



ADMIRAL HARDY'S TEAPOT



INTERESTING
TEAPOTS, No. 11

DID Nelson say as he lay dying, "Kiss me, Hardy" or "Kismet, Hardy"? That historic moment is lost, but one thing we do know about Admiral Hardy—he loved his cup of tea and he made his tea in this charming old silver pot. Whether your service is silver, china or earthenware, it will make delicious tea if you put in BELL, the tea of good taste!

BELL

THE TEA OF GOOD TASTE

12.8

A BANKING VOCATION

Little more than a quarter of a century ago a banking vocation was the sole prerogative of men, but to-day the banking profession is open to women, who are playing an increasingly important role in the provision of the various services which the banks perform for the business and farming community and general public.

The **NATIONAL Bank of New Zealand, Limited**, with its 104 branches and agencies throughout New Zealand, has positions available for girls who are completing their secondary education this year. The personal nature of banking work ensures its interest, and the experience gained of commercial methods affords a useful business training with good opportunities for advancement.

The commencing salary is £150 p.a., £165 p.a. for girls with School Certificate. The remuneration reaches a minimum of £330 p.a., and thereafter salary increases are granted on merit, and depend on the nature and responsibilities of the duties performed.

Girls who are considering a banking vocation should apply for further particulars to the Manager of any of the branches of **The NATIONAL Bank of New Zealand, Limited**, in the main cities and provincial towns, or to the Staff Officer, The National Bank of New Zealand, Limited, General Manager's Office, G.P.O. Box 1508, Wellington.

SHORT STORY

THE OLD-TIMER LOOKS BACK

KORIRI was a proper West Coast township—just a pub and a store, a church and another pub, all flanking a metalled road that led nowhere. At least it led nowhere when we lived at Koriri. Once it had shown the way to a series of fly-by-night settlements that stretched right across the flats to the foothills. That was in the 'eighties when gold was still plentiful enough to bring up a family on. Father had been a boy in the 'eighties and he couldn't get the glories of the past out of his blood—he liked to think that he had lived in the time when grandfather had made strike after strike and ended up by losing the lot. Every so often

he would have a yen to revisit the scenes of his happy childhood where the babies had drunk in fabulous stories of gold with their mother's milk.

The thought of re-visiting the past always filled father with enthusiasm—he would broach the subject, usually, at dinner-time.

"How about a run in the car this Sunday, Ellen?" he'd say to mother. "Get a bit of a blow and a change. What do you think? We could go to Andersen's Flat." (Or Wellington Terrace or Wallacetown or French Crossing—they all held vanished glories for father.)

Our spirits would begin to sink right away—often we would have to refuse a second or third helping of pudding we would be feeling so low. But father would be as happy as a lark and he would begin reliving the exploits of the past without loss of time. As we listened to story after story our depression would increase until, when Sunday came, you would think we were going on an expedition to bury the future instead of uncovering the glories of the past. But we knew what we were in for.

The road to Andersen's Flat was in a hideous state of disrepair, and heavily carpeted with fern and blackberry, but father would set the old Model A at it with a confidence born only of ignorance, and on we would plough with our teeth near jolted from our heads.

"Road's a bit rough," father would comment. "It wasn't like this fifty years ago."

But mother wouldn't notice a bit of it—with eyes only for the beauty around her she would suddenly stretch out her arm across father's line of vision to point out some fancy bit of scenery. Dad would swear as the car swayed across the road like a drunk man. But mother would never learn any better—cars were just cars to her and her confidence in dad was sublime. To the two of us in the back seat, though, it seemed that death was after us with a thousand arms.

Often the second growth would be so thick that father would have to stop the car and get out with the slasher to clear the way. Either that or he would

spot a nice patch of dry bracken to fire. Father could never resist a good fire. It was in his blood, like gold. Our path was always marked by burnt out scrub.

"Can't leave that," he would say. "Fern's the ruin of the country around here." Out would come the matches and up would go a great tongue of flame with a roar. We would blunder away from it in the car, blinded by smoke. * * *

WE would know when we had reached Andersen's Flat because the second growth would be a little thinner, the blackberry a little more lush and there would be the mossy remains of a few scraggy apple and pear trees here and there.

"Look at them," father would say proudly of the fruit trees. "You don't get the fruit I had as a boy any more. Apples the size of your head—hundreds of 'em on a tree. . ."

Aching and hungry we would decant on to the grass and hang around mother while she organised us for lunch. We always cut our sandwiches on the spot because mother said it was more economical, and she would soon have us spreading the bread with this and that as she sliced it. Father would drift away and we would hear the slasher going in the scrub.

With the lunch spread out and the sandflies down in thousands to help us eat it, mother would call out to father. He would appear, hot and happy.

"Just been looking over old Joe Fiddler's place—damn little left of it now but I found the old plum-tree that grew in his garden. They were wonderful plums on that tree—too much for us kids they were. I wouldn't mind sixpence for every lamming I got going after those plums. . . ." Full of happy memories father would sit down to eat while the rest of us tried to keep our minds off the sandflies. Sandflies never worried father.

With lunch over mother would have us busy clearing away while father would saunter over to a nice bit of level grass he had marked out.

"Think I'll just have a lie down," he would remark casually, sinking on to it. For 40 years father hadn't missed his afternoon nap but he never referred to it directly. Each time he merely meant to lie down while the slaves got the chores done. Left to himself though he would have slept through to the next morning. * * *

WHEN we were finished we would sit down and look at each other and grumble, and after a while mother would become restive.

"We'll be sitting here all the afternoon waiting for your father. Dad—Dad! It'll be time to go home soon. . ."

Father, who always slept on his back with his arms folded and his mouth open, would grunt and give a sort of a shiver.

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