

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

Letters sent to "The Listener" for publication should be as brief as possible and should deal with topics covered in "The Listener" itself. Correspondents must send their names and addresses even when it is their wish that these should not be published. We cannot undertake to give reasons why all or any portion of a letter is rejected.

THE SECOND ECHELON

To the Editor,
"The Listener"

Sir,—In this week's *Listener* appears an article entitled "The Physique of the 2nd Echelon," by 23/762. Sir, I think this article is an insult to the men of the 1st Echelon, men who thought only of answering their country's call. If they had hesitated the 1st Echelon would not be somewhere on the sea at the present time. If the men of the 1st Echelon had hesitated, New Zealand would surely have been lost—morally lost.

The men of the 1st Echelon may be smaller than the men of the 2nd Echelon, but that does not make them smaller in mind.

You may ask what right I have to criticise 23/762. My brother is away with the 1st Echelon. He is not very big, only 21 years old, but 100 per cent. fit. He knew his own mind, his father was an Anzac, and he has a good idea of what they will have to face when they arrive on the other side of the world. Someone asked him when he was on final leave why he enlisted so soon; they told him there was plenty of time. He answered them, "I do not think there is plenty of time. My country needs me, and I think something of my country, also of the mother who brought me up and my sisters. If they are not worth fighting for then God help them and me."

May I in conclusion say it is not our duty to judge whether the men of the 2nd Echelon are bigger and stronger than the men of the 1st Echelon. It is not for us to judge any soldier, airman or sailor who leaves these shores to take part in the mighty struggle that confronts us. It is for us all to do our duty to these men while they are away and when they come home, and it is the duty of all who are left behind in New Zealand to strive to help these men to obtain their objective, which is freedom for all people and a better, brighter, and happier world to live in. May God bless and keep them one and all.

Yours, etc.,
Judge not lest ye in turn be judged.

Owaka, South Otago,
February 3, 1940.

[We are pleased to print this tribute to the men of the First Echelon, but cannot agree that they required any defence. If our correspondent will read the article again, she will see that it contained no reflection of any kind on those men, whose courage and sacrifice we admire as much as she does. Our contributor merely reported an observation made by an officer who has helped with the organisation of both units, and is proud of both. Such comparisons are not derogatory].

WHAT SHOULD WE EAT?

To The Editor,
"The Listener,"

Sir,—Your correspondent, R. T. Kohere, raises an interesting subject when he asks the question, "Why do we eat food? Is it to tickle the palate, or to build up and strengthen our bodies?"

I agree with him that the average pakeha has yet to learn what is good for him, but at the same time far be it from me to discount the labours of our excellent Aunt Daisy. The severely practical person who eats merely to live and bathes merely to clean himself loses much of the minor enjoyment in life. However, Mr. Kohere is right when he says that eels are wholesome and nutritious. I think I am right in saying that analysis has proved that the nutritive value of eel-liver is greater than that of halibut liver, which in turn is greater than that of cod-liver. Little more recommendation is needed

for the eel than that. Eel flesh, too, is much more nourishing than the flesh of trout or salmon.

Your correspondent, however, appears to be under the impression that only the Maoris appreciate the good qualities of the eel. This, of course, is not so. Cockneys, for example, are traditionally fond of eel pie.

I recall a scrap of doggerel which I read some years ago and which quite well illustrates this. Here it is, as far as I can remember it:

All hail, the wondrous eel, sing I,
Hurrah for the anguillidae —
Most highly-prized of Roman dishes,
Prince of the nutritious fishes.
Cockney, Dutchman, bend the knee,
Trencher-worshippers of thee,
Saxon, Celt and black Mashona
All unite to do thee honour.
Tyrolean, Turk and Greek,
Maori chief and Arab sheikh
Shall continue in thy praises
Till they're pushing up the daisies. . . .

And so on. It's a pity that the general enthusiasm is not shared by the New Zealand pakeha, but the one eel cannery established here failed, I understand. Even the most strenuous efforts of the Chief Inspector of Fisheries, A. E. Hefford, do not seem to have been successful in overcoming our prejudice against eating what looks like a snake. Those phobias of ours which date from the Garden of Eden die hard.

Yours, etc.,
IRIDEUS.

Auckland,
February 9, 1940.

CAN YOU HEAR ME, UNCLE?

To The Editor,
"The Listener,"

Sir,—Having only just got a radio, I am looking forward to being able to add *The Listener*. Meanwhile, I want to start with something amusing. The first time I listened-in I heard the following slip made by the Uncle at the Children's Session at IYA on January 31 at 5.20 p.m.: "The man who got the library out of the book." If I am first with the news, will you publish it please?

Yours, etc.,
R.R.

Matangi,
February 1, 1940.

COURTENAY PLACE

To the Editor,
"The Listener"

Sir,—Following the intriguing article by your vivacious contributor, "Thid," on the above metropolitan area of Wellington, it may interest your readers to learn one suggested derivation of the name. Mind, I do not vouch for its accuracy: 'Tis but a legend, after all, and you know how nebulous these traditions are.

Well, here's the story. One day, in the long ago, when a stream ran down the middle of what is now Kent and Cambridge Terrace, a man was fishing in it. "Hullo!" said a passer-by, "fishin', what? Had any luck?"

"O, nothin' much," was the reply. "Jest a few flat fish."

"Ah! CAUGHT-ANY-PLAICE?" asked the curious one—and somehow the question became a byword and, finally a title.

This may prompt your readers to supply other alleged origins of place-names.

Yours, etc.,
L.D.A.

Lyall Bay,
January 18, 1940.

MORE SPACE WANTED

To the Editor,
"The Listener"

Sir,—As a very keen radio listener, and also a reader of your magazine, I would like to say a word or two about the DX Radio Notes you publish. I thoroughly appreciate your generosity in allowing our Club the space you already have, but as I am sure your notes on DX and your station news, lists, etc., are widely read, I would like to appeal for more space. Why not take a ballot of listeners and readers on this subject?

Yours, etc.,
LES. W. SUTHERLAND

Hamilton,
January 31, 1940.

To the Editor,
"The Listener"

Sir,—I am a DX member, and look forward to the DX Radio Review in *The Listener* every week. But it's what they would call infesting to DX chaps to find the Radio Review cramped in one very small corner, while Aunt Daisy is given as much space as she wants. Could Aunt Daisy not ease up on the space a bit, and give someone else a show?

Yours, etc.,
C.E.O.K.

Ngaere, Taranaki,
January 29, 1940.

[Our correspondent knows how much space Aunt Daisy gets. He would be surprised to know how much she "wants".—Ed.]

HELPFUL

To the Editor,
"The Listener"

Sir,—Percy Scholes published a small book called "The Radio Times Music Handbook" which he called First Aid to the Puzzled Listener. The following verse was included:

They played him a Sonata—let me see
"Medulla oblongata" key of G.
Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing
"Scherzando, ma non troppo, ppp."

In the preface Percy Scholes says: "As I switch on my set I hear an announcer proclaiming 'the four movements are as follows—Allegro, Scherzo-Assai Vivace, Adagio sostenuto, Prestissimo Risoluto' and having thus flung a chunk of a foreign language at an island population notoriously monoglot, he stands aside with the comfortable feeling of having done what he could to be helpful."

Yours, etc.
D. HAIGH.

Taumarunui,
January 30, 1940.

MATHEMATICAL MARVELS

To The Editor,
"The Listener,"

Sir,—In your issue of February 2 a claim is made by 3ZB of the discovery of a "Mathematical Marvel." I'm afraid 3ZB is a little late in its discovery. Station 3ZR Greymouth made this discovery a few years ago, when they relayed a session from Hokitika every Wednesday evening. There were two of these remarkable entertainers on this session at different intervals.

Yours, etc.,
HOKITIKIAN.

Christchurch,
February 5, 1940