DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

Rotten Eggs For The Salvation Army

OF course the Salvation Army is not one hundred years old. William Booth did not use the name until 1878, but the Army has been established in



New Zealand for more than 50 years. George Pollard and Lieutenant Ted Wright arrived here at Easter in 1883. Working simultaneously in Dunedin and Auckland, they opened their campaign in highways and byways. Opponents became more and more insistent in their efforts to destroy the good work. In the streets Salvationists would be pelted liberally with rotten eggs, clods, stones, flour, soot, and

yellow ochre. Some wore their coats inside out to avoid too much damage. Ridicule and interruption of meetings were the next steps. Salvationists were arrested for violating by-laws against street meetings. Whenever this took place, volunteers were available to take their places, and finally an Act of Parliament legalised the Army's operations.—
(Lieutenant-Commissioner J. Evan Smith, in a talk from 2YA, May 17).

Strongholds of Reform

AT some time and in some countries the universities have played an extraordinarily important part in politics and war— those very problems which



fill our minds so terribly at the present time. For example, 700 years ago, thousands of students turned out from Oxford to fight a civil war at the side of Simon de Montfort, who was in some sense a Popular Front leader. Five hundred years ago the University of Paris was reckoned among the great powers of Europe when it came to dealing with the then serious prob-

lem of the state of the universal church. One hundred years ago the universities of Germany were the strongholds of reform. The thing that reactionary governments feared most was a secret society among students, and the first step in reaction was to fill every university with Government spies.—(Professor F. L. Wood, talking on the "University in Daily Life," 2YA, May 13).

WHAT are the universities going to do about the problems which torment our minds in these days of crisis? Have the universities something to say, or are they, as their critics complain, so busy teaching men to earn their livings that no one has time to think about fundamental things? I can mention some facts about my own university to show that the old spirit of scientific curiosity lives on. In the present year by far the most popular class is philosophy, which is presumably the least technical of all. Again, two new ventures are being launched, one through government grant and the other through private donation, and both these ventures are based on research. The first is concerned with social problems underlying public ad-

ministration, and the second with human relationships in the industrial system.—(Professor F. L. W. Wood, on "The University in Daily Life," from 2YA, May 13.)

In the middle ages a student might have to starve himself and travel right across a very barbarous Europe if he wanted to work in a university: and even then he might have to share his last crust with his professor—literally. To-day the Master's gown and hood, which were originally the sign that a man had permission to teach, has great pockets under the arms in which (it is said) the mediaeval teacher would put the crusts brought by students who were too poor to pay money. Nowadays there are no such obstacles in the way of students, for the modern university has gone out to meet its pupils.—(Professor F. L. W. Wood, in the "University in Daily Life," from 2YA, May 13.)

Thinking Our Way Out

"I think that the great crisis of the present time is political and economic rather than scientific. I'm not referring to the military problem in front of us, but to the future of combined communities. The saving of this future can only come through real hard thinking and the testing out of different ideas, however unconventional. This is a problem for the community as a whole, and the community should demand that its statesmen and civil servants and university men should set about finding the way out. By that I do not mean that someone should think of an idea and compel the rest of us to accept it. I prefer the old university method of debate and experiment, trying to see every side of a question, and trying out a tentative conclusion in public. But then I am a university man and the son of a university man, and perhaps I am academic after all."-(Professor F. L. W. Wood, talking from 2YA on "The University in Daily Life," on May 13)

Fire In The Forest

THE Australian has treated the forest with scant mercy. Most clearings have been desirable. Each year they produce thousands of pounds' worth



of sugar, bananas, and pineapples in Queensland. In New South Wales they are planted with European grains, fruit, and grasses. Yet Heaven knows how many hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of cabinet woods have already gone up in smoke. Fires still burn. A landscape of fire-blackened stumps or of felled and charred trunks characterises many square miles of

Queensland—and into offensive, brutal settings like that they put the inoffensive, gentle, Jersey cow.—(Kenneth Cumberland, acting head of the Department of Geography at Canterbury University College and chairman of 3YA's "Microphone Roundtable," May 8.)

"Desert Remains Desert"

When all is said and done, Australia is a desert with but a rim of land suitable for settlement. Despite the ever flowing, heroic optimism of our Australian neighbours in the past, desert remains desert. It is unfortunate that the Australians have shown a reluctance—such a stubborn refusal—to recognise the inevitability of drought. They assumed that drought was an exceptional visitation. This has shaped and infected both public and official policy. It has cost a lot of money.—(Kenneth Cumberland, in "Microphone Roundtable," 3YA, May 8)

Sheep Which Didn't Officially Exist

IN 1829 the Government of New South Wales said the coastline counties were the limits of the colony. "So far shall you go and no farther." But



that was about as effective as Canute's ordering back the waves. The squatters' sheep nibbled their way through land regulations with the greatest unconcern. They were soon overrunning the great grasslands of the interior. A farcical situation resulted. In the 30's the whole export trade of New South Wales depended on a couple of million sheep which

officially did not exist. While the Government was busy erecting paper walls against expansion, the squatter and his sheep were silently revolutionising Australian life. By 1840 the squatter was Australia.—(G. T. J. Wilson, assistant lecturer in history at Canterbury College, in the "Microphone Roundtable," from 3YA, May 8).

Costly Rabbits

WHAT it may cost to get the last rabbit from a badly infested holding was illustrated by the experience on a 40,000-acre run in Australia. A new



manager was appointed to clean up the place after it had fallen into disrepair, no matter what the cost. Boundary fences were put in order, the holding subdivided into rabbit-proof blocks, and a campaign of extermination inaugurated. By the time the last rabbit had gone the total cost was approximately £10,000 or 5/- per acre. The sheep or the rabbits had to go. The amount spent, however, was

soon recouped from the increased carrying capacity of the land.—(L. Morrison, of Lincoln College, in 3YA's "Microphone Roundtable," May 8.)

Children In The Country

IFE in the country is a good life and the best life in the world for children, who learn among other things to depend on themselves and to think for themselves and to make their own amusements. I had a letter from a girl in England not long ago. With her children she has been banished from London for the duration of the war. "You will be surprised to hear," she wrote, "that I simply love the life. As for the boys, they revel in it, and are learning all sorts of interesting things about birds, trees, and animals. Now we are getting very learned in country lore. If I could be grateful to Hitler for anything, it would be for this chance we are having to learn something about the things that really matter, the things that are going on whatever happens."-(From a talk by "Margaret," over YA stations.)