

DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

The Duty of the Wealthy

WHEN Andrew Carnegie sold his business interests to the United States Steel Corporation in 1901, he retired at the age of 66, and found himself in the embarrassing position of having £50,000,000 to his credit! It was then he faced the most difficult task of his career—he made up his mind that he would die a poor man! He was the author of four books, and in one of them he summed up his theory of wealth in the following sentence: "This, then, I hold to be the duty of the man of wealth—namely, to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the wants of those dependent upon him; and, after doing so, to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds which he is called upon to administer, the man of wealth thus becoming the mere trustee or agent for his poorer brethren."—(*Andrew Carnegie*, A. J. Sinclair, 12M, September 21.)



The Voice in the Wilderness

NOTHING has impressed me more in the life of Carnegie than his constant advocacy of an ideal which is only now being realised—namely, the necessity of closer relations between Great Britain and the United States of America. He was an eloquent, and indeed, a passionate advocate of world peace, and supported his views with lavish donations to institutions which propagated this ideal. If he could not find an institution completely to his liking, he created one; but his native shrewdness convinced him that universal peace could never be anything but a dream unless, in the first instance, there was a close linking-up of all the English-speaking peoples in the world. He was a voice crying in the wilderness; it has required a great world catastrophe to awaken these English-speaking peoples, and if Carnegie were alive to-day, he would see the dream of his life slowly but surely materialising. It is difficult to believe that the following brief extract from one of his speeches was delivered exactly fifty years ago; it reads more like a quotation from a current review of the world position by one of our present statesmen. Addressing a meeting of the New York St. Andrew's Society in 1851, Carnegie said: "A federation of all the English-speaking peoples would hold

in its hand the destinies and peace of the world. It would banish humanity's deepest disgrace—the slaying of men under the name of war."—(*Andrew Carnegie*, A. J. Sinclair, 12M, September 21.)

China—New Zealand's Battlefront?

PERHAPS there is little need at this time to remind you of the importance of books dealing with matters related to the vast and complicated problems of the Pacific area. It is indeed fortunate that some of the most recent of these are as exciting and readable as they are significant. It was only a short time ago that I brought before your notice Edgar Snow's volume *Scorched Earth*, published by Gollancz, a book which will be referred to again and again not only by those who realise that the maintenance of the United Front of Chinese resistance is of paramount importance to New Zealand and the future of Pacific affairs, but also by those who wish to follow the Scorched Earth and guerilla tactics of the Red Army in the east of Europe.—(*Book Review*, by H. Winston Rhodes, 3YA, September 2.)

Women and the Law

A LAST word as to the position of women in the profession. There have for many years been women practising with success as solicitors in New Zealand. There is no reason why there should not be more, and why girls should not have successful careers as solicitors awaiting them. Some girls too have qualified as solicitors and have then used their qualifications to obtain highly paid jobs outside the law as secretaries. But to those going in for law as a career, I would say that it offers some prospects itself. While there are several successful women solicitors practising, I know of no outstanding woman barrister in New Zealand as yet. Women appearing as solicitors in the Magistrate's Court are not now a rare enough sight to cause any comment; but I have not yet met with a legal argument in the Supreme Court from a woman. There is in my view no reason why this should be so. While I think prejudice may for very many years prevent a woman barrister from taking (say) jury actions in New Zealand, yet I can see no reason why legal argument before a Judge should not be wholly prepared and presented by a woman barrister, and I have no doubt that it will happen before my years are out. I notice already the names of women barristers in the English law reports; but then—it's heresy to say it isn't it?—England is often so far ahead of us in some of these respects.—(*The Law as a Career*, A. K. Turner, 1YA, August 21.)



The Greatest Democracy.

AMERICA has derived much of its strength and greatness from its policy of combining and fusing the respective qualities of many peoples. What a difference from Hitler's maniacal fantasy of a single Aryan-German master race. The variety of America, the versatility of its citizens, and the many-sidedness of her democratic system—this is largely due to its multi-national ingredient. That is why a survey of American democracy fills me with hope. I can see economic problems there that still need to be solved, problems that statesmen like President Roosevelt are fast trying to remedy. But, if you compare the America of to-day both in politics and economics with what existed sixty years ago, you realise how

surely and steadily the democratic process leads toward social betterment. And, when I see the tremendous scale on which American government is conducted, and all that variety of national groups, I have good cause for believing that in the United States as well as in the British Commonwealth we can find working models for a saner international system in the future. The great American poet, Walt Whitman, once wrote some fine lines in which he summed up the spirit of America's political system:

"The President is there in the White House for you, it is not you who are here for him, The Secretaries act in their bureaux for you, not you here for them, The Congress convenes every Twelfth month for you, Laws, courts, the forming of States, the charters of cities, the going and coming of commerce and mails, are all for you."

(*"Democracy in the U.S.A."* Professor Lipson, 2YA, September 15.)

A Quiet Wedding

WHEN I first joined the staff of a newspaper during the last war, in nine cases out of ten, the reports of weddings sent in to the paper began: "A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised yesterday at such and such a church." The hackneyed phrase of that time was "A quiet but pretty wedding." One copied the phrase with monotonous regularity. And usually the "Bride walked up the church on her father's arm." There were times when I wished she would walk up on the small of his back or anywhere else, I was so sick of it. In that office we had pasted to the wall a long list of words and phrases—hack phrases—which were not allowed in our paper, and "A quiet but pretty wedding" soon joined the group. So far as we were concerned, it was soon dead. I doubt if you ever see it to-day anywhere. Again, if a horse bolted, two bicycles collided, or a motor car ran over a bank, someone was sure to rush in with a paragraph which invariably began: "What might have been a serious accident." Of course, if someone had got killed that beginning wouldn't do. That phrase, too, was pasted on the wall, and died the death so far as we were concerned.—(*"Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax," Nelle Scanlan*, 2YA, September 12.)

A Real Cornishman

OF course we talked about Cornwall quite a lot during my stay with him, and he gave me a bit of advice on how to pick honest-to-goodness 100 per cent. Cornishmen. This is the gist of what he told me. They do not drop their "H's" like so many of the English folk do. He qualified the remark, however, by saying that they might put them in where they were not wanted. You can tell which part of the country they hail from by the amount of saffron they put in to their cakes and buns—the futher west the more saffron; and finally he reckoned that no true Cornishman over indulged in alcohol in his own country, adding in parentheses, that if they wanted so to do then they could cross the Tamar River and make fools of themselves in England—a land apart from Cornwall. The day before leaving we were all taken down the Nundi Droog mine and introduced into the mysteries of gold mining. When we reached the lowest level, refreshments were served to everyone except myself. He soon put me at my ease, by ordering everyone to stay where they were and calling on me to follow him. We climbed down a ladder to a newly made excavation—the very lowest point in the mine, and there if you please, laid out on a box covered with a table napkin was a huge tumbler of Cornish cider and a Cornish pasty—all for me.—(*"Just Interesting People," Major Lampen*, 2YA, September 18.)



Not All Darkness

"THERE'S no darkness, but only men against us." This victory of courage over despair, of purpose over paralysing doubt, of faith in man over contempt for man, briefly but beautifully dramatised in this book, seems to me to shine on the darkest problems of this time, political and moral. It shines back into shameful recent chapters of history and it shines forward, to show us something of what has to be beaten and achieved in this "new order" that is so far a phrase but is going to be a challenge. It will be met only if Felipe . . . the common man . . . everywhere can say, "It is NOT all darkness . . . There's no darkness, only men against us."—(From a review of Ralph Bates's novel, "The Fields of Paradise," by J. H. E. Schroder, at 3YA, September 16.)