# WELLINGTON ROUNDABOUT

By "Thid"

¬ O go for a walk in Wellington is easy. But to go for a good walk you need a map, a compass, and Greenwich mean time: a knowledge of astronomy, or a sense of direction at least equal in infallibility to the homing instinct of an Atlantic eel.

ness of being a city in a very devious way. On the flat it is perfectly ordinary; dusty, that is; shut in, a sounding bell for all the hideous noises of traffic, a trap for Disney, Heath Robinson, and the marvellous machinations of the hand. City Engineer.

Never. It would be no more surprising to hear the "Heigh-Ho!" of the Seven Dwarfs among its crannies than to find someone offing someone's head, behind a tree, along some steps, round a path, and four and a-half paces past the third corner on the left.

On second thoughts, I should Wellington goes about the busi- add Swift and More to the list. Brobdingnag fashions aself out of the shadows. Lilliput stands in the valleys looking enviously up at the lights of houses sitting snobbishly on precarious hilltops. Utopia claustrophobes. On the hills it is seems to grow among curiously a compound of Lewis Carroll, Walt quiet places, where tram lines are distant and peace seems close at

Street lights, shrubs, angles of It is Wonderland, and I am not railing and stair, bulbous front sure that it is not also the Never- windows, porches in perspective

and chimneys out of it-surrealism the valley-into someone's back imposed upon Victorian interiors.

## Behind the Blinds

may well be also some Doréan conception behind these geometric facades. It is too quiet, too solitary, too isolated, too orderly in its disarray to be completely goody-good. There are lights shining, chimneys smoking, branches moving in the wind, clouds passing; but no signs of human life. There may well be dark doings on the other side of the blinds; wine-bibbing, licence and crime. Or maybe they've merely all gone off to the pictures.

## Lost At Night

part of my walk I recognised a statue, and would have known where I was if I could have remembered the name of the cemetery. But the Harry Holland Mem- me off T . . . Hill. orial was a lesser landmark than the Southern Cross, and a quick bearing brought me out of a bad mix somewhere south-west of the Town Clock, took me safely through a cul-de-sac which turned out to be the back entrance of a boarding-house, out of the front entrance (trying to look like a boarder in a hurry), down a blind street, through Kelburn Gardens (no admittance after sunset!) and out to Tinakori Road.

Through a roadside garden, up a slippery bank, round a horseshoe bend, and across the street brought me to the foot of the most magnificent ladder of steps I have come across in Wellington. They are narrow, weedy, slippery. The handrail sags, rotten. The ladder climbs straight and steep and giddy from

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It is such a backyard as I should like to own myself. Everything Perhaps not so Victorian. There grows wild, the terrace paths are wead-covered, pavings have collapsed, scent is in the air, and it's all sliding off a Wellington hill-

#### Safe At Last

But it was a poor refuge for an innocent intruder who was not at all anxious to explain his presence to the owner. It needed a delicate hand to traverse along a wet and slimy bank, a nice balance round the overhang of a decaying wooden buttress, and a swift tippety-toe past the dog kennel and across a limitless space of asphalt yard be-I lost myself last night. At one fore I breathed again, safe in a

> Finally, fantasia collapsed into anti-climax when the troops kicked

> I had the last word. "Bacon and eggs!" I shouted, when distance made it safe to be cheeky.

> Which gave me childish pleasure and annoyed them greatly.

## 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 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 broad-
- 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.



..you can't bequeath your Business Judgment..

You can make a will disposing of your material possessions, but you cannot pass on your ability to a successor to manage the estate you leave. Administering your affairs after you have gone will not be any simpler than managing them whilst you are here. Probably it will not be so easy . . Not many individuals care to have this duty imposed upon them.

The Public Trustee, with a staff of competent specialists, is trained in this important work. The Public Trustee will prepare your will free of charge, and hold it in safe custody, if appointed Executor.

Consult the Public Trustes or any of his branch officers.

