

# LISTENER

Incorporating N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday Price Threepence

JANUARY 3, 1941

## EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES:

115 Lambton Quay, Wellington, C.I.

Post Office Box 1070.

Telephone, 46-520.

Telegraphic Address: "Listener," Wellington.

For Subscription and Advertising Rates see Page 40.

## Another Year

A GOOD soldier, we used to be told at school, does not look behind. Nor, as a rule, does a good citizen. The things we should have done are, in nine cases out of ten, better forgotten. The things we have done can't be undone. Even when we have to pay for them it is better not to dwell too ruefully on the cost. But it does happen sometimes, and this is one of the occasions, when a backward glance gives us a new thrust forward. As the Prime Minister reminds us on this page, we are going confidently into 1941 because we know what came to us in 1940 without shaking us.

We have, of course, been helped by the blunders and miscalculations of our enemies. If they had not assumed that we were beaten when France fell we might already have been beaten. But they have gained just as much from our blunders as we have gained from theirs. It does not matter much now who made these blunders—Bergen, Trondheim, Dakar, and others—they may even have been inevitable, but they helped the enemy at a time when every mistake echoed round the world against us, shaking the confidence of our friends, and making waverers look the other way. These things happened, and things like them may happen again, but the lesson of them all is the invulnerability of what the Prime Minister calls the "unfaltering spirit." We must not boast. We must not be complacent. We must not shut our eyes. We must not suppose that courage alone will prevail against an adversary who has already conquered a continent. But we may believe and we shall, that all our resources, mental, moral, and material, will prevail against him if we use them all and remain unfaltering.

If, therefore, we "wonder what the New Year holds," we shall not fear what it holds if we remember Dunkirk, Albania, and North Africa. After all, what does the weakest of us fear half as much as he fears tyranny, slavery, and the blackness of the pit into which surrender would sink us? We shall not surrender—partly because we do not know how, partly because 1940 shouts to the deafest among us that we do not need to.

## THE YEAR AHEAD

"The Listener" takes pleasure in presenting a special New Year message from the Rt. Honourable the Prime Minister:

"I welcome the opportunity to send a message to the readers of 'The Listener' at a time when everybody is wondering what the New Year holds.

"The past twelve months have brought some very hard knocks, and if, at the outset, they had been predicted, some timid people might well have had grounds for despair, yet the people of Britain have shown how it is possible to keep an undaunted spirit in the face of the greatest catastrophes. This is our greatest assurance that we will rise above the difficulties of 1941.

"Events of the past few weeks in Africa give us hope that the forthcoming year will show a better record than the year just past, but we cannot deny that serious problems and difficulties will confront us, and an unfaltering spirit and all our energy will be needed if we are to overcome them.

"We have solid grounds for faith and hope that our cause will triumph over the forces of evil that are arrayed against us. The Empire's growing strength holds the promise of victory.



S. P. Andrew photograph

But our confidence can only be justified if we continue to build up this strength with all the energy and determination we can bring to bear.

"New Zealand's forces on land and sea and in the air are doing their part splendidly and it is our task at home to support them to the utmost. Another duty that is ours is to supply necessary food and raw material to Britain in increased quantities. A remarkable response from farmers last year seems likely to be eclipsed this year. Production in factories increased last year by nearly 12 per cent., and the momentum does not appear likely to slacken. It is more likely to increase as the new munitions industries develop.

"I am confident that the workers in all branches of industry will continue to work with a will to help the country's war effort and do their part to enable the Empire to encompass the defeat of the Nazi and Fascist enemies of freedom.

"I extend to your readers every good wish for a happier New Year and for the speedy return of peaceful prosperity and progress."

(Signed) P. FRASER,  
Prime Minister.

## 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 FACE AT THE CONCERT.

Sir,—In a recent talk in the BBC series, "Calling New Zealand," D'Arcy Cresswell, the New Zealand poet, described his visits to symphony concerts at Queen's Hall, and unless my ears played me a trick, he remarked that the only New Zealand soldier he saw there, had an uninteresting face. Perhaps so, and perhaps the rest of us look like Merinos to Mr. Cresswell, but as most New Zealanders prefer honest-to-God naturalness to superciliousness, the BBC might be able to find some one else for this series.—"NOT A POET" (Hataitai).

### WALLIE AT WAIKANAE.

Sir,—Save me from my friends! In column two of your story about me on page 14 of the issue of December 20 you state . . . "he remembers one summer during which, on every Sunday except one, a

fatal accident occurred at Waikanae" . . . This is likely to bring a storm of protest from the citizens of Gisborne . . . I think there have only been about three drownings in about 30 years on that beach! What was meant was that in one summer I was on the beach every Sunday with the life-saving team—every Sunday except one, and on that particular Sunday there was a drowning! Could you squeeze in a correction before the storm breaks?—WALLIE INGRAM, CBS (Wellington).

### IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, LEAVE IT

Sir,—A few days ago I met a friend, a man physically fit, and with a good job to go to. He complained of feeling despondent and dissatisfied. I suggested a quiet stroll through our local hospital. I fear that many of our programme critics are like that man—not thankful for the privileges they enjoy through the medium of our radio services—programmes that cater for all tastes at all hours.

I like music that gives me pleasure. If the music coming across gives me a headache or a pain in a more remote region of my anatomy, I exercise the privileges of democracy. The whole thing is so simple that criticism is surely unnecessary if not altogether futile.—WHY WORRY (Whangarei).