



ELIZABETH BRYAN-BROWN
The cows slept in in wintertime

see if there was any chance of her travelling on the Atlantis. Told there "wasn't a hope of a berth this trip," she resigned herself to waiting, having already waited twelve months anyway. Then one afternoon she was at the cinema. It was her day off and the film, she remembers, was *The Chiltern Hundreds*. A message flashed on the screen—"E.B.B. wanted." She rang her home from the theatre-manager's office and found she was to sail next day. So she and her mother packed until one o'clock in the morning, and E.B.B. sailed on the Atlantis from Southampton at half-past three in the afternoon.

Wellington weather was at its worst the morning Miss Bryan-Brown arrived. The rain came down in bucketsful, the hats of the watchers on the quayside were practically lashed to their heads, and the Atlantis took three-quarters of an hour to berth. However Miss Bryan-Brown, who spent a day and a night in Wellington before setting out on the final stage of her journey, made no complaint. "Ah," she said, looking into the milk jug when the mid-afternoon tea appeared, "real milk. *Real milk.*" So she had three cups—with sugar.

Next day she left for Feilding where she is to work as a herd-tester. Her employers, the Wellington and Hawke's Bay Herd Improvement Association, hope to bring another fifty girls out from England this year—about 34 in March and a further 16 in June or July.

Electronic Geography

OVERSEAS people are often vague about New Zealand's position on the map. Sometimes they are under the impression that it is tucked under the wing of Australia like a young whale under the flipper of its parent; sometimes they see it completely isolated; on one side the tropics, on the other the howling desolation of Antarctica. Even our nearest neighbours, the Australians, sometimes have difficulty in remembering off-hand where we stand; Australians, that is, who haven't yet cultivated the habit of listening to Radio New Zealand, our short wave station. A letter to Radio New Zealand from an Australian listener tells of a school class about to have a geography lesson in the form of a magic carpet trip to New Zealand. "But before we start," said the teacher, "where is New Zealand?" A hand shot up. That was easy. "New Zealand's in the 19- and 25-metre bands."

N.Z. LISTENER, JANUARY 27, 1950.

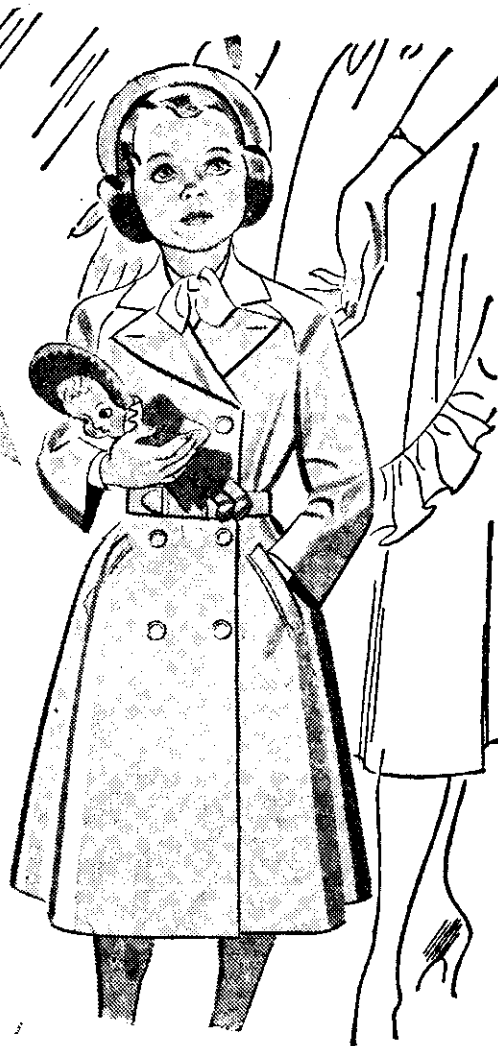


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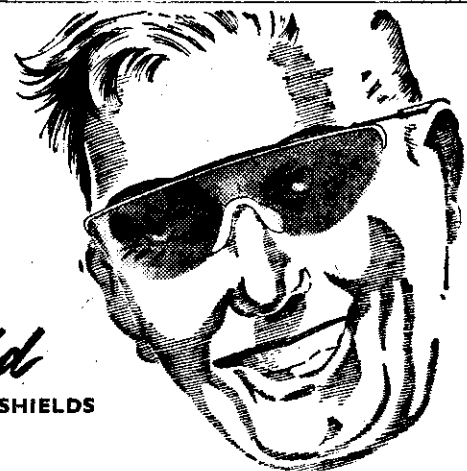


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