

# DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

## Those Were The Days

A MORE pleasant memory is of Satter-dee football.

No, it was not the football you know. It was known as "footy," and was a very distant and depraved relation of Rugby. It didn't even insist on a ball. Any substitute would do from a jam tin to grandpa's second-best bowler nicked off the hallstand in passing. There was none of the narrow conservatism of organised football such as rules, referee or a specified number of players. The gang played some other gang, and the more players the merrier. Inflamed by the exploits of Billy Wallace and Jimmy Duncan and intoxicated by the possession of an alleged jersey suffering from a misspent life and the depredations of woolly aphids, one led one's side through the hole in the fence yelping defiance in that cracked basso-treble so distressing to the neighbours. I recollect how, as the game warmed up, members of the teams were prone



to neglect the ball and concentrate on the personal aspect, with the result that a very happy time was had by all at the trifling cost of a few black eyes, a quantity of skin and hair and a good deal of vocal steam. Which probably was one of the chief reasons why most boys wore double-seated trousers and brass toe-caps on their boots. There was no pompous nonsense about "footy" such as blowing a whistle and stopping the game just because there happened to be three or four private fights going on in different parts of the paddock.—(*"Penny Memories,"* by Ken Alexander, 2YA, December 27).

## Talking of Food

THE latest knowledge of nutrition allows a good deal of scope for variety. To feed the family wisely means a varied and interesting menu—meals that the family will enjoy—and meals that you know contain all the health elements that will keep them well and happy. Just think of all the things food has to do! It has to supply warmth and energy; it has to build the body, restore and revitalise the tissues; it has to protect against infection, against disease. To put the functions of food into everyday language, it has to keep you on your feet; keep up your strength, replace energy lost in work and play, ensure sound sleep, preserve your eyesight and complexion, protect your hearing, your teeth, save you from aches and pains, and keep your heart pumping away without any strain. And no food can do all of these things. Such a variety of jobs can only be performed by a variety of foods.—(*From a recent health talk by C. G. Scrimgeour, 22B.*)

## Land Girls on the Home Front

YOU have no doubt all read the recent announcement that a Women's Land Corps is being formed. Unless sufficient food is available for our armies and the civilian population, we cannot continue to fight, and in common with other parts of the British Empire, a call is now being made upon the women of New Zealand, to assist in an increasing degree, to produce a sufficiency of food for these purposes. The Women's Land Corps is really a civilian army, and the members of the Corps are being enlisted through the W.W.S.A. and will, for disciplinary and welfare purposes, be under the control of the Auxiliary. The minimum age for membership is 18 years of age, and the women will wear the general uniform of the Women's War Service Auxiliary. Special wage provisions have already been

fixed, and employers are being subsidised until such time as inexperienced members of the Corps are competent to carry out the work on the farms.—(*National Service talk by Mrs. Janet Fraser, 2YA, December 14.*)

## Men Prefer Dates

I HAVE just had a letter from a friend in London, acknowledging a parcel I had sent her. This time I had included a packet of dates. And though it contained the usual butter, tea and other things, it was the dates that made the biggest hit. The lack of variety, she told me, was the worst, and such things as dates they had not seen for ages. Her husband, who was never a man to like sweets; he preferred a real man's diet, you know the sort of thing, underdone steak and strong, mouldy cheese, just sat down and ate the dates without stopping till half the packet was finished. I believe anything in the way of sweets, or preserved fruit, is most welcome.—(*"Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax,"* by Nelle Scanlan, 2YA, December 5).

## Fun In Heraldry

THERE are many families whose mottoes are really puns on their names. For instance, that of Earl Onslow is "Make haste slowly." Viscount Cross has for his motto "Believe in the Cross," Lord Armstrong's motto is "Strong in Arms." "The day will come," the Earl of Durham proudly proclaimed long centuries ago, while Lord Carlisle's motto is a modest one, "I am willing but unable." The designs on some coats of arms are just as amusing. The Onslows have half-a-dozen Cornish choughs parading on theirs; the Ramsdens have three rams' heads; the Oakes have acorns; the Blackmores have on their shield three negroes' heads (blackamoors). Lord Armstrong exhibits a blacksmith with a sledge-hammer held in his "strong arms." One shield—that of the Earls of Caledon—has to



support it a mermaid, holding a mirror, on the one side, and on the other, an elephant poised on its hind legs in an attitude of begging. So you see, there's fun in heraldry, if you look for it—and romance, too. The seven acorns on the shield of Sir William Sevenoake remind us that the original bearer of the name, as an infant, was deserted by his parents. The poor little baby was found in the hollow of a tree near Sevenoaks, in Kent. When this foundling grew up, he went to London, and like Dick Whittington, he became Lord Mayor and was made a Knight.—(*"Junior Encyclopædia of the Air,"* conducted by "Ebor," 2YA, December 15).

## "Entry of the Boyards"

ALTHOUGH so many radio listeners know and appreciate Halvorsen's stirring march "Entry of the Boyards," most of them know little or nothing at all about the famous violinist-composer who wrote the piece. Johan Halvorsen took a leading part in the musical life of Oslo for many years. He composed music for many plays (both Norwegian and foreign), many orchestral works, male choruses and violin and 'cello pieces. His record as a conductor has been one of distinction. In his music, evidences of the influence of Grieg and of Scandinavian folk music are very clear. Grieg, whose niece Halvorsen married, gave the young composer every help and encouragement. "Entry of the Boyards," written in Halvorsen's youth and brought out in 1893, was soon played everywhere, thanks to the friendly efforts of Grieg. The

## Can We Understand The Japanese?

ONE error into which we appear to have fallen was in accepting, at face value, the division of the Japanese leaders into militarists or extremists, and "moderates." The moderate groups, Mr. Gayn says, have not been opposed to aggression, but because of their desire as business men for markets overseas, or their fear as politicians that they would lose their eminence in a totalitarian state, they have eschewed extremist and incautious action. He adds: There are few Japanese who do not wish to see Nippon's flag planted in China, Indo-China or the Dutch East Indies. The moderates, therefore, are merely those who, for reasons of self-interest, desired to see this aggressive penetration of other countries' preserves conducted carefully, so as not to provoke any major conflict. So our understanding here, as in other calculations relating to the mentality and the mood of the Japanese, was probably rather less than exact, until bombs fell in Oahu, Hawaii.—(*"The Fight for the Pacific,"* by Martin J. Gayn, reviewed by John Moffett, 4YA, December 10).

march is a sort of character sketch or tonal picture of the Boyards, who were the hereditary owners of the soil in old Russia, and constituted an ancient order of nobility.—(*"The Music of Our Allies":* Norway, 2YA, December 14).

## Random Harvest

THIS new story of Hilton's has simple people in the true sense; but the mystery slowly unravelled in the story is most intriguing, and there's no guessing the end from the beginning. It is very skilfully managed. Hilton has here, as always, a command of good English and plain expression. The second time I read this book, with full knowledge of the plot, I liked it better than the first, as so many little situations have fuller significance. I think that this book will some day make an even better film than *Good-bye Mr. Chips* for if the subject is different, it is as human. To those of you who like a mystery story, this is one of the best; to those of you who like a love story there is here the romantic love of two strong people; to those of you who like a well-written story, this also you have here.—(*"Random Harvest"* by James Hilton, reviewed by Miss G. M. Glanville, 3YA, December 2.)

## How to Meet a High-Up

PARADES are few and far between in the Wrens, and half an hour's drill a week is reduced to one hour a month after a certain stage of proficiency has been reached. Saluting is rather a problem, and Mary said that, just at first, her chief impulse when she saw a High-Up approaching, was to run and hide. That, of course, didn't work at all—there was nowhere to run to, and the High-Up just came straight on. So she did the best she could to make herself inconspicuous, shrunk at least four inches, tucked her head down, and tried to slink by, as though she really were just a mirage. Needless to say that didn't work either. Having decided that High-Ups were just one of those things in one's life that couldn't be avoided, she still crept past them, trying to hide her salute under her hat—very unsuccessfully, because she usually tipped her hat over her nose in the process! However, she says she's now got so used to seeing officers everywhere that she can stroll by the highest High-Up there is, and salute beautifully with an indescribably respectful and yet nonchalant air.—(*"Proud Service: W.R.N.S.,"* by Monica, 2YA, December 10.)

