(continued from previous page)

THE psychological possibilities of such an accomplishment can at the time of writing be only vaguely guessed at, but if we consider it along with the reported discovery of an antarctic oasis of snow-free soil and warm lakes surely we have something this nerve-racked world is seeking for. How much better all this than the island-valley of Avilion in the Arthurian legend,

Where falls not had, or rain, or any snow. Nor ever wind blows loudly. . . .

What possibilities does it not open up? Escape from the world, the honest tillage of some antarctic plot of one's own, antarctic poppies around the door of the freehold igloo (h. and c., and no modern inconveniences), the therapeutic delights of ice-free bathing in the warm lakes, and, to cap it all, regular flights widdershins around the Pole to recover



"Antarctic poppies around the the freehold igloo"

lost time. All that is needed is some of the spirit of the pioneers, the determination to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. That, and a certain amount of American organisation. If only Admiral Byrd had decided to stay on in Little America and we could be sure that the transport Merrick was going back South once her tail-feathers have been straightened out we might almost be persuaded to stow aboard her ourselves.



THIS is Dr. Percy Dunsheath, a British engineer, who is visiting New Zealand partly on business and partly for pleasure. He is immediate past-president of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, London, and is interested mainly in the scientific side of the cable industry. He has written many articles and papers on electrical engineering, physics, the organisation of research and education in industry. He gave the Sunday evening talk from the main National stations on March 2, and dealt with the part played by the engineer in war and in everyday



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