

(Continued from previous page)

he might some day lose that environment and all his bright intelligence with it. In the meantime the Correspondence School is doing far more for him than would be done by routine teaching, but its very thoroughness emphasises the gap between a living and a dead curriculum.

AND that brings up another question.

I was struck everywhere by the answers I received to questions on natural history. Everybody knew the names of the trees, most the names of the birds, and nearly all could identify a wide range of fish. The companion who was walking with me—an educated Dutchman with a wide knowledge of west, central, and southern Europe—told me that it was something he had never experienced before anywhere; and it is clearly a tribute to our education system so far as it goes. But it suggests that education should not stop where it does for the intelligent farmer, that there should be an extension of all the services carrying knowledge to him, that a closer study should be made of his actual interests and desires, and that the aim should be not so much to pour knowledge into him as to get knowledge out of him.

The Correspondence School, because it makes parents teachers in spite of themselves, and because every teacher is his own best pupil, is perhaps doing most for them. Radio is doing much, and after the war will do more. The newspapers are doing a good deal for those who still get them—but I saw fewer newspapers in the Sounds than anywhere I have ever been, and came away with the impression that two farmers in three there now get their news wholly by air. Whatever the position is, there is an opportunity in the Sounds for a newly-devised scheme of adult education in which the Universities and the libraries would combine with the Broadcasting Services to do some of

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FOR only 35 cents, an American citizen who wants to send a spoken message to a friend or relative overseas in the forces, or a New Zealander who happens to be in an American city, can go into a booth nowadays and speak for two minutes, after which he receives a six-inch disc which can be posted away and played on any electric gramophone. Records which New Zealanders may receive from relatives in America would be best played through an electric pickup, which were becoming common just before the war, though they can be played (with detrimental effects on the record), on the ordinary gramophone.

In the above photograph two New Zealand sailors, a New Zealand airman and an Australian airman are seen with recording apparatus in New York. Holding one of the records is Nola Luxford, a New Zealand journalist in the U.S. The photograph is from a copy of "Radio Retailing To-day" (which "The Listener" saw by the courtesy of Charles Beag & Company).

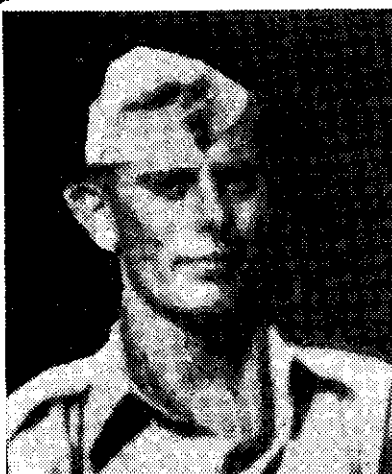
the things that they are now trying to do for the Army.

BUT I am preaching instead of reporting. We went to the Sounds for a holiday, and found it. Four hours after we left Wellington we were in a world so remote that we had continually to remind ourselves where we were. For seven days we wandered round reaches of water so calm and blue that one of us kept thinking he was in Switzerland. For seven hours one day we lay on the roof of a launch without seeing a cloud or feeling a puff of wind or remembering the war or thinking about anything but the sea-

birds and the jelly-fish and the dolphins that never seemed to leave us. On three days we rowed a boat and fished, or fished sometimes, and either ourselves hooked or watched somebody else hook one shark, one conger eel, two barracouta, about 50 sizeable blue cod, and half a dozen eccentricities besides which we were assured no one would eat. We heard tuis and bell-birds (though not nearly enough) and penguins crying all night long. We saw two shag rookeries, one with at least 50 nests containing eggs and young birds at half a dozen different stages and all crying continually for food. We went pig-hunting, and we listened to the roar of a stag. We saw abandoned cars cutting wood, water-wheels lighting houses and bringing in the news from Tunisia. We saw a man of 80 whose hobby is still deer-stalking, a girl of 12 who gave us a demonstration of Braille. We met a woman who had reared eight children, and who since her husband's death has conducted a sheep run of about 3,000 acres on which she is at present grazing 2,500 sheep. Another woman sang to us in a voice that, if she had chosen in youth to sell it, might easily have brought her a fortune. We stayed with a man who headed off, lassoed and tied up a whale (the corroborative evidence was too strong to be refused). We were interviewed by the police, in fact temporarily apprehended (as you will be, too, if you wander about the Sounds with a camera round your neck). But they were very nice police, tactful, fair, and not lacking in humour, and we came away convinced that the sounds would be an uneasy retreat for subversion.

Of the hospitality extended to us we hesitate to speak. It is possible to thank people for a drink when you are thirsty, for food when you are hungry, for a bath and bed when you are sticky and tired. But how do you catch up on the hospitality that anticipates your wants, sends them along the telephone wires, and meets you at unexpected places with smiles and your own name? —O.D.

IN CAIRO NOW



INFORMATION has reached Wellington that Private E. A. de Mauny (left), who, before he went overseas, was a member of the staff of "The Listener," has been transferred on loan to the Radio Section of the British Forces in the Middle East, where he is monitoring broadcasts in French for the Intelligence Corps. He is also listed as one of the editors of "Orientations," a service journal printed in Cairo.

It is also announced that J. W. Proudfoot (right), who was on the staff of 2YA before he went to the Middle East, and who has since been with the New Zealand Division in Libya and Cyrenaica, has been recalled to Cairo to work with the New Zealand Broadcasting Unit.

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