

# I TRAVEL FIRST CLASS

(Written for "The Listener" by CECIL F. HULL)

I ALWAYS travel first class. That statement may sound snobbish and extravagant. But wait. Don't run away with the idea that I actually dissipate any hard-earned cash in the Oriental luxury of those firm grey leather chairs.

No, when I say that I always travel first class, I mean that I always buy a first-class ticket. That is the first move in the fascinating if difficult game known as N.Z. Travel Limited.

I then join the queue for Reserves, and in time I find only the counter between me and a platinum blonde who turns over the pages of a mysterious volume which I, being merely the intending traveller, am not permitted to examine for myself.

Pause for wistful reminiscence of the good old days when we used to be



"... like a godwit which has alighted  
... on the wrong continent"

handed a diagram of the seating accommodation and then made a fastidious selection of the seat which was to have the honour of holding us on the journey.

End of pause. The girl, after a brief survey, remarks casually, "No first-class seats available—you can have a seat in the second-class, O 36." With deepening suspicion you enquire if that is a seat at the end of the carriage with its back to the engine, the seat against which the door bangs with monotonous irregularity all through the night whenever the guard, under-guard, super-guard, pillow-dealer or peregrinating passenger decides on a tour through the train.

Yes, she admits, that is the seat; and though she doesn't actually emit the words, you can see, "Take it or leave it," forming in her epiglottis. She points out that if, during the journey, a first-class seat should become vacant, you are at liberty to move into it. No explanation is offered as to the method of divination by which you are to guess where or when this has happened, or how, in the dead of the night, you are to move a couple of suit-cases and a hat box through miles of darkened carriages to the desired haven.

You therefore submit, as she knew you would, and walk away meekly with your first-class ticket and second-class accommodation.

Why, then, some dull people will ask, if you knew this would happen, did you buy a first-class ticket?

Ah, that is where the real fun of the game comes in. In the first place you create a certain amount of stir when the guard comes for your ticket. You perch uneasily on the edge of your seat, like a godwit which has alighted, during migration, on the wrong continent, looking as though the surroundings were unfamiliar and distasteful. You enquire whether there is or is likely to be a vacancy in the class to which your education, upbringing—and ticket—entitled you.

Secondly, being an old hand, you insist upon the guard's writing out a document which explains at some length the reason for this unfortunate occurrence.

Then, upon arrival at your destination, comes the last move in the long game. You present your credentials at the right window, collect the refund and walk away, secretly rejoicing that you have saved those extra shillings.

Truth compels me to warn inexperienced players that there are one or two catches before you can feel you have won the game. For instance, there is no good going to the right window at the wrong time. If you do this, the N.Z.R. scores one. Then if the window is open, you may find you have neglected the precaution of holding on to your ticket. If you have, the guard scores one.

Of course, it is not a game for the aged and infirm, for sick persons or young children, but after all, the same may be said of Rugby football, and where would New Zealand be without Rugby?

So, in spite of all, I still travel first class.

## New Fruits From Old

SOME interesting new citrus fruits have recently arrived in New Zealand, having been sent to the Horticultural Section of the Plant Diseases Division by the United States Bureau of Plant Industry. Varieties of tangelo—a cross between the mandarin and the American grapefruit—are under observation at the Auckland research station and already two or three good varieties have fruited. The hybrids range in flavour from straight grapefruit to straight mandarin, with a number of attractive intermediate tastes. Some varieties are indistinguishable from sweet oranges. (For more news of plant research work, see article on pp. 10-11.)

## Your Will can become obsolete overnight

BY the sudden devaluing of assets, by the death of persons whom you intended to benefit, or from other causes in a rapidly changing world, your Will can become obsolete, and fail to carry out your wishes. A Will is a document which must be prepared with the greatest of care and skill. Remember that, as circumstances change, so may your Will need revision.

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