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useful from the purely journalistic chatter. But after I had applied and applied they apparently decided that I was a harmless and amiable chap and let me see a good deal of what I wanted to see. And then I found the Russians very generous and only too willing to talk and explain and show me round."

"Even the Bees Work for Stalin!"

I had read Professor Ashby's scripts so I knew about some of the places he had visited—such as the research institute of bee culture, where the bees are trained to concentrate on one particular kind of flower. Professor Ashby told me that the methods used in that institute are already being used now in Australia.

"A remark that was made to me at that institute when I was being shown the work illustrates something about the naive and simple character of the

SHIP'S CAT

On a chair in the lounge of the Sydney Star a black and white cat stretched in rhythmical sleep. I admired and bent to stroke the very glossy and healthy looking coat.

"That's the ship's special cat; she lives this end—all the rat-catchers live the other end," said a steward who came through just then.

"Is she Australian?"

"No, not her. She's a pure Londoner. Came to us as a kitten and now she's going to have her first batch of kittens herself soon. She's a nice little cat, very friendly. With seven children on board this trip the kittens will be a great event."

"They'll be Australian kittens I suppose."

"Not at all. They'll be New Zealand kittens. She met the father in Auckland and she brought him aboard—he's coming along with us."

I still wasn't sure that they'd be New Zealand kittens and in the end we agreed that they'd be Pacific kittens.

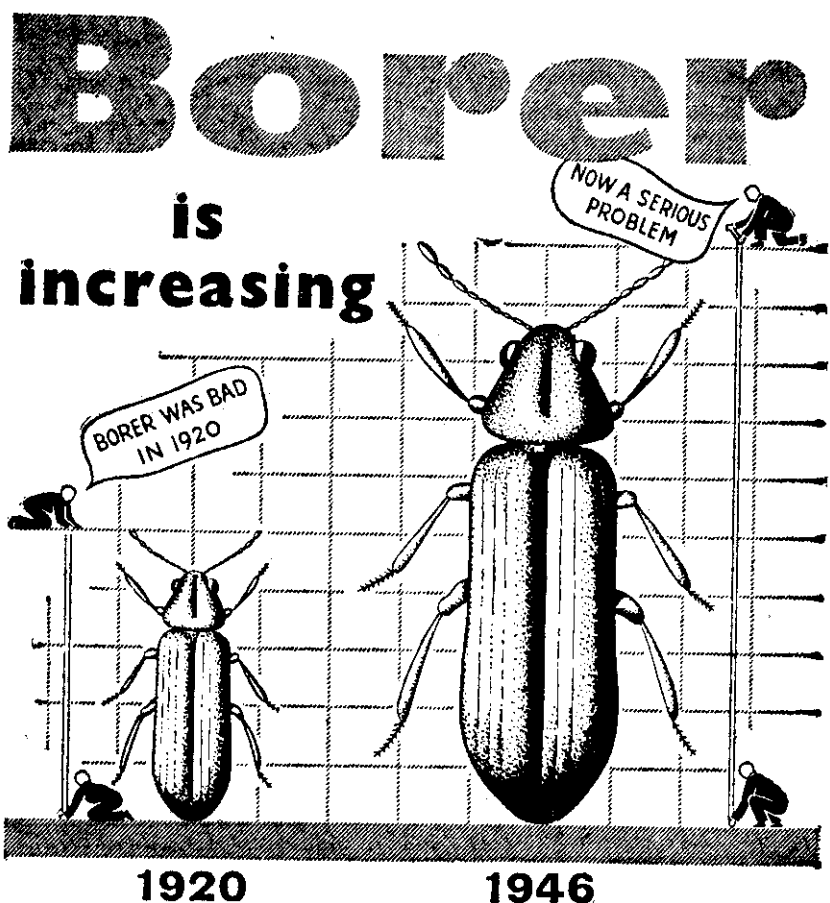
Russian people as a whole," Professor Ashby said. "This particular young man showed me some bees hard at work and said with pride, 'You see, in Russia even the bees work for Stalin!' Another characteristic they have is even more charming: they all love flowers. I used to go out into the country in the week-ends and there would always be people coming home with bunches of flowers they had gathered. Once an old man with whom I could exchange only the most rudimentary conversation, sat in the corner of the carriage with a huge bunch of primroses—must have taken him hours to gather—and at the end of the journey he carefully divided it into two and thrust half upon me. And that was not by any means an isolated kindness."

"You Can't Answer Back"

"And could you manage the language in scientific circles?"

Professor Ashby groaned. "Russian is a real hurdle. You struggle and struggle and at last you come to the stage where you're rather like a dog—you can understand but you can't answer back. I

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