

## The Branch Manager

**I**NTERVIEWS with clients, correspondence, supervising accounts and getting new business; these are the tasks of the Branch Manager.



He is well-known in his community, for he is active in promoting the economic growth of the district and makes it his business to know local conditions. His training and experience give him a wide knowledge of the financial needs of business and of how the Bank can meet them.

If you have any financial problem (business or personal) discuss it in confidence with the Manager of your local Branch of the "Wales". He is there to help you if he can.

Consult and use —

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## DUOLOGUE

## DINNER FOR TWO

Written for "The Listener"  
by DOROTHY FREED

**W**HAT shall we have for dinner to-day, darling? I want to cook something you'd really like, specially for you. I don't know, dear. You know I like anything you cook.

But I want you to tell me something you like.

I really can't think of anything.

Heavens, you men are so unimaginative. Can't you think of anything?

Well, you suggest something.

That's simply not the same. Well, if I must, what about grilled steak?

Yes, grilled steak would be very nice.

But to-day's Tuesday and the butcher gets his meat in on Tuesdays. That means it wouldn't be properly hung, and if it's not properly hung it's always tough. No, it can't be grilled steak to-day.

Well, never mind, we'll have something else.

How annoying, grilled steak, just the thing you wanted, and we can't have it. What about fried oysters?

Yes, fried oysters would be a good idea.

But is there an R in the month? I never can remember whether you're supposed to eat oysters when there's an R in the month or when there isn't.

Well, I don't suppose they'd be selling oysters in the fish shop if it was the wrong month to eat them.

You can't trust the shops—they'd sell you anything these days. No, we'll have to cross out the oysters. I'm so sorry, dear. Think of something else.

I'm sorry, darling, I can't think of a thing. You say something.

Oh, you are exasperating. Just when I wanted to cook something specially for you. Well, what about veal cutlets? Veal cutlets would be wonderful.

\* \* \*

**B**UT wait a minute. I'm out of breadcrumbs, and I'm certainly not going to trail to town to get breadcrumbs to-day just for veal cutlets. And it would take far too long to make them. How annoying! I'm sorry, dearest, veal cutlets are out, too.

Well, never mind, I'm not so mad on veal cutlets anyway.

You just said they were wonderful.

Well, I—oh, well, never mind. Surely there are lots of other things we could have.

What about an Irish stew? You like that, don't you?

Yes, an Irish stew would be delightful.

But we had Irish stew on Friday.

That doesn't matter.

Oh, yes it does. I can't have you telling your friends you had the same dinner twice in four days. What sort of a cook would their wives think I was?



"I WANT to cook something special just for you and you insult my cooking"

My dear, I wouldn't dream of discussing your cooking with my friends.

No, I don't suppose mere food would be interesting enough for you to discuss with your friends. Here I have to spend half the day slaving away in the kitchen cooking meals for you, and you don't

even bother to mention to your friends what a good cook I am.

They all know you're a wonderful cook, dear.

Well, why don't you take a little interest in your meals? Why can't you say just for once, JUST FOR ONCE, what you'd like for dinner?

I just said I'd love to have Irish stew. And I've just told you Irish stew is out of the question!

Well—what did we have last Tuesday?

Last Tuesday? What on earth does it matter what we had last Tuesday? Do you think I'm the unimaginative sort of cook who gives her husband the same meal every Tuesday?

Well, just for the sake of argument, what did we have last Tuesday?

Last Tuesday? Monday we had the remains of the roast, and Tuesday—yes, Tuesday we had steak and kidney pie. I love steak and kidney pie.

If you think I'm going to spend hours in the kitchen making pastry to-day—last Tuesday I had some bought pastry in the house. No, thanks! Anyway, I told you before, I absolutely refuse on principle to consider cooking what we had last Tuesday this Tuesday.

Oh, well. I just told you what I really wanted.

What you really wanted! I've never known you to go all lyrical over steak and kidney pie before. You know perfectly well you said you wanted steak and kidney pie because I happened to