

Sports & Pretenders

AFTERTHOUGHTS on a
Test match queue:
"When is a robber not a thief?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When is false witness not lying?"

SEPTEMBER 4
On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When does seventy behave like seventeen?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When is a fool a damned fool?"
On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When is football not a game?"
On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When does sport become 'sport'?"
On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When is profiteering funny?"
On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When do brigands laugh at the laws?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When do exploiters boast of their gains?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When does fair become foul?"
On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When do gamblers leave horses for donkeys?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When is a national upheaval a national downfall?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"When can sport be a pretence?"
On the way to Lancaster Park.
"And demoralising?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"And a swindle?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"And a joy to the Devil?"
On the way to Lancaster Park.
"And a mirror of our silly selves?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.
"And the true measure of our present distance from the jungle?"

On the way to Lancaster Park.

A HUTT VALLEY reader suggests that the explanation of our early spring could be what happened to the wood in autumn. He has, he writes, noticed for years that when the wood of fruit trees is well ripened in summer and autumn what happens in July and August is not important. "A wet and

CARP

Too old to mock, too wise to weep

*He plies his grown indifference.
Up and up and up he swims
Through tangled root and weed,
Up from the years of fallen leaf
And long drowned dragonfly,
Up past petals as they silt down
Pale in the graduated gloom.
Up, up from the layered years
That lie so calm and cold and lost,
Up swims this black and time gnarled
Shape, the undisputed carp.
And down, down, down
Sinks all that summer spent,
The gold, the rose, the green,
The wanton prinquise time.*

*Who hears the echo of a lover's words?
Who sees the naked shoulders gleam?
Who sees the life of a house go out,
With fishy eyes how some arrive
And how, time wrecked, the same depart?
Who counts a laugh a tear a sigh
As petals in the breeze?
Who, pleasuring in sun and mud alike
Totals existence with a swallowed fly?*

—Eric Stewart-Tattersall

N.Z. LISTENER, OCTOBER 2, 1959.

by "SUNDOWNER"

dismal summer, followed by a sloppy autumn, leaves a lot of unripened wood, sappy and not lignified, with little storage of food."

SEPTEMBER 5
That, followed by a mild winter, gives a late spring. But Canterbury as well as Wellington had "a glorious summer last year, a dry autumn, and a cold May and June," and now all the members of the Rosaceae family—pip and stone fruits, roses, and many other woody shrubs—are rushing ahead with weeks of frost still to come.

It is a new idea to me, more convincing than the Maori theory that cabbage tree blossom this year tells us what to expect next year, but it may have a bearing on that theory, and they may both be right. I have not been observant enough to agree or disagree. I can say, however, that the theory fits my garden at the present time. I have only half a dozen rose bushes, but they were in leaf before I noticed what was happening, and as a result I made a mess of the pruning. Plum blossoms appeared before the end of July, and a month later the trees are still white. Apricots and nectarines were a little slower, but early enough to suffer several hard frosts. Quinces woke the first week in August, then seemed to go to sleep again. Currant bushes, on the other hand, and gooseberries are behaving quite normally and this, my correspondent says, is what to expect with the Ribes family. I wonder if clear skies are a factor, and the quality of the light. I should expect them to influence the birds and rabbits, but I lack the information to make comparison with other springs. Meanwhile it is a new thought to me that it is the cold of winter and not the warmth of spring that gives us early blossoms and buds.

AS far as I know none of my Uncle John's ancestors ever saw Devon. But he was a true Devonian in his inability to distinguish "he" and "she."

SEPTEMBER 7
In Devon, I gather from a recent article in *The Countryman*, "everything is 'he' except a tomcat." To

Uncle John everything was "he" except a plough. He had heifer calves and bull calves like his neighbours, but when a calf became a cow it was always "he" when Uncle John spoke about it. His bitches were "he's," his mares, and I think (but can't quite remember the position here) his ewes. He did not, as illiterates apparently do in Devon, mix "he's" and "she's" in the human family, but "he" was the only gender of his animals.

Somehow his "he's" were not as funny to me as the "she's" of a neighbour who came from the Highlands of Scotland. With him—an old bachelor who lived alone—everybody was "she," beginning with himself. So were most of his possessions. "She's" not a big hut but she

keeps out the rain." "She," that was "he" would not go back to Scotland. "She," that was his horse—legitimately "she," I think—could see in the dark. "She," that was the saddle, hurt her seat (his) and chafed her (her own) back. I think—but it is sixty-five years ago, and memory plays tricks with us all—I think the people he disliked were "he's," including Uncle John. "She" was personal, intimate, affectionate, respectful.

I have heard Jim—I hope he will forgive me for letting the fact out—say "he" more often than "she" for his bitch Pluff. I think I will blame him for the fact that I have occasionally caught myself saying "he" for our heifer calf. But I don't know any woman capable of saying of an old dog, "Name's Nelly, same's me . . . little girl dog, he is."

(To be continued)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA'S WEEK

NEXT week the National Orchestra will play in the following centres:

Wellington, October 8, 8.0 p.m.
(soloist, William Herbert).

Lower Hutt, October 10, 8.0 p.m.
(soloist, Maurice Till).

The Orchestra will also be heard in live or recorded programmes as follows: October 6, 2YZ, 2YC; October 7, 2XP (conductor, James Robertson); October 8, YCs (soloist, William Herbert), 2YZ; October 10, YCs (soloist, Maurice Till); October 11, 2ZC, 1ZB (conductor, Vincent Aspey), 1ZC (conductor, Oswald Cheesman).

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