

every guest tried for himself. Major-General Albert Wedemeyer, commanding general of U.S. forces in China, showed outstanding ability.

Science Had a Theory

Most of the Far East was convinced but no one had an explanation. Mystics admitted with regret that the old Chinese legend which talked about the one magic day each year had been knocked cold. A few mentioned lunar influences, but all agreed that even a virile lunar influence would hardly last a month.

An expert emerged in the person of Dr. Wang Fu Shih, D.S.C., brilliant young graduate of Munich Technological Institute, holder of several electronic patents. Dr. Wang believed that a scientific explanation could be found for anything. He carried on extensive experiments and arrived at Press Hostel armed with test tubes, eggs, and a theory. The reason, he said, is temperature and gravity. He explained that, according to all laws of mathematics, nothing can be balanced if its centre of gravity is higher than its middle. Likewise nothing can be balanced on a single point. He then proceeded to take apart Einstein. A balanced egg is not an illustration of point contact, said Dr. Wang. He put lipstick on one egg, measured the mark

it left after standing, concluded that the surface of contact is at least two square millimeters. Then he turned to the egg's centre of gravity. In cold weather the egg's contents contract. This leaves a larger air space and lowers the centre of gravity. In addition he believes that various parts of the egg have different expansion co-efficients — the runny parts gets runnier and the heavy part gets heavier. This makes it possible for a heavy yolk to sink toward the bottom. Dr. Wang believes that the egg would stand on the hottest summer day if first chilled in the refrigerator. This particular experiment will have to be done in America, however, where there are refrigerators. It may also be, he adds, that the hen's food at this time of year contributes to the liquidity of the egg. Liquidity, to sum up, is the secret of it all.

Dr. Wang was distressed to admit the exception. He had emptied one shell, he reported, and the empty shell also stood on end. This, he said, was difficult to explain. He was more distressed to learn that the hard-boiled egg, which is not at all liquid, would stand. And when photographers reported that their flash bulbs have been balancing easily for the past few weeks, he left to conduct further experiments.

And there the matter stands.

YESTERDAY'S MAORI Talks By An Enthusiast

LAST winter, listeners to 1YA heard a series of talks on Maori customs and proverbs by Olga Adams, lecturer in science at the Auckland Teachers' Training College. This year Miss Adams is to give a further series entitled "Yesterday's Maori"; the subtitles of the four talks in the series are: "Trees in Story and Legend," "Fishing Customs," "Nature Lore," and "Maori Meeting House."

We called on Miss Adams and discovered that she has an inherent interest in the Maori and that the study of Maori affairs is her hobby. At the Teachers' Training College she directs a Maori craft club; she is a member of the Polynesian Society and the Auckland Anthropological Society and has given lectures to W.E.A. groups and also to various women's organisations. It seems that she has spent most of her holidays travelling about the country

visiting different Maori communities or delving into the history of the customs, language and art of the race.

"Do you talk Maori?" we asked her.

"Talk it? No. I stumble it! I get along. But I can't follow a fast conversation. They have to be very patient with me when they talk to me." (The songs illustrating her radio talks are to be sung by Henare Toka.)

Miss Adams made no bones about being an enthusiast. "Maori history, custom and story should interest all New Zealanders," she said. "It is fascinating as a subject in itself, it is essential to any reading of New Zealand's history, and it is a great help towards an understanding and appreciation of the Maori race." But Miss Adams insists on being down-to-earth about her subject. Her talks are not, she said sharply, anything to make a fuss about. "Wonderful, Miss Adams! Drrrama, Miss Adams!" they say to me. Rubbish!" Miss Adams said to us. "Drrrama my eye! I use my eyes and my ears and tell what I see and hear."

We heard Miss Adams sustaining a conversation with an American visitor who appeared to be somewhat carping about various New Zealand habits and customs. All went coolly but smoothly till the American asked: "Anyway, where's all this home life I've heard so much talk about? I've seen none of it. All I see is some dumps in town nicknamed clubs."

"Oh, the home life?" Miss Adams said. "Oh, there's very little of that these days because so many of our boys are away at the war. Have been since the beginning."

Miss Adams, we decided as we moved nearer the fire, was a champion of New Zealanders in general, not only of the Maori race.



Alan Blakey photograph
OLGA ADAMS
"Drrrama my eye!"

DID I PROTEX
myself this morning?
You bet I did!

Women like
PROTEX too!
the antiseptic
soap without
an antiseptic
odour

Colgate-Palmolive Ltd.,
Perone.

PR73
Listen-in to the Protex Programme, "Linda's First Love", every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 2.15 p.m. — all ZB Stations.

Poems by New Zealanders

THE WIND AND THE SAND (Selected Poems, 1934-1944), by Denis Glover, 7/8 posted. Glover's poems are distinguished by an unusual clarity of thought and expression, combined with a polished and flexible technique.

BEYOND THE PALISADE, by James K. Baxter, 6/2 posted. No young New Zealander has, in his first book, shown such certainty of language and sweep of imaginative power as Mr. Baxter.

ISLAND AND TIME, by Allen Curnow, 5/2 posted. Curnow's poetry is among the best that has been written in this country, and has fittingly represented New Zealand in modern anthologies. In "Island and Time" the poet reflects on our history and our origins.

SIGNS AND WONDERS, by Basil Dowling, 6/2 posted. Dowling is a poet of great sincerity. Some poems are inspired by religious feeling; all show a deep reverence for nature and humanity.

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