

DING

DONG

The Behk Radio & Tehevision  
Social Club.

NEWS LETTER



### THE SOCIAL CLUB.

The Social Club is run for the benefit of every member working for the Bell Radio and T.V. Corporation. The activities of the Club are directed at arranging entertainment and functions outside working hours. Activities in connection with sickness of members and termination of working in the corporation are also carried out by committee members. These main functions of the club, plus various others, all add up to making our Social Club a good thing.

To the new person joining the Bell Corporation, we know, The Social Club and what it is and does, is a shroud of mystery. All we can say is, "ask about us, get a Ding-Dong and see what we get up to, then it's up to you to join, if you want to." Helen James comes round Thursday afternoon collecting subscriptions. She will sign you on.

In conclusion welcome to our new members this month, there are over twenty. Included are six members from Tele-hire. Welcome aboard.

### LETTER FROM MANAGEMENT.

June, 1964.

The Management of Bell Radio expresses pleasure at the increased activities of the Bell Social Club, and wishes the Club and it's members every success.

Social activities after work, play an important part and the new ideas of the club will undoubtedly create an atmosphere even better and happier than enjoyed so far by Bell staff.

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We're very sorry to lose Miss Patsy Rogers of No. 2 factory, who in the past, has been of great assistance to the Social Club.

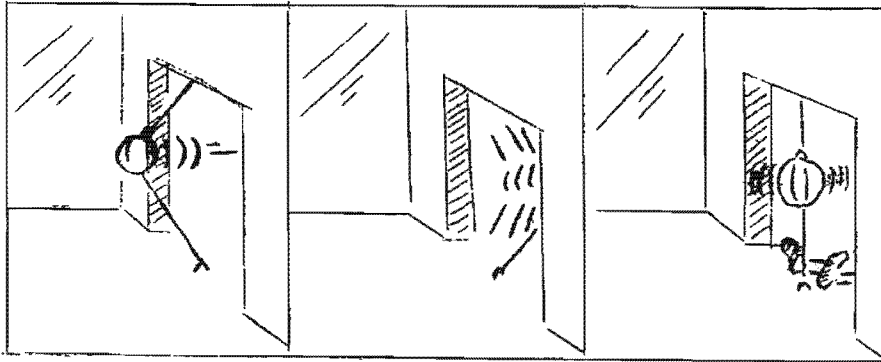
COMMITTEE.

President: Ron King. Vice President: Muriel Feasey.  
Treasurer: Bill Appleton.  
Secretary: Pat O'Brien.  
Party Bookings: Muriel Feasey.  
Subscriptions: Helen James.  
Newsletter: Doris Simpson, Ann Little, Max Robson.  
Other Members: Leo Barnes, Jack Donker, Michael Mercer,  
May Henry, Liz Anderson, Patsy Rogers.

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

Mr. Bell - Chairman of Directors, Bell Radio and T.V. Corp.  
Mr. Reindler ~~General Manager~~  
Mr. Stockwell - Production Manager.  
Mr. Wozniak - Purchasing Officer.  
Mr. Whiterod - Head Accountant and Social Club Auditor.  
Mr. McMillan - Head of Sales Department.

ENTERTAINMENT.



KIWI SNOW TOURS.

To: Mt. Ruapehu.  
These tours take place every weekend from June 26th  
to October 2nd.  
Cost: £7.10.0. Friday to Sunday night.  
Includes: Accommodation and meals at Hotels and Lodges.

Transport: By modern, Scenic Coaches.  
Ski instruction etc., is given.

Not included in above cost is ski-hire, (15/- a day for boots, skis and poles, mountain transport 4/- return)

Weekend 7th and 14th August fully booked.

Would people interested in the above tours please contact Bill Appleton who will make arrangements and give more information. Bill has been previously, and can recommend these tours. Also we have requested pamphlets for circulation.

### MOVIE QUIZZ.

1. In what film, shown within the past 15 years, did what actress, once a top star of silent films, say these lines as the fade-out to the film, "All right Mr. Demille, I'm ready for my close up."  
(5 points for actress and film, nothing for only one)
2. The "King and I" were Yul Bryner and Deborah Kerr. But who were Anna and the King of Siam?  
(2½ points for each)
3. What are the real names of these film stars.  
Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, James Cagney, Cary Grant, Janet Leigh.  
(1 point each)
4. Name five full length feature films made in N.Z.  
(1 point each)

Will members hand results to Ron King.

First all correct: 2 tickets Civic Theatre.

Runner-up: Box of chocolates.

This word square needs all the outside letters to make it complete. Can you find the missing letters so that five words, each five letters long will run in two directions.

• • • • •  
• T A R •  
• A I R •  
• R R O •  
• • • • •

Answer end of Newsletter.

What happened to the Electronic engineer who spent 40 yrs perfecting an electronic brain?

He killed himself pushing it through his ear.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

You don't have to be a master mariner to get out of trouble at sea, as an amateur fisherman proved off the coast of New Zealand.

Alone in a large launch, out of sight of land, he decided to head for shore when it was evident that a storm was blowing up.

Then he discovered, to his consternation, that the launch was not answering the helm. He shut off the motor, examined the steering apparatus, and found that the rudder had fallen off the rudder post. He was in a really serious predicament, rudderless, a long way from home, a storm rising, and alone.

But he got home - and he did it by steering. How did he do it?  
(Solution at end of Newsletter)

Girls! If you want a nice  
hair-do contact, <sup>5 days</sup>

<sup>Qualified</sup> LADIES HAIRDRESSER After 5pm.

MON, WED, THURS, SAT, evenings

By appointment.

Phone 879.157

REMEMBER JULY 11th.

Are you keeping the night of July 11th free? Well, that's our next big social night. You will be entertained by the very popular music of the Meggatones, a good supper, and plenty of the right refreshment.

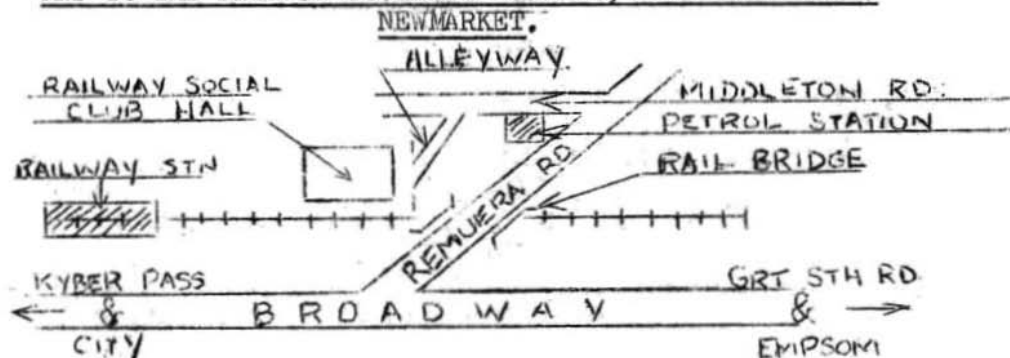
You can be assured of a good night at "The Railway Social Club Hall", Middleton Road, Newmarket.

Admission by ticket only.

Outside friends 10/- each.

See map of how to get there over page.....

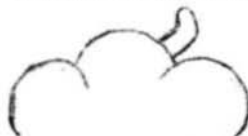
MAP TO THE RAILWAY SOCIAL CLUB HALL, MIDDLETON ROAD.



DATES OF FUTURE FUNCTIONS.

The Social Club are holding dances in the Newmarket Railway Social Hall, on the following dates:

11th July, 1964  
3rd October, 1964  
23rd December, 1964.



What is this, and it's not a man  
with one leg having a bubble bath??

FOR FIRST CLASS SERVICE.

ROGER KNOWLES for men's and  
boy's clothing, across the  
road.

A NICE 12 WATT AMPLIFIER  
FOR SALE. PHILLIPS MAKE.  
£30. TELEPHONE 879.217

VIENNA BOYS' CHOIR.

Everyone who attended, was thrilled with the Vienna Boys' Choir, and found the block booking a very satisfactory way of spending an evenings entertainment.

Very well arranged by Muriel, our Vice President.

### FILM.

Once again we can present a truly magnificent film cast in the setting of ancient Rome. This depicts the story of people whose love, triumphs and defeats, led to the downfall of the greatest empire the world has ever known.

For the small price of 6/8d. we can obtain first class block-booking.

The evening of this arrangement will be Wednesday, July 22nd. No bookings will be accepted after 13th July. .

After the film, there will be a buffet supper of savouries, sandwiches, coffee etc., in the Embassy Lounge, (Free to members)

This Buffet is available to non-members at the very reasonable price of 3/6d. per head.

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Muriel Feasey who arranges all block-bookings, may be approached outside working hours.

### STAFF NEWS.

#### CONGRATULATIONS.

We'd like to wish Pat Erickson and her fiance, Brian Carkeek, hearty congratulations on their recent engagement.

And stop hiding that left hand Pat!

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### A LETTER OF FAREWELL FROM JOHN WIMBLETON WHO WITH HIS WIFE, HAS SAILED TO ENGLAND.

Thank you.....

To all my workmates and friends, who wished my wife and I a safe journey home to the U.K. and a bright future.

It is not without some feelings of regret that we are leaving this green and pleasant land.

Here we have found life so easy, and made many firm friends, and who knows that like so many people that leave New Zealand, we may not at some future date, again return.

My wife, joins me in wishing you all a long life and much happiness in the future.

Yours sincerely,  
John Wimbleton.

MENS' HAIRDRESSER.

Good, cheerful atmosphere,  
and a good service.

KEN GRANVILLE

across the road.

"Monster" Raffle Results.

1st PRIZE - Electric Blanket.

Ticket No. 13 Green

Michael Mercer (Anzac Ave)

2nd PRIZE - Vienna Boys' Choir (Ticket)

Ticket No. 33 Orange

Kath Hysett (Sub. Assembly)

3rd PRIZE - 1 dozen bottles of beer

Ticket No. 26 Green

May Henry (Main Line)

A very attractive raffle arranged by our Vice President, Muriel Feasey, who is standing in temporarily for Don Le Bas.

MORE CONGRATULATIONS.

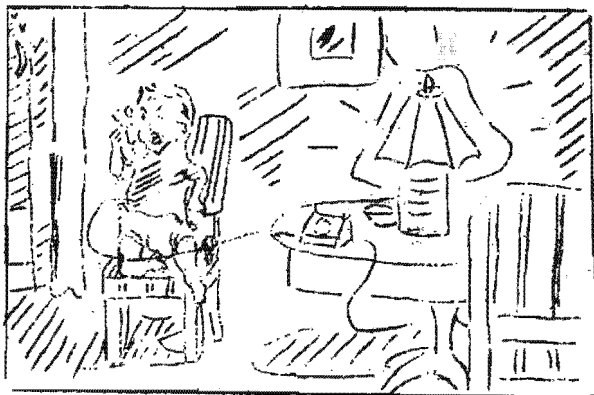
This time to two of our apprentices; namely, Leo Barnes and Ross Miller who, in their respective 3rd and 1st year Radio Technical examinations came top in the whole of Auckland.

It was a very happy occasion too, when they were presented with two Radio Volumes from the corporation by Mr. Bell, who also addressed staff and members of the factory.

Mr. Stockwell, the Production Manager, replied for Leo and Ross, thanking the management for the presentation, and to all present, who gave the two apprentices a very warm hand.



Leo and Ross, several hours after the occasion, when their nerves had settled down a little, approached the Newsletter, and stated, "that they wished to thank Mr. Stockwell, for addressing the management and factory on their behalf."



"Overtime again? Okay, where do you keep my fresh nappies?"

WANTED.

500 micro farads offered as reward for the capture of the electron bandwidth. He was last seen riding over a wheatstone bridge on his half cycle. If seen, be careful, as he is carrying a carbon electrode. His name is Inductance Henry, and he is 5 volts high, and is wearing a screened grid over his cathode.

We don't want a lynching, so we won't print the name of the honourable member who thought of the above.

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Apologies from the editors to Leo Barnes for omitting his name from the list of Committee members in our 1st edition.

It was a bad 'clang' on our part, but laughable in a way. Leo happens to play a very important part in producing this Newsletter. We're happy to say Leo had a good laugh as well.

TWO OF A KIND.

Here you see 17 two letter words in alphabetical order. They can be linked in threes so that they form six six-letter words. For example, US, HI, and AT would make HIATUS.

AT, AT, DO, DO, IN, IN, IS, MA, MA, OR, OR, OR,  
PA, TA, TO, TO, TO.

Solution back of Newsletter.

FAREWELL TO MICHAEL MORRIS.

Our farewell collection for Michael was £10, and with this money we wish him every success in his future Photography profession.

MR. PETER APPLETON.

Mr. Peter Appleton of the office staff leaves us to take charge of Tele-hire at Palmerston North. We wish him luck in his new post.

A NEW ARRIVAL.



Congratulations to Lorraine and Harley Ladgrove on the birth of their baby daughter, Kim Marie (weight, 6 lbs. 9 ozs.)

ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT.

This time, May Henry on Main Chassis Line. Hearty congratulations to you and fiance Carl James. Same goes for you May. Don't hide that left hand, let us all have a good look.

FAREWELL.

To friends and associates since I have been employed at Bell Radio and T.V. especially to the Social Club Committee, with whom I have had many laughs, cheerio and the best of luck to you all.

Max Robson.

TREASURE AT ARMS LENGTH.

Short Story by H. Charnley.

We were seated in the two hundred feet level of the Great Boulder Gold Mine, and eating "crib", when George, not long out from Yorkshire, remarked on the number of mice running about.

"Yes," agreed Big Mick. "They feed on the scraps you fellows leave lying around. The things find their way down, someway, there's nothing to eat up there, but they seem to know there's plenty down here. If you take a prow round some of the worked-out parts of this level, you'll most likely find a few snakes too."

"Snakes?"

"Yes, they come down to feed on the mice."

"And how do the snakes get here?"

"They come in with the big loads of bush firewood for the boilers. Somehow, they know about the mice being down here. There's plenty of ways for them to get down, for there are 'passes' right up to the surface."

"Wonder they don't break their backs falling down," said George.

"The only way a snake will get a broken back is for someone to hit it with a stick. No trouble for a snake to get down, though. But somehow, they don't seem to be able to climb up again," Mick told him.

A couple of shifts later, George, always observant, remarked on Big Mick being deficient of the two main fingers of his right hand.

"Snake," said Mick laconically.

"How come, snake?"

"Well," said Mick, "it's a bit of a yarn, but I'll tell you. You wouldn't know, of course, that one time I did a spell in 'clink.'

Most of us did, but we held it nothing to Mick's discredit. Most of us weren't too sure but that if we had had our due we

too, might have been guests of the law.

"Freemantle Jail," Mick continued, "and one of my jobs there was orderly in the hospital.

You may know that criminals get sick, and even die, the same as ordinary men. The doctor liked me 'cause I was big and strong. I could handle the sick men, and even the dead ones. There was one fellow there I nursed for months before he finally chucked it, and not long before that he gave me what he called 'the goods'. I knew that he was in for a fifteen-year spell for shooting a mine watchman here in Kalgoorlie. There was a big parcel of gold he told me.

Apparently he had it all bagged and ready to move off, when this watchman came in. The watchman had a revolver, but so did this fellow and he shot at the watchman and ran!

He knew the shot would rouse the others around the mine, but he had his get-away all plotted out. It was up at the end of the Belt among the small mines, and there were dozens of worked-out alluvial shafts everywhere, fifty to a hundred feet deep.

#### Secret of the Tunnel.

He had one in particular in mind, and as he ran past, he tossed the bag of gold into it. He got away alright, but next day the police put the black trackers on the job. They tracked him right to his camp; then the watchman identified him, and the Judge gave him the whole book, for attempted murder and robbery.

The police tried to kid him into telling what he'd done with the gold, but he told me that it was still in that old shaft. He also said that it was mine if ever I had the guts to have a go at getting it.

Not long after that my patient died, though not before he had given me the whole issue as to how I could get this gold.

The shaft where the gold lay was connected by a fairly long tunnel, with another shaft, down which I could get with a rope ladder. So all I had to do was to go down that shaft, nobody would notice me; I would then crawl along the tunnel - and I'd be a rich man.

Crawling along that tunnel was right. There was about a thousand feet of it, and it had probably been worked well over thirty years before. Parts of the roof were down, which made it so that a man had to crawl up, squeeze through, and then crawl down, all the time expecting that some more of the roof would come down and bury him.

I had a torch, but I was mighty glad when I saw the glimmer

of daylight ahead. At the bottom of that hundred foot shaft, light was a bit dim, but the first thing I saw was a big revolver. My patient hadn't mentioned this, but I guessed that it had been his, and that he had tossed it down along with the bag of gold, to get rid of incriminating evidence.

Although it had been lying where it was for years, the gun was in good order. The bottom of this old shaft was as dry as an ash-pit. I twirled the cylinder a bit, then laid it aside.

I looked around, and there just at arms length from where I was lying, was the bag of gold. I reached out and took hold of it - then felt as if I'd been struck by lightning. Curled up under the slack of the bag, was a big black snake. Quick as light the reptile struck me again.

Lucky I had that gun, or I might have been bitten, yet again. I was a fair shot, and I blasted that snake's head right off.

Lucky that I did, for I could feel my fingers becoming paralyzed - the two shooting fingers of my right hand.

There was only one thing to do, and I had to do it quick. I had no first-aid kit, not even a bit of string to tie round my fingers as a ligature. I snapped open the gun. It was a six chamber. Years before one chamber had been used on the mine watchman. Now I had used one on that snake, which left me four - two shots for each finger. To save my life, I shot them both off, and that's how I came to lose them.

Yes, I had a pretty tough spin getting back along the tunnel, and climbing that hundred foot of rope ladder; but I had been through two wars without hardly a scratch, though what I had seen other men take won't stand tellin'. Anyway, when I got on top, I managed to get to an old timer's camp, and he bandaged me up enough to get to a doctor, without bleeding to death."

George pondered the story for a couple of minutes.

"So you didn't get the gold?"

Big Mick smiled.

"Not that time, but later - when my hand got better. It took a couple of months; I did what I ought to have done in the first place. I took out a Miners' Right - you can't lawfully go picking up gold unless you have that George, it's a sort of licence. Then I registered a claim of a couple of acres around that old shaft, which made me a mine-owner and legally the owner of all the gold I might pick up inside my two acres."

"With the help of the old timer who had given me first aid, I rigged a windlass. For a couple of weeks I pretended to do

some mining, sending up a few buckets of dirt - and there was a fair bit of gold still left in those drives and tunnels. Naturally, I then got up my bag of gold.

It being now legally mine, I smelted it openly, along with the other gold we had won. I took the ingot to the bank, and got full price.

I tossed my old mate a fair bonus, a lot more than he expected, and then declared my mine worked out."

"How come, when you made a lot of money, you are here, working along with us?"

"Well, having a good poultice of dough, as you say, I decided on a trip around the world. I got as far as Monte Carlo. About a month later, the French police deported me as an undesirable alien - I was broke. All I had were my two war medals - they saved me from being put in some French jug. The sight of those bits of bronze convinced "le judge" that I was just one of those mad Australians. I washed dishes and peeled spuds all the way home.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES etc.

What Would You Do?

First he fastened a water-bucket to a rope. Then, starting the motor, he hung the bucket over the stern in the stream, behind the propellor. The bucket pulling on the water, acted as a rudder. By removing the rope to port or starboard along the stern, he soon learned to make the launch respond quite well. His course, as can be imagined, was uneven, but he got home.

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Word Square.

ASHES  
START  
HAIRY  
ERROL  
STYLE

What is This?

An aeroplane diving into  
a cloud.

Two of a Kind.

Attain, Domain, Indoor, Orator, Patios, Tomato.

CLUB RULES.

1. Clubs Title: Bell Radio and T.V. Social Club.
  2. Members must be employees of the Bell Radio and T.V. Corporation.
  3. Subscriptions are 1/- per week per member.
  4. Each member allowed to bring any one partner plus self to each function free of charge.
  5. Two outside friends permitted at a price determined by the Committee.
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DONT FORGET  
YOUR  
NEXT MONTHS

DING - DONG