

PRICE & DEMPSTER NEWS BULLETIN

Beautiful fine gauge NYLONS. Latest Autumn dusk shades and smoke cloud. Fully fashioned. Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10. Only 2 pairs per customer. 15/11 per pair.

ROLLONS or EEZIES. Ladies' 2-way stretch English super quality, with suspenders. Sizes SW, W, OS. Usually 17/6 each now 9/11 each.

SPECIAL OFFER—Buy one pair Nylons and the Rollons for 24/11 the two.

Vantona make White Flanelette **SHEETS.** Single bed size. Price, 25/11 pair.

HOYLE'S Super Quality White English twill double **SHEETS.** Finished full 80 x 100 with 1½" hem, 5-year warranty. No dressing. Extra heavy weight. Usually 59/6 pair. Now 43/6 pair.

White linen finished superior quality English **SHEETS.** Single bed size. Price, 23/11 per pair.

Super quality white linen finished **PILLOW SLIPS.** Full size. Taped or Enveloped. Usually 4/11 each. Price, 3/6 each, or 38/6 per dozen.

White **PILLOW SLIPS.** Size 30 x 20. Enveloped. Price, 2/11 each.

Superior quality coloured Terry bath **TOWELS.** Size 24 x 43". Price, 5/11 each or 2 for 11/6.

Extra large Multicoloured bath **TOWELS.** Splendid thick quality. Size 60 x 30". Price, 11/6 or 2 for 22/6.

Heavy service quality Terry **BATH TOWELS.** Size 22 x 43". Price, 4/11 each or 2 for 9/6.

English coloured Terry **BATH TOWELS.** Famous Vantona make. Size 20 x 40". Price, 4/6 each or 6 for 23/11.

Pure Irish Linen **TABLECLOTHS.** Coloured borders in pastel shades. Size 47 x 47". Usually 39/6 each. 19/11 each.

Pure Linen **EMBROIDERY SETS.** Ideal for Xmas gifts. Boxed. Were £5/5/- set. To clear, 29/11 per set.

LACE TABLECLOTHS. Ecru colour, size 52 x 52", attractive designs. Price, 14/6 and 14/9 each. Size 72 x 90" Price, 35/6 and 36/9 each.

Children's All Wool Knitted **CARDIGANS.** Size 0, 1, 2, 3. To fit children 1 to 4 years of age. In White or Pink. Usually 13/11 each. Now 7/11 each.

Super quality **DAMASK TABLECLOTHS.** Size 52 x 52" with 4 naps in White, Champagne, Peach. Price, 32/6 per set. Size 52 x 63 in Cream, Peach, White. Price 32/6 per set.

Size 52 x 52" without naps, in Cream, White, Pink. Price, 23/11 each.

Welltime **ALARM CLOCKS.** Made in England. Price, 24/6 each.

Men's Khaki Drill **TROUSERS.** Sizes 4 to 8. Price, 14/11 per pair.

Men's All-Wool Ribbed Work Sox. English made. Price, 2/11 per pr., or 6 pairs for 16/11.

Men's Superior Quality **WORK SHIRTS.** With Collars. Famous regatta cloth, in plain or woven striped colours. Sizes 2 to 8. Usually 23/6 each. Price, 17/11 each.

Men's Superior Quality Grey Worsted **SPORTS TROUSERS.** Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Usually 84/- Price, 59/11 per pair.

Men's English Woollen **SPORTS TROUSERS,** with small stripe. Grey or Brown. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Usually 69/6 per pair. 49/11 per pair to clear.

Vantona make woven **BED-SPREADS.** Pink, Blue or Green. Size 70 x 100. Price, 35/11 ea. 90 x 100. Price, 43/11 ea.


Men's All-Wool Fancy **Half Hose.** Seconds. Neat designs or plain colours. Usually 6/6 per pair. State size, 10, 10½, 11, 11½. Price, 3/11 per pair, or 6 pairs for 22/6.

BALLERINA SKIRTS. English Cotton Weave in fast colours. Fine checks or stripes. In pastel shades of Sox, Red, Green or Mauve. Were 35/- each. Now 19/9 each.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.

PRICE & DEMPSTER LTD.
39 ALBERT ST. (Top of Swanson St.), AUCKLAND
Phone 49-254 P.O. Box 2135

LISTLESS? *Keep perky* WITH **K.P. LIFE SALT**



LARGE 3 3/4 BOTTLE

A little each day keeps you healthy and gay

ELECTION DAY

ELECTION day is a bad day for hitch-hiking.

We got a ride out of Napier easily enough. A Power Board man in a little ten-horse van picked us up. We had to squeeze in.

You chaps going home?

Not likely, we told him. We hope to get to Taupo tonight. We'll vote somewhere along the road.

Funny election, he said. Don't know who'll win. Been this way before?

So we told him who we were and where we came from, and he told us about the earthquake and how the land we were passing had come up. Cars went by with ribbons fluttering from radiator caps, lamps, and door handles. He pulled up beside a power pole along Westshore.

That's all right, glad to give you a lift. Don't forget to vote, he said. Remember, every vote you don't make is two for the other side.

We stretched ourselves. The sun was beginning to burn back off the bitumen, and we would have liked to have gone over the sandhills for a swim. We always tried to travel too far. A few cars passed and trucks with workers on going in to vote. One drew up beside us and a Maori gave us a hand each and pulled us up onto the tray. We sat with our backs to the rocking side board. The wind whipped round us, tangled our hair, and made us blink. We told them who we were.

YOU won't get there tonight, said a big man in a black shirt, who was sitting on a pile of sacks behind the cab. You voted yet?

No.

Why don't you come with us?

Oh, we'll do it later—when we get on a bit.

Well, who you voting for?

There were about eight of them. We told him.

There you are, stupid, he said, giving a kick to a box where a chap sat in the middle of us. They're bright boys and you don't know what side of your bread's butter.

That's all right, he shouted back. We'll see who's right. He gave me a wink.

The truck turned off and stopped. We went round to the cab and gave our thanks. You keep straight on, he directed. Good luck. The gang in the back let out a few yells, and one of them threw a spud in the air.

It was nice walking. There was no great open view—we expected to see that later in the day—but it looked like a place where people worked and



Written for "The Listener" by
JOHN WERN

took care of the soil. There were rows of peas, green, and the crumbled, brown earth—it would give softly under the boot—the poplars, and the still grass at the roadside. The ugly barbed wire.

We took off our coats and, squatting in the warm grass, slung them under the flaps of our haversacks.

Come on, called Ken, he's stopping. And we ran after a Morris that he had hailed, and which was now pulling up slowly as though its brakes were not gripping. The door swung open.

Where are you chaps going? I'm not going into Eskdale, he said brusquely.

Taupo, we hope.

Taupo! All right, hop in. But I can only take you a little of the way.

Ken crawled in past the front seat and packed himself in among the suitcases at the back.

HE started badly. It wasn't easy on the car. He'd just got through the gears when he said, with half a laugh, Have you fellows got any guns in that gear?

I felt certain this wasn't altogether a joke, but I treated it as one. Guns! Good heavens, no. Next time, perhaps. We're just on holiday.

Huh 'mm, good oh. You've got a long way to go. Think you'll get there tonight?

He told us he was going up to stay on his brother's farm for a few days. He'd arranged to have the rest of the week off and make a long week-end out of it. He needed it, he said. He hadn't had a holiday last year and wasn't likely to get more than a few days off this Christmas. You chaps looking for work?

Not yet, we said. We're going to have a holiday first, and then we'll take a job.

There's plenty of it to do, he said.

The little car bounced along the road. I read the warrant of fitness. I was hoping Ken would make some talk. I didn't think he and I would agree about the elections.

Then he said, glancing at me, I think I know where you chaps come from.

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