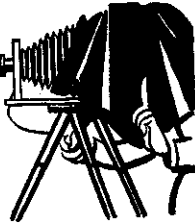


DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

Photography Marches On

THE chemist has been responsible for major advances in the realm of photography. Dr. Brown has given you an account of photographic plates, capable of giving a clear picture after an exposure of only one ten-thousandth part of a second, while other plates are sensitive to the invisible ultra red rays, capable of recording photographs in a darkened room or penetrating mist and fog—thus enabling photographs to be taken of distant objects—the record to date being of a mountain no less than 330 miles distant, far beyond the range of human vision. These super sensitive plates are due to the incorporation of chemical dyes, known as cyanine dyes, which enable photographs to be taken of that part of the spectrum of light ranging from 2,000-14,000 light wave units—far beyond the normal vision of the eye which is only capable of seeing light between the ranges of 4,000-7,000 light wave units. We have all probably been asked the parlour conundrum whether a human being or a cat can see better in the dark with the obvious reply that neither can see in complete darkness. I wonder, however, if a cat's eyes are like a modern film plate and more sensitive to these infra-red rays and therefore capable of seeing in conditions which are completely dark to man.—(*Recent Applications of Chemistry to Daily Life*, Dr. L. H. Briggs, 1YA, Thursday, July 24.)



Written for Rewi Alley

TONIGHT I say with a flourish, reminiscent of the poet Wordsworth, Throw away all your books and read Edgar Snow's *Scorched Earth*, the finest book which has yet appeared on the Chinese War. A book by Edgar Snow, especially when that book is a worthy sequel to *Red Star Over China*, is an event of some importance not only in the world of books but also in the world of men and women and social affairs. Moreover, as far as New Zealanders are concerned, *Scorched Earth* cannot help having a special appeal. It is written for Rewi Alley, builder of a New Brotherhood of Labour; and Edgar Snow devotes more than one chapter to the organisation and achievements of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives and to the hard working New Zealander who almost without knowing it has become a figure of international importance.—(*Book Review by Winston Rhodes*, 3YA, June 10.)

The "Rude, Naughty" Bulletin

AND now this brings us to that astonishing phenomenon in the development of Australian literary nationalism, *The Sydney Bulletin* in the 80's and 90's, under J. F. Archibald. Colonialism now became truculent, aggressive and rebellious. Like the young man with the strong inferiority complex, it concealed its feeling of inferiority beneath a bold exterior; it asserted Australianism; it was anti-English and anti-Imperial. It opposed the Boer War; it was pro-colonial. P. R. Stephenson describes it as "rude, naughty, vigorous, robust, and, in a larrikin or certain flair, Australian." Larrikin is the word. Larrikin is its terse, snappy irreverent style. It turned out pro-Australian short stories and pro-Australian cartoons. It ridiculed and satirised and gave cheek to anything un-Australian. It drew its occasional contributions from the shearing sheds, the waterside

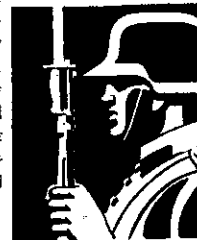
The Funny Fifth Column

HUMOUR is perhaps the one British characteristic which puzzles Britain's enemies most. Hymns of hate are answered with songs about barrels and the ladies who tap them; ferocity is countered by jocosity; misfortune is lightened by the conviction that, however dark the day, Fortune is apt to snip on the light at any moment. The British people possess the priceless gift of singing best in the dark. And it is in such dark moments that humour most truly comes into its own. Humour, not treachery, is Britain's fifth column; and it is a weapon more deadly to her enemies than they can ever imagine. It is an invisible mystery to them, something which works against them in secret, which cannot be put to flight with tanks or routed by cannon. It takes up no space in a soldier's pack or a civilian's lunch bag; it cannot be captured or imprisoned behind barbed wire, and it is benignly infectious.—(*"The Seriousness of Humour"*, Ken Alexander, 4YA, July 29).

wharves, the wheat fields, the camps in the outposts of the continent. And yet, I fancy, *The Bulletin* of the 80's and 90's, though aggressively Australian, in its own way sentimentalised and romanticised Australia—yes, even falsified Australia—as much as the poets who wrote of the gum trees and the shingle splinters. It was grand, perhaps, but it wasn't quite genuine. It shouted to keep its high spirits up. It wasn't quite as assured as it pretended. And of course the short stories published by *The Bulletin*, the whole tone of *The Bulletin* in fact, was still colonialism in literature. In a newer, more truculent, and I must confess, more likeable fashion, Australia in *The Bulletin* is Dutch South Africa in *Die Burger* the Dutch journal; with this difference, that the Australian in *The Bulletin* was still in the family even if he was the black sheep.—(*"Colonialism in Literature"*, Professor W. A. Sewell, 1YA.)

Nazi Perversion of an Ideal

I SAID earlier that ideals can be dangerous—and I meant that they can be perverted, and this is true of the ideal of physical fitness as we have briefly considered it. There is to-day a large scale example of the perversion of this ideal. It is found in the Nazi attitude towards the training of youth. Everyone has seen the pictures of a few years ago of the Hitler youths and the Hitler maidens, and very splendid physical specimens they looked. Stephen Roberts in his well-known book *The House That Hitler Built*, first published four years ago, critical as he was of Nazism, could not but admire the healthy looking youths and girls whom he saw. The Nazis he then said, are raising a generation of blond physical beauties. One imagines that guns instead of butter have made a difference by now, but in Nazi Germany well organised provision was made for physical training and for sport from the kindergarten onwards. It was a cult. Every university even had its in-



stitute of physical education and no student could take his degree unless he had attained a certain standard of physical efficiency. Physical fitness was fanatically worshipped. But here we may well ask, fitness for what? Roberts mentions a youth banner inscribed "Be ready to die for Hitler. Forward! Forward!" That is it. The Nazi perversion of the ideal of physical education meant six million young Germans all stamped into the same mould, all unquestioning automata, all physically fit and all mentally sponges.—(*"Physical Fitness as an Ideal"*, Mrs. I. L. G. Sutherland, 3YA, July 4.)

What Do Your Children Eat?

MRS. A: Yes, I learnt a lot through experience and gave the younger children food that suited them much better. The weary refrain "Eat up your vegetables before . . ." was dropped when I found that they would eat raw vegetables, such as chopped cabbage, grated carrot, mustard and cress, which we can get even in the winter.



Mr. A: And do you remember the improvement when you increased their milk ration to one quart each?

Mrs. A: And do I remember the fuss over the size of the milk bill?

Mr. A: Yes, I admit that at first it did stagger me. Still I didn't grumble, once I was convinced.

Mrs. A: No—you didn't. And it was hard to cut down other bills, such as cakes, meat and smokes, so that we could get more milk. Still, it was worth it.

Mr. B: If only we realised how much children need milk, butter, eggs, raw fruit, and vegetables and wholemeal bread, rather than three cooked meals a day, we would have far happier children.—(*"Conversations by the Fireside: Happy Families"*, 3YA, July 21.)

Where Bulls Are Broadest?

WHY do bulls grow broadest in Irish pastures?

Sir Richard Steele thinks that "it must be something in the atmosphere of the country. Probably if an Englishman were a native of Ireland he would do the same." Maria Edgeworth thought it was due to "the fact that English is not the mother tongue of the Irish." To think in one language and speak in another causes literal translations which sometimes give a quaint twist to a phrase. Well, there are other foreign languages. Why should there not be other bulls as well? For instance, an Indian babu sent a telegram announcing the death of his mother thus, "the hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket." Is that an Indian bull? It is undoubtedly true that the influence of the Gaelic gives a rich flavour of whimsicality to the talk of the Irish, and we must look deeper for an explanation of the bull. Psychologists claim that they can explain it. Why not? Shure, they can give an explanation of anything, if they can't, they can invent one! Here is what one of them says: "Psychology divides people into concrete thinkers and verbal thinkers, 'thing' thinkers and 'word' thinkers. . . . Some speakers talk entirely in the abstract, others use metaphors and similes and paint a vivid picture with every phrase they utter." For example, there is a sentence from a student's essay, "The germ of a new literature has dawned in this strange vein of poetry." Try to picture a microbe dawning like the daylight in the blood vessel and you will realise that such a writer could never have visualised the meaning of the words that his ear has strung together.—(*"Bulls from Irish Pastures"*, Rev. A. H. Acheson, 3YA, July 26.)