

DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

Cleaning Up After Hitler

WE kept longing for daylight knowing that Jerry would make off for home. His Parthian shot was a big one on one of the ward blocks. Dawn brought a scene of frightful destruction. Splintered glass lay ankle deep. Doors swung disconsolately on one hinge. In the laboratory all our bottles of stains, acids, and strong alkalis were lying muddled on the floors and benches. Stevie, the Pinkie, turned up and with another helper we set to work to clean up once again. Running water, heating, and lighting of course were non-existent but with the aid of a Primus, a bucket, and candles we were able to carry on essential work. A week later we were as trim as a new ship and ready for the next onslaught. And thus will the people of Britain go on cleaning up the mess which Hitler creates. Yet they will find time in the midst of all their work to plan a new hospital for the future. Battered and ruined St. Thomas's stands as a monument to a people's endurance and deep faith in the ideals of democracy. — ("A Great London Hospital Under Fire." Mrs. Andrew Fuller, 2YA, February 13.)



Japanese Penetration in China

IN 1911, the socialist, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, became the first president of republican China. Meanwhile Japan had already embarked upon her war of conquest in China. The island of Formosa had been unceremoniously seized in 1880, and fourteen years later the Chinese were compelled to resign any claim to Korea. In 1915, Japan, taking advantage of the pre-occupation of the great Powers in the European War, delivered to China a document known as the Twenty-one Demands. China was forced to accept, thus placing herself entirely in the hands of the Japanese. But, at the end of the war, the treaty was quickly nullified by the great Powers. Sun Yat Sen died in 1925. On his death, the Government Party of China, known as the Kuomintang, split into two parties, Left and Right. One of Sun Yat Sen's chief lieutenants, Chiang Kai-Shek, became leader of the Right Wing. Slowly gathering together the strength of China, he dissembled with the Japanese, giving away as little as possible to their insolent demands. But at last, in 1937, he was allowed by his own people to retreat no further. The war began. — ("National Service Talk," "Chungking and the New Order," 2YA, February 23.)

Free University Education

NOW let us turn to the University. Some correspondents have assumed that free place regulations apply to the University as well. This is not so. Free tuition in the University must be earned. Parents who have children attending secondary schools would be wise to note these points. All secondary school pupils who have qualified for a Higher Leaving Certificate are entitled to an "Ordinary Bursary" at any of our universities. This bursary provides for the payment of tuition fees to an amount not exceeding £20 per annum. A Higher Leaving Certificate is awarded to those students who have pursued a satisfactory course of study after they have obtained a pass in the University Entrance Examination. Consequently, students who intend to proceed to a University should consider the wisdom of staying on at school after passing matriculation. A matriculation pass will admit you to the University, but not without payment. It is the Higher Leaving

Certificate that will entitle you to free education at the University. — ("Education For All." A. A. Kirk, Wellington Government Youth Centre, 2YA, February 26.)

English Versatility in Literature

THE threads of prose and poetry are intertwined in literature through the ages. This is perhaps especially true of English literature. The English people have been known abroad as materialist and unimaginative—the traders and shopkeepers of the world. The curious thing about this estimate is their marvellous output in poetry. We see proof of this deep concern with poetry in the number of great or distinguished prose writers who have written poetry. Some it is true, have written poor poetry; on the other hand, some have written good or great poetry. Shakespeare is the supreme example of first rank in both mediums. And the present Poet Laureate continues this great national tradition of versatility, John Masefield is poet, playwright, historian, and novelist. The author of "Cargoes" is also the author of that prose classic "Gallipoli," of "Pompey the Great," and of that moving account of the Dunkirk epic, "Nine Days' Wonder." — ("More Than One String to their Bows: Introducing Versatility in the Arts," 2YA, February 22.)

A Letter from Martin Luther

I KNOW a lovely, pretty garden where there are many children. They wear golden coats, and pick up fine apples and pears, cherries and plums under the trees. They sing and jump, and are very merry. They also have beautiful little horses with bridles of gold and saddles of silver. I asked the man who owned the garden who the children were. He answered, "These are the children who gladly pray and study and are good." Then I said, "Dear man, I also have a son named Hans Luther. Wouldn't he like to come into the garden and eat such beautiful apples and pears and ride such fine horses and play with these children?" Then the man said, "If he prays and studies gladly, and is good, he too shall come into the garden, and Lippus and Jost with him. And when they are all here they shall have whistles and drums and lutes, and all sorts of things to make music with, and they shall dance, and shoot with little crossbows." — (A letter from Martin Luther, quoted in the series "Letters to Children," prepared by Dorothy Neal. 2YA, February 16.)



Emergency Food Supplies

IF any town in New Zealand were either bombed or bombarded, it would be a matter of luck whether the food supplies were saved or destroyed. In any case there would inevitably be some of the provision shops partially or wholly destroyed, and many homeless families who would be without any kind of food. It was found, by actual experience in London, that although tinned foods were considered to be absolutely safe, yet they were often very unreliable, for in the event of blast, any glass in the neighbourhood will smash, often into minute fragments. These tiny splinters are forced through the thin covering of metal and being quite imperceptible, render the food unfit for consumption. Worst of all, even though only a few tins may be affected, all must be condemned until passed by expert investigation. One of our jobs was to visit all the local grocers and general provision men with a request

"More Precious Than Gold"

OUR own Intelligence Services are trained in the art of piecing together scrappy and seemingly inconsequential pieces of information and, from them, shaping a picture on which successful action may be based. It would be sheer folly to suppose that the enemy's intelligence services are not equally active and equally astute. Trifles of careless gossip may give him just the information he needs. The lesson, then, is clear, silence in war-time is more precious than gold. Naturally your boys overseas want news from home; naturally your friends in Britain, in the United States, in Australia, want to hear from you. But they do not need to hear, nor should they want to hear, news which should be secret for the efficient prosecution of the war. — ("Don't Write: A Warning to Correspondents," 2YA, February 16.)

that they should bury or store below ground in safe quarters a percentage of their stocks, so that even if their main supplies were ruined, there would still be a little left for temporary needs, until further stores could be brought into the town. Every householder was urged by the Government to lay in a week's supply of food for his or her family in tins and packets. — ("Englishwomen Behind the Firing Line: Some Personal Experiences." Mrs. O. J. Gerard. 2YA, February 20.)

Mostly About the Tuatara

TAKE New Zealand, that is—Rotorua and Mitre Peak and Stew—, well, the oysters, and the tuataras and the toheroas and Cape Kidsmackers and—well, it's all so multitarious, or—or—something. Why, if you took a slice of Switzerland, and a cut off Norway and a bit of Dante's Inferno, and a spot of Disney's alfresco and mixed them up into a kind of scenic beano you'd still have New Zealand. And, speaking of Disney, there's the tuatara. You know. I mean, it was only a fluke that New Zealand found it before Disney. In fact Disney is very upset that he didn't think of it first. Not that anyone really knows what a tuatara really is, really. There are people who profess to know. But then there are people who profess to know what archaeopteryx is, or was. Which isn't much help. After all, the tuatara has been here so much longer than anyone else and yet he doesn't really know what he is, really. — ("Isn't Nature Wonderful?" Ken Alexander, 2YA, February 7.)

More Useful Alive Than Dead

WHEN my grandfather had left the army, Lewis, his soldier-servant, had followed his master into private life as cook, and remained till his death the crotchety and despotic manager of the household. He must have been a lineal descendant of Shakespeare's soldiery, in the great tradition of Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph. He had fought as a matter of routine, without enthusiasm and without illusions. A live coward was in his eyes much happier than a dead hero. Forlorn hopes and tight corners didn't appeal to him, and while others were striking for home and country, Lewis struck for home. With simple pride he used to tell the tale of how, when a particularly hot bit of fighting was over, his comrades, missing him, remarked, "Poor old Corporal Lewis, gorn at last." "But," he would continue with brazen relish, "when they gets back to camp, there was old Corporal Lewis a-cookin' the dinner!" — ("Tales of a Grandfather." Miss Cecil Hull, 1YA, February 9.)

