

LISTENINGS

Year In, Year Out

Perpetrated and illustrated by KEN. ALEXANDER

THIS is the eve of a new year. It will be twelve months long and will have fifty-two weeks and the usual inconveniences. In other respects it will be as like its predecessor as Hitler is like what he thinks he is like. For instance:

Last New Year we were of the war but not in the war, according to the rules of Messrs. Longitude and Latitude. This New Year Mars is practically on the mat to greet us with the morning's milk. Last New Year we enjoyed sufficient detachment to promulgate tactical titbits from armchair headquarters. This year we are up and doing, instead of down and dozing. Actually, this is the first year that war has rung the doorbell instead of communicating by cable. And has it wakened us up?

Last New Year the world was wondering for how long Hitler and Stalin could remain jolly old pals. This year the answer is already sprouting whiskers to counteract the Russian blast.



Last year Hitler was by way of building up a legend of Nazi invincibility. This year sees him pushing home through the snow toting the remnants of a strange device, but not saying a word about "Excelsior" or "Eureka," like those go-getting guys who loved to battle with the storm. But this year may see some dust from the Fuhrer's dying kicks in Turkey, Irak, Iran, or Libya.

Last New Year, Hitler badly wanted Japan to dive into the soup and so divide America's aid to Britain. This year Japan has dived into the soup and has cemented all the cracks in America's aid to Britain. Last New Year Musso was beginning his great backward drive from Egypt. This year Rommel is carrying on the good work, while Musso declares the corpse of Italian war on U.S.A., from his marble mausoleum in Rome.

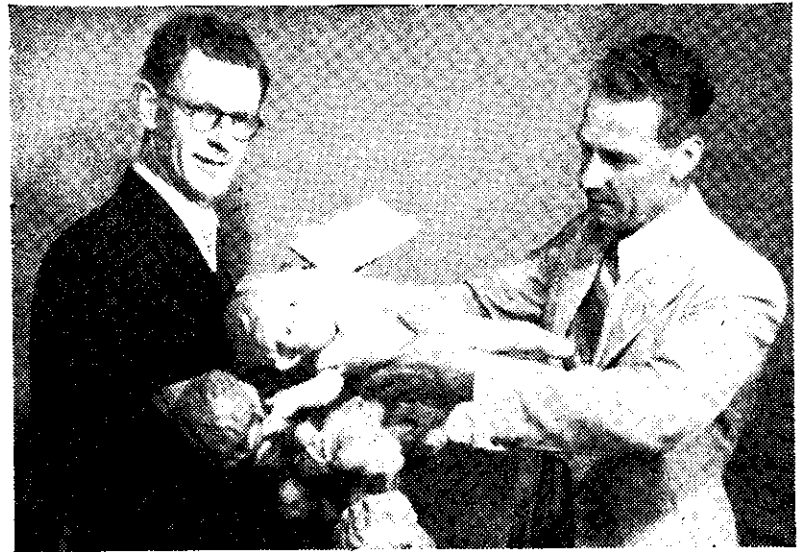
Last New Year Hitler was boasting of what he was going to do to the world. This New Year the world is beginning to show what it is going to do to Hitler. Last New Year Hitler was proclaiming that he was a god. This year he may be realising that he spelt the word back to front.



Last New Year Hitler was secretly planning Nazi central heating in the Kremlin. This year, Ribbentrop is introducing a phony peace to Stalin in the hope of extricating the Nazi pincers from the Russian nut. Stalin has replied with the Slav equivalent of "Nerts." Things are not what they were in Russia.

Last New Year the Pacific was pacific. This New Year it has done what we might have expected, but didn't. But there is an old Chinese proverb which explains it—if I could only think of it. There is always an old Chinese proverb

to explain anything. A new Chinese, Mr. Hu Shin, says it quite nicely with the words, "The Far Eastern phase of the war will be terminated relatively soon. Japan will be knocked out within one year." The Chinese are not given to hasty postulation. Mr. Hu Shin is supported by his European cousin Mr. Horse Sense. It will be a *Hopey New Year*.



SINCE THE EARLY DAYS of the Friendly Road, "Scrim" and Rod Talbot, who conducts Station 1ZB's "Diggers' Session," have collected Christmas toys for the children of "diggers" and comforts for their parents. This Christmas, although the number of cases requiring assistance was smaller than before, a distribution was carried out as usual. Here are "Scrim" and Rod Talbot with some of the gifts

There is a night air to beware of—the foul air you yourself create in your own room, the poison breathed out of the lungs. What is the use of keeping the bedroom window open during the day when there's no one there to spoil the air, and shutting it up at night to keep the bad air in? Night is the time to open windows. If the air is cold, add more bedclothes, but let that cold air in. And don't be calling free movement of air through the room a draught and think it dangerous!

What you want is changing air with as much movement as can be comfortably borne. Large amounts of air blowing through wide open windows do no harm. See that the child is warm and snug when he is put to bed, and let him breathe fresh air all night. Stuffy rooms incline to anaemia, poorly nourished bodies, frequent colds, and enlarged tonsils and adenoids. Danger comes from stale air, not through open windows. So let the night air in—away with age-long inhibitions—and be fresh and fit next morning.

Now's the time to begin—in summer and warm weather—if you've been keeping the stale air in. Babies and children will be used to night breezes by next winter, and windows can stay wide open through the bitter weather. Grandmother's objections can honestly be laughed aside, for the night air is not only harmless, but a real friend.

Anxious to Serve

"A story is going the rounds of how the Nazi Gauleiter in Norway—Terboven—interviewed some Norwegians. To one man he said: 'Tell me what you think of the English.' 'I'd sooner work for you than the English,' was the reply. 'Ah!' Terboven said, 'that is very gratifying. Tell me, what is your work?' 'I'm a grave-digger.'"—Cyril Lakin, in a recent BBC broadcast, "Inside Nazi Europe."

Advice On Health (No. 35)

THE NIGHT AIR

(Written for "The Listener" by DR. H. B. TURBOTT, Director of the Division of School Hygiene, Health Dept.)

"SHUT the window to keep out the night air." This instruction of grandmother's still lives. If you doubt it, walk round your sleeping streets. The number of closed bedroom windows will startle you. Some young mothers, in spite of modern teaching, still automatically shut the bedroom window after tucking the child down at night, or leave it open at most but a few inches.

Does fresh air ever harm anyone? The dangers of cold air and draughts have been grossly exaggerated in the past. In English day nurseries young children of two to five will take their morning nap in the open air throughout the whole of winter, under a shelter open to the four winds. In Switzerland, children regularly sleep out on verandas when there is snow on the ground. In sanatoria the night air at any season of the year does no harm to the inmate. The mother admits this readily when challenged, yet goes on shutting the bedroom window.

Why? Fear of the night air comes down to us from the past. It is compounded of a misunderstanding and of a universal fear. The misunderstanding is a relic from the days when certain diseases were credited to mists and miasmas. There was no drainage and sanitation as we know it. Mists rose from

marshy lands and people living in undrained areas suffered from agues. Therefore the mists brought the agues, or it was only where there were night mists that malarial troubles arose. But there was also water and mosquitoes, and many centuries had to pass before science showed the connection between the latter and malaria.

The Mist Was Blamed

So people closed their windows to keep out the mist and malaria. The mosquitoes found other ways in, but the evening mist got the blame. And fear of mists persists in the human race. An ingrained misunderstanding—reasoned away in the dying years of the 19th century when mosquitoes were demonstrated to be the link between mists and malarial, yet still alive—shows itself in 1941 as "shut the window to keep out the night air."

The universal fear of all races is of the dark. We can't see, and don't feel safe. Evil spirits are still about for native peoples. Our Maori people still, most of them, close themselves in at dark, shut the windows and doors, and put their heads under the blankets. Our pakeha women—I wonder just how many of them—feel safer at night with doors bolted and windows sealed. It is a fear handed down, not recognised as such, yet definitely operative still.