

paddock rising up to a low white cottage above whose single chimney is a static, perpendicular column of blue smoke. In the paddock twenty or thirty cows are grouped in a corner, and at some distance from them a cow stands nervously over a newborn calf. My host joins me. As we watch, and he curses the casual Irish for their ways with cattle (the calf was born in the open on a wet night) a small delivery van enters the field by the corner gate; now I see why the cows are gathered there: the car has come to milk them. They gather round and are milked into buckets beside the car, and this is called veiling. "Any old time," I am told, "all hours of the day—cows get uncomfortable—never regular—casual as you like."

* * *

DUBLIN in the Rain: All Dublin with its soles damp, trudging, softly padding along, dowdy, shabby. Smartness is obtrusive and conspicuous, is seen mostly in Grafton Street, the Hibernian Bond Street.

I begin to observe a little trick of the Irish, when spoken to, of standing still. The head fixed as if under a kind of invisible candle snuffer, and turning only the eyes towards you in answer: big eyes, and soft speech, often hard to hear at all. Quiet, gentle, and oh, how effective. The passive, injured race.

At the door of Trinity College Library, where I have been looking at that miracle of Irish Christianity, the Book

of Kells, I find a group of young candidates for the priesthood blocking the way out, sheltering from the rain which I, too, hesitate to go out in. Students, but sober, sombre, unboisterous, palely smiling; their lips move but little as they speak. Their hands are in the pockets of their black overcoats, but lightly, not thrust hard in. Their movements are meek and tentative.

* * *

POLITICS (Keep Off): At dinner one evening when there were visitors, including a former minister of De Valera's government (from whom I subsequently won 2½d. in the coinage of the Republic of Ireland, after he had taught me for the first time in my life the rules of poker) I heard the word "capitalist" used in a sense that startled me by its novelty. That former minister was reproached by his neighbour at table, a North of Ireland woman painter, with the state of the roads in Co. Donegal. An argument of such heat ensued that I feared for the atmosphere of the evening to follow, in my ignorance of Irish manners, or at any rate the Irish manners of this good humoured house. The climax of the scene was reached when the defender of the administration cried out, "And you can consider yourself damn lucky to be living in the last capitalist country in Europe." I don't remember when I last heard that word so used.

ROAD MAP.

*"Maps are of place, not time, nor can they say
The surprising height and colour of a building,
Nor where the groups of people bar the way."*

NOT even of place, this map we will follow in dark country:

The curve of a pen is bound, it is shadow show
To a stranger wondering how deep are the gorges,
At what height will there be snow?

MAPS are of compass points, until the traveller
Comes home again. Then place and time, as no map ever gave,
Have embraced the fearful thrust of a mountain,
The green menace of a wave.

FOR all was unexpected that we found;
Rivers were marked, but what map could foretell
The scouring of spring floods, the changed ford,
How the great boulders fell?

THERE is no absolute of place to be drawn
In neat precision with a mapping pen:
Lakes are hemmed in by thought as well as hills,
That has branched through many men.

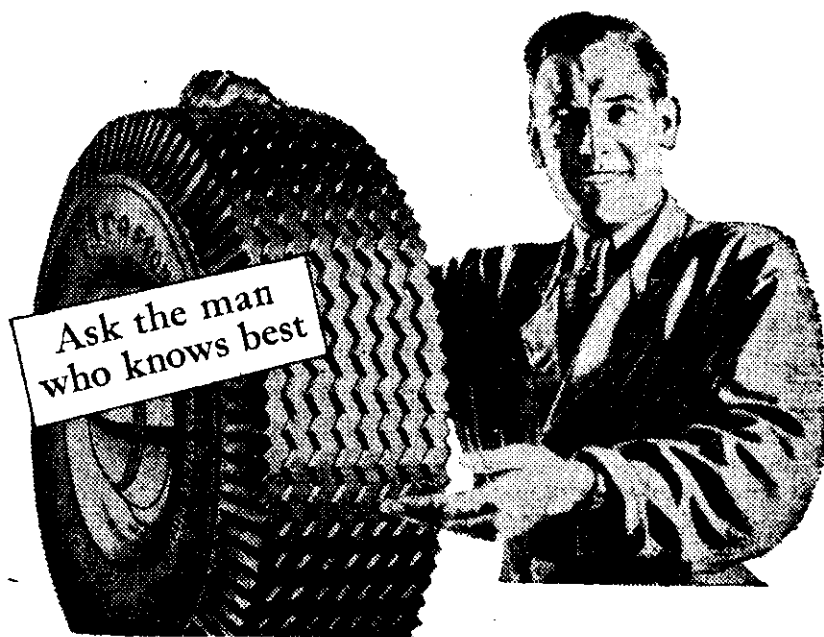
AND what bald estimate, in feet, of a mountain
Will give to the unfamiliar, setting out,
The awe of a white peak marching up the valley,
And the summit's long shout?

THE journey will people the map with recollection;
Place will be etched more clearly, sharpened in light
Where time has set: now there is left to wonder
Will this be beautiful by night?

PLACE will be integrate, but not on paper;
The mind's net flung and hauled, it is a silver catch;
Here was the limestone bluff, the sharp bend,
There was iced snow to watch.

BUT later, in what deep valley of hesitation
We consider time, and place, and thought
As tiny scratches on what surface, an ultimate
No map, or mind, has caught.

—Paul Henderson.



THE man who operates the Garage, Service Station or Tyre Shop—the man from whom you purchase your motoring requirements—knows tyres. Product knowledge is an important part of his stock in trade. It is vitally important to him that his customers are satisfied. That's why he'll be glad to guide your choice—and why you can trust his recommendation.

Firestone

*The Masterpiece
of Tyre Construction!*

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company of New Zealand Limited

Exact! THEY SYNCHRONISE TO THE SECOND...

MOVADO
WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS

SOLD AND SERVICED BY JEWELLERS THROUGHOUT NEW ZEALAND