

NEW ZEALAND  
**LISTENER**

Incorporating N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday Price Threepence

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## Books For Soldiers

**W**E printed last week, and repeat this week, an appeal for books for soldiers in camp.

A camp library *might* consist of heaps of tattered and soiled books and magazines, badly cared for, and wastefully administered. The idea behind the present appeal is that a library should be an instrument likely to do its job.

The military authorities are providing housing space for the books and are recognising libraries as a necessary part of camp life. Public libraries all over the country are acting as receiving stations for gifts. The Country Library Service is undertaking the task of administering the scheme.

But the co-operation of the public, too, is an essential element. Full mobilisation of our man-power has not yet been demanded of us; but here is a request that we should mobilise our book-power by putting every book where it will be most used. Books lying idle on shelves — there are hundreds of thousands of them in homes and private libraries—can be converted from relatively useless furnishings into the active agents of culture, and by culture we do not mean uplift. We mean simply occupation for the mind. Some books instruct and some amuse. Some merely relax. But the soldier needs them all.

Old and dirty books are of no use and should not be sent. They can be as cheaply burnt at home. But books which are clean and attractive and still have a life of use ahead of them will be carefully handled by the Country Library Service and rushed to the camps as they come to hand. Gifts should either be left at a public library, which will forward them, or be sent direct to the Country Library Service, Parliament Buildings, Wellington.

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 Correspondents must send their names and addresses even when it is their wish that these should not be published.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

### ITCH OR IRRITANT?

To The Editor,  
"The Listener"

Sir,—The article in the current issue of *The Listener* on the above subject provides me with an opportunity to give expression to my feelings. Whether swing is an itch or irritant, it is not incurable, and now would be a good time for both broadcasting services to gather up all the records of the bish, bang, and blare variety and send them to the various military camps to be used for rifle practice.

Further, are announcers expected to know something of music, or are they just announcers? Recently I heard one in a ZB Station announce something as "beautiful," and that which came forth was absolutely vile; a panel beater at work, or a dog crying for its owner would have sounded very much sweeter.

Is the love of good music so much on the down grade that the air is rent with singers who cannot

that each player is bent on getting as much noise out of his instrument as it is possible to make. It is a travesty to name it an orchestra.

Jeanette Macdonald and Jessie Matthews can sing well, but their talent is dissipated upon the poor stuff they give expression to. The sentiment contained in many of the inferior type of record is worthy of better associations in music and voice. The out-pouring hour after hour of this low grade stuff makes me wonder how on earth the so-called "artists" were allowed in a recording studio a second time and not booted out on the first appearance.

"Swing" may have been a good name for what it is applied to, but there should have been only one illustration of it, and that from a scaffold.

Yours, etc.,

TURNED OFF.

Sefton,

October 24, 1939.

### NEW ZEALAND'S FIRST V.C.

To The Editor,  
"The Listener"

Sir,—I notice in this week's issue of *The Listener* (on page 3) an article on our New Zealand V.C.'s. I feel proud to think that those brave fellows have not been forgotten, and everyone no doubt will read with pride the way in which each gallant son of New Zealand won his V.C.

I notice, too, that Lieut. Cyril Bassett, now living in Auckland, was the first V.C. in the Great War. But he was not New Zealand's first V.C. as is stated below his photograph. Major William James Hardham, of Wellington, was New Zealand's first, and for a number of years, New Zealand's only V.C. This he won in the South African War and he had the honour of having the medal pinned to his tunic by His Majesty the late King Edward VII.

Although Major W. J. Hardham has been dead now for some years owing to wounds received in the Great War, I still think his name is worthy of a place amongst the Bravest of the Brave.

Yours, etc.,

ROBT. MINTOFT.

(Our article dealt with the Great War only, and in that war Lieut. Bassett was the first New Zealander to win the V.C. We thank our correspondent for drawing attention to the fact that the first V.C. won by a New Zealander in any war was won by Major Hardham.—Ed.)

### "SHOE-ISIDE"

To The Editor,  
"The Listener"

Sir,—One of the finest cameos in entertainment the YA stations give listeners is "Here's a Queer Thing." Some shivery stuff from 3YA recently created a thrill when the recorder told of a picture falling off a wall once, twice, thrice, and then right out of its frame, indicating the death of the artist. But it was a pity that the announcer had to overdo the enunciation and broadcast the sad fact that the artist had, at the moment of the final fall, committed "shoe-iside." Thousands of children listen to this "believe-it-or-not" series, so therefore the diction could be straightened up a bit, what?

Yours, etc.,

INTONATION.

Christchurch,  
November 9, 1939.

## IN SPITE OF THE GESTAPO

### "The Radio That Hitler Fears"

For nineteen months a secret radio station has intrigued the world — the Liberty Station of Germany.

Who are these men? How do they operate? Where do they hide? Nobody knows. Death stalks them, yet they carry on. Day after day the dreaded Gestapo spreads its vast network of spies over the whole of Germany, seeking to trap the Liberty Station, yet it has never been discovered.

Out of the ether, night after night and day after day, comes the voice of the Liberty Station with its messages to the German people in the fight against Nazism.

Now the people of New Zealand will hear about this station: "The radio that Hitler fears." Beginning on Wednesday, November 22, this great radio feature will be on the air. It has been passed by the censor, and will be a weekly feature from Station 2YA, telling the story of the battle of wits fought in the ether against great and terrible odds.

sing, and with musicians who do not play music? If ever a lot of what is poured out was music, then it has been diabolically mutilated and murdered.

I think the conductors of the high-class orchestras, such as Sir Henry Wood, Sir Thomas Beecham, Eric Coates, etc., should have got the word "orchestra" protected, so that such combinations of din makers as some I could name would not be entitled to use it. I heard one of these giving Gilbert and Sullivan selections, but the result of their efforts was enough to make the remains of those famous gentlemen squirm in their resting-places. I have tried to count the number of artists in one well advertised combination and I do not think there can be more than six; four may be nearer the correct figure; but it seems