By S. Morrison Jones

ANNY and Tiki walked single file across the gorse paddock and waded the tiny stream where the water slipped quietly over the pebbles. They pushed through the gap in the hedge and stepped into the empty playground. was lonely and silent. They were always very early, and they were always high staring windows looked down at them without welcome, so that if they gate emphasised the silence. Fanny hated this morning emptiness but Tiki seemed not to notice it.



against the wall and sat on it, in the and neater than usual, because of the sun, resting their bare feet on the hot party. asphalt. Fanny, with her big toe, pressed bubbles of tar softening in the heat. Tiki stayed quite still, his stomach drawn in; sitting with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground.

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illustrations and a real story about Miss Pink (a mouse) meeting Grandpa Puff (a bullfrog), Gaffer and Gammer Greytoes (more mice), Miss Bee, Mr. Spider and others. Neither Bosky Goldfish nor Jonathan Seal appeal as particularly well conceived. Bosky writes poetry. A more juvenile way of spending his time would readers. Jonathan's adventures are written in a crabbed eye-tiring script, and phrases such as "Ethelred's exuberant and aggressive knowledge" stick out like lumps in a plate of ill-cooked porridge. The illustrations are sub-standard.

The Book of the Four Coloured Pencils contains drawings to colour in, and some funny antics by the Pencils themselves as they show how to do it, but the text may not be fully appreciated by small New Zealanders. Follow the Flute is expensive but well-produced, with some pleasant verses and illustrations in "seven lovely colours." The Unclouded Years, also expensive, combines full-page photographs of toddlers with little stories explaining them.

and the worried frown on his forehead didn't lift for a moment. Fanny was restless. It wasn't long before she began to move about on the bench, standing up and plumping herself down again. She climbed up on the bench suddenly, Every morning when they reached it, it and began running along it, her eyes all the time on the gate from the road by which the other children would come. first. The school was closed, and the She jumped to the ground, and began playing hopscotch on a den marked out with white chalk. She took no notice did speak it was in whispers; and the of Tiki. And after a while she went to birds singing in the wattle trees by the the gate and out on to the rough metalled road. She passionately wanted the day to begin, so she should not be alone with Tiki whom she could no

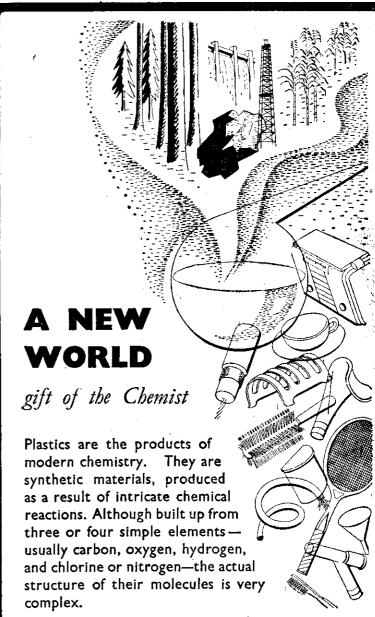
longer understand; Tiki who didn't want to play any more, so that he had become part of the change and the loneliness instead of a shield against them. wanted noise and movement and laughter.

The waiting was longer that morning. It was the last day. Teachers were not hurrying themselves, and children were not afraid of being late. But they came at last, the children turning in at the gate in twos and threes, laugh-

They drifted over to the long bench ing and talking, excited, and cleaner

TIKI slouched away at last to the boys' part of the playground. He tried half-heartedly to join in a game of ball, but he was never in the right place. He was always too slow and whenever the His face was pale under the brown, ball came near him he fumbled with it and dropped it, so that even younger and smaller boys jeered at him and pushed him impatiently away. He smiled apologetically, still frowning, the frown dominating the smile, so that they felt still more annoyed with him. Fanny was quick and full of life, moving all the time, here, there, and everywhere, so that even when the neat, fastidious little girls didn't want her in a game she took no notice of them and was have made him more attractive to young soon the leader. She was happy because she was no longer lonely, and she was excited about the party. She cheeked the bigger girls and she was rough with the primers; the blood mounted in her cheeks, making them warmly brown, and she pushed the tangled black hair from her hot forehead. She was very dirty and her dress was ugly, and the other girls avoided taking her hand or being caught by her in the game. All over the playground the calling out and the shrieking and the shouting went on incessantly, only a few little groups intent on secret chatter making oases of quiet in the din. There was never a single moment under the hot sky when everyone paused,

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There are, for instance, plastics made up of molecules in long chains; others consist of intricate networks of molecules. Some plastics are soft and flexible, while others are hard and brittle. All plastics have one property in common - at one stage of their manufacture they are plastic, or capable of being moulded.

Plastics are produced in powder, sheet and liquid which can be moulded, poured, woven, spun, extruded to produce anything from clothes pegs to complete radio cabinets.

The recent striking developments in plastics are the result of research in the great laboratories of Imperial Chemical Industries. I.C.I. have pioneered this modern industry which waits to serve you.

