



★ "The surface of the court was hot and pricked his feet, but he walked across smiling to himself" ★

He felt proud and learned to be criticising the new court.

—Poor workmanship, the other answered, everything these days is poor workmanship.

They talked like old old men, but they were young, tanned brown as gravy, and dressed in white-washed tennis clothes, and wearing the right kind of shoes, white gym shoes, gliding them like white laced fish across the court.

They rasped their stiff-haired brooms back and forth, distributing a flurry of waterdrops and light and fragments of reflected cloud that were seized by the sun, as truants or prodigals, and sucked back into the sky.

Once more the court lay ready for play. There were three people left now—the two players and the man who sat by the herge. He was a patient who worked as rouseabout for the farm manager and his wife. His name was Roly, and his pants were tied with string, and his heavy farm boots were caked at the heel with cow manure. They were hobnailed boots.

He watched the men playing tennis. He had been watching all the time from the very first when the superintendent gave his speech and walked on the court and bounced the tennis ball, and everybody had clapped and waited for something to happen; and the whole procedure had seemed something wonderful and dazzling, and people had stared at the tennis court as if it were alive and belonged to them, and would make them rich, and tell them what they wanted to know, and talk to them and be kind to them. And yet it was just this grey slab. And everybody had clapped for it and waited and waited for something to happen; but they had got angry and changed their minds and gone home, and only the two men in white stayed, leaping and dancing.

—Love, they called out. Love fifteen.

Roly listened and smiled. He shuffled his boots on the ground, rubbing his ankles together.

—Forty love. Game.

Roly's head turned from side to side as he followed the shots. Sometimes he thought he would go back up to the farm and sluice out the cowyard and feed the new chickens, or watch them, as he had been told to. Yes, Mrs. Skeat, the farm manager's wife, had told him to be sure to stay and keep watch over the chickens, or else. She was going out, she said, after the tennis affair was over, out down to the village shopping, and Roly was not to go wandering about, but to keep watch. But Roly's head moved from side to side, and he clapped his hands at the beautiful players in the beautiful white shoes, and he forgot about the farm and keeping watch over the chickens.

But now the players were crossing to the pavilion for a rest, and suddenly there was Mrs. Skeat carrying her shopping basket, and coming through the gate to the court, making a shortcut to the farm. And Roly remembered the chickens and keeping watch, and she saw him at the same time that he remembered. She hurried up to him, calling in a harsh voice,

—Roly. What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you?

Oh, it was terrible, the new chickens worth pounds and pounds, and no one watching them. Roly, didn't I tell you? What about the chickens?

She raised her voice—What about the chickens?

Roly didn't answer her. There were no people in sight, and they had all waited for something to happen, and now it was happening. He felt proud but afraid.

Mrs. Skeat advanced—You great big lout. You great big lout, she repeated, come on home this instant. You wait till Mr. Skeat hears of this, and then you know what will happen.

Roly knew. It was called a privilege to work for the farm manager, and it was, and if you didn't work for the farm manager you just sat about all

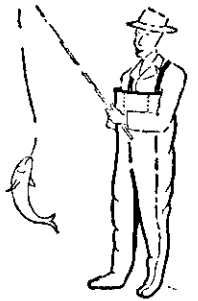
(Continued on page 31)

FISHING?

Use Uniplast
safety waders!

* Built-in
inflatable
pocket.

£4/4/-
a pair



Designed for your safety, Uniplast waders are made of heavy gauge c-o-n-d-i-t-i-o-n-e-d plastic, in standard sizes, 32", 34" and 36" leg.

If your dealer hasn't got them, write to us!

Send stamped addressed envelope for FREE SAMPLE of wader plastic.

UNIPLAST

BOX 734, HAMILTON.

*N.Z. Patent Appl. 116261. The same waders without inflatable safety pocket cost £3/17/6.

HEALTH HOME

Havelock North

::

Hawke's Bay



For Rejuvenating Body and Mind

26-Acre estate on sunny slopes; beautiful gardens, lawns, shady trees, lovely scenes, wonderful climate.

Special facilities for regaining Health. FOODS fresh from large garden and orchard. Home dairy products. Body building proteins. Sensible meals scientifically prepared.

Special Diets to aid in CLEANSING BLOODSTREAM, VITALISING NERVOUS SYSTEM, REMOVING ACIDOSIS, RHEUMATISM, MUCOUS COMPLAINTS, EXCESS WEIGHT, etc. Best English herbs available.

Breakfast served in bed. Morning and Afternoon Teas supplied.

Conducted by Herbert Sutcliffe, D.Sc., Ph.D., Food Scientist, Psychologist and Metaphysician, with 30 years' world-wide experience. Specialist in removing personal, domestic and business problems.

Wonderful testimonies by hundreds of guests Unique in N.Z. Home centrally heated for guest comfort.

Come for a Rest . . . Come for a Holiday . . . Come for Nature's Treatment . . . Come for Advice . . .

Tariff very reasonable

Write today for pictorial pamphlet and details to:—

"PELOHA" (Dept. L.2), Box 92, Havelock North, H.B.