

DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

The Small Things That Count

A CERTAIN absent-minded man had long forgotten that there could be such a thing as romance left in life. He had a charming wife but I don't think he was ever conscious of the fact. However, he was particularly interested in a valuable Jersey cow that he owned, and the animal received every attention. On one occasion he was going away for a few days and his wife suggested that he might bring her back a certain present from the city. On his arrival home his two little girls met him at the train, and at the house mother was busy, preparing to dish a very nice tea. I suppose he could see at a glance that all the family were in splendid health so why waste time in needless questions. His greeting was, "Well, how's the cow?"



His wife was speechless, but she noticed that he carried a large parcel, and thought, "Perhaps he's been thinking of me after all." Alas, her hopes were soon dashed to the ground, because when the parcel was opened it contained a new cow cover.

Now don't you agree that a woman living under these circumstances might be excused for wanting most in life a perfect husband: and yet not perfect—that would be too hard to live up to.—(Hazel Duggan, "What We Want Most in Life," 4YA.)

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Pioneers and Stay at Homes

THERE is a theory that nature calls for a rest and therefore a generation of pioneers in a new country is often followed by a generation of stay-at-homes. This certainly seems to have been the case in New Zealand. The old pioneer generation of men and women cheerfully roughed it in a way which is almost unbelievable to-day. The next generation loved the fleshpots of civilisation more than adventure, so it only produced a few men ready to

How Long Will Mankind Last?

PERHAPS half a million years may be taken as the average life-span of a successful mammalian species. However, our own species, which in our arrogance we have called *Homo sapiens*, has so far enjoyed a mere 50,000 years of existence, though more primitive species of men do go back perhaps 300,000 or 400,000 years. There is therefore no apparent reason why present-day *Homo sapiens* should not live on for 400,000 years or so provided he can stand up to the strain imposed by the struggle for existence that affects all living organisms. At the end of his racial span, two alternative fates await him. Either by progressive evolution, conquering his own deficiencies and adapting himself to a changing world, he will evolve into a being of an even higher type, or else he will become eliminated in competition with a better equipped species of a totally different race—perhaps not even mammalian.—(Dr. F. J. Turner, "The Future of the Earth as an Abode for Man," 4YA, June 14.)

face hardship and rough work, hence our difficulty in establishing mountaineering fifty years ago. The present generation, however, seems to have heard the call of the wild, and being tired of the fleshpots has turned to out-door adventure as a relief from the conventions of civilisation. Hence the wave of

mountaineering, tramping and winter sports, and indeed anything which will take them off the beaten track. The most marked characteristic of our mountaineering history is the amount of guideless work. When we started over fifty years ago there were no guides and, though these gradually developed few New Zealanders employed them. It has been very interesting to see how the present generation, which has revived mountaineering since 1923, have carried on the old traditions of guideless parties. I would add, however, that no matter how good an amateur is, it must help him to climb with a good guide once or twice.—(A. P. Harper, "The Growth of Mountaineering: The Sport in New Zealand," 2YA, June 7.)

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No Medals For His Side!

THIS little anecdote which I discovered a few days ago illustrates in a striking way the many nationalities which sooner or later gravitate towards support for the Union Jack. This was in the last war and a captain who had served in General Kruger's Boer army was drafted to a British regiment in France. The major in command noticing that he looked to be rather more than middle-aged asked him if he had seen service before. "Yes," said the captain, "in South Africa." "Then why the devil aren't you wearing your ribbons," demanded the major. The reply rather nonplussed him: "I'm afraid there weren't any medals for our side," the captain replied quietly.—(From "Personalities and Places in the News" by George Bagley, 3YA, June 4.)



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Those Pesky Rabbits!

WE do not hear much about the rabbit nowadays but nevertheless it is still a very serious pest. To say that 13,000,000 rabbit skins were sold in Dunedin alone last year makes it obvious that the presence of the rabbit even to-day is having a serious effect on our carrying capacity. For some people rabbit farming is more profitable than sheep farming. What we need is the killing of rabbits all the year round: not only when skins bring a high price and the suggestion at the recent high country conference at Tekapo to stabilise the price for skins throughout the year would appear to be a very sensible one.—("Using and Abusing Vegetation," 3YA, June 5.)

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Women And Bank Accounts

STRANGE though it may seem in this enlightened day and age there are still many women who wilt visibly at any suggestion that they should keep a bank account, because it means writing cheques, a real bogey to lots of them. So they excuse themselves by saying that it's not worth while when they have only a small amount of money to look after. But whether the amount of money is large or small there is a very real difficulty in finding a safe place to keep it at home, and to carry it about in a purse or hand bag as some women I know do, always seems to me to be asking for trouble. I'm not thinking of those women whose husbands get paid once a week and who hand over the housekeeping money regularly on pay day as all good husbands do, but of those women whose hus-



bands get paid once a month. A month's housekeeping money is a real responsibility and much the easiest and safest way to keep it is to put it in a bank and draw it out by cheque as you require it. I find it is the most economical way to keep it too. Many a time I would be tempted to buy something I fancied if I had the cash in my bag, but when I have to draw a cheque for it I think twice and generally find all sorts of good reasons for doing without it. It's the easiest thing in the world to open a banking account. All you have to do is to take some money into the bank and tell one of the delightful young men behind the counter that you want to open an account and he will tell you exactly what to do.—("Margaret" in a recent talk to women.)

Must Division Mean Conflict?

THERE is and always must be a line of division between those who contribute service and those who contribute wealth to the common industrial effort. Surely this dividing line does not necessarily mean that there must be a conflict between the two parties when both are concerned in their own interests, as well as in the interests of the whole community, to keep production to the highest economic level? It has been truly said that no plan of organisation which ignores the selfish instinct of mankind will ever be successful, but where the interests of both parties can be served to the best advantage by harmony and good-will, it is self-evident that these qualities should be exploited rather than strife and greed.—(H. Valder, "Industrial Relations—A New Zealand Research," 2YA, June 3.)

Coaches at Lord's

ONE of the special features of the Eton-Harrow match at Lord's is the old coaches. At one point around the pitch, old family coaches, which have long been displaced by motor cars, are drawn up as grandstands and a rendezvous for the family at mealtime. I don't know when they smuggle these old coaches into the ground, I have never seen them on the move, but I have a vision of these once lordly vehicles being ignominiously drawn along the road by some old cart horse in the dark of the night, Well, here they are, with the owner's name on a large card attached. Lord this, Viscount that. The Earl of something else. At lunch time, and tea time, the youngsters are much in evidence. The family butler, very dignified, serves a most luscious meal, and one item is always a huge silver platter of strawberries, and a silver jug as big as a bedroom jug, of cream. And how these youngsters hoe into it!—(From "Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax," by Nelle Scanlan.)



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Another Ice Age?

IT may well be that another glacial or cold period match as Lord's is the old coaches. At one point in us in the relatively near future. Under such conditions much of Canada and the northern half of the United States would be covered with an ice sheet and like Greenland to-day, would be uninhabitable. In New Zealand a small ice cap would cover the high dissected plateau of our south-west Fiordland, the present glaciers would be greatly extended, and new ones would creep down valleys at present occupied by rivers. The distribution of forest and grassland in New Zealand would be quite altered and much of the South Island would be a cold desolate storm-swept area like the southern tip of South America to-day. However, new lands nearer the tropics would be available for settlement and utilisation by civilised people.—(Dr. F. J. Turner, "The Future of the Earth as an Abode for Man," 4YA, June 14.)