

# The King's Highway

(Continued From Page 63)

reaching the summit of 2000 feet, where the waters of this remarkable lake extend miles away before one, another little excursion should be made. This is to go down the hillside on foot a few hundred feet to the bush-clad gullies, where the streams by which the lake discharges gush out from the hillside, some of them almost immediately disappearing underground again for short distances.

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To see the best of Waikaremoana one needs plenty of launching, for the beauties of this inland sea are hidden in long winding arms. To view as much of the lake as possible without too great expense, Waikaremoana should be visited at holiday time, when parties are made up and the launching charges are on the basis of so much per head. If one has to hire a launch for special trips for small parties the cost is apt to become burdensome long before the scenery begins to pall.

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Having thrown out a stray suggestion or two, in the way as to the locale of the holiday trip, it is time we begin to think about the car. We will assume that the vehicle in which we are about to embark has been maintained in reasonably good order. If it hasn't, we will all be in for a much pleasanter time if we took the train. Anyway, the question is, what does the car want before we start. The engine, we take it, is not crying aloud to be decarbonised, nor suffering from any mysterious loss of compression, and the valves are not overdue for regrinding, nor is there a horrible thump coming from anywhere. However, we may very well have the spark plugs out and take a look at them, cleaning them and adjusting the points if necessary. If the plugs are aged, a few shillings on a new set may give extra pep for a long tour.

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While we have the bonnet up we will have a look at the fan belt, to see that it is in good condition, and properly adjusted, and we will also cast our eyes over the wiring lay-out, seeing that all connections are tight, and looking for frayed places that, just when we don't want it, give out and leave us with no headlights in the inky, wet night, or maybe bring the engine to a mysterious obstinate stop in some depressing spot far from home. The engine, naturally, we will drain off and refill with fresh oil, and we will also look to the gear box and differential, and do the routine greasing and oiling with extra thoroughness, keeping our eyes open as we do so. This is the time when all sorts of little things are noticed that attention at once prevents, maybe, from becoming big things.

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Being lazy myself, and being acquainted with a trustworthy garage man, I run my bus in be-

fore my annual tour, and he gets her over a pit and in quite a short space of time has run over and tested for tightness pretty well every nut in the outfit; jacked the wheels and tested them for play; tried out the brakes, looked to the battery, and run over any little etceteras that he and I have had in mind from past experience. This over, all that remains is to get the touring gear aboard, and we start out in a—if not quite a certain hope—reasonable expectation of a trouble-free tour, with no wretched rattle developing in a new place every day of the run, and often distressing symptoms occurring. There are pleasanter ways of spending one's leisure, when all is said and done, than in forming part of the ensemble of one of those decorative groups around the numerous stranded fivvers by the roadside. Finally, don't make your holiday tour, if you can help it, the occasion on which you involuntarily finish off a three parts worn set of tyres. I have known husbands whose language on such occasions shocked even their wives.

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The next thing is what we are going to take on our tour. And here, as a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Motor-cars, may I make my little plea? Have mercy! Don't break the back of your willing beast. Don't take all the vim and life out of your engine with a gross overload. Don't strain your chassis and crush down your springs by converting your car into an imitation pantechmicon. Surely whatever there is in all this wilderness of luggage and gear, there is something that somebody can do without. If they can't, at least be sure that you carry a baggage expert, who is willing to arise before the lark leaves his downy nest, and stow, secure, check, and tally the lumber, so that the journey may be resumed not later than mid-day at the worst.

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And having said so much, dear reader, may I wish you the jollies: Christmas, and a holiday tour that remains as bright a memory as ever fancy painted it in advance.

Edison says that he can't stop work. With such a famous inventor baffled, we suppose the thing's got to go on.

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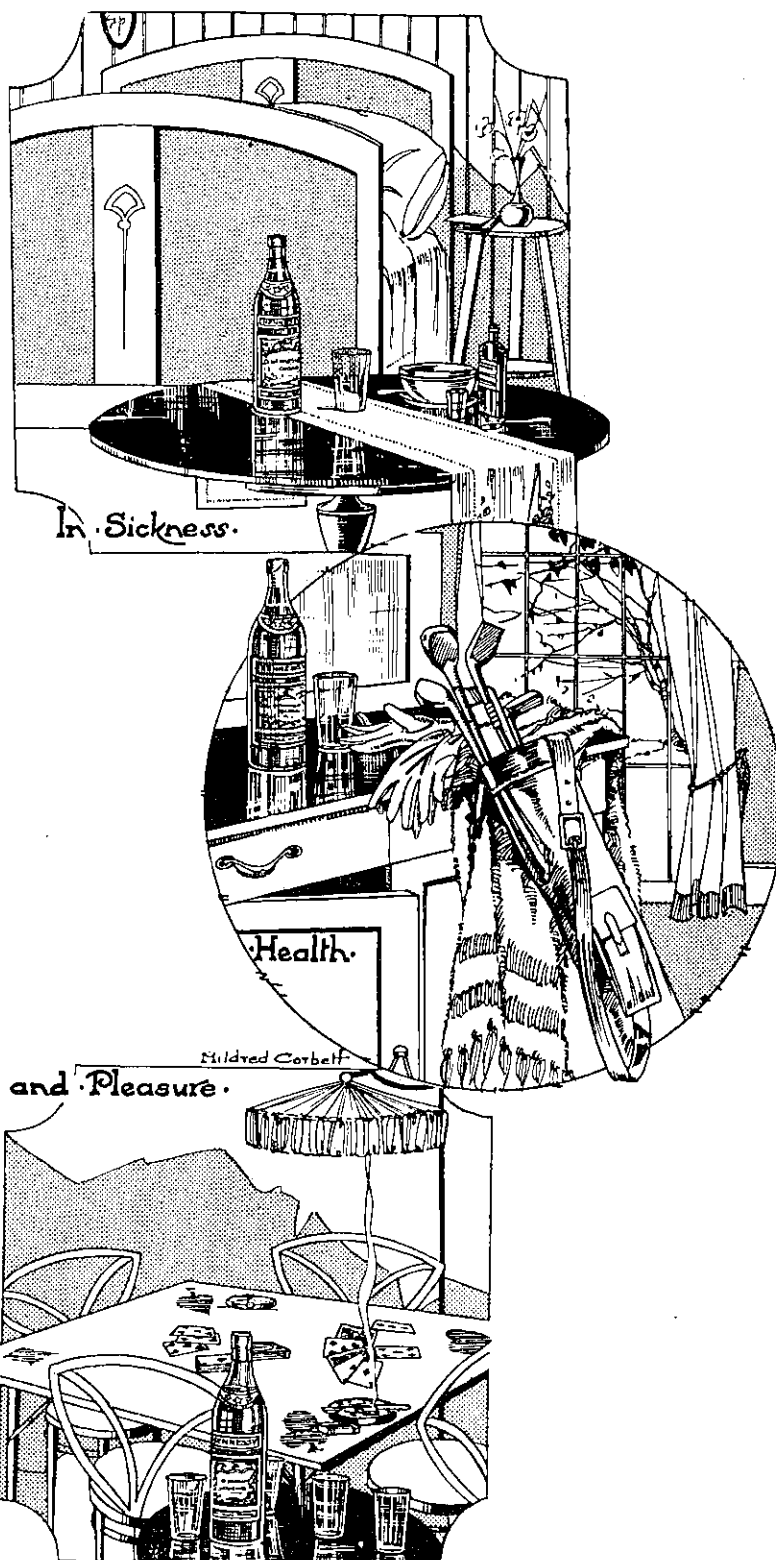
The taxi is considered the least dangerous of all forms of city transport. You can't very well fall out of a window that you can't open.

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### Pageant of Progress

In 1895: "Look, there's a motor-car!" In 1925: "Look, there's a horse!" In 1955: "Look, there's a pedestrian!"

# The Spirit for Every Occasion



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