

slow, more like a real countryman, I suppose.) And yet to see him now, kneeling in the dirt, having somehow admired him, or the brave myth the family of daughters had made of him, without at all caring about him, Harry felt respect going sour.

It's not something I'd believe myself, his uncle said.

I believe you, Harry got sullenly out. His uncle went back to the weeding.

What would you have said if I'd said hundreds? he asked, with his face towards the earth.

I don't know, Harry said. Someone has to, I suppose.

Everyone did, his uncle said. Everyone did, in one way or another.

You said you didn't, Harry said.

Not in a direct way, I didn't, his uncle said. But in an indirect way I did. I was a quarter-master for a while; you know, sending stuff up to the front, bread and bullets and the rest.

That isn't killing anyone, Harry said, almost with contempt.

A gun can't do anything on its own, his uncle said. It's got to have bullets and fingers on the trigger and all the rest. You have a part in all the killing when you're a soldier. Sometimes even when you're not, he added.

But Harry was hardly listening. He thought his uncle rather tame.

Still, one knew that, his uncle said. Or some of us knew it, I should say. Anyway, it isn't a question for you.

Why not? Harry asked, interested again now that he seemed about to be excluded.

You're not ready, his uncle said. You've got the rest of your childhood to play out. It isn't a thing to be mixed up with Tom Mix and the wild west, or space-ships and ray-guns, whatever they are.

But Harry was moving away. So many opportunities seemed to him lost in that voice, so many adventures, so many chances of famous death. His uncle, like Tom Mix and the wild west, was old-fashioned and dull.

I've been talking over his head, his uncle thought.

He bent again over his plants, doing a job that he could do all day, a job he enjoyed. He was not sure that he liked his nephew. He felt in him the peculiar insolence and boredom he associated with cities. Cinemas and theatres and bars, he thought. Hundreds of thousands of people—and boredom. He'll be better here in the country. Town's no life for a growing boy. He'll like it here, he thought.

And as he watched the boy go through the gate he remembered the cupboard and thought: I used to be rather keen on souvenirs, a regular collector. They might amuse him.

Harry did not close the gate.

HARRY had found the largest souvenir of all. He pulled open the trapdoor and dragged the machine-gun out from the tangle of bed-ends under the house. It was very rusty and very old: there wasn't about it, any more, a lethal air. He propped it up and crouched behind it, swinging it experimentally on its creaking tripod: he squatted behind it and ran his eye along its rusty barrel. He could see his uncle, kneeling still, moving back along the next row of plants. His finger touched the trigger and he swung the gun away. Then, without any malice, he settled down, systematically and with accuracy, to annihilate the hens in the poultry run, making machine-gun noises with his mouth.

New Settlers in New Session

THE voices of foreign-born new settlers will be heard from 2XA Wanganui at 8.0 p.m. on Tuesday, April 1, in the first of a new series of talks on *Fun with Words*. When L. M. H. Cave, who prepared a similar series late last year, planned these talks he considered that the relations between English and other languages could be illustrated best by introducing other voices to show similarities. In the same way native-born speakers will demonstrate the dialects of English which Mr. Cave will discuss on April 8. Other talks will discuss the pronunciation of English through the ages, and the language's Germanic, classical and other origins. Those "other origins" will show how English has borrowed as a result of exploration and the expansion of trade. The talks will be heard weekly on Tuesdays at 8.0 p.m. Mr. Cave, who is an adult education tutor-organiser for the Wanganui-Taranaki district, was born in Wanganui, had part of his education at Wanganui Collegiate School, and later returned to the school as a teacher. He is very interested in immigration as it affects both new settlers and native-born New Zealanders, as listeners who have heard other broadcasts in which he has had a hand will know.

The Gen. from 2ZA

SATURDAY, March 29, is Air Force Day and the target for former "blue orchids" and the like will be the R.N.Z.A.F. station at Ohakea. Grounded erks who can't join "ops" on this occasion, but who want to follow the show, can tune in on the "intercom" provided

by 2ZA. Ian Watkins, the 2ZA's airborne division, was to be on reconnaissance patrol on Thursday, March 27, and his recorded programme from an aircraft in flight over Palmerston North to be broadcast from 2ZA at 9.30 that evening. But on March 29 Mr. Watkins will be stationed, with tape-recorder, in the Ohakea Control Tower to log for listeners the "gen" on the aerial activities of the day. This recorded programme will be broadcast the following evening (Sunday, March 30) at 1845 hours, or 6.45 p.m., to the civvies. An annual activity, "Air Force Day," may lack some of the atmosphere of "Scramble" and "Going In" which wartime flying involved, but the background sound effects and the on-the-spot commentary of the 2ZA programme should revive memories for many.

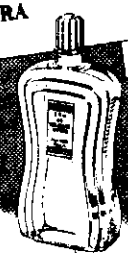
Resounding Success

WHEN a concert party from 1YA visited Papakura Military Camp the other day the applause was so hearty that the technicians had trouble in monitoring it, and emphatically declared that a permanent recording of it would be the pride and joy of any sound effects library. The men in camp thought the show a great success. Listeners will be able to form their own opinions this Saturday (March 29), at 7.30 p.m., when a delayed broadcast will be heard from 1YA. Among those taking part were the John MacKenzie Trio, Thomas Hanna (baritone), Nolan Rafferty (piano accordion), The Knaves, Ellen Vann (vocalist), Peter Gwynne (impersonations), June Trelawney (soprano) and Hugh Gordon (tin whistle).

N.Z. LISTENER, MARCH 28, 1952.



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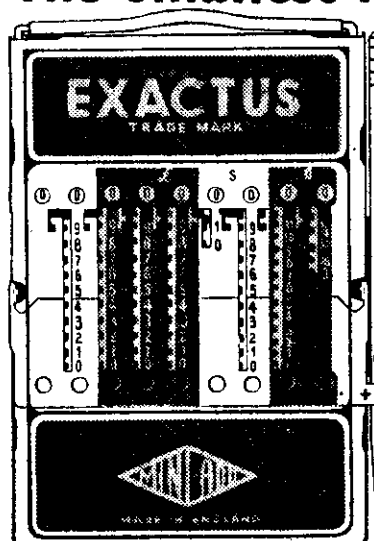
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