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ANDREWS' LIVER SALT
EFFERVESCENT LAXATIVE

Make yourself CLEAR — say

ANDREWS' LIVER SALT

The Pleasant Effervescent Laxative

Scott & Turner Ltd., Andrews House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

18A

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AN OLD MAN AND AN APPLE

Salt-Water Philosophy

THE old man peeled an apple with precise deliberation, and dropped half-a-yard of unbroken skin over the side of the wharf. He munched and talked. He had been a seaman and, as he explained, was never happy unless within sight of blue water. His son had a farm in the Manawatu district and he had been there for a fortnight. How a man could live right inland, with never a view of the sea, he couldn't imagine.

"Now there's something that makes you wonder," he said. "Just look at the lovely lines of that old coal hulk. She used to be a French man-o'-war. I come down here every day; I've got a little place not far from here and near the water, but wet or fine, you'll find me on the wharves. Have a piece of apple?"

"Matter of fact, I'm an old sailor myself and I've been round the Horn a few times. But just look at that old hulk. I suppose a captain was once very proud of her, and so he should have been when she was new-rigged and bright with paintwork and brass. I reckon it would be very interesting if the scientists would use some of this atomic stuff for taking a trip into the past. You know, like Wells' time-traveller. My first trip would be back a few years to see what that ship, her captain and crew looked like."

The old man was convinced that there were no real sailors to-day. Mechanics, every one of them, that's all. People walked about with their eyes shut. They saw nothing or, if they did, then they did not take it in. "Mind you, when I say there are no real sailors, I'm not talking about that four-master, the

Pamir. Those young fellows are the real thing. Every time she comes in I go to her wharf. I can sit there for hours, just looking at her. But you should see her under full sail on a sunny day. What a sight when she comes up the harbour with a bone in her teeth!"

WAR-TIME protective works are being, or are to be, removed from some New Zealand harbours. The Auckland Harbour boom is going and the Wellington anti-submarine boom, linking Ward Island with Kau Point, Eastbourne, will eventually be taken away, so that yachtsmen and fishermen will be as free as they were in pre-war days.

The old sailor sauntered along, sniffing appreciatively at the sea smells. There was the acrid whiff of hot metal and oil from a tug steam up. An appetising smell of soup and roasting meat hovered round the galley of a small coastal vessel. From a passenger ship came the almost indescribable tang of rubber flooring, paint, and smoke.

Perhaps the fish weren't biting; perhaps the crew of two had decided to have a day in harbour. At any rate there they were, doing the dozens of jobs that a small ship requires. A rusty winch was being cleaned and oiled, the funnel was being painted and a hatchway in the deck was open to the sun.

For hours, on one ship, boxes of butter had been slung over the side. The winch-man, just to relieve the monotony, gave a sling-full of boxes a jerk upwards just as it was about to land on the barrow awaiting it. The men on the shore stretched for it with their sharp hooks. "Here, what's the game?" said one. "Think you're running a marionette-show?"

ON one wharf, a pilot boat which had been taken out of the water for overhauling was chocked up. Men scraped off rust with their chipping hammers; others followed with tins of the familiar dull, red paint, and several just watched.

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Mullard RADIO

Wellington enquiries will receive prompt attention if you ring for Bob Horrobin. Phone 27-294.