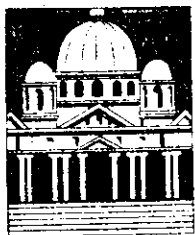


DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

The Pope and the Vatican State

BY the standards set by international law, the Vatican State measures up to the attributes required of an independent State. It possesses a separate existence, being complete in itself with its own Courts, currency, postal and telegraphic facilities, radio, airport, police, and other governmental amenities, separate and distinct from Italy and free from Italian or other control. Its sovereignty is not derogated from in any way, by any control or pressure exerted by any other State. Judged by these purely worldly standards, and quite irrespective of his religious office and mission, the Pope is a free and independent sovereign, and the Vatican City is a free and independent sovereign State. This is worth remembering at the present time, with Italy at war; for, though his State is surrounded on all sides by a belligerent State, the Pope remains one of the few great neutrals, and carries on his functions. The present Pope has time and again enunciated the moral principles for which Britain and her allies are fighting. Even before the war began, Pius XII. spoke to the heads of States as a sovereign in equality with them, and, later he told both Germany and Italy that the restoration of the rights of small countries, and the guarantee of essential religious and human liberty for all, were the fundamental postulates of a just and honourable peace. —(The Editor of "The New Zealand Law Journal," speaking on "The Law of War," 2YA, June 14).



Flying for Health

AUSTRALIA'S best known woman flyer, little Nancy Bird, did epic work in piloting a clinic sister in Western New South Wales, for the Far West Children's Health Scheme founded by another well-known Australian missionary, the Rev. S. G. Drummond, long before she was twenty-one. Pretty, auburn-haired, Nancy decided at the age of fifteen that she would learn to fly and two years later took her instructional course with the late Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith in Sydney. She accomplished her first flight after 14 days' tuition, a record performance for a woman at the Mascot aerodrome. She obtained her "A" licence in 1933, but had to wait until she was nineteen, the age limit for a "B" licence, before she could commence operating as a commercial pilot. While "barnstorming" with a fellow girl flyer on a tour of New South Wales, Nancy was approached by the Rev. Drummond to pilot the clinic sister from the Bourke centre on her various rounds. This Health Scheme is doing wonders for the outback children. . . For nearly a year, nineteen-year-old Nancy Bird flew the clinic sister at Bourke on her six-weekly tours of inspection. . . As you can imagine, the arrival of the flying clinic in these remote districts is an event, and mothers and children dressed in their best often travel many miles to the nearest centre to obtain advice or treatment when the 'plane with the Clinic Sister descends. And Nancy's Leopard Moth with its French-grey body and scarlet trimmings played no small part in the interest of the Sister's visits. —(From a talk by Miss Violet Roche on the Air Medical Service in Australia, 1YA, June 17)



BIRD GIRL: Nancy Bird, whose work is described in a paragraph on this page, alighting at Mascot after successfully completing an 11,000-mile "barnstorming" flight

Avoiding Dictatorship

Now I think we can begin to see before us two possible forms of development—at any rate, we can see one of them in operation, that of Russia and Germany, where the worker is required to do his job and keep his mouth shut and in which he has no say whatsoever in the conduct of industry or State policy. The other course, which is surely the one we ought to follow, is the extension of political democracy by increasing the responsibility and share in production of the wage worker until he realises that the administration and discipline and forward planning of production is his own personal affair as well as that of the employer. The University can give valuable assistance, if it will, by research and investigation of the lines of industrial development here and throughout the world to show clearly what is happening in the world and what steps we must take if we are both to run industry efficiently and avoid industrial and political dictatorship. —(W. N. Pharazyn, "Industrial Relations — A New Zealand Research," 2YA, June 10).

An Auctioneer's Good Deed

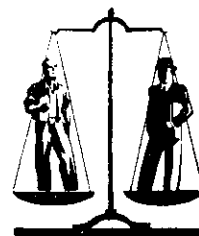
ONE day a very old woman came in and told me she was sending me down some old furniture to sell for her. In a little while a lorry arrived with it and the poor old soul asked me to sell it as quickly as possible, as she must have £3 in three days. I was so sorry for her that I gave her £3 in advance. She had no sooner gone than a customer came in, saw the dusty, worn furniture and asked me to send one chair to one daughter and another chair to another daughter and that she would take the rest herself. When I said it was worth £50, the customer said, "And quite a good bargain, too," and wrote a cheque for the amount, and left quite delighted — but her delight was nothing compared with that of the old soul who came in to see me



a day or two afterwards to see if I had managed to get £3 for it. I got quite a kick out of that deal. To see her face when I gave her the balance was wonderful." —("Just a Job of Work—The Auctioneer," 4YA, June 14).

Workers and Employers

AS one who has had both business and military experience, as well as that of a trade union official, I realise how utterly different and on the whole inferior, is the personal relation between employers and workers in industry compared with that between officers and men in war. It is a depressing thought that man after thousands of years of evolution has learned to co-operate willingly for war and for nothing else, but perhaps the position is not quite as bad as it seems. Men co-operate in war because they are consciously working to a common end — the defeat of the enemy and because, in general, all take similar risks and share similar hardships. They do not at present co-operate with the same enthusiasm in industry because the workers as a rule do not feel the same interest in the success of the enterprise as the employer. If they shared the responsibility and if they could be assured that when they worked harder and produced more, they would benefit, the workers would probably give all the co-operation desired. —(W. N. Pharazyn, "Industrial Relations—A New Zealand Research," 2YA, June 10).



Listen to a Clown

I HAVEN'T elsewhere read pages which, like these few, convey the impression of the utter helplessness of the individual in the confused, blind, cruel struggles of those days (of the Russian Revolution). And in the midst of them Coco fell in love. . . Hear how Nicolai and Valentina celebrated their marriage:

We went back to my mother-in-law's house, and for our wedding feast we had on the table a pound of bread and one salt herring.

"You eat, Valentina," I said.

"No, Nicolai, you eat; you have to go to work."

"Listen, I will cut it in half," I said. I did so, and that was our wedding party.

Now there, in that passage, you can catch what is most admirable and likeable about Coco: a perfect simplicity, a sort of unspoilable, child-like innocence, unspoiled by horrors seen and suffered. But they are the dark background against which you see Coco arrive in England, under his first contract to the Bertram Mills Circus—arrive, and fall in love again, with peace. He had to bring Valentina and their children to live in England:

"My mind was on England. Having lived there once, nothing would ever be the same again for me when I wasn't there. There are people in England who do not seem to realise what a wonderful place it is. Its cities, so big and clean. And the beautiful countryside. Life can be lived there freely, and there is no cause to be afraid. And that makes its people kind."

This happy period closed when the war came and the circus lights were blotted out. Coco the Clown is in the British Army today, fighting for the peace of his adopted country. —(From a review, 3YA, June 11, by J. H. E. Schroder, of Nicolai Poliakoff's "Coco the Clown." J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd.).

