



PURE KNOWLEDGE

AT THE PRESENT TIME, I.C.I. is spending £7,500,000 a year on research and development. Most of this is inevitably spent on research for improved products and cheaper ways of making them, but part is devoted to pure research—that is, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, with no immediate commercial ends in view.

Every manufacturing division of I.C.I. carries out some pure research, and at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, I.C.I. has established laboratories for the conduct of pure research alone. But the focal point for this sort of work must always be the Universities.

Recognising this, I.C.I. helps 11 British Universities to provide 92 research fellowships in Science—open to graduates of any race, religion or nationality—at a cost of more than £73,000 a year. I.C.I. also devotes about £100,000 a year to helping the Universities in other ways, such as providing chemicals and apparatus. I.C.I. believes that this will bring benefit, not only to the company itself, but to Britain. Leadership in scientific research is the country's best guarantee for the future.



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Shepherd's Calendar

THE RAINS CAME

by "SUNDOWNER"

THE sensation of the last ten days has been the rain, and the changes that have come since the first shower. Though the fall here was less than two inches—163 points on the most exposed place in my garden—it was distributed over three days with no drying winds between the showers or for some days afterwards. Ten days later the ground is still

MARCH 22 moist—dug ground still dark—and grass is beginning to grow where none has been seen for 40 days, and very little for 100 days. If I were a dairy farmer I would still be worried; but Elsie has always been able to live on water and rubbish—not only live but, when she is dry, keep fat—and Betty, though I blush to see her bones, somehow or other extracts three or four gallons of milk from every bale of Jim's hay. Part of the somehow is apples and potatoes, cauliflower leaves, summer prunings, bolted parsley, and other odds and ends thrown over his fence by Will. But the miracle remains—50 pounds of rich milk every week from less than 100 pounds of dry hay. I find myself wondering when I look at her how far down the nutrition scale a cow has to fall before it dies of starvation, as thousands do every year in Australia. Or would the cattle in Australia survive drought if there were enough bores to give them all a drink every day?

In Canterbury this seems to have been the worst drought so far recorded. It has lowered wells, dried up creeks and springs, reduced the flow of rivers, eaten up the autumn seed, ruined some crops, and emptied many milk buckets. But it has not been a drought marked by ruin and death. No farmer, as far as I know, has walked off his land. No one has lost his sheep or his cows or all his potatoes or all his hay. It has not lasted long enough or come late enough to make it useless to sow autumn wheat. Sheep worth three pounds have sold for two, some worth thirty shillings have been sacrificed for ten. On Banks Peninsula it has been difficult to get rid of cows at any price at all. In some cases farmers have had to go short of baths in case their stock went short of drinks. Drought has worried them, reduced their incomes, knocked holes in their reserves. Here

and there a man just starting or one just emerging into solvency, has been forced to drop everything and start again. I have heard some sad stories, but no tragedies. And already, after eight or ten weeks, it is over. Australia, in only a little more time, has had three devastating floods, and may still, before autumn comes again, have deserts where there are now mud-holes and bogs.

I CAN never quite make up my mind when I dip into *Tutira*—something I do quite often—whether it is a tribute to Guthrie-Smith's courage and good sense that he was able to burn off his fern and manuka or a sign that, like the rest of us, he could compromise with his principles when his pocket was involved. It is the same question as I found myself asking when Edgar Stead, who spent so much of his time and money preserving and watching birds, became president of a gun club. Because I can't get my own life straight in those ways I suppose I clutch at signs of crookedness in my betters. I am not sure that Edgar Stead was ever aware of the conflict, but Guthrie-Smith saw it with increasing pain as his sins mounted. He was 58 when he wrote *Tutira*, 65 when he prepared the second edition, and almost at the end of his life when the third edition was finished, and in all three issues he presents himself sadly as a burner, slasher, poisoner, and ruthless destroyer of cover when he had to decide between birds and solvency. Even if I had clean hands myself I could not criticise him. He had to conquer or be conquered, and if he had allowed himself to be driven off *Tutira* no bird would have been safe. But it was a pitiful dilemma for a man whose instinct was "to devastate a shire to save a species"; animal or vegetable.

WHEN I was about to go to bed last night I saw a light moving along one of my hedges. A little later I saw it from another window moving in another direction, and this time I could see that it was a torch. I then went to bed and forgot it till half an

(continued on next page)

THE MAN IN THE GLASS HOUSE

OF course he did not throw stones:
His purpose was to feed
Insatiate curiosity with what
Went on in the world.

Transparent himself, it pained
That many occurrences
Were not what they seemed, claimed
Understanding as well as observation.

And what will a man who is
All eyes say to a woman all heart?
This was, alas, his downfall;
And his house, no better than cards

For such an encounter, blinked
Its eyes in the sun and went out.
So that a very talent becomes destruction
Kin to the rosy apple—the worm's house.

—Louis Johnson