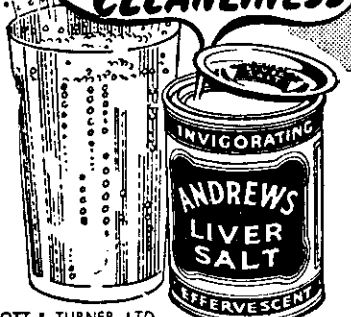


**Excuse me—
Children, too, need
INNER
CLEANLINESS**



SCOTT & TURNER, LTD.
ANDREWS HOUSE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

School Committee

I HADN'T been in the district six months before they asked me to serve on the school committee. Well, I said I didn't know much about it, but I didn't mind helping if I could.

We had a meeting or two, and then I received a telephone call one day. "Look, Mrs. K." the lady said, "you know we talked about not giving prizes at the school picnic this year on account of the war? Well, some of the old identities think we ought not to deprive the children of their prizes. They say we are sending round a subscription list, and we are only going to give the children ice cream. So we are holding a meeting to-night to see what we can do about it. Mr. W. won't be there till 8.15, so there's no need to come early," etc. etc.

"All right," I said, "I'll be there."

The man of the house was going to Home Guard that night. The eight-year-old was put to bed and the 12-year-old was promised extra pocket money to wash the dishes. I raced over to the post office to collect the mail, then to the store to get the paper, then through the village and up the hill to the school. I

Written for
"The
Listener"

by
M. R. KENT



heard the Home Guards shouting "Right Turn!" "Quick March!" as I passed the Town Hall. It must have been past eight o'clock, and I didn't want to be late. It makes a bad impression.

I ARRIVED at the school gates. A man walked leisurely towards me. "You'll have to climb over," he said. "They forgot to leave the key." I had my hands full of mail and papers, so I compromised by going away round to the back and climbing over the stile.

The new chairman came to meet me with a torch. "Mind the tennis-net," he

said. I went and sat on the front steps of the school with him, puffing mightily from my exertions. No one else had turned up yet. I took my shoes off and shook the sawdust out of them. I had taken a short cut through the old saw mill yard. We started talking about stockings. "What're the ladies going to do about stockings these days?" said the chairman, "Wear wool?" "Wear none at all," I said, briefly. "Very sensible, too, in the summer," he answered. Then we discussed the pre-war entry of Japanese silk stockings into New Zealand. We came to the conclusion that if there was one standard of wages all over the world it would be all right, but the way things were it wasn't fair to let Japanese goods into the country, even in peace time.

A MAN climbed over the locked gate and ambled up to the front steps. It was the secretary. "Come and sit down," invited the chairman. He came and sat down between us. "Couldn't get here any earlier," he said. "Don't like to start the milking too early these hot days. The heat knocks the cows back, and they're liable to go dry on you."

"How many cows have you, Mr. W?" I inquired politely.

"Forty-four cows," he said.

"And do you milk them by hand?" I asked, thereby displaying my ignorance.

"Oh, no, we have a machine." Well, I found out that the machine milks three cows at a time, that it takes from three to four minutes to milk each three cows, that they bale six cows at once, and that his son, aged 13, helped him. I also found out that if you allow the machine to stay on too long after they are finished milking you are liable to weaken the cows and spoil your herd. Although, of course, some people don't bother so much if they have a large herd, because they can easily replace the cows.

A woman's voice oo-hoo'd across the yard. "Well," said Mrs. C., "I kept looking across at the school, and I didn't see any light, so I thought you couldn't have got here yet, so I didn't hurry. I could have been here long ago. I told you I had to go to a patriotic meeting first, didn't I?"

"Never mind," said the chairman, "We're all here now that's going to be here. I'll have to climb in the window and open the door for you. The teacher forgot to leave the key."

SO he went round the back and climbed in the window, and we heard him stumbling over forms, and presently he

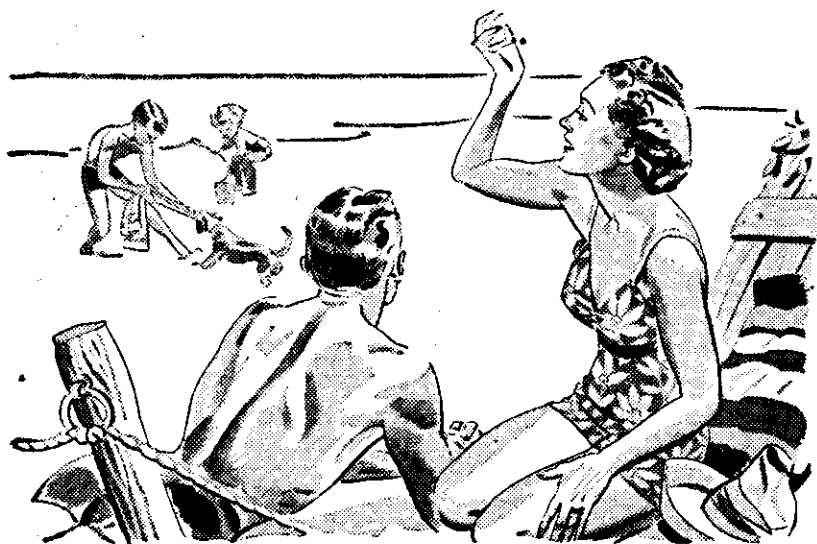
(Continued on next page)

HOME SUNDAY SCHOOL SERVICE

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Skies are grey now and dreary, but look ahead—the far horizon there is blue. That blue shall someday fill the midday heavens. Halcyon days will come again, bringing beauty back. Someday you will be out again under blue skies, your man at your side, feeling with a new intensity that life is warm and vibrant . . . with a new understanding for the beauty of simple, deep enduring things. Berlei beauty—under a war cloud now—will be back. Government standardization wisely conserves the precious fund of skill and material that Berlei beauty needs, for the war which must be won, and won

the hard way. But someday there will be no restrictions on our making the foundations you love. There are halcyon days ahead when we shall again be able to create for you the beauty now denied in a Berlei.

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