

next to a mother in a bus, strangers, yet we felt urged to converse. "I've two over there," she said, in tears, "one a prisoner of war." "Well," was all I could reply, "yesterday a man said that to be a prisoner was good news, for they've a chance to return." And she smiled, and said she had never thought of it like that before.—Mrs. Vee, Wai-kato.

MY PEN-NAME I chose because of its musical sound, not because I admire the Assyrians, many of whose most famous relics were found at Khorasbad. I think Eastern names are more musical sounding than many European ones. I had thought of using "Shalimar" as a pen-name—it's a lovely name, isn't it?—but I find there is a well-known nautical writer of that name.—Khorasbad, Marlborough.

I HAVE just come back from a holiday spent at a wee bay that so far is untouched by the hand of the Public Works Camps. Of course, I know these people have to live and follow the rail as it forges its way north, but still it is nice to find a spot where there are not dozens of tent-houses. The house where I stayed sits on a hill and looks out to the sea, and at the back, dense bush looms up to the sky. As it was wet on and off I could not wander at will through the bush, but I spent long hours on the beach. For several days there was a high sea runing, and I love nothing better than to sit on the beach, and

watch the waves dashing against the rocks. One wonders just how the rocks stand it, but, as in life's battles, the storm leaves its mark behind, as one can see when one climbs over the rocks and sees the deep crevices and scars left by the waves. I had



Sunshine is coming again, and Rose-Lane, under contract to Columbia, models a snappy brown and green cotton play frock. The blouse is apple green, and large green flowers pattern the brown skirt which has wide unpressed pleat centre, back, and front.

night when it was raining. At first I was full of confidence and courage, and assured my host and hostess that I was quite capable of finding the way home on my own in spite of the dark night and pouring rain. But as I proceeded further along the rough bridle track, and the rushing sound of the river seemed ever nearer and louder above the sound of the rain, fears and forebodings began to cross my mind. How swiftly that river seemed to be flowing! It must have risen considerably with all the recent rain—and I had soon to cross it. The thought was not a pleasant one. I should now be near where the track goes between two patches of bush. There was no moon, not even a star to twinkle in friendliness—just inky blackness, making it impossible to distinguish darker shadows to indicate the bush. The next moment my horse seemed to be going down, down, down. Where was I? Was I near the river bank? And I knew that river was swift and treacherous except at the one safe crossing place. My horse stumbled, almost pitching me off. It was too terrible. I could not go on, but could I even go back? All confidence was gone, replaced by a fear that was almost a panic. However, comforting myself with the thought that I had less distance to go back than to go forward, and had already traversed that distance safely, I turned my horse, and somehow found my way back to the cottage I had recently left.—Jewel, Tokomaru Bay.

THE other night we went to see the musical comedy "Rose Marie," which was put on by local people. And did we enjoy it? We loved every minute of it, from start to finish. There is something appealing about "real" people after so much of the films. There was colour and comedy, romance and music, all combining together to lift us, for a short while, out of the world of everyday into the magic realm of make-believe. As we came home singing the old songs we have known and loved for years, we felt we owed a debt of thanks to those folk who had worked so hard to make the evening's entertainment such a thrill for us.—Pigtails, Wellington.

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such a lazy time on wet days—I just sat in front of a huge log fire, and read and read.

My ducks decided that as I was on holiday they would go on strike, and they have not laid for four days. However, I scolded them today, and so I hope they take notice of what I said, and start again.—Biddi-Jan, Redcliffs.

"AND HOW does your garden grow?" Doesn't this time of the year make you think of only the glories of your spring garden? Up here the first bulbs were one day proudly blooming in the sun, but by night many were beaten down and muddled. A sudden fall of snow, followed by heavy rain, had come on, but before the rain started a different sort of nature beauty had been presented. This was the first fall of snow this season which had come as low down as here, and it wasn't welcomed by the other little "spring arrivals"—the lambs and calves! This year the wallflower has burst into bloom in an amazing paintbox of colour, and the scent is spreading all over the garden.—M., Feilding.

USUALLY, I enjoy a ride home at night by starlight and moonlight, but I had a different experience one

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