



Good Night!

Yawny Mrs. Housewife, tired out with the laundry, (washing for five is hard work) goes sleepily (but Bourn-vita relaxed) to bed . . .

Good Morning!

Bourn-vita restored Mrs. Housewife (mother of three young harum-scarums and loving every minute of it!) set for another busy day . . .



Don't envy people with lots of energy—do as they do—delicious hot Bourn-vita before bedtime! It's just common-sense—deep, satisfying, relaxed, natural sleep renews vitality and energy—and that's the kind of purr-like-a-kitten, drowsy undisturbed sleep Bourn-vita gives you. You'll wake better, feel better, look better. Bourn-vita is tops in flavour too—light and chocolaty with the easily digested goodness of full-cream milk, eggs and barley malt. That's why it's *good night* and *good morning* with Bourn-vita!

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B12

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Country Life

GYMKHANA MOTHER

THE chief difference between a summer gymkhana and a winter gymkhana is length—length of hair, length of day, and length of mud measured downwards into the ground and upwards on your pony's legs. And the chief similarity between a summer gymkhana and a winter gymkhana is the competitor's never-changing always-urgent need of the indispensable mother.

"The pony, of course!" the competitor will tell you without any hesitation, if you ask him who is the most important person at the gymkhana. If you look unbelieving the competitor may perhaps try again and suggest the judge; but it is quite clear that he is simply trying to please you and that he really believes that that bedraggled, matted, hair-blinded, sweat-streaked, mud-enrusted pony is the most important creature on the muddy ground. Meanwhile his mother is trying to tease that far from silken mane into some sort of order so that the creature may better match his well-groomed programme name—Orlando, Pinocchio, Ariel, His Lordship, or Prince Charming—rather than his everyday farmyard or family name lightly tripping off the tongue—Nigger, Smokey, Piggy, Tiny, Tom or Tim.

"Now take him across to the sawdust patch and hold him there while I get Prue into her jodhpurs; don't let him eat and don't go across the boggy part." The indispensable mother gathers up three brushes, a curry comb, a rope halter and sugar bag a third full of chaff; in her muddy gum boots she plods along the track to the place where the big and mud-stained car is parked, throws her gear in the capacious back and begins to hustle her small daughter out of gum boots and flannel slacks into jodhpurs (khaki drill, good deep cuffs, an inch of room for the next three months' growth; yes, the indispensable mother made them deep in the nights when Prue and Richard were asleep and free to dream of incredible feats of ribbon-winning in the ring).

Suddenly there is a long and mournful wail from the bog in the hollow leading to the ring; women from all along the track cry out, "Mrs. G! Mrs. G! Richard's got into the bog with Ponty!" The small daughter is told to do up her shoes and then stay where she is. Ponty and Richard are dragged out of the bog, where the green spikey grass is undeniably attractive, and each is spanked sharply on the rump.

"You'll just have to ride him as he is now. I can't possibly get those legs clean again. Well, I'll see what I can do at the tap. Run and take off those shoes and put on your gum boots. Run, now! And bring me a brush to the tap." Richard runs.

"POOR you! All part of the game," sympathises a mother, herself temporarily on easy street. But she throws her eyes a little wildly to the place where her booted, hatted, gloved and polished 12-year-old nonchalantly holds loose reins, letting the pony do the forbidden thing—eat grass in his bridle before the event. She storms over; easy street was much too short a street. The 12-year-old receives a full volley of new



instructions, the same old instructions: "Don't let Lady eat; don't stroke her with your gloves on; keep the reins off the ground; keep your boots clean; don't push your hat back like that, you can take it off after your event; you'd better get on and walk her slowly up and down; don't trot and don't let her eat; you're next in the ring; keep those heels down!"

Poor Mrs. G. has sluiced Ponty's legs down; she knows perfectly well that when they dry they will look almost worse than ever; rats' tails, she mutters, and she means those incredibly long hairs on Ponty's legs. Richard will have to ride in his gum boots. His shoes are quite invisible; she'll cope with them tomorrow; or the next day. Now for Prue and Miss Muffet. Must re-plait Prue's hair, can't get her cap on with it up on top. Really, Prue looks sweet with the two plait bobs below the black cap at the back. If only she'll manage Muffy in the ring. "Richard, stand still, don't go off anywhere! Prue you can hold Ponty; don't let him eat; Prue, don't put your gloves on yet. Richard, come and hold Muffy's head while I get her ready. Nonsense, we're not blacking their hooves in the winter. Now, Richard, where's your cap? On you both get and I'll lead you over to the sawdust patch."

"CLASS for best turned-out pony and rider, pony under 12.2 hands, rider under 12 years; all in the ring now please!" The loud-speaker booms in two directions; those behind don't hear, but know by some eighth or ninth gymkhana sense that now is the time. Bustle of small shaggy bodies with pairs of legs kicking vigorously on their unheeding sides; mothers leading outstretched unwilling noses across the shingly safe bit in the boggy hollow; mothers giving final pushes and slaps to reluctant rumps; mothers lining up, arms folded, but not in relaxation; lining up in tense attitudes, their wiry, bulky, tall or short bodies swaying and bending and pushing in remote control efforts as their young bump or wander round the ring and fail, oh fail, to catch the judge's unprejudiced eye.

Someone, of course, is first; someone second; someone third; and through (continued on next page)