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that formed our western boundary he would think about the pumping system he planned to install. When Dad talked about these things you felt that they might happen at any time, perhaps tomorrow or the day after. Dad had the land and the ideas and the will, and he lacked only the money with which to buy the tools. I often think my father must have belonged to the race of men who inhabited the earth before money was invented because he just did not seem to understand it. Sometimes you meet a human being like that.

* * *

ONE day two men called at our farm, and tried to interest Dad in machinery. Dad was willing to be very interested in everything they had, but when he talked about paying later in the year they changed the subject. One of the men mentioned that he was just out from England, and Dad and he started yarning about the pioneers and the many curious features of our old farmhouse, which was 80 years old. The Englishman thought the depression would soon lift, and he said he felt sure we would have better luck when better prices came. This encouragement sort of lifted Dad up, and he told the man about one day hoping to get the tractor. The Englishman recommended a certain make which he said would be ideal for our type of country. Dad had always dreamed of a yellow tractor, and the picture which the man showed Dad in the machinery catalogue and which we children saw when we peeped over his shoulder was of a big yellow tractor, just like the one we had always visualised when Dad described it.

The Englishman was fascinated by everything about our farm, and he asked Dad if he and his friend could look at the bush. When they came back the ginger man was pleased because he had shot a hawk, and the Englishman was trailing a piece of clematis behind him which he said he would like to show to his wife, only he was afraid it would die before he got it home. The nice friendly Englishman sort of faded out of the picture now because the other man wanted to talk business with Dad. He said that he had noticed that we had cords and cords of manuka in our bush which was very easy of access, and that the dairy factory was on the market for it. Dad seemed to be rather dazed by this man's rush of words, which were

punctuated every now and then by "cords" and "royalties" and "terms."

AT last the two men got in their car, and drove off. Before he left the Englishman gave my brother Bobbie a pocket knife, and when the ginger man saw this he gave me and my brother a shilling each. Then he looked very significantly at our ragged garments and thin legs and dug in his pockets again, and this time he gave us two shillings. When Dad saw the way the ginger man looked at us a deep red flush came up under his skin. The last thing the ginger man said was that he would speak to Mr. Spencer of the dairy factory about our manuka, but I doubt whether Dad heard him.

Dad stubbornly stuck out that our bush was one day going to be a park, perhaps a national one, and he refused to make any move about Mr. Spencer, although my mother begged him to for the sake of his children. As time went by things got much worse for us, and my brother Bobbie got a cold which left him with a nasty cough. My father loved Bobbie better than he loved himself, and one day he went to Waiomu, where he saw Mr. Spencer, and acquired a shiny new axe. Next day he went into the bush and started cutting it down. I think that night Dad felt like a man who had accidentally thrown a stone through a stained glass window.

The clearing in the bush where the trees had stood grew bigger, and bigger, and after a while all kinds of noxious weeds grew amongst the stumps. If you cut them down they grew again. It was like a scar that would not heal. This kind of work was far too hard for Dad, and eventually he became ill, and we had to leave the farm. The last thing we saw of it as the lorry pulled out on to the road was the enamelled sign, "Hilltop Farm," which Dad had somehow or other acquired. This sign on our rickety old gate used to make some people laugh.

Another man acquired "Hilltop Farm," and to this man the miracle of the big yellow tractor and the thousand-pound note had happened. To-day the farm that Dad bought down Waiomu way is almost as neat and efficient as a well-run office. Where Dad's "park" once stood there is a grassy sward on which sheep and cattle contentedly graze. Dad's sign still hangs on the gate, but it is neatly nailed to a nice new gate, and looking at it you don't laugh or feel sad any more.

ZB's Plan Quiz for Juveniles

THE four ZB stations and Station 2ZA (Palmerston North) will shortly open a weekly session called the *Quiz Kids*, along the lines of programmes which have become popular in America and more recently in Australia. Five school-children between the ages of 12 and 15 years will take part, each receiving a weekly fee of a guinea. A guest "quiz kid," receiving the same appearance money as the others will be introduced to answer (if he can) questions missed by the other five. There will be a jackpot (familiar term to poker devotees) of £5 a week. If the guest has only one question to answer, and manages it, he will share the jackpot on a fifty-fifty

basis with the others, but if he answers two or more questions he will take the £5.

Questions will be invited from listeners who, for every one used and answered will receive 5/- and 10/- for a question used but unanswered. The quiz-master will be Jack Maybury. As the session is expected to last some time, contestants reaching the age of 16 years will drop out, to be replaced by a younger school pupil. All questions will be useful, covering history, geography, industrial matters, elementary science, mathematics and physics. Starting dates for this programme are: 2ZB, Friday, May 14; 1ZB, Friday, May 21; 3ZB, Friday, May 28; and 4ZB, Friday, June 11—at 7.0 p.m. from each station.



Interesting Teapots

No. 1:
Spode

Josiah Spode the first, established one of England's greatest potteries. He worked in salt glazed stoneware, Jasper and basalt as well as in porcelain. The teapot illustrated, made about 1765, is in Egyptian red ware with floral design in pink, yellow, green and blue enamel colours.

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