

The Mystery Train Comes to Town

*An Original Comedy Sketch
Specially Written for
Broadcasting*

...BY...

AS I said to my friend the stationmaster only the other day—"Take these mystery trains."

Well, mystery trains are quite all right so far as they go, but the trouble is they all go one way—that is from city to country—which I think you will agree is very unfair to our respected country cousins. After all, residents in the country are as much entitled to have a little amusement provided for them on Sundays as anyone else.

You know, after they've milked the cows on Sunday morning, read the *Weekly News*, chased Barney, the pet bull, out of the pumpkin patch a couple of times, cursed the weather report, and conducted the weekly hunt through the bank pass-book for a credit balance, which is never there, it must be very difficult indeed to fill in the rest of the day until milking time comes round again. Something really should be done about it, and I'm pleased to say I've done it. Yes, I am pleased to announce that I have slipped in ahead of the mystery train merchants, and to-night I ask you to join the Higgins family in the first mystery excursion from country to city—Whangaparaurau to—well, see if you can guess where.

Guard: All aboard! (Bell—train moves off.)

Mum (Coughs.): Well, 'ere we are, all aboard the old misery train to the great big city. My, look at them sparks shootin' out of that there engine chimney. Oh! Dad, that reminds me, did I turn the iron off afore we left?

Dad: There y'ar—spoilin' a bloke's day first pop. Of course you turned the iron off, an' let me tell you, if you see a waterfall to-day, fergit it—you turned the tap off over the sink. An' if yer sees anything else that reminds you of somethin' else you might have forgotten to do afore you left' ome, well, take it from your long-suffering husband you did it.

What 'ave you brought to eat?

Mum: Oh. 'Ere's some nice saveloys. 'Ave one?

Dad: Thanks. Ask grandpa if he'd like one.

Mum: Grandpa, would you like a saveloy?

Grandpa: Eh?

Mum: Would you like a saveloy?

Grandpa: I don't want to.

Mum: Don't want to what?

Grandpa: Jump for joy. My rheumatiz is plaguin' me.

Mum: Oh, don't be so hard of 'earingish. What are you goin' to do now? 'Ave a snooze?

Grandpa: No. I'm goin' to 'ave a snooze.

Mum: That's what I said. Are you goin' to 'ave a snooze?

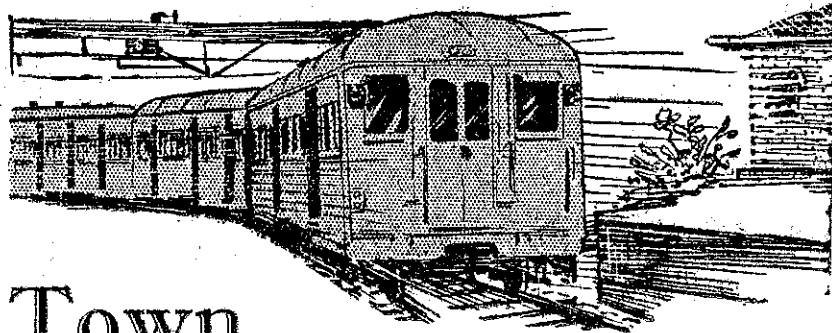
Grandpa: Oh! I thought you said was I goin' to 'ave a snooze.

Mum: Oh! Grandpa, don't be so ochamadiddy. Well, Dad, I



WILL YATES

We have our mystery train excursions from town to country, so why not one from country to town? This original idea inspired Will Yates, one of the most versatile broadcast entertainers in this country, to write the accompanying humorous sketch, which he broadcast from 2YA before Christmas. Requests for a repeat performance were so insistent that the sketch was again broadcast on Thursday, January 12. All readers, especially those living in Wellington, will appreciate its amusing topicalities.



wonder where the train's goin' to?

Dad: Yer might as well ask me where this saveloy came from. They're both a proper mystery. 'Allo, young Bill, w'at's that yer readin'?

Bill: Oh, Dad, this is a pamphlet the guard gave to at Whangaparaurau to tell where we're goin'.

Mum: Oh, I say. Read it, Bill, and see if we can pick where it is.

Bill (reads): Ahem. Where are we going? A beautiful city with a name of ten letters, meaning not so bad to those who like it, and not so good as Auckland to others. No visitor to this wonderful city will miss seeing its magnificent harbour—unless he's blind. For directions to find his harbour: Keep walking until you come to the water. Don't ask the small boys the way, as small boys in this city know as little about water as they do in other cities. This wonderful harbour has been in the family for years, the residents having found it an excellent place for disposing of old safety razor blades and family photograph albums. Ships also appear on this harbour at rare intervals—in fact, too rare, according to our waterside friends, who go down to the sea to unload ships. As one drinks in the beauty of this wonderful harbour—

Grandpa: He finds it salty. He! He! He!

Dad: Go to sleep, Grandpa, and you won't enjoy your own jokes so much. Go on, Bill.

Bill: He finds it hard to believe that this beautiful harbour was once the cause of a fatal tragedy. A patriotic citizen declared that it was the best harbour south of the Line, but he forgot when he said it that he was in Sydney. The topography of this city is very flat, except for the high range of hills known as the Town Belt to the north—and to the south—and to the east—and to the west.

Mum: Hum—regular flat like a billiard table.

Dad: Yes, with knobs on, by the sound of it.

Bill: The climate is excellent except at certain times of the year, when the atmosphere over the city becomes bluish with hot air and sulphur. This period of the year is known to the residents as the session. There are other names for it, too. As befits the capital city of New Zealand—

Mum: Ah! There's a claw, Dad. I mean a clue. Where's the capital of New Zealand?

Dad: Capital of New Zealand? Its in England—every penny of it, and we're paying the financiers interest on it, too.

Mum: Oh, dear, Dad. Can't you forget your financeology for once an' let's enjoy ourselves? Go

on, Bill.

Bill: Further information regarding this city may be obtained from the guide who will meet the train on arrival, and escort visitors round the sights.

Mum: Um; a regular tied up in a. (Continued on page 24.)