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The Gloves

(continued from page 8)

chest of drawers, beside a cracked bit of mirror and a soapy shaving brush, there was another photo, but in that one he was dressed in old-fashioned clothes and he had his arm round a smiling pretty girl: you could see her white teeth and the dimples at the sides of her mouth. Mike looked at it wonderingly. He hadn't ever seen Mr. Kelly with a lady before.

—Sit down, boys, Mr. Kelly said. Sit down.

They sat on the edge of the bed and watched him read. The thin paper shook in his hands. His eyes were red and kept blinking. There was a smell in the room and it was stronger close to Mr. Kelly. When he'd finished reading the letter, he screwed up his eyes tight for a few seconds.

—Hah, he said.

A little frightened, Mike moved closer to Eric on the bed.

—You want to learn to fight, eh? Mr. Kelly said, looking down at them with a kind of grin: his face was all wrinkled, his nose was flat, and skin hung down over his eyes. His chin had bristly whiskers and there was a wet lumpy cigarette that had gone out in his mouth. Mike shifted uncomfortably under his stare, then suddenly held forward the scrapbook.

—We save boxers' pictures, Eric and I do, he said.

Mr. Kelly brought his face down closer to them; he couldn't seem to hold it still because it swayed round. The smell was much stronger.

—Hah, he said. His eyes blinked and he screwed them up again.

Mike looked uncertainly to Eric: he looked scared, too.

—Well, said Mr. Kelly, straightening up so quickly he nearly fell over: he gave a little giggle, like a girl's. Well, I'll show you two the old straight left, hey?

FOR a long time Mr. Kelly showed them things. He showed them the straight left and the right cross and the left hook and the right uppercut and how to hold their guard and how to move their feet. All the time he showed them he was jumping and bouncing round the room punching at nothing: he did the things so quickly and talked so fast that Mike looked puzzled; it was as though Mr. Kelly had forgotten all about them sitting on the bed watching, as though he was just talking to himself. And the more he punched and talked, the harder he'd breathe: and his mouth would hang open while his breath made little whistles. And his eyes would blink and screw up, and every now and then after he'd thrown a big punch, he'd stop and say:

—Hah.

Or he'd give another little giggle before he'd start dancing round again. And his sandshoes slapped up and down on the bare wooden floor: patter-pat, patter-pat, patter-pat.

—Hah.

After a very long while Mr. Kelly seemed to remember them. And while his breath made little whistles, he laced up their gloves with shaky hand.

—Now let's see you in action, hey?

And he went over to the table and had a quick sip at the glass.

Mike stood still while Eric danced round like Mr. Kelly had: now and then Eric'd poke out his left, but he didn't try to hit Mike.

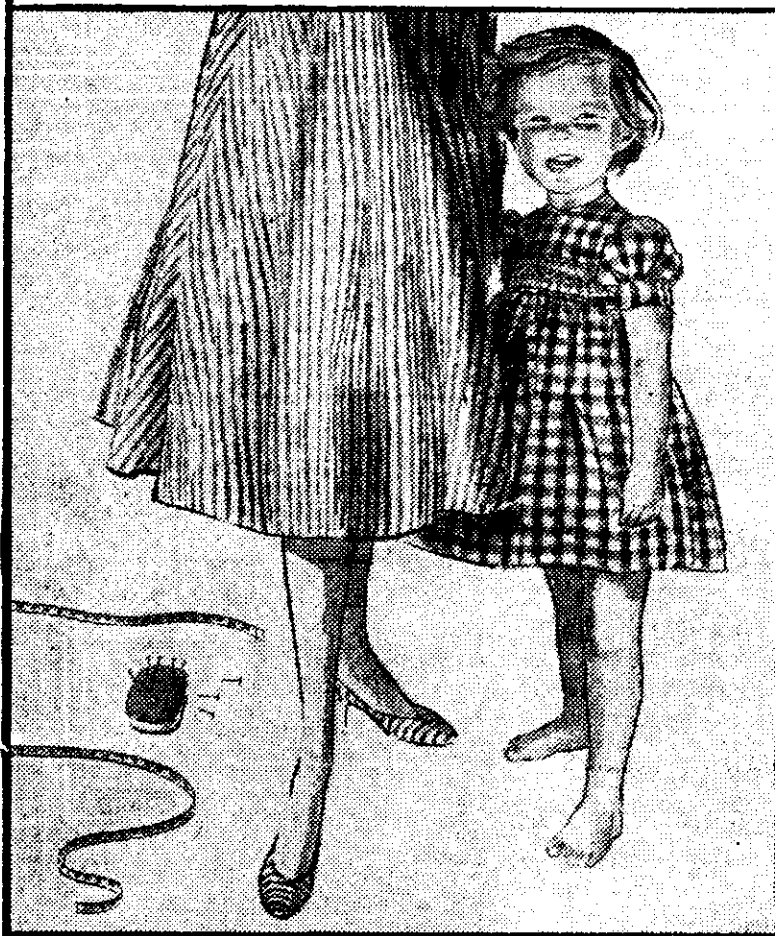
—Hah.

(continued on next page)

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FOR DOMINION DAY

WHEN, and why, is Dominion Day?

Ask a patriotic New Zealander and he'll probably be able to tell you that July 14 is Bastille Day, that the Americans eat turkey at Thanksgiving, and almost certainly he can inform you of the date, day and time of the Melbourne Cup. If you pin him down, he'll try to start talking about the prospects of beating the Springboks in 1960, the vanishing potato or the internal malfunctioning of his car. Away with cliff-hanging, then. Dominion Day falls on Wednesday, September 26, and commemorates the day in 1907 when New Zealand, from being a Colony, became a Dominion.

The NZBS plans to mark Dominion Day with a link broadcast from all YC stations at 7.30 p.m. of a programme of music by New Zealand composers, played by the National Orchestra under James Robertson. The works to be heard are Doris Sheppard's *The Puff Overture: Soliloquy for Strings*, by Larry Pruden; *Song of the Antipodes* (Douglas Lilburn), Three Poems by Thomas Campion (Ernest Jenner), and Trio for Flute, Bassoon and Viola, by Max Saunders.

Though we may not dash around putting out more flags for The Day here in New Zealand, there's no harm in hoping other people will appreciate the light under our modest bushel. To that end, the NZBS has this year prepared three programmes for broadcast overseas—two for the BBC and the third for broadcasting services in Canada, Australia, Siam and Malaya.

The programmes which will go out in the BBC's General Overseas Service are a concert by the National Orchestra and

the Schola Cantorum, and a programme of Maori songs introduced by Lindsay Macdonald—a former NZBS announcer and now one of the General Overseas Service announcers. The programme for Asia and our fellow Dominions is an impressionist documentary feature, *Sounds of New Zealand*, written and produced by Basil Clarke. This programme is a patchwork in sound of life in this country—of New Zealanders at work and at play, of new New Zealanders (i.e., those who have arrived since Kupe), and old New Zealanders, like the kiwi. New Zealand's past is sketched and its future foreshadowed in the mighty sounds of Wairakei and Roxburgh Hydro.



Spencer Digby photograph

DORIS SHEPPARD

N.Z. LISTENER, SEPTEMBER 21, 1956.