



# THE "VICTIM" AND THE "VILLIAN" OF THE PIECE

Mr. Drummond, of 2YA, interrupted in an announcement, becomes aware of a sinister figure, Victor S. Lloyd, approaching in a threatening attitude. Mr. Lloyd wrote "A Battle With a Bee," which, as the "Surprise Item" from 2YA on Monday, February 22, caused a sensation among listeners. Mr. Lloyd played the leading role.

## A Battle with a Bee

Proves a real surprise and listeners  
enjoy a genuine thrill

**T**HERE was concern, deep and sincere, throughout New Zealand for a while on Monday evening last week when listeners thought that the popular announcer at 2YA had been the victim of a felonious attack as he sat at his desk in front of the microphone. Such an attack on Mr. Drummond would be hard to explain, for he has now ceased to say "Go-o-o-d-night." Up till recently, there is reason to believe that he enjoyed (more or less) a precarious existence.

Be that as it may and whether or not an assault on Mr. Drummond was justified, there seemed to be little doubt in the minds of listeners that he was being attacked to some purpose. They heard it! And surely they could believe their own ears!

It was after the weather report had been read at 9 o'clock that the trouble began. According to the published programme, the "Surprise Item" came next. Mr. Drummond began to make an announcement, but he was interrupted by an intruder.

As they say in the classics, this was where the listeners sat up and took notice. "By holy smoke," they said, "Someone is killing our Mr. Drummond. Why don't the police rush there?"

It was no wonder they were alarmed. This is the sort of thing that came from the loudspeaker and ear-phones in about 50,000 homes:

2YA Announcer: "Now we are to have . . . Oh, pardon me, but I'm alone in the studio, and (here Mr. Drummond hesitated in an unusual way)—a strange-looking individual, wild-eyed and carrying what appears to be a sandbag, has just entered the studio door . . . Excuse me a moment."

The next thing to be heard was panting and heavy breathing—every indication of a grim, silent struggle with a madman.

**B**ETWEEN gasps, a voice that was not Mr. Drummond's said: "Now at last I've got you! There is only one way to save myself, and that is to kill you. Yes—to kill you! You cannot expect mercy—you would have shown no mercy to me—or to others. Some people would call what I am about to do a crime, but you have tormented me too long. I cannot stand it any more. You cannot escape me now! My patience is exhausted, and I have no pity for you. You richly deserve your fate. There! There! there! You cannot escape me now! You will never torment me or anyone else again. Your time has come. My patience is exhausted, and I have no pity for you. You richly deserve your fate. There! There! There!

Then there was a groan, heavy breathing and a thud, then silence.

The strange voice went on, and the atmosphere was dramatic. Now; perhaps I shall have peace . . . Why, I feel quite faint. It's the reaction, I suppose, after all I've gone through with him. But he's dead now. I

can't understand why he should have chosen me for a victim. I had never seen him in my life before. I just came in at the door downstairs. I saw him, of course, as I had to pass him, and I thought he was a queer kind of creature to be hanging round the studios—but I've seen some queer people here before, so I took no notice of him. I didn't know him from Adam. I passed him, and then I heard him moving behind me. Something in the sound of his movements made me turn. And I felt afraid. Oh, I suppose I am a coward—but it wasn't imagination. He meant mischief, and more than mischief.

**A**T that moment, as I caught sight of him through the corner of my eye, he did not look human—there was menace in his eyes. I had no time to consider whether I had been mistaken for someone else. All I was aware of was that I was afraid. Yes—afraid. I am not ashamed to admit it—why should I be? He had a weapon; I had nothing to defend myself with—only my bare hands. Unless you care to call a bag of tomatoes a weapon. His eyes were fixed on me and seemed to grow brighter as he suddenly attacked me.

In the hallway there was little room to move. I avoided his attack and bolted through the swing doors. I might have eluded him, but I tripped on the carpet and fell heavily. He dashed in after me as the doors rocked on their hinges. There was no one about—only us to.

It was no use shouting for help. I had to fight him alone. He attacked me again as I scrambled to my feet, but I ducked and dodged him. I took the stairs three at a time in my hurry to get away from him—but he seemed to fly up after me. When I reached the lounge I was only just ahead of him. Here there was more room. But my nerve nearly failed me as he attacked me more viciously than before. I raised my fist and struck a blow at him. For several minutes we fought. I avoided his attacks as best I could, and it was only by a tremendous effort that I kept my nerve.

I wanted to run. I knew that once he had me cornered I should be helpless. Up to now I had given him no opportunity to use his weapon—although I knew he was only waiting until he could drive it into me. Desperately I looked about me. To run! Anywhere away from this dangerous beast!

Then—Suddenly—fear left me. Anger surged up within me. It drove out my fear. Up to now he had taken the offensive, and I had been on the defensive. But now it was my turn. (Continued on page 12.)

