

DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

A Visit to Jerusalem

WITHIN an hour of our arrival we were entering the old Jerusalem—the walled-in city of Biblical times, by way of the Jaffa gate. It was then I first felt that tingling feeling up the back of my spine, and it kept tingling for quite a long time too. Right next to the Jaffa gate is the gap in the wall which was made by the Turks for the



German Kaiser to pass through and is the place where General Allenby entered in the last war. Slightly further to the right is the Tower of David — its front wall is part of the old city wall and the remaining three walls form it into a square and when inside it reminds you very much of those forts which you see in some of these Foreign Legion

films. From here we went into the inner part of the old city, and I felt myself drifting, back, back, further into bygone days. Next we went down to the Wailing Wall where the Jews frequently go to pray. Wandering around, we came across members of the Palestinian Police—a fine body of men, divided up on a “fifty-fifty” basis, half Arabs and half Jews, with a smattering of English in each branch. Their barracks are to be seen here, there and everywhere. We next tried to get into the Mosque of Omar, but were too late. Following this we did our best to follow the trail of the Cross, or what is more generally known as the Via Dolorosa. After a lot of wandering we came out of the old city at the Damascus gate and visited the Garden of Gethsemane.—(“Just Mail Days,” by Major F. H. Lampen, 2YA, December 11.)

To Women of the Future

WHEN I was in Washington, a wealthy woman, who was also a very ardent suffragette, had given a beautiful house which was to be the headquarters of all women's organisations, for all nations, for all time. This magnificent gift had to be publicly dedicated to the cause of Women, and a great ceremony was arranged. As it included all nations, they had roped in representatives of every country and race they could find, and I was invited to act for New Zealand. Each representative had to supply what they called “a message,” and this was engrossed on parchment, and deposited in a large marble urn at the entrance. The urn was sealed down, and it bears an inscription stating that it is not to be opened for a thousand years. The magnitude of the whole thing amazed me; its comprehensiveness, and this long period of waiting before the messages we wrote were to be revealed. I had no experience of writing such a message to posterity, to generations of a thousand years hence, and I forget now what I did write. But I signed it, and then had the bright idea of adding “Kia Ora” at the end. I thought this might give the scientists of a thousand years ahead something to get their teeth into.—(“Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax,” Nelle Scanlan.)

Utopia, Unlimited

I'M sure you, too, in the middle of your daily drudgery, find yourself dreaming dreams of a lovely new world. If we never did so, our lives would be drab indeed. And, if you ask me what's the use of dreaming dreams that may never come true, then I ask you, in my turn, what would be left in life if we gave up dreaming such dreams? Hard facts are so uncomfortably hard—intolerably hard—that life lived on facts alone would be like having always to sleep on bare boards without a mattress. Dreams are splendid things to live with—

and there's always the possibility that they may come true. This particular dream will come true, I'm sure of that—I mean, the dream of a brave new world in which dictators are just hobgoblins of the past—a world in which no one has to be afraid of the coming of a bomb that can in a moment wreck their homes, rob them of their loved ones, leave their lives desolate. In this splendid world, men, women and children everywhere are free, with a real freedom that the world hasn't known before—a life out of which many more tyrannies have been taken than even those awful ones brought by the dictators. In my world, you see, there is more than enough for everybody, and the puzzle how to make things go round, how to have them properly distributed—all that's been solved. I dream of a world in which there's work to be done—one couldn't live without work—but not too much. Just enough to keep us from getting slack and lazy—but not enough of the trivial round, the common task to make it impossible for me to do all the other things that I do so want to do.—(“Between Ourselves: In Praise of Dreams,” Mrs. Mary Scott, 4YA, November 19.)

Slice of Life in a Canteen

ON rush nights, it is no unusual thing to find half a dozen of the men behind the canteen hatch helping the girls to wash up, peel potatoes, open tins of beans, toast slices of bread, and so on. The fun starts, of course, when they get a handful of



men from the wilds of Yorkshire or Westmorland drifting in, speaking in broad dialect, or a couple of cheery Cockneys using rhyming slang — only really understood by the Cockney—and asking for a pot of Jack the Rippers—tea and kippers, of course. Then, just to add to the confusion, a Lancashire lad will stroll in demanding a “boottered boon,” to say nothing of a few Free French, a Pole or two, and some Czechs, all speaking very broken English very quickly.—(“Proud Service: Canteen Worker,” 2YA, December 17.)

Liege—the City of Violinists

MUSICALLY speaking, Belgium is a land of bells, violinists, glorious choirs of all kinds and some outstanding composers. Belgium is the home of the carillon and the birthplace of the saxophone. Adolphe Sax, a Belgian, invented the instrument to which he gave his name in Brussels, about a century ago. Eighteenth century opera owes Mehul and Gretry to Belgium, also a more modern composer, William Lekue, whose death from typhoid in 1894 on the day after his twenty-fourth birthday, robbed the world of a great composer. Two of Belgium's greatest musicians, Gretry, the 18th century opera composer, and Cesar Franck, the saintly organist of St. Clothilde's in Paris, both were born in Liege. This town is the centre not only of industrial, but of musical activity, and a pronounced specialisation of taste in the direction of violin playing is noticeable among the people. As a result, the Liege district has become a centre of violinists who spread themselves all over the world, making music for high and low. — (“Music of Our Allies — Belgium,” 2YA, November 30.)

Manufacturing in N.Z.

THERE is one consequence of technical improvements which is not generally appreciated, but which is of very great importance to our problem; and this is that technical improvements are associated with a declining relative importance of farming and a growing relative importance of manufacture, and professional, recreational, distributive and other services. With economic progress, a smaller proportion of the effort of society is required to satisfy the primary needs and a bigger proportion is available to provide what we regard as comforts or luxuries. Comforts become necessities, and luxuries become comforts. This suggests the probability that, in the future, manufacture will become relatively more important in New Zealand than in the past. The tendency is likely to be strengthened by two other factors which are complicating and not altogether pleasant to anticipate. The first of these is the possible increase in the use of substitutes for some of New Zealand's exports; for example, artificial fibres for wool, plastics for casein and margarine for butter. The second is the trend of population in Great Britain and other countries of Western Europe.—(“Reconstruction and Manufacture,” by Professor Belshaw, 1YA, Nov. 13.)

Britain's Ark Royals

ARK ROYAL is a name that has been borne by only three men-of-war in the long history of the British Navy, yet it is one that has gained great distinction and imperishable fame. The name Ark Royal has appeared in the List of Navy at times of great crisis and peril in the affairs of the nation. The first Ark Royal was the flagship of the “Queen's Navy” that in 1588 fought and defeated the Great Spanish Armada. The second was a converted merchant ship that, in 1915, became the first of all aircraft-carriers. This Ark Royal took part in the Gallipoli Campaign. Now known as Pegasus, she gave her original name to the great aircraft-carrier which has played a notable part in the present war, and was sunk by enemy action a few days ago. There was nothing beautiful about this Ark Royal. Aircraft carriers are without doubt the ugliest ships at sea. They are primarily and essentially great floating aerodromes, in which the symmetry and much else usually associated with a ship is sacrificed or compromised to the needs of the aircraft they carry and serve. Even their funnels and navigating bridges are displaced well to one side to give a clear flying deck. But their clumsy appearance belies their many good qualities as ships. Despite their seeming top heaviness, they have the ample stability required for their purpose.—(“The Ark Royal—a Tribute and an Historical Note,” 2YA, November 17.)

Unnecessary Eating

WHEN we analyse the situation and ask—why do women make such a feature of morning and afternoon teas, we have to admit that it is partly a matter of social custom. Entertaining to morning or afternoon tea is definitely a part of our social life, and we naturally tend to honour our guests by turning on the best and most attractive foods we can. The guests, in their turn, feel honour bound to do justice to what we have provided, and so the snowball of too-elaborate afternoon teas, and too much eaten at them, is set rolling and as it rolls it gets bigger and bigger. It is a fact that a normally healthy person, living a moderately active life, and consuming three well-balanced meals a day, literally requires at most only a snack between meals. But that snack can be more attractively served, and if we wish to entertain, the cordiality of our welcome can be expressed not by the array of food, but by its simple attractiveness and the well-polished silver, the carefully set tea table or tray, the attractively arranged flowers.—(“Simplicity in Refreshments,” A.C.E. Talk, 4YA, December 3.)

