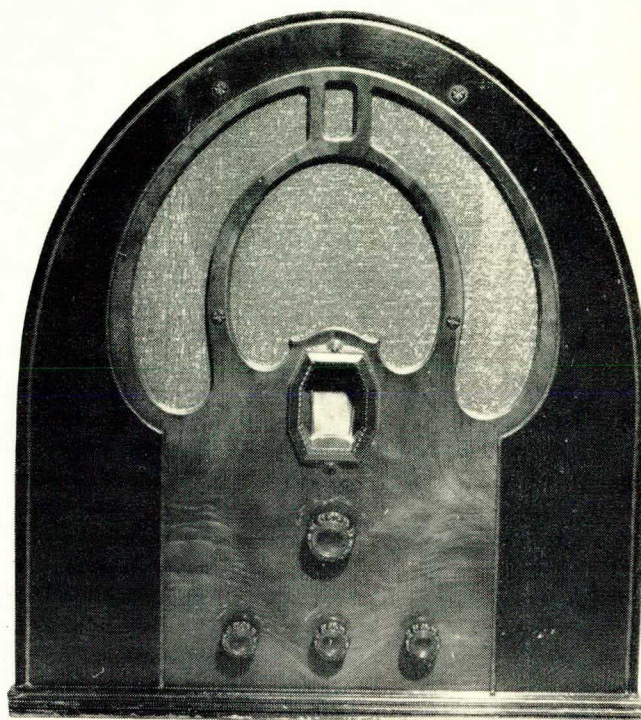


The Wireless Set



The first wireless ever to come to the valley of Tronvik in Orkney was brought by Howie Eunson, son of Hugh the fisherman and Betsy.

Howie had been at the whaling in the Antarctic all winter, and he arrived back in Britain in April with a stuffed wallet and jingling pockets. Passing through Glasgow on his way home, he bought presents for everyone in Tronvik—fiddle strings for Sam down at the shore, a bottle of malt whiskey for Mansie of the hill, a secondhand volume of Spurgeon's sermons for Mr. Sinclair the missionary, sweets for all the bairns, a meerschaum pipe for his father, Hugh, and a portable wireless set for his mother, Betsy.

There was great excitement the night Howie arrived home in Tronvik. Everyone in the valley—men, women, children, dogs, cats—crowded into the butt end of the croft, as Howie unwrapped and distributed his gifts.

"And have you been a good boy all the time you've been away?" said Betsy anxiously. "Have you prayed every night, and not sworn?"

"This is thine, mother," said Howie, and out of a big cardboard box he lifted the portable wireless and set it on the table.

For a full two minutes nobody said a word. They all stood staring at it, making small round noises of

wonderment, like pigeons. "And mercy," said Betsy at last, "what is it at all?"

"It's a wireless set," said Howie proudly. "Listen."

He turned a little black knob, and a posh voice came out of the box saying that it would be a fine day tomorrow over England, and over Scotland south of the Forth-Clyde valley, but that in the Highlands and in Orkney and Shetland there would be rain and moderate westerly winds.

"If it's a man that's speaking," said old Hugh doubtfully, "where is he standing just now?"

"In London," said Howie.

"Well, now," said Betsy, "if that isn't a marvell! But I'm not sure, all the same, but what it isn't against the Scriptures. Maybe, Howie, we'd better not keep it."

"Everybody in the big cities has a wireless," said Howie. "Even in Kirkwall and Hamnavoe every house has one. But now Tronvik has a wireless as well, and maybe we're not such clodhoppers as they think."

They all stayed late, listening to the wireless. Howie kept twirling a second little knob, and sometimes they would hear music and sometimes they would hear a kind of loud half-witted voice urging them to use a particular brand of toothpaste.

At half past eleven the wireless was switched off,

A story by George Mackay Brown

and everybody went home. Hugh and Betsy and Howie were left alone.

"Men speak," said Betsy, "but it's hard to know sometimes whether what they say is truth or lies."

"This wireless speaks the truth," said Howie.

Old Hugh shook his head. "Indeed," he said, "it doesn't do that. For the man said there would be rain here and a westerly wind. But I assure you it'll be a fine day, and a southerly wind, and if the Lord spares me, I'll get to the lobsters."

Old Hugh was right. Next day was fine, and he and Howie took twenty lobsters from the creels he had under the Gray Head.

It was in the spring of the year 1939 that the first wireless set came to Tronvik. In September that same year war broke out, and Howie and three other lads from the valley joined the minesweepers.

That winter the wireless standing on Betsy's table became the center of Tronvik. Every evening folk came from the crofts to listen to the nine o'clock news. Hitherto the wireless had been a plaything which discoursed Scottish reels and constipation advertisements and unreliable weather forecasts. But now the whole world was embattled, and Tronvik listened appreciatively to enthusiastic commentators telling them that General Gamelin was the greatest soldier of the century, and he had only to say the word for the German Siegfried Line to crumble like sand. In the summer of 1940 the Western front flared into life, and then suddenly no more was heard of General Gamelin. First it was General Weygand who was called the heir of Napoleon, and then a few days later Marshal Pétain.

France fell all the same, and old Hugh turned to the others and said, "What did I tell you? You can't believe a word it says."

One morning they saw a huge gray shape looming along the horizon, making for Scapa Flow. "Do you ken the name of that warship?" said Mansie of the hill. "She's the *Ark Royal*, an aircraft carrier."

That same evening Betsy twiddled the knob of the wireless, and suddenly an impudent voice came drawing out. The voice was saying that German dive bombers had sunk the *Ark Royal* in the Mediterranean. "Where is the *Ark Royal*?" went the voice in an evil refrain. "Where is the *Ark Royal*? Where is the *Ark Royal*?"

"That man," said Betsy, "must be the Father of Lies."

Wasn't the *Ark Royal* safely anchored in calm water on the other side of the hill?

Thereafter the voice of Lord Haw-Haw cast a spell on the inhabitants of Tronvik. The people would rather listen to him than to anyone, he was such a great liar. He had a kind of bestial joviality about him that at once repelled and fascinated them; just as, for opposite reasons, they had been repelled and fascinated to begin with by the rapacious ferocity of Mr. Sinclair's Sunday afternoon sermons, but had grown quite pleased with them in

time. They never grew pleased with William Joyce, Lord Haw-Haw. Yet every evening found them clustered around the portable radio, like awed children around a hectoring schoolmaster.

"Do you know," said Sam of the shore one night, "I think that man will come to a bad end?"

Betsy was frying bloody-puddings over a Primus stove, and the evil voice went on and on against a background of hissing, sputtering, roaring, and a medley of rich succulent smells.

Everyone in the valley was there that night. Betsy had made some new ale, and the first bottles were being opened. It was good stuff, right enough; everybody agreed about that.

Now the disembodied voice paused, and turned casually to a new theme, the growing starvation of the people of Britain. The food ships were being sunk one after the other by the heroic U-boats. Nothing was getting through, nothing, not a cornstalk from Saskatchewan nor a tin of pork from Chicago. Britain was starving. The war would soon be over. Then there would be certain pressing accounts to meet. The ships were going down. Last week the Merchant Navy was poorer by a half million gross registered tons. Britain was starving—

At this point Betsy, who enjoyed her own ale more than anyone else, thrust the hissing frying pan under the nose, so to speak, of the wireless, so that its gleam was dimmed for a moment or two by a rich blue tangle of bloody-pudding fumes.

"Smell that, you brute," cried Betsy fiercely, "smell that!"

The voice went on, calm and vindictive.

"Do you ken," said Hugh, "he canna hear a word you're saying."

"Can he not?" said Sandy Omand, turning his taurine head from one to the other. "He canna hear?"

Sandy was a bit simple.

"No," said Hugh, "nor smell either."

After that they switched off the wireless, and ate the bloody-puddings along with buttered bannocks, and drank more ale, and told stories that had nothing to do with war, till two o'clock in the morning.

One afternoon in the late summer of that year the island postman cycled over the hill road to Tronvik with a yellow corner of telegram sticking out of his pocket.

He passed the shop and the manse and the schoolhouse, and went in a wavering line up the track to Hugh's croft. The wireless was playing music inside, Joe Loss and his orchestra.

Betsy had seen him coming and was standing in the door.

"Is there anybody with you?" said the postman.

Mr. Brown lives in the Orkneys and writes in poetry and in prose about these offshore Scottish isles. This story will be included in a new collection to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World.

"What way would there be?" said Betsy. "Hugh's at the lobsters."

"There should be somebody with you," said the postman.

"Give me the telegram," said Betsy, and held out her hand. He gave it to her as if he were a miser parting with a twenty-pound note.

She went inside, put on her spectacles, and ripped open the envelope with brisk fingers. Her lips moved a little, silently reading the words.

Then she turned to the dog, and said, "Howie's dead." She went to the door. The postman was disappearing on his bike around the corner of the shop, and the missionary was hurrying toward her up the path.

She said to him, "It's time the peats were carted."

"This is a great affliction, you poor soul," said Mr. Sinclair, the missionary. "This is bad news, indeed. Yet he died for his country. He made the great sacrifice. So that we could all live in peace, you understand."

Betsy shook her head. "That isn't it at all," she said. "Howie's sunk with torpedoes. That's all I know."

They saw old Hugh walking up from the shore with a pile of creels on his back and a lobster in each hand. When he came to the croft he looked at Betsy and the missionary standing together in the door. He went into the outhouse and set down the creels and picked up an ax he kept for chopping wood.

Betsy said to him, "How many lobsters did you get?"

He moved past her and the missionary without speaking into the house. Then from inside he said, "I got two lobsters."

"I'll break the news to him," said Mr. Sinclair.

From inside came the noise of shattering wood and metal.

"He knows already," said Betsy to the missionary. "Hugh knows the truth of a thing generally before a word is uttered."

Hugh moved past them with the ax in his hand.

"I got six crabs forby," he said to Betsy, "but I left them in the boat."

He set the ax down carefully inside the door of the outhouse. Then he leaned against the wall and looked out to sea for a long while.

"I got thirteen eggs," said Betsy. "One more than yesterday. That old Rhode Islander's laying like mad."

The missionary was slowly shaking his head in the doorway. He touched Hugh on the shoulder and said, "My poor man—"

Hugh turned and said to him, "It's time the last peats were down from the hill. I'll go in the morning first thing. You'll be needing a cartload for the manse."

The missionary, awed by such callousness, walked down the path between the cabbages and

potatoes. Betsy went into the house. The wireless stood, a tangled wreck, on the dresser. She brought from the cupboard a bottle of whiskey and glasses. She set the kettle on the hook over the fire and broke the peats into red and yellow flame with a poker. Through the window she could see people moving toward the croft from all over the valley. The news had got around. The mourners were gathering.

Old Hugh stood in the door and looked up at the drift of clouds above the cliff. "Yes," he said, "I'm glad I set the creels where I did, off Yesnaby. They'll be sheltered there once the wind gets up."

"That white hen," said Betsy, "has stopped laying. It's time she was in the pot, if you ask me." □

FISHING THE TEIFI

Left bank and right

I've fished this water since first light,

Throwing my early spinners

Into the river's mirrors,

Feeling the hook sink

Minutely, then I'd check, and bring it to the bank.

It was enough at first

To know the flung perfection of each cast,

My seven-foot, fiber-glass flinger

Growing from my hand, a finger

To set exactly down

My teal and black, mallard and claret, or coachman.

But I've had nothing on

All morning nor the longer afternoon.

For all his hunched attention

The empty heron's flown,

And now the soft-whistling otter

Glides his sleek belly into the blackening water.

From the bleak dark the hiss

Of harsh wind turns my face

Down like a page, telling me to go.

But sleep tonight, I know,

Will not shut out this river, nor the gleam

Of big ones, sliding up to hook onto my dream.

by Leslie Norris

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