

SUPERMEN AND SUBMEN

(Continued from previous page)

country alone at the rate of six thousand a year, and injure them to the tune of some 250,000.

Now all that leads me to a general reflection on science in its place in modern civilisation. Science is in a sense the good fairy of our world. In a thousand ways it has brightened and ennobled human life. It has given us warmth and light, cheap clothes, and paved streets. It has lessened our toil and relieved our pain, so that we have come to worship science as a sort of god, thinking of it as an unmixed good and blessing. Yet science in itself is neither a good thing nor a bad. In point of fact it is ethically neutral. What science does is to enable human beings to satisfy their desires and to further their purposes. If their desires and purposes are on the whole good and make for human welfare, this added power of satisfying, this increased ability to further that science has given us, is correspondingly good. If they are on the whole harmful and make for human misery, then the increased ability to satisfy, the added power of furtherance is correspondingly evil.

What Science Does to States

Now, though individual men and women are neither particularly good nor particularly bad, but mixed, nevertheless by some miracle, a mystery that none of us could claim to understand, those communities of individuals that we call states, seem in the main (if we can judge from history) to have been predominantly bad, in the sense that the desires by which they have been inspired have made on the whole for human misery. They have been desires for the conquest of rival powers, the humiliation and enslavement of weaker peoples, desires inspired by greed and lust of power. So what science has in fact done has been to give to human nature an enormously greater desire than it ever had before of throwing its weight about, of in fact doing its stuff, with the result that our civilisation is

hanging on the verge of destruction through the sheer inability to control the powers which science has so embarrassingly placed at our disposal.

I once sat next to an Indian philosopher at a public function. I looked at my Indian. What on earth, I thought, am I going to talk to him about. I didn't exactly fall so low as to cash in on the weather. What I did do was to fall back on the morning paper which that day had reported some new marvel of our civilisation. I forget what it was. Somebody, I think, had just succeeded in flying an aeroplane in 24 hours from Moscow to New York, or was it 24 days? I really don't remember, but anyway very, very fast. There was a tremendous fuss about it in the papers, and I, in conventional talk as one does, fell back upon the morning papers and echoed their wonder. "What an astonishing feat," I said. "Wasn't it wonderful?" He turned to me, looked me quietly in the eyes. "Yes," he said, "it is wonderful, and yours is a wonderful civilisation. You can fly in the air like birds and you can swim in the sea like fishes, but how to walk upon the earth you don't yet know."

"What's the Use of Worrying . . .?"

FELIX POWELL, composer of "Pack Up Your Troubles," perhaps the most popular song of the last war, was found shot in the stomach in the Home Guard Headquarters at Peacehaven, England, some weeks ago, with his rifle lying near by. It was a sad ending to an interesting story, which ran something like this: In 1915, when Felix Powell and his brother George were playing with the Harlequinaders at the London Hippodrome, they produced a song between them, set in six-eight time. It was laid aside, but a fortnight later Francis, Day, and Hunter, the song publishers, offered a hundred guineas for a marching song for the troops. Felix took his six-eight tune and with no difficulty transformed it into a two-four marching song. It won the prize, with the result that everybody knows.

A REAL HILL-BILLY

- And Proud of It

ANYONE who listens to the session "You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet," at 8 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays from the ZB stations, may wonder if the leader of the show, Bob Dyer, is really a genuine hill-billy or just a very good imitation of one. Bob himself in a recent interview put all doubts at rest and confessed that he was born right down in Tennessee and brought up on a farm in the heart of the hill-billy country. The Dyer farm was practically self-supporting—they spun their own wool and even made their own rifles. They also made their own liquor from the corn they grew—but that is a hush-hush story.

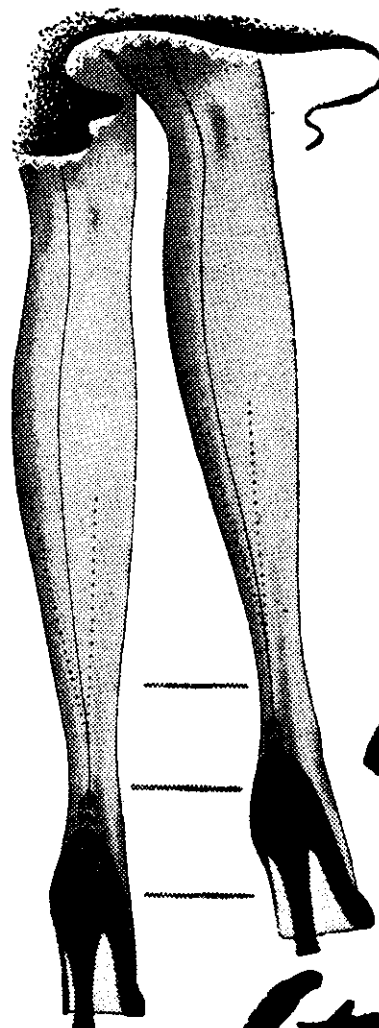
Bob didn't like school much and there came a day when he was overcome by a burning ambition to see the world, so taking an ancient Ford which no one else seemed to want, he started off on his new adventure. After a few days he fell in with a travelling tent show, which

presented six dramatic performances a week, and that's how Bob first became a comedian. In the intervals he sold candy.



BOB DYER

He certainly doesn't look much like a hill-billy here—but he is one



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