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1949.

THE best preparation for 1949 is to forget all the follies, blunders, shattered hopes and failures of 1948 that are now only memories. The blunders for which we must still pay we of course can't forget, but we should turn away for ever from the others. First there are our international dreams—friendship with Russia, peace in Palestine, democracy in Central Europe, order and sanity in China, and so on. Not one has come true; not one will soon come true; not one, if we had been more realistic, would ever have seemed likely to come true, or to have any substance in it resembling our airy visions. Nor have we steered clear of idle dreaming at home. We have seen houses going up that no family has entered, ships coming and going that have never ploughed the sea; we have had petrol for transport that has never left the wells, power for industry that has not been generated, paper for our presses that is still standing trees. We should have known better, but we at least know better now, and we should make the first cost of all those illusions the last. We should go into 1949 trailing no clouds of folly from 1948, but no numbing clouds of sadness either. We have not been dreamers all the time, or loafers all the time, or fools all the time, or wranglers all the time. Few of our failures have been catastrophic, and not many will be remembered in a month or two if we will let them die. It is too soon yet to say what historians will do with 1948, but if they find no spectacular victories to linger over they will have no black calamities to record except the continuing calamity of suspicion and misunderstanding. If they find it a year of great disappointments they will find the reason to be that it began with great expectations, most of them without firm foundation. That is a blunder we need not repeat.

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, DECEMBER 31

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

NEWS BULLETINS.

Sir,—Though you were good enough to publish my letter on the above subject (November 12), the point I raised has not been replied to. I trust you will pardon me for again referring to it. We are still exposed to bombardment of what is usually a variety of noise which is enough to cause the old masters of music to turn in their graves, to say nothing of the punishment inflicted on living persons with any sense of real music.

The point at issue is briefly this: why is not the five-minute broadcast of British home news which is heard at 6.10 a.m. repeated at 7.10 a.m.? When one remembers that the only other broadcast of anything at all similar is the 6.45 newsreel, it surely is little enough to expect that the little titbits of news might be repeated as I have suggested. There can be no question of tedious repetition, when one recalls the way in which sports results and other trivialities are broadcast *ad nauseum*.

MORE HOME NEWS (Orewa).

Sir,—At the end of World War II, I hoped for a considerable reduction in the number of news bulletins per day. But we are still treated to no less than six, all of which repeat themselves *ad nauseum*, plus *Radio Newsreel*; and in addition a "World Affairs" talk on Sunday. Newspapers are available to everyone, and a more balanced picture of world events can be obtained by calmly reading them than by being irritated by the BBC announcer reading what is considered good for us to know. Also intelligent listeners can surely interpret the news for themselves, so why is there any need for a commentary? It would be interesting to know just how many people listen to these news sessions; I would venture to say very few.

J.W.B. (Avondale).

EDUCATION AND SPEECH

Sir,—There was so much that was good and true in Andrew Morrison's last talk on speech training that it seems ungracious to deprecate part of it. I take this risk; not quite sure in my conscience whether my willingness to do so proceeds from the unholly joy of the critic or a sober desire to save the lecturer from error.

Mr. Morrison in this talk proceeds to a wider theme. "Education," he says, "means to lead out what is within." He then develops a thesis that speech is an integral part of education, that to speak right is to think right, that character derives from education; the development "from resources from within oneself." Now, sir, "education" does not mean to draw anything out of somebody (or of oneself). It is not derived from the Latin verb *educere*, meaning to draw out, but from *educare*, meaning to lead along. This is not mere pedantry, for the error leads to major consequences. The ancient Persians taught their children to shoot straight and to tell the truth. Neither of these is inherent in any child, Persian or otherwise. The true teacher tries to inculcate his code. The other viewpoint leads to such nonsense as the non-inhibition of the individuality, as if a child were like a jack-in-the-box only awaiting the withdrawal of the frustrating latch to develop fully its personality. It even leads to rocking infants and giving them dummies (thoroughly

exploded by "Matron" in your last issue). Good speech is one of the graces, a point well and gracefully emphasised by Mr. Morrison. But it is only a by-product of education. I doubt for instance that Saint Peter spoke correctly. He certainly spoke with a marked accent (Matt. XXVI, 73).

However, be all this as it may, there is no risk in New Zealand of any undue leaning to correct speech. Knowledge of the classics and correct expression used to be sole qualification for a government post under the Chinese Emperors. There is no danger of that here. We may safely applaud Mr. Morrison.

GUIDED, NOT UNFOLDED
(Wellington).

BOOK PRICES

Sir,—In your issue of December 10 you spend two pages on Book Reviews. I should think you do so because you wish to help us to choose the best among the new books, a most commendable intention. In this issue you praise Rewi Alley and at the end you mention that all profits will be devoted to the Sandan Training School. Apparently you wish to encourage the sale of this book. Then why don't you give the price and say where it can be bought? You say Caxton Press. Is that London or New Zealand? I know you never give the price and it's most exasperating. Over and over again I have had your reviews, and thought, "I'd like to get that, but where can I get it, and what is the price?" and so for want of that one line of information your review was wasted and I did nothing. I get other magazines and they always give the price of any book they review: the *English Listener* and the *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, always do. Why can't you?

Please let me know where I can get *Gung Ho* and the price. I have a great respect for Rewi Alley, I am proud of him as you may see when I tell you that I once sent him £50, so I am determined to get that book and you may guess how annoyed I am having to dig price and where to buy out of you when both of these ought to have been included in your review.

Your magazine is really good, and I like it very much, so I am astonished that a want like this should still be found in its pages.

THOS. TODD (Gisborne).

(We agree that prices should be given when they are available, and that is usually the case with books published in New Zealand. But far more than half the books we receive come to us from overseas publishers, whose prices are so far below the prices at which these books must be sold in New Zealand that it is a doubtful service to readers to supply them. The best way of obtaining a book is to order it from a reputable bookseller.—Ed.)

THE KING'S ILLNESS

Sir,—I am surprised that you see fit to blame God for the King's illness. I would remind you that God created man perfect, and the cause of his imperfection has been Satan and man himself. The King is an imperfect man as we all are, he eats imperfect food chemically produced and preserved with poisons, he breathes air loaded with poisons and impurities, and like us his nerves are shattered with noise and worry, yet as soon as he becomes ill *The Listener* prints the libellous statement that God has not been willing to

allow him to undertake the royal tour. Why is it that people do not think of God until something goes wrong, then are up in arms blaming Him for their troubles?

Your editorial was in very bad taste and will shock honest God-fearing people. Fortunately there are still some of us who know that God is not responsible for the King's or our own illnesses.

F. J. HOOPER (Ponsonby).

(It has always been one of the difficulties of faith that God should permit men to be foolish. Our correspondent should not add to those difficulties.—Ed.)

"THE HILLS OF HOME."

Sir,—This morning an appalling scene was enacted in a serial during the session *Mainly for Women* from 3YA. A consumptive young man, bringing his wife home from abroad to have a baby, finds his sister (engaged to his wife's brother) raging tempestuously at their titled mother for carrying on a love affair with their future common father-in-law. The father-in-law, assumed by this time to be a fascinating rotter, first denies everything, then becoming vicious, strikes his future daughter-in-law. Her brother, attempting vengeance, is then knocked out and dies at the end of the episode with much consumptive gasping.

I have been suspicious about this serial for quite a time and after the latest crisis can't help protesting that this horribly vulgar emotionalism is not worthy of the rest of the session. The whole thing is staggeringly unconvincing and quite incongruous with the standard of the interesting talks about Jane Austen, Katherine Mansfield, etc., and other worthwhile features in the new programme.

May I venture to hope that *The Hills of Home* may give way to something in better taste when at last it comes to an end?

LESS SOAP OPERA (Christchurch).

MUSIC FROM ASHBURTON.

Sir,—I too wholeheartedly support your correspondent, "F.E.I." of Christchurch, in his praise of the music from Ashburton. I have also heard this study group in many studio recitals with much interest. The singing appears to me to be very proficient and harmonious. The only thing I must criticise, if I may, is that most of the recitals from Ashburton appear to be of female voices—not that one minds female voices—but one would like to hear something masculine now and then.

E. R. McCUTCHEON (Stratford).

MAORI PLACE NAMES.

Sir,—In your issue of December 3, it is stated by W. T. Morpeth that "*kawaterere* is one of the names of the New Zealand parakeet." It would be interesting to know his authority for this statement. Tregear gives three Maori words for the "parroquet," namely, *kakariki*, *powhaitere* and *porere*. Mr. Elvy, of the Lands Department, says *pareke* was the name given by the South Island Maoris for a species of parroquet.

J. R. Grigg writes in his book *Murchison*, "When Heaphy and Spooner asked their Maori guides the name of the stream flowing out of Rotoiti, they replied, "*Ko Awatere*," which is translated, "This is rapid river." The explorers then wrote on their map the word as it sounded to them, "*Kawatiri*." This then is the accepted Maori name of the Buller.

P. J. O'Regan supports this meaning.

CANTNELL (Gisborne).