then thumped her with my free foot. Rosie slowly turned her calm, slightly mournful eyes on to me. I continued to yell and thump and slowly Rosie turned her head away as though puzzled that I should act so strangely, but determined to make allowances. Then, absently, she moved her hoof and I hobbled away to sit down and tenderly clasp my injuries.

But our regard for each other never faltered. Rose was an ideal companion. She was a good listener, she was never late for an appointment; always pleasant and agreeable, she never lost her temper, was never jealous, and she had a quiet sense of the futility of the many things on which man wastes his substance. She had lived her long life and she knew that most things were not worth the candle. She was calm with the philosophy of great age. There was only one thing now that she was waiting for. Slowly I discovered what that was—when I did I knew that there was no way out. Rosie was waiting for death.

ONE day Rosie came in with a bad limp and I thought her turn might have come. I looked for sharp stones

or sticks in her feet, but there was nothing. Maybe she had caught her leg in one of the nasty little holes that were all over the paddock. Then I saw her capering up to the dividing fence to see the bull who was just across the wire—she coquetted up and down before him without any sign of the limp. I'll say that for her, the old girl was a woman through and through, the sight of a male thrilled her as much as ever. Anyway, I didn't take much notice of the limp after, although she still made hard going of it unless her boy-friend was around.

But I could see the thing Rosie was waiting for coming closer and closer in her eyes. And she was ready for it, she walked wearily, she held her head lower. I felt she wasn't listening to my singing any more, she was listening for other things.

And then, when I went out one morning after a night when the wind had blown in cold rain and brought the temperature down with a bump, I found Rosie as usual in the sheltered little spot behind the tower. But her milking days were over. She lay on her side with her brown and white coat soaked with the rain. Her head was thrown back, and her one open eye stared upwards calmly. Rosie's time had come.

I walked slowly back to the house with the bucket and returned with a spade. I spent the rest of the day digging. Even in death Rosie was a very large cow. When I was finished there was nothing else to do. The days dragged after that. I didn't feel like singing any more. The silence began to get on my nerves. Finally, I sent word back by the next boat—I had a feeling that maybe the city would rush me around, push the memories of that old friend of mine into the background.

But so far the people are just the same, they still get in my hair, they only make me remember. It's funny how hard it is to forget an old brown and white cow.



*Sparrow Pictures*  
ATHOL COATS (left), who has recently taken over from Dudley Wrathall as Auckland compère of the "Challenge of the Cities" session, checks a contribution to the programme on IZB's new tape recorder



"Mum...you should get around more!"



**BABY:** Here's your chance to get around the way I do, Mum! You'll find a baby's life isn't all pink ribbon and lace!

**MUM:** But, honey! This is fun, so far!

**BABY:** Just wait, Mum. Hours of playing and wiggling around and all that stuff makes a baby's skin mighty uncomfortable. That is—unless his Mum uses Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder on him!

**MUM:** Hey! Could you be hinting that I've slipped up? Me?

**BABY:** 'Fraid so, Mum. Us babies need Johnson's nice, pure Baby Cream—to keep us petal-soft and help prevent what the doctor calls "urine irritation." Plus Johnson's silky Baby Powder for times when chafes and prickles turn us into cry-babies.

**MUM:** Say no more, sugar-plum! I get the idea—and you get the Johnson's!  
**BABY:** That's the spirit, Mum! With Johnson's Cream and Powder, I'll be the smoothest thing ever seen outside a rose garden.



★ Sterilized for your protection in accordance with the regulations.

Safe for Baby—Safe for You  
\*Johnson's Baby Powder  
Johnson's Baby Cream  
Johnson's Baby Soap

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