



As Others See Us

What Marshal N. Dana Says

LISTENERS will remember a very interesting talk given last year by Marshal N. Dana, associate editor of the "Portland Journal," Oregon. On his return to the States Mr. Dana wrote a series of articles upon this Dominion, and its dairy industry in particular. In one of these articles he has this to say of New Zealand and its people:—

"Wherever they are, New Zealanders work with beauty around them. There is a cool, green land with the wind always blowing. Across the bitter Tasman Sea, their Australian neighbours, drought-afflicted, produce a self-containing range of yields in a self-created atmosphere of industrial disputes and government control of business. But the New Zealanders are content to go on soberly and seriously, making fortunes out of grass, living within their incomes, borrowing little and conducting their affairs in an atmosphere of thrift.

"Their pride is to be 'More British than the British.' But the British they emulate are those of the yesterday. Children go quaintly to school in uniforms; the flapper and flaming youth are little known around New Zealand's shores. Motorists drive cars, 85 per cent. American, on second grade highways with thrillingly narrow turns and one-car bridges. Passengers book seats in cindery wooden cars with spoked wheels and rattle up and down over the hills at a cost per ticket greater than America's Pullmans or observation coaches. The railway system is at tag ends.

The hydro-electric plants are disconnected and the high rates lead to single light effects that would drive an illuminating engineer to tears.

"Only dairying and sheep-raising are truly standardised and the future must hold uniformity in nearly all public services, yet the New Zealander goes along happily, with showers raining down the blessings of heaven upon the grass in every month of the year and he wouldn't trade social or economic status with anybody.

"And in the dairy, but not in the sheep industry co-operation has gone beyond anything the world has elsewhere ever seen.

Our Prize Poem Competition

The prize of half a guinea this week is awarded to John Storm, whose wistful poem of memories of a bygone Easter-tide, when the world was young, will find echo in many hearts. In lighter vein, for special commendation are selected some gay verses by "Sardonyx," whose blue-eyed colleen we hope some time to introduce to our readers.

"Nada" has gone for inspiration to the lore and history of the Maori, and her song of the Pawa River is musical enough, with its setting of red rata and golden-blossomed kowhai.

J.S.: The glory that is Egmont is extolled by this contributor in a paean of praise which is too long and meticulous. The spiritual mountaineer on the slopes of Parnassus must be prepared for a steep and rocky climb.

"Ginger's" topical verses are good, but not good enough.

"Oh, Mack" sends a musical lay of the seabirds, those fascinating feathered fowl of which many poets have sung. Do you remember—

"My love she is fair, she is better than fair to me; She puts me in mind of a wild white seagull flying over the sea"?

V. May Cottrell has done competent work in the two poems submitted, of which we prefer "Love's Lute."

"Fisherman's Luck": Say it in prose! "Orlando" sends sentimental outpourings to a Rosalind of the moment, which unfortunately do not scan.

"Zero": The legion of the poets is a small and exclusive one, and "Zero" is not of the elect.

"Daystar": Nil desperandum.

"A Tramp": A drab subject, without distinction of treatment.

"Mary of Argyle": A brave attempt, but it fails.

An Easter Morning

I heard an old familiar strain
That set my spirit free—
Fair days of sunshine, and of spring, again
Came back to me—

I stood beside the old church door
And, waiting in the sun,
Heard God's grey minstrels pipe their songs,
With Spring begun,

Then through the porch you gaily tripped—
A care-free, happy child,
How pleasantly the sunlit moments slipped
Because you smiled.

We trod the dear old homeward way,
We laughed at LIFE, content
With what it brought—it seems but yesterday—
Our merriment.

—John Storm.

Enlisting Nature

Hydro-Electric Schemes

HYDRO-ELECTRIC schemes are being developed in all parts of the world. The Pangani River Falls in Tanganyika will now provide an area of 60 miles with electricity and greatly help the sisal growing industry. Sisal grass provides the fibre from which cordage is made.

On Christmas Eve, the loch waters rushed along the tunnel driven through Ben Nevis, a work which, when complete, will be the greatest hydro-electric enterprise in the United Kingdom. A pathetic circumstance was that at the same time the engineer who had planned the scheme, and given his whole heart to the work, in more ways than one, himself passed over the dark waters of life and death. He was Charles Godfrey Jameson, a nephew of the Dr. Jameson who was the close friend of Cecil Rhodes, both of them great Empire-builders.

The Ben Nevis works will remain a fitting memorial to the engineer, who spared not himself, but gave his life to his work.

Electricity Afloat

SHIPING companies are fully alive to the value of electricity as the universal servant. The new Canadian Pacific liner, Empress of Japan, is fully equipped.

All the food for passengers and crew is cooked on electric stoves and electric fans cool the air for passengers in hot climates. There is, of course, wireless telegraphy, with a wireless direction finder, electric apparatus for submarine signalling, and a gyroscopic compass; an electric gramophone repeater, and an electric cinema.

Piercing London Fogs

SOMEONE noted that a brazier in foggy weather shows a halo of clear air around it, the heat of the flame driving the fog out of the air—an effect that we have all probably noticed at some time or other. An enterprising inventor has put the idea into practice, and now motor headlamps, embodying the principle, are being tried on London omnibuses and trams. Air is blown by a fan over an electric heater, and shot out in a long stream in front of the lamp, dispersing the fog as the vehicle proceeds.