

"MOTHER OF TEN" writes on

Saving the Empire from Ruin!

I GOT all excited when I saw the "Radio Record's" posters last week — "Sinister Tragedy in the Pacific." Aha, I muttered darkly, there's some dirty work going on in this corner of the globe—and I paid over my fourpence to the bookseller like a lamb.

I turned over the paper with feverish fingers. "Eat Bananas and Grow Wiser"—no, there didn't seem to be anything very sinister in that. "Croquet Playing is a Science Needing Deep Study"—that couldn't be it. "Bringing the World to the South Seas"—could that be it? I never did approve of excursions, anyway. Messy things, with lots of orange peel and lunch wrappers left about when they're over. "Danger of Radios in Motor Cars." That MUST be it!

Dangers of Radios in Motor Cars! The more I thought about it the more sinister it became, although a girl down our street did tell me that a radio in a motor car isn't half as dangerous as—well, there's no need to go into that.

The whole thing is a menace to the flower of our nation's manhood, a blow at the very foundations of this fair land of ours, an obstacle in the path of national prosperity, a— a— anyway, it's got to be stopped, and pretty quick and lively. The idea of the thing! Radios in motor cars! Br-r-r.

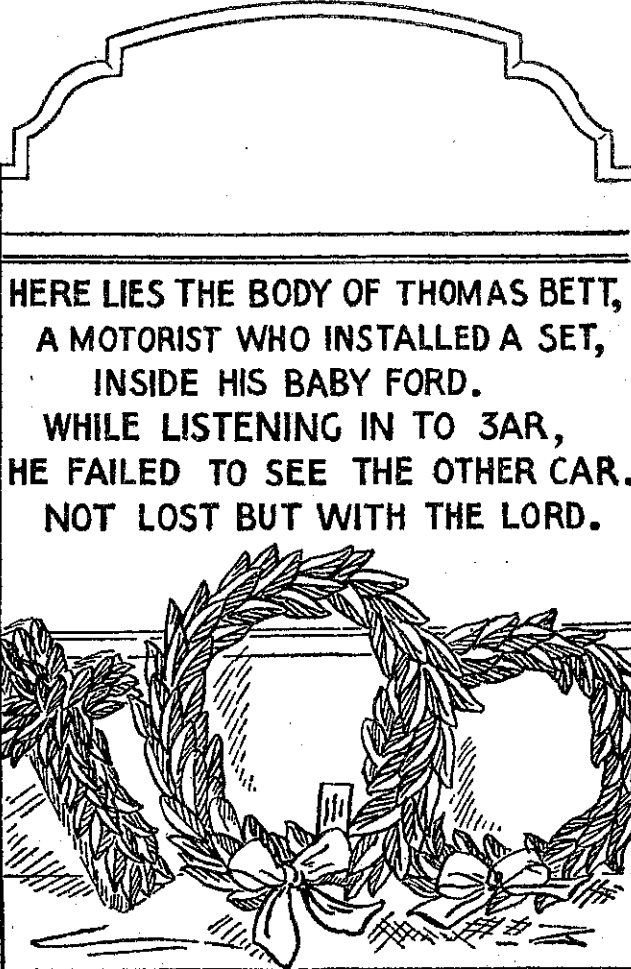
I read on and discovered that it was Auckland's chief traffic inspector who was having his say. A good, sensible statement—even if a South Island firm of service cars did say that it had not had one accident during the year that radio had been installed in its service cars! Worst of bad taste, I think, to bring up a thing like that just when someone is saying a Very Good Thing. I like sound statements. Just shove your hand firmly on your stomach, stand up very straight, and say, in ringing tones, "The cinema is im-

moral, and no self-respecting parent should let his children enter the portals of a picture palace." There now—don't you feel all good and righteous?

We must take a firm stand against this business of radios in motor cars. It's a menace I say! Why did Babylon fall? and Rome? and Greece? Well, it may not have been because of radios in motor cars, but it was something like it—something about fiddling while Ben Hur was going somewhere in his chariot. History was never a strong point of mine, but it impresses people if you can talk about Sparta, and Wolsey (the man, not the underwear) and your relations that came over with William the Conqueror.

Let me tell you of one home that was wrecked through wireless in a motor car. Thomas Bett, it was. A nicer man you couldn't wish to see—honest, God-fearing and hard-working. The sort of man who, when you inquire how things are going, says, "Can't grumb'le, you know, can't grumble."

Well, anyway, one day he has a bust-up with his wife, and out he goes, slamming the door just as hard as he could. Into the car he gets and off into the country, hell for leather. The car was a product of the devil—it had a wireless set installed inside it! Thomas tunes into station 2YA, Wellington, and what should it be playing but the "Wedding March" Well, I ask you! The Wedding March for a man who's just had a good old donnybrook with his missus. He switched it off quick and busy and turned over to 1ZR, Auckland. Here it was a song about a wedding in June with you at my side. Another twist of the dial and he got 3AR, Melbourne—and I'm blessed if it wasn't a man singing about a cottage small where
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HERE LIES THE BODY OF THOMAS BETT,
A MOTORIST WHO INSTALLED A SET,
INSIDE HIS BABY FORD.
WHILE LISTENING IN TO 3AR,
HE FAILED TO SEE THE OTHER CAR.
NOT LOST BUT WITH THE LORD.