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she said Not at all. . . . She had forgotten Fanny, and Tiki, and was absorbed in the importance of her own life above all others. It might happen another way—at a dance, he would be there, not taking his eyes off her, choosing her before all others—or perhaps he would be in church, where she sang in the choir. . . .

SHE remembered the doll that she carried under one arm. She held it up and looked closely at it. Thank goodness the child's dirty hands hadn't soiled it at all. She held it instinctively as she would have held a baby, and all at once she was conscious of a feeling of desolate loss, a hunger . . . and all round her she felt the words, Twenty-eight, twenty-eight, twenty-eight, and So plain, so plain. She tried to ignore them. Why did twenty-eight sound so much, so much older than twenty-seven? Twenty-eight—like a heavy stone sinking to the bottom of a lonely pool.

The doll—what was it that horrid little Fanny had called it, the Jesus-doll?—looked back at her with empty blue eyes, oblivious, and for one moment of queer fancy she thought of it as indeed that Person, and in a way oblivious to the hopes and fears, the desires and tragedies and failures of all of them. She walked on quickly, and took herself to task for being morbid and silly—it must be the heat, and as she reached the playground she had quite got over it, and was humming softly to herself; I think, when I read that sweet story of old, when Jesus was here among men. . . .

THE POTATO AND THE DAFFODIL

. . . . They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

BRONWEN, Pam, Arthur and Graham are not average New Zealand boys and girls. They are all in the Sixth Forms of Christchurch High Schools, which means that their parents have sufficient income to keep them at school longer than the average child.

Because they are bright and have a background of security, they talked entertainingly at a 3YA Discussion on school holidays.

Graham thought the first term was too broken up. It took a while to get started in a new form, and then there was Easter and Anzac Day, and before you had really settled down to work the term had ended. There were about eight odd day holidays through the year. Why not lump them together and take them in the middle of the dreary winter term when you really needed the break? There was some dissension over this. Apart from the Education Act, which, the Chairman pointed out, expressly forbade such a thing, it would be the ruin of football and hockey competitions, the working members of the family were not likely to have a

holiday then (and it was a good thing for the family to have a holiday together), the teachers liked the odd long week-end, and it was better for younger children, and their parents, to have more frequent, short holidays than a long stretch in which they didn't really know what to do with themselves. Graham retired, admitting he was probably wrong. It was very amiable and unparliamentary.

"Now," said the Chairman, "we come to an important problem. How to use holidays."

That was an easy one. Work.
"Get out," said Arthur. "Get into a job and see how the other fellow lives."

Agriculturally speaking, holidays evidently come at the right times. There was the potato harvest in May, someone explained, and wheat in January, and in September you could go into a brickworks, or a factory or something. The others didn't swallow this whole. The girls thought perhaps not the brickworks, and Graham wanted to relax a bit in

the short holidays, but they all wanted to work in the long summer vacation.

"It's seven weeks," Pam said. "If you don't work you get tired."

THERE was talk of arranging holidays to suit the potato harvest, if in some districts holidays didn't suit it already. The Chairman thought this very interesting and important.

So did I.

" . . . If you don't work you get tired."

Here were four bright New Zealand children drawing their inspiration and philosophy of life from the potato. No laughing and dancing with the daffodils for them. "Of no," they said; calm, confident and materialist. "The daffodil is a flashy spring flower, blooming to-day, in the florist's to-morrow, and on the third day in the dust bin. Poetry is all very well, and we would be the

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