

"BUT soft, we are observed," as G. K. Chesterton (or was it Hilaire Belloc?) put it. This time the observing is being done by Howell Walker, writer and photographer for the well-known United States *National Geographic* magazine, and the subject of his observations is the Anzac. What, his employers have asked him to discover, is it that makes the Anzac soldiers so tough?

From the Australian and New Zealand point of view, his assignment is an important one and it would appear to be important from the *National Geographic's* point of view too, since they have thought it worthwhile to send one of their staff half across the world for half a year to cover it. Mr. Walker left his home town, Washington, D.C., on April 24 last, and he had already spent four months in Australia when a representative of *The Listener* ran him to earth in Auckland last week.

### The Best Fighters?

"In America," he said, "we have an idea that the Anzacs are the best fighters of the lot. We admire their spirit and we admire their fine physique, and what I am trying to do is to find out the background of the Anzacs. I have spent four months in the Australian States and now I have come to New Zealand to discover what, to put it tritely, the NZ in Anzac stands for."

No casual investigator is Mr. Walker. For him the background of the Anzacs is not something which can be investigated in a superficial once-over fashion or by a high-speed tour. His job, he explained,

## WHAT MAKES THE ANZACS SO TOUGH?

### American Journalist Comes Here To Find Out

is to find out what Australian and New Zealand men and boys do before they enlist or are called up, what kind of jobs they work at, on the land or in the factories, how they live and what they learn—all the factors which may have some bearing on the military material which has been acclaimed as 100 A1 by the rest of the world.

### Every Walk of Life

In New Zealand, he will follow the same technique of investigation as he used in Australia. During his months in the Commonwealth, he saw at first hand Australians in every walk of life. He watched them at work in the heavy industries of New South Wales and the populous eastern seaboard, he travelled north into Queensland and the sugar country and west to the dry lands. He watched them build 'planes and armoured cars, milk cows and muster sheep, fell timber and do most of the things which are summed up to-day in the phrase "war effort." He did more than that. He paid attention to young Australians in school, he looked at the schools themselves, he got right down to the roots of Australian life.

### Outdoor Living

Even now that he has finished his investigations in Australia, he is not yet

quite ready to say just what it is that makes the Australian such an indomitable fighter, but he feels that the outdoor life which such a large proportion of them lead has more than a little to do with it.

"I understand," he said, "that both Australia and New Zealand have been mainly primary producing countries, though Australia is becoming more industrialised, and I think the outdoor, natural existence of the people has made them strong and virile, and has given them a carefree outlook."

What he called the carefree nature of the Anzacs had made as much of an impression on the people of America as their courage and fighting qualities.

### Sons of Pioneers

"I can explain better what I mean by 'carefree' if I tell you how I watched some Melbourne recruits entraining," he went on, "I saw these men—there were about 1,500 of them—getting ready to leave for overseas at one of the military camps, and I watched them get aboard the train. But none of them seemed to give a darn about it, and I couldn't help feeling that if any of them were told to stay behind out of the scrap they would have burst into tears."

"The impression I have got is that these men are like the people who came out to settle in the early days. They came out here prepared to take a risk because they wanted life that way. These Anzacs to-day are the same. There is a gambling streak in them and the riskier the situation the more they like it."

### Steam Heating is Enervating

Away from the city areas of Australia, Mr. Walker found much in the rural life to remind him of his own country. The wooden frame houses in little country townships, the big main streets with very little in them resembled much of the Middle West. There was the same general absence of the more refined creature comforts.

The latter, it was pointed out, was a frequently heard criticism even in New Zealand.

"Don't think," he protested, "that I'm making it a criticism. I think it is a good thing for the people themselves and probably helps to keep them healthy. You can have too much comfort, too much central heating and pink feather mattresses."

### Start on Schools

Howell Walker will be in New Zealand until the end of October. When interviewed in Auckland he had only been in New Zealand for a couple of days but what he had seen appeared to have impressed him favourably. One of the first things he did was to look over two average New Zealand schools and both of them received his commendation for their general layout and sensible appointments. He was particularly interested in the amount of window space and light allowed in the classrooms, and also in what he saw of the milk-in-schools scheme.

## BOOK REVIEWS

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community life have their responsibility too. The authors are concerned, for example, with the lack of reliable information on the absorptive capacity of industry, with the need for competent advice to boys staying too long in blind alley occupations, and with the evidence they find of "a proportion of juvenile labour considerably in excess of the estimated minimum" (based on absorptive capacity for adults) "in a number of industries."

McQueen and his colleagues have done a good work in preparing this report. Even though they have, as they suggest, raised more questions than they have been able to answer, they have shown the lines on which future work must be done. They are to be commended for the patient care they have shown in collecting their data, for their clear and interesting presentation, and for their restraint in drawing conclusions.

The New Zealand Council for Educational Research has added a valuable work to its already imposing collection of research studies. We join with Professor Lawson who, in his Foreword, offers "congratulations to the six collaborators (and, to Mary Redmond, who drew the diagrams) for the vast sums of labour they have bestowed on their tasks."



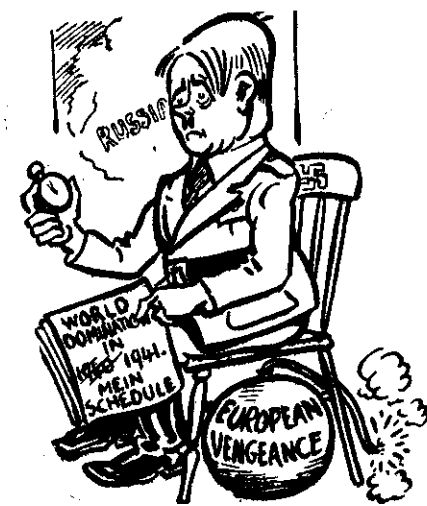
Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN. ALEXANDER

## Time And The Tied

THERE are growing signs that recumbent Europe is straining at the Nazi bonds. When Hitler has to shoot a score of innocent French hostages to avenge the killing of one German, it looks as though even he shares the world's view that it is one thing to get nations down and another to keep them down. France, Serbia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, Belgium and Norway! What a time-bomb of vengeance waiting to go off under Hitler's New Order!

In spite of all the New Orders ever envisaged, the oldest order in creation is the Order of the Boot. Hitler knows and fears that when the time is ripe he will be booted higher than any other ball of air has ever been kicked by the hoof of Nemesis. He is trying to beat Time to it. Talk about a slave of Time! Everything he does is a race against the clock. If he fails to clean up Eastern Europe without being ticked off by Time the alarm will go off in the West and he will wake up to find that instead of being on top of the world the world is on top of him.

He scurries here and there, dealing death at terrific tempo in the hope that Time, the guerrilla, won't get him in the rear. But, as sure as Time has shot up the aspirations of previous dictators



and sprinkled their remains with the disinfectant of sweet sanity, Hitler's chances of world-domination are slowly, savagely, but inexorably, ticking away to the graveyard where lay the bones of all past Tempus fugitives.

No wonder Hitler lies deep in his dugout on the Eastern Front shrieking "Onward! Onward! Never mind the cost!" He never minds the cost that others pay in blood. It is the cost that he will have to pay if they refuse to donate their blood any longer that gives him the jitters. Adolf the Damned is a rat running round and round a wire trap. The trap is Time. He can't beat Time in the long run. The run is too long. There have been too many delayed-action bombs in his path. Dunkirk, Libya, Greece, Crete, Iraq, Iran, Russia! All delays, no matter what other names he gives them. No wonder he has the habit of feeling his neck tenderly.

Already Adolf's schedule of conquest has a bad crack in the neck. Long ere this he should have been eating the roast beef of England in Westminster Abbey, pate de fois gras in Paris, muscovy duck in Moscow, and the fruits of victory all over Europe. Instead, he is tasting the bitterness of frustration.

When Time unties the tied of Europe, Hitler's Watch on the Rhine will be a stop watch. His epitaph will be "Here lies Hitler who came second in the race with Time." Merely a hunch, you say? Well, it's a hunch shared by better brains than mine.