

Crooners and Shepherds

By Bruce Stronach

THE car climbed swiftly up the gorge, and as each bend brought us another view, the radio set appalled our ears with croonings.

Now, crooning may be all very well in its place, but it definitely does not "go" with mountain scenery. But what could I do? The car was not mine, the radio was not mine, and the mountains were not mine. I had to endure. Perhaps if we talked the music would be shut off, so as to make the gems of wisdom audible.

"Nice radio set," I said.

"Yes," replied my host. "That reminds me. I bought a set for the people on my place away at the back, where we are going. The thing won't go. I have taken it down to town twice, and it has got the people down there licked. It's a battery set."

"Flat batteries, perhaps," I hazarded.

We both laughed indulgently at the futile suggestion.

Bang with a Hammer

"Well," he continued, "I remember that you used to be good at mechanics. Now, no machine will go for me. I admit that I have only one remedy with my tractors and implements—I give them a deuce of a bang with a hammer. Once

I cured a tractor that way. The principle is the same as shaking your wristlet watch."

"Not much good for a wireless set, though," said I.

"No. But the first time I met you my car had broken down. Twelve years ago, near the Rakaia Gorge, if you remember. You were always dashed clever with bolts and things. The crown nut, or something, it was, and you had it clinched or wound up in no time, and off we went. And another time at home when someone switched out the lights, you fixed them."

"Yes. I switched them on again!"

The Poor Employees

"So you will be able to fix our radio. Think of my poor employees at night. Fifty miles from anywhere, mail once a week, and no wireless programmes. It's barbaric—positively medieval. All because of a stupid bolt, or an outlet valve, or some simple thing that you could fix in no time."

I agreed to do my best, so that his shepherds could listen to the croonings.

The gorge gave way to open country. Past a big flat the hills ran up to the Southern Alps, and at the foot of those

hills was the homestead.

We enjoyed a meal and then had a look round the place. Beside the house ran a big creek, and the sight of this roused my friend once more to think of my much over-rated mechanical genius.

"Good place for an electric plant, that," he said. "Plenty of fall, plenty of water—just a mass of cusecs. But I don't know much about electricity. I believe it's simple enough though. Just a few sort of bucket things and a water wheel and you could light the whole place couldn't you?"

"Yes," I said. "But you'd need some bolts."

"That reminds me. Come and have a look at the radio."

The Silence was Unbroken

We did so. I twiddled all the knobs and moved all the valves. Then I unscrewed lots of things and screwed them up again, loth to admit that I knew less than the average Hereford cow about wireless sets.

The man who hit tractors with hammers stood watching confident that all would be well. The shepherds stood about, certain of a burst of music at any minute.

The silence from the radio was unbroken—in fact it seemed to thicken.

I gave it up. Everyone was disappointed, and people seemed to think that I could have fixed it if I had wanted to.

There was a sudden stir as the new cow-boy from a neighbouring station joined the group.

He fiddled with the wires. He did this and that. He laughed. Then he spoke. He had the nerve to say that the batteries were flat!

And he had the absolute impudence to be right!

S.O.S. Broadcast Messages

If you are trying to find a missing person or a missing motor car, you can make an appeal free of charge over the air from the National Stations. Requests for such appeals can only be granted, however, if they reach the station manager through the correct channels, and if the circumstances are considered to warrant broadcasting action.

In the case of missing persons the request should be made to the Police Department, hospital authority or medical practitioner, who, if satisfied with the urgency of the request, will ask the Station manager to make the appeal. Appeals are made in the following two cases where:

1. The whereabouts of the person sought are unknown, and the circumstances warrant the broadcast.

2. The whereabouts are known but no other means of immediate communication such as telephone or telegraph are available.

Appeals for information regarding missing motor cars are made only at the request of the Police Authorities or the Automobile Association, and persons desiring broadcast announcements should deal with one of these two authorities.

Springtime is COSTUME time

AT BREMNERS

"It's the Cut that Counts"

Let BREMNERS, the Leading Mail Order Tailors, fashion you a costume that is the last word for style and perfect in fit. Our London-trained cutter, who has recently been elected a Life Member of the United Kingdom Assn. of Master Tailors, will make you a costume YOU'LL BE PROUD TO WEAR.

Only Best Quality English Worsted Suitings, in Brown, Navy, Black, Also Lido, Air Force, Teale Green, Teale Blue, London Tan.

Excellent Value at **79/6**

TAILORED-TO-MEASURE

BREMNERS LTD.,

Coat and Costume Specialists,
644 Colombo Street — Christchurch.

Please send me patterns for Coats/Costumes (cross out one not needed). Also Style Illustrations and Easy Measurement Form.

State here colour preferred.....

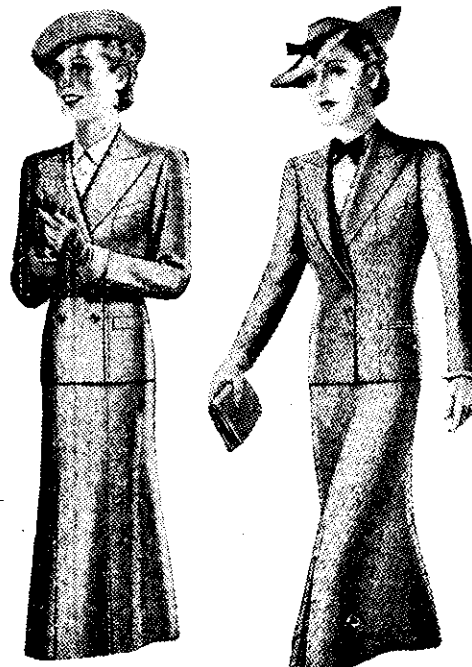
NAME

ADDRESS N.Z.L.
(Use Block Letters)



Always popular—the Single Link-Button Costume, with 3 pockets and panel back. Skirt has inverted pleat at centre front and plain panel back.

Satisfaction is Guaranteed WRITE NOW!



A charming Double-Breasted Costume with 2-button fastening and 3 welted pockets. Skirt has two inverted pleats at front.

A delightful Single-Breasted Costume with 3-button fastening and panel back. Plain skirt with inverted pleat at front.

BREMNERS LTD.

THE COAT AND COSTUME SPECIALISTS
644 COLOMBO STREET, CHRISTCHURCH

Depression Coming!

WIFEY: I'd like to go to that big bargain sale to-morrow if the weather's good. What was the forecast on the radio?

HUBBY: Rain, hail, snow, fog, thunder, lightning, and tornadoes!

Light Up

Announcer Des. Lock is never without a light for a cigarette. He carries a cigarette lighter which he says weighs less than a pony, and carries enough liquid to last a camel for months

Danced with Irene Castle

Speaking of Doug. Laurenson, who is now on 12B's announcing staff after being attached to the Mobile Station 52B, reminds us of the fact that he once danced with the famous Irene Castle, wife and partner of Vernon Castle, whose lives are featured in a new film. Invalided in London from the R.F.C. during the war, Doug. Laurenson attended a Red Cross dance, given by Lady Diana Manners in the home of her father, the Duke of Rutland. Irene Castle, then at the height of her dancing fame, was there. And, well—Doug. danced with her!