

The America Nobody Knows

IT is a commonplace of nearly all intelligent comment on the war that science has outrun morality. But the Americans put it another way. Wars must come, they say, when little men run big machines, and the only way to stop wars is to get big men on the machines. So it is not altogether a surprise to learn from the latest American newspapers to hand that Stanford University has established a new School of Humanities and has put Lewis Mumford in charge as Professor. The idea of the University is that knowledge is one thing and intelligence another. You cure sickness (perhaps) with science. You remove it with wisdom—by being too sensible to do the things that make you ill. And while that sounds Utopian to us, Utopia is not just a stale joke at Stanford. Let us, they say there, examine these jokes and find out who makes them. So they are giving Lewis Mumford, a philosopher-planner, a pot of money and a staff of experts and turning him loose on *homo sapiens*. The problem is to add inches, if not cubits, to our stature; to make us creators again and not merely destroyers; realists and not plain fools. Mumford refuses to believe that we must remain fools. He thinks in fact that it is only a generation or two since we began to drift, since we started gaping at the discoveries of science and forgot our morals and our minds, and that two generations of true education would make us sensible and safe again. Science, which is the search for knowledge, must go on. But the young must be taken back to "the great masters of reality," who are not, he says, the so-called "practical" men of business and politics, but the men who have shown us what life really is: Sophocles, Shakespeare, Isaiah, Dostoevski, St. Paul. It would be interesting to know what would happen to a Professor in New Zealand who asked for money for the propagation of such a gospel. In America the money is thrown at him.

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 Correspondents must send in their names and addresses even when it is their wish that these should not be published.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.

CROSSWORDS

Sir,—While I appreciate the necessity to conserve paper supplies by reducing the size of *The Listener*, I feel that your deletion of the weekly Crossword is particularly unfortunate.

You see, while there are excellent articles well worth reading, nevertheless, they can all be perused in less than an hour, while, on the other hand, the Crossword gives at least an hour's enjoyment, which means that your cutting out of this feature reduces the amount of entertainment received from *The Listener* by 50 per cent. Perhaps you had not thought of it in this way. If you could see your way to reinstate the Crossword in place of some small article that can be read in a minute or so, I am sure that many of your readers would appreciate it, especially in view of the fact that your Crosswords were always of such an interesting nature. V. GARFIELD BROWN (Dunedin).

(We have had several other letters asking for the restoration of our Crossword Puzzles. In reply we can say no more than this—that we shall try to find room for a Puzzle now and then. If we do better than that we know that we shall make many readers happy. If we do worse we shall expect to receive what we don't deserve in our mail.—Ed.)

GREETINGS FROM CANADA

Sir,—Relatives and friends of the boys of the R.N.Z.A.F. in Canada will be interested to hear that WGEO, Schenectady ("The General Electric Company in America"), broadcast greetings from Anzacs on leave in New York every Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 11 p.m. New Zealand time, on a frequency of 9.53 mcs. (31.4 metres). This programme is compered by Nola Luxford, well known to many of your readers.

G. McK. ALLCOCK (Wellington).

THE NAME OF GOD

Sir,—E. Stacey's letter could scarcely be called news. Fortunately for mankind, even an Australian Black can see God in Nature. Now if E. Stacey had heard God speaking through the mouth of a statesman, that would have been news for which many of us have been waiting twenty years.

Ps. 27, 13 (Dunedin).

WALTZING MATILDA

Sir,—Your reprint article from the *Radio Times* in which Dr. Thomas Wood gives the story of "Waltzing Matilda," the Australian Battle Hymn, is like so many other articles written about things Australian. It is interesting up to a point and thereafter becomes comic. Dr. Wood's own search for the song is no doubt authentic, but the story of how "Banjo" Paterson came to write it must, in parts, have come out of the can of beer quaffed by the Doctor and his genial host, T. J. Shanahan, of the North Gregory Hotel. I worked alongside "Banjo" on various newspapers, and the statement that Robert

McPherson, of Dogworth, had to explain to the poet that the action of a man carrying his swag was known as "Waltzing Matilda". . . . Well, Australia should get a good laugh out of that one.

The term "Waltzing Matilda" goes back to "Banjo's" childhood days, and was so much part of the Australian language as to be part of the back chat on the streets of every city. Incidentally, also, a billabong is not a waterhole. It is a backwash from a river.

J. M. GILES (Christchurch.)

(We thank our correspondent, and hope that this time we have the true story.—Ed.)

NBS NEWS SERVICE.

Sir,—Australia's ABC gives State news every night. From our national stations we get news aplenty of every part of the world—excepting our own country. No, to residents in rural areas the daily papers do not keep us informed. We get first (country) editions of both morning and evening city papers. For example, when slips occur on to railway lines, we do not know of the hold-up of the train our packets are on. A Wellington train was recently side-tracked for four to five hours. An NBS reporter would tell us about times, about things that matter after the evening paper had gone to press; would tell us what was done in Parliament without having to hear out the sittings; would have told us about the ramifications of this latest earthquake. Why not?

—TOM L. MILLS (Feilding).

"BLESS 'EM ALL"

Sir,—At your recommendation I have read *Bless 'Em All* and have found it the most stimulating thing for months. Its general criticism of the British Army is too good not to be true. But I am not as impressed by the author's conclusions as you seem to think I should be. Surely they are based on a fundamental, inescapable contradiction. In one place he argues vigorously that, in order to beat the Nazis, the British Army needs as officers a generous sprinkling of scoundrels—"clever criminals carefully selected from thugs, thieves, gangsters, racketeers, dope-peddlers, forgers, big business men, and City financiers." The rest of the officers can be mainly drawn from "the miniature totalitarian states" of Eton and the other public schools. Agreed: for as the author himself admits, "The best man to fight a Fascist is a rival Fascist." But at the end of his booklet we find the author fervently proclaiming the need for "a vision aiming high . . . of the new England, new Europe, New World we are making. That is the only thing which can lift the British Army from the ruck." Agreed again: but is there anyone ingenious enough to reconcile these two opposites; anyone able to tell us what sort of "high vision" would be acceptable to, or would be produced by, an army officered by Fascists and scoundrels? And how would it differ from the "vision" of the Nazis?

—THINK AGAIN (Wellington).

(Our correspondent finds his "fundamental inescapable contradiction" in a condensation of his own that leaves out most of the author's best points.—Ed.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"IN AMBIGUO" (Rewanui): (1) No, unless it was big enough to arouse terror. (2) No. Not "e" as in "me" but "i" as in "pie."

"SUBSCRIBER": Brave words. Why not a braver signature?

Let's see that tongue!



If tongue is white—'tummy' can't be right! Give Califig at first sign of pale, coated tongue. This world-famous children's laxative acts so gently that it is always safe. It quickly clears the way for health and high spirits. 27-2

California SYRUP OF FIGS

Califig THE GENTLE LAXATIVE



HOW TO CHECK FLU'

At the first sign of flu' act quickly. Take two NYAL ESTERIN tablets, a hot lemon drink, and go straight to bed. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, the safe sedative which acts directly on disturbed nerve centres, reduces temperature, checks the fever, and protects you against complications which so often follow an attack of flu'. Take Esterin also for sleeplessness, headaches, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatic and nerve pains. 24 tablets 1/7; 50 tablets 2/8. Sold by chemists everywhere.

NYAL ESTERIN RELIEVES PAIN