

(continued from previous page)

Ward: They should have a position in regard to their numbers which is a minority in all Europe, certainly—including ourselves.

"A Leap in the Dark"

Martin: We have got to work with some Germans some time I suppose, and here I imagine that both Taylor and Vansittart and in fact all of us will agree. My trouble is that after the last breakdown of Germany in 1918-1919 we killed the wrong Germans. I want to make sure this time that we find working-class Germans who have been anti-Nazi during the war to collaborate with, and we really get rid of these heavy industrialists—these Junkers and these Nazis. We must do the job properly this time.

Vansittart: I should say it was entirely problematical at present what Germans we shall find to collaborate with and when. I am exceedingly sceptical about it at the present moment. It's a leap in the dark. But one thing I think is quite sure—that you won't find any at all unless—and here I come back perhaps to my King Charles's head—you are prepared not only for a prolonged but in many respects a ruthless occupation; you will not find any at all because what there might have been will have been murdered on a very large scale.

Martin: But you must collaborate with some Germans during this period of occupation: there is no alternative.

Vansittart: If you can find them.

Martin: You cannot administer the whole of Germany yourselves.

Ward: Then decide their type now.

Agreement on One Point

Taylor (chairman): Now we have almost come to the end of our time. Have we agreed on anything? Well, yes, we have all agreed on this point I think: total disarmament of Germany for good. We have agreed on some sort of control—manipulation—of German industry; not agreed very much, I think, on the way it should be done or what should be done with the Germany industry that is being controlled. You will see that we have left out a very big question—perhaps left it out deliberately—I mean the question of frontiers. Some of us would argue that considerable portions of pre-1938 Germany should be detached from Germany and given to other countries. Some would argue against this. I think we can say that, whether this is done or not, even if quite large parts of Germany were detached, the problem of dealing with a Germany in Europe would remain; and therefore perhaps that is an excuse for our leaving this question out. It will be in fact the most practical question, the most immediate question, and will cause a great deal more conflict and dispute in this country and probably in the United States than will the really urgent vital questions. The thing that we agreed on above all—the thing that we all have most at heart and look to not as the long-term solution over centuries, perhaps, but the solution for our lifetime and our children's lifetime, is to stand firm with Russia and to build up a security system in Europe for all the independent peoples of Europe so that they can exist even if the Germans, as I think is possible, continue to be a problem.

WET WEEK-ENDS

The Theory And The Facts



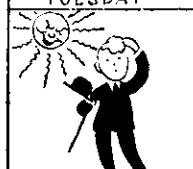
SUNDAY



MONDAY



TUESDAY



WEDNESDAY



THURSDAY



FRIDAY



SATURDAY

"**W**HAT," we asked a psychologically-minded acquaintance the other day, "is your idea of the cause of the Monday-morning-feeling?"

He thought for a moment and then began on a highly technical psychological explanation.

"You wouldn't agree," we suggested, "that it has anything to do with the weather?"

"Ah," he replied, "I think you've got something there. But, as far as Wellington goes, at any rate, isn't Monday very often a lovely, sunny day after a wet and enforced indoors week-end?"

"Yes," we said, "that's just the point."

Another friend, who lived for nine months in a Wellington boarding-house, is bitter on the subject.

"Only people who have to live in boarding-houses and who look forward to a change of scene for the week-end," he says, "appreciate a fine week-end." He has found, he says more bitterly still, that when a fine Sunday does come along it is so unexpected that there is no time to make arrangements. "But you can bet your boots that a rotten week-end is always followed by a brilliant Monday which serves only to increase the Monday-morning-feeling."

* * *

NEW ZEALAND'S week-end weather varies considerably according to locality. On the West Coast of the South Island rain can be expected any day. On the East Coast of the North Island, long, dry spells are not unusual.

But, to gain some idea of what actually happens in cyclonic and anti-cyclonic circles, we asked a Wellington meteorological expert a few questions. He looked up the official records and this is what they disclosed:

Forty-seven per cent of all the 366 days in Wellington had some rain.

Fifty-three per cent of week-ends had some rain.

There were only 13 Saturdays and Sundays free from rain.

Twenty-four week-ends had one wet day (either Saturday or Sunday).

Sixteen week-ends had rain on both Saturday and Sunday.

And all this boils down to the fact that there was, in Wellington, in 1944, only one week-end in four without rain.

Having gone so far, we made enquiries about other centres. They produced the following table of figures for the benefit of the statistically-minded.

WEEK-ENDS IN 1944

	Saturday and Sunday Dry	One Day Wet	Both Days Wet
Auckland	12	22	19
Wellington	13	24	16
Christchurch	18	24	11
Dunedin	12	17	24
Total Wet Saturdays or Sundays	60	Percentage of 106 Saturdays and Sundays	57
Auckland	56		53
Wellington	46		43
Christchurch	65		61
Dunedin		Percentage of the 366 Days	53
Total Rain Days	195		47
Auckland	173		43
Wellington	156		55
Christchurch	203		
Dunedin			

DRY MONDAYS (out of 52) in 1944: Auckland, 31; Wellington, 29; Christchurch, 28; Dunedin, 24.

SIMPLE STORY

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I WAS sitting in my flat, next to a theatre, one quiet Saturday afternoon, reading.

There was an imperative knock on the door. "Come downstairs with me as quickly as you can; I'll explain as we go."

My visitor was the theatre manager, who seemed upset.

He hustled me into the orchestral well, seated me at the piano and said: "As soon as you get the tip from me—I'll be in the right-hand wings—play the National Anthem."

On the stage Count Graf Von Luckner was nearing the end of the first talk in his lecture season.

Down came the manager's handkerchief, and I crashed out the anthem. The audience sang lustily, and the Count added his bass.

"Thanks a lot, old man," said the manager, wiping his brow. "We had rigged up a sound system for the playing of the anthem but something went wrong."

There was a bright sequel. I was instructed to call at the box office of the theatre where I was handed 5/9, union rates, as a casual, for my brief performance. Accompanying the fee were two seats for the next lecture and an autographed photograph of the notorious count, whose later movements so many of us would like to know.



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