



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
Less than one and a half words a second?

is only a part of it, and the rate at which the words come important but not vital. But I should like to have heard Lloyd George delivering less than 1½ words a second, and Asquith less than 1½.

* * *

I HAD written the preceding note before a letter came from a Nelson correspondent suggesting that most of the complaints from which sheep and lambs suffer—dopiness, paralysis, pulpy kidney, staggers, and even footrot—are the direct or indirect result of bad feeding. By bad feeding my correspondent means improper feeding, especially the

average farmer's failure to supply proteins in sufficient quantity. Sheep, he says, are "highly proteinaceous animals." They need protein for wool, hooofs, horns

and skin, as well as for their "meaty tissue"; and since a ewe "will tear down her own structure, if necessary, to provide for her offspring," one of the consequences of a protein deficiency in her diet is disintegration of her hooofs and the entry of germs to rot her feet.

In support of his argument my correspondent is able to point to his own success in converting "a derelict farm in a derelict district" to a high producing farm of remarkably healthy sheep and cattle. But nothing in nature is quite as simple as he seems to make it, and if it were the Creator would have a few elementary lessons to learn. Although there are areas in New Zealand in which sheep refused to thrive until chemists dressed the soil with trace elements, the general position must be that where grass grows grass-eating animals may safely graze. If man restricts the range of animals by erecting fences, and reduces their exercise by robbing them of the power, as well as of the necessity, to roam, he will lower their vitality, but not fast enough to bring their life-span below his own requirements. The sheep I myself possess are those their more efficient owners no longer think it profitable to keep. With me they extend their lives by one more breeding season, and when they leave me they don't necessarily go away to die. Though I have been tempted sometimes to follow their fortunes past Addington, I have never had the hardihood to find out who makes or loses money on them after they pass out of my hands, and how soon they go to feed the hungry in other parts of the world. But if I were bold enough to follow them all the way to the slaughterman I would, I am sure, discover that 50 per cent escape the first year and 20 per cent a second year after their breeder has turned his back on them. It is certain that with better feeding the survivors would be more numerous, but I can't persuade myself that better feeding means just an increase in protein.

(To be continued)

THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

"THERE are 24 hours a day given us; eight of these should be for work, eight for sleep, and the remaining eight for recreation and . . . for men to do what little things they want for themselves." These words were Samuel Parnell's, and could be said to be the guiding principle of his life.

Parnell was born in London in 1810, and after an education in board schools he was apprenticed to a carpenter and joiner in Theobald's Road. By the time he was 24 he had a deep interest in the trade union movement, but never actually joined a union because of his inability to convince his shopmates that a shorter working day should be their first main aim. Tired of fighting their resignation to tradition, he decided to go abroad and, becoming a land purchaser under the New Zealand Company, left England on the Duke of Roxburgh, arriving in Wellington in February, 1840.

Shortly after he arrived in New Zealand, Parnell started building a store for a Wellington merchant who had been a fellow passenger on the ship out. He included in the contract for this job a stipulation that the men employed would work no more than eight hours a day. The merchant agreed to this (because of the shortage of carpenters in Port Nicholson—not because of any progres-

sive leanings) and thus the principle of eight hours a day had its first, if temporary, recognition.

The story of the eight-hour day, and of Samuel Duncan Parnell's share in making it possible, has been made the subject of a documentary to mark the occasion of Labour Day. This documentary, *A Dream Fulfilled*, written by Zenocrate Graham and Bryan O'Brien, will be heard on Sunday, October 21, the day preceding Labour Day, at 9.30 a.m. from the YA stations. 3YZ and 4YZ.



ZENOCRATE GRAHAM

N.Z. LISTENER, OCTOBER 12, 1956.

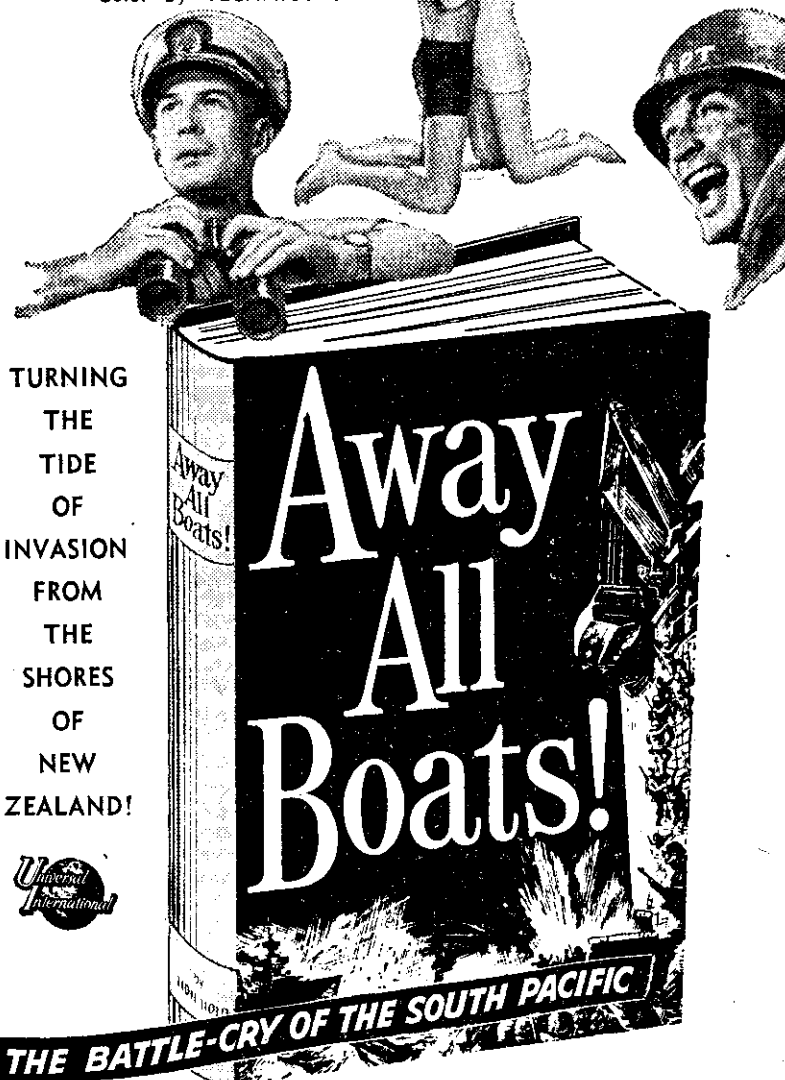
Says MR. GORDON WILLIAMS in the BRITISH-OWNED "AUSTRALASIAN POST"

"'AWAY ALL BOATS' has been compared with 'The Cruel Sea' and 'The Caine Mutiny.' But there can be no comparison. Add it to them, if you like, and make a trilogy, but 'AWAY ALL BOATS' borrows from neither, and Dodson owes nothing to Monserrat or Wouk. There is far too much richness in 'AWAY ALL BOATS' to allow more than a meagre savoring here. There are far too many threads in the tapestry to do more than glimpse at a few in this review. This is a war story. But the war, while it provides the setting, the orchestration, and the decor, is not dominant. It is the great catalyst, changing, decomposing, ennobling the people who sail in the Belinda, according to their measure and their quality. . . ."

AND HERE IN THE FILM IS THE MEASURE OF THE BATTLE CRY OF THE PACIFIC FROM THE LIVES OF THE BRAVE AND THE LOVES OF THEIR WAITING WOMEN . . . AS DRAMATICALLY INSPIRING AS THEIR DEEDS OF HEROISM . . . AS EMOTIONALLY ELECTRIFYING AS THEIR ROMANTIC HOMECOMINGS TO THEIR LOVE-LONESOME WOMEN!

Color by TECHNICOLOR

In VISTAVISION



JEFF CHANDLER • GEORGE NADER • JULIE ADAMS • LEX BARKER
CO-STARRING KEITH ANDES • RICHARD BOONE • JOCK MAHONEY

NEW ZEALAND SIMULTANEOUS 3-CITY PREMIERE, OCTOBER 19th:—

AUCKLAND ST. JAMES'
CHRISTCHURCH MAJESTIC
DUNEDIN ST. JAMES'

WELLINGTON OCT. 26 MAJESTIC

(Approved for General Exhibition)