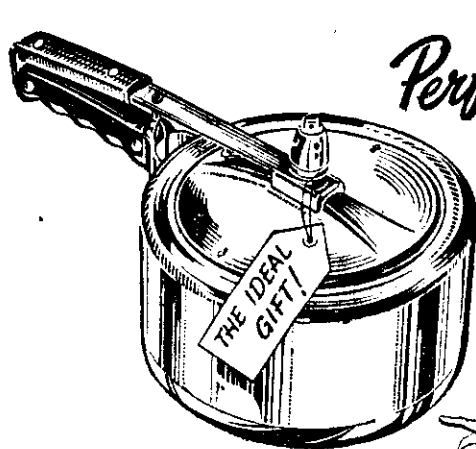




*Perfect Meals
by the
Minute!*



The Hawkins Universal Pressure Cooker ensures perfect cooking, saves 80% in time and fuel, and ensures that nutritious qualities are kept in the food. It's the perfect gift! Two models now available from all good hardware stores and electrical dealers.

8½-pint MODEL. Specially recommended for use on gas and other open flame. £5-10-0

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FOOD SEPARATORS. Set of three handy containers, to allow food separation, is available at extra cost.

Hawkins UNIVERSAL PRESSURE COOKER

The Hawkins Universal is made in England by
L. G. Hawkins & Co. Ltd., Drury Lane, London.

N.Z. Factory Representatives:

JONES, BEGG (N.Z.) LTD., BOX 152, WELLINGTON.

Hawkins Universal Pressure Cooker users! Join the Pressure Cooker Users' Club, 30-35 Drury Lane, London, and receive free of charge, regular issues of "Silver Lining", containing valuable and up-to-date recipes for Pressure Cooking. Prizes given. Send a card today!

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There are vacancies for Nurses at the following Hospitals:

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Auckland Mental Hospital.
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PAY: Commencing at £4/8/- per week, after payment of tax, and with board, lodging and uniforms provided.

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TRAINING: Full course of training is given for Registration as a Psychiatric Nurse.

HOW TO APPLY: If you are near to one of these Hospitals, call and see the Matron or write to the Medical Superintendent of one of the Hospitals. They will be pleased to explain the work and conditions.

Country Life

CAMPING FOR PARENTS



THE children, carrying fifty-pound packs and cheerfully vague as to when we shall see them again, have gone off to climb in the mountains. Suggestions that we might, perhaps, go too, have been firmly set aside. Climbing, the young have informed us, is beyond our waning powers; we must remain behind and take care of ourselves. So we who once organised family holidays are left at home to twiddle our thumbs or find some nice quiet boarding house where we can be suitably looked after.

Despite our advancing senility, however, we still retain a spark or two of our old fire. So we decide to make for a friend's sheep-run where we have been assured of a place. There we will camp.

On the appointed day the weather forecast is discouraging. But we are tired of loitering about in town. Anyway, the car is packed and everything is ready. So, despite the previous two days' thunder and hailstorm, we willingly wake up an hour earlier than usual and set off.

By mid-afternoon the rain has begun—not much, but enough to keep the windscreen wiper in activity. Our hostess when we arrive at her homestead gives us a quick cup of tea before we set off in the ever-increasing downpour to our appointed place. The creek, the hut, and the old safe willow tree form a corner into which a tent fits perfectly. We begin to unload.

PACKING our light car so that it may be unpacked with the least possible effort has been the concern of my husband for several days. Now, we test the efficiency of his method. From the front and sides come the tent-poles rolled in the canvas floor and extension; from the back come the tent-pegs and the tent itself. While he produces these, I take a spade and remove the Scotch thistles round the site. Then we erect the tent together: I hold the poles while he attaches the guy-ropes to the pegs; I pin down the walls while he brings the two camp-beds from inside the car. Because our shoes are soaking we roll the canvas floor close round the centre pole to preserve it for later comfort. Then we dump the bedding on the beds, set up the table and the two camp chairs, bring out the boxes of food and utensils, and prepare for a meal.

From under the dripping horizontal boughs, the husband produces dry twigs with which he starts a fire in the stone-rimmed fireplace outside the tent. Inside, the primus stove is going so that I can cook soup while I scrub the potatoes. We drink the soup while he grills a couple of cutlets over the fire and boils the potatoes. He looks like a huge

beetle crouching over the fire in his oilskin butterfly, but I know that his shoulders are dry and that no amount of rain will be able to wet them. When we subside in our chairs and eat, there is everything still to be tidied, but because we are well-fed our tempers will be calm as we face it. A billy for tea, and a half-kerosene tin for washing water are left heating on the fire. While he puts the car away and attends to the outside needs I busy myself inside.

I wash the dishes we have just used, stand the boxes and our cases on logs, and make the beds—ground sheets first, then eider-downs and then our sleeping bags. Bother! I have forgotten the pillows, a luxury sneered at by the

young, but a necessity for those of us who are young no longer; so I stuff the pillow-cases with our underclothing and hope the buttons won't be too noticeable. I place a hot-water bag in each bed—let him protest if he likes—and make the tea. When we have drunk and I have washed the mugs for the morning there seems nothing else to do but turn in. So we unroll the floor, undress, crawl into our bags, cover our feet with our coats, and find that the pillows are less uncomfortable than might be supposed. The rain pouring on the canvas roof and the water tumbling into the creek from the dam make a soothing roar. Almost at once we go to sleep.

DURING the night I wake to sniff air so icy that I burrow my nose in the sleeping-bag for protection against a chill-blain. "Surely not, in mid-summer!" I protest in outrage. My husband seems to be immune to such ills and slumbers steadily. So I, after a broken night, am still asleep when he gets up at seven o'clock next morning. I open my eyes to find him standing over me with a mugful of hot tea. "Snow on the hills," he says. I nod gloomily. My nose had been right again.

As I drink I see that the sage-green light of morning is on everything outside. The silver grass is steaming in the sunshine and steam rises from the billy on the little red fire with the crossed sticks. "Going to be a lovely day," says my husband. Slowly the old excitement begins to fill me.

I wash in the tent—a pampering hot wash—and put on my warmest slacks



"There is nothing that so easily and pleasantly removes soot as soft mud"

N.Z. LISTENER, FEBRUARY 3, 1950.