

over as lambs because they had not grown fast enough. They dodged the executioner when they matured because they were abnormalities—too big or too small, too fat or not fat enough, too old or too young for his purpose at that particular time. Year after year something kept saving their throats from the knife: a bad muster; a hard winter; a collapsed market; a lamb out of season; sickness; footrot; a broken wire in a fence. The generation to which they belong has been fertiliser for two or three or five or six years. Nobody knows how long, because these survivors are ageless. Time has shrunk them, twisted them, slowed them down, reduced their mad rushes to a shambling totter. But it is only now and again that anybody knows their story with certainty. It seems like the end of the road at last, but grotesque as they are I can't laugh at them. I remember that it was a blind ram on which Macarthur established the sheep industry of Australia—a bedraggled animal carrying about three pounds of wool which he bought at auction on a wet day at Windsor and carried illegally to Sydney.

RESTORING my garden has not been so easy as I thought it was going to be, or so pleasant, or so quick. There are still wide open spaces untouched by the spade, and the areas I have dug would not tempt me if I were a pea or a broad bean tormented by what Shaw called the life force. I am neither a born gardener nor a made gardener, but a protesting householder driven by necessity to grow his own potatoes and cabbages. I don't grow them well, but when I consider the resistance that has to be overcome I am amazed that I grow them at all.

I suspect, too, that there is a connection between not wanting to grow vegetables and not wanting to eat them. I accept what the doctors say about the necessity of eating them, and therefore grow them. But I grow them with difficulty and eat them without enthusiasm. I realise that I can't be right, but I suspect all the time that the doctors can be wrong. Who grows vegetables in Patagonia? Who eats them in Argentina? In Lapland and most of Greenland they

Happy Daze!

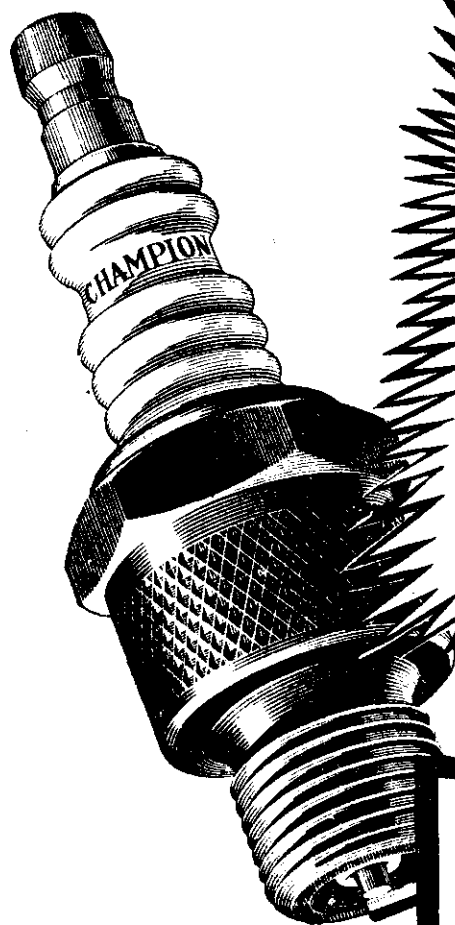
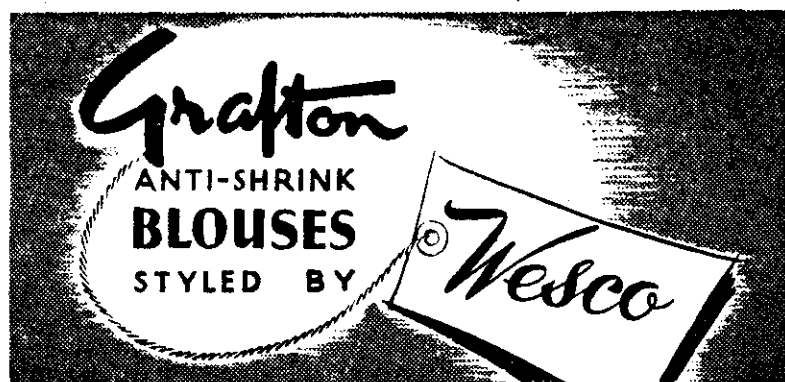
"FLOREAT ST. SWITHIN'S" and "Floreat John Dighton" too, for giving us the happiest comedy of schooldays in existence. Remember the film of *The Happiest Days of Your Life*? Or perhaps you've seen the play? Well, the NZBS are offering the radio version now, for the delighted enjoyment of all those to whom schooldays were never like this.

To explain the problem to the more atrophied intelligences of the class of '04—"Two schools into one won't go." But the Ministry of Devacuation absent-mindedly devacuated St. Swithin's School (for girls) to Hillary Hall, Hampshire, whose motto was "Homo in Omnibus"—which means "A man in all things" and has nothing to do with strap-hanging. St. Swithin's, under the generalship of Miss Whitchurch, flourished like wild, wild flowers to the great discomfort of Hillary's Head, Mr. Pond, and his staff.

In the van of the NZBS production are Principal Davina Whitehouse and Games Mistress Ruth Alley. Hillary Hall's team comprises Hector Ross (Mr. Pond), William Austin (Tassell) and Kenneth Firth (Billings). Bernard Beeby produced. *The Happiest Days of Your Life* will be heard in ZB Sunday Show-case at 9.35 p.m. on November 7.

can't eat them fresh, because they can't grow them at all; but they could grow them everywhere in South America, and yet they do grow and eat them only where that kind of food is more readily available than fresh meat. Man can live on almost anything, fish, fruit, vegetables, grain or flesh, if he gets enough of them. He does live in most countries on the food that is most easily found. Vegetarians, as far as I know, are neither more nor less healthy than meat-eaters. I am afraid, too, that they are neither more nor less wise, and clean and kind. But they do shed less animal blood—and I have not yet reached the stage of thinking that there is no ethical or aesthetic difference between shedding the blood of animals and bleeding plants and trees.

(To be continued)



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