

LISTENER

Incorporating N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday Price Threepence

DECEMBER 19, 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.

Full Circle

JAPAN'S attack on Pearl Harbour ringed the whole world round with fire. Since the beginning of last week there has been no front-rank power out of the battle line, and none of the smaller powers safe and free. The world has returned to the chaos from which it thought it had emerged, and it will never again know the shape of 1938. So much we all see clearly.

We realise, too, most of us, that the spread of the war to the Pacific lengthens and intensifies it. Japan's first blow was the blow of the savage, educated but amoral. A savage by our standards Japan will remain—the beast of Nanking, the serpent of Oahu Island. But the beast is brave, the serpent quick and cunning. Nobody knows, or so far can safely guess, how many warships Japan has, or how many planes. Nobody knows how many men she has trained, how many she can equip. We know that she was able in four days to do more damage to the fighting ships of the democracies than Germany and Italy combined achieved in any four months; and if we forget that for a single hour we are not fit to guard the gates of liberty.

But the lesson of the week is more obvious even than those things and more elementary. It is as simple as this: that sleep is the brother of death. The enemy reached Pearl Harbour because America slept too long. He sank the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* because Britain slept too long. He overran Europe because democracy slept too long. He now threatens the whole world because wisdom slept too long—did not see or hear or understand or cry out till one half of the world was encircled by brigands and the other half sold to spies.

It has all been said before, over and over again. A few have never ceased saying it. But it was not till three or four days ago that the truth at last got through—and it might never have reached us if our enemies had preserved the rudiments of decency. We have been saved not by our own vigilance but by their perfidy, and when the long night passes we shall thank God for driving them mad before they had quite destroyed us.

Hon. D. Wilson's Message

IN the ordinary way this is the season of the year when we delight in wishing each other a Merry Christmas, but the life and death struggle in which the British Commonwealth, the United States of America, and our other Allies are engaged makes this particular wish seem out of place for this year at least. But to our listeners, without whose support there would be no Broadcasting Service, to all members of the staff in the National Broadcasting Service and the National Commercial Broadcasting Service, from the Director and the Controller down to the office boy, may I say thank you for the support you have given during the year just drawing to an end, and may your Christmas be as joyful as it is possible for it to be. May 1942 be a Happy New Year which will be famed in history by the achievement of complete victory over our enemies and the establishment of a just peace which will really usher in an era of "Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards all men."

DAVID WILSON, Minister in Charge of Broadcasting.



S. P. Andrew photograph

GREETINGS From The

Broadcasting Services

From Professor J. Shelley, Director of Broadcasting.

THE National Broadcasting Service wishes its listeners the Season's Greetings. What mixed feelings will invade our greetings this year. This should be the Season to celebrate the miracle of birth, the communion of the family—to rejoice in the upspringing of life; but many of us are heavily burdened with the thought of death and the disruption of homes. "Peace on earth" sounds strange to a world at war—and yet "Peace on earth to men of goodwill" can have a very real meaning at all times, and especially at this time when the "ill-will" of men has aroused and brought about an organisation of the goodwill of men on a scale never perhaps known before. For surely those men and women who are in the forefront of this fight against evil, in the very midst of their dangers experience a mystical peace which comes from the realisation that they are instruments of goodwill. True peace is no passive thing of easeful sloth, but the joy of willed pursuit of good with carefree mind and heart. In so far as we are men of goodwill—just so far do we truly know peace. And so let us rejoice in this season of birth—the awakening of feelings and ideas in multitudes of people that answer to the neighbour-love teaching of Christ.

And yet—and yet—we are human, and we cannot keep our minds from wandering off to those poignantly dear ones overseas, and wondering just what they are doing—rejoicing or suffering. Could we but see them for a few moments, and speak with them the simple phrases that mean so little and tell so much! And here the Broadcasting Service has tried in a small way to ease the heartache of those who are dear to the men overseas. We have brought to the people at home the voices of their sons, and the stories of the life they are living, of the work they are doing, of the simple pleasures they are sharing. Few of us had thought before how precious and full of meaning could be the simple words, "Hello, Mum, hello Dad," and the staff of the Broadcasting Service are very happy indeed to have been able to dispel a little that feeling of remoteness and separation that hurts so much.

As with individuals, so with nations broadcasting can be a most powerful instrument for bringing them together, and creating that intimacy and understanding which brings peace on earth, but, alas!

broadcasting can be used by men of ill-will as well as those of goodwill. We can only hope that the peoples of the world will soon realise that it is too powerful and far-reaching in its effects to be allowed to be used for evil purposes. Meanwhile, may the National Broadcasting Service of New Zealand be instrumental in creating goodwill among men, and so contribute its mite to the bringing of peace to this tortured earth.

From C. G. Scrimgeour, Controller of the Commercial Service.

ON behalf of the staff of the Commercial Broadcasting Stations it is my pleasure to extend to all readers of *The Listener* our cordial good wishes for the Festive Season. Throughout the year it has been our privilege to contribute something like 30,000 hours of broadcast entertainment and we have been happy indeed to serve in this manner. On Christmas Day, each of the personalities who have become known to our listeners will take his or her part in presenting a share of the musical greetings we wish to extend

"Letters from Listeners" will be found on Page 9.

to all. We are only sorry that some of the most popular of them who are absent on active service will not be able to take their accustomed place at the microphone, but we include their greetings to you with our own.

We are looking forward to 1942 in anticipation that we will be able to serve you even better in the New Year, for we have in hand extensive plans for utilising local talent and presenting New Zealand artists to New Zealanders. In this connection the new station at Auckland with its modern appointments and Radio Theatre will be of great assistance to us.

It is a good thing that radio in our country belongs to the people and is operated solely for their benefit. Although the Commercial Broadcasting Service earns its revenue from advertising, we feel that our advertisers too would join in our good wishes, for the listeners are their friends as well as ours. We all unite in wishing you "the best there is and then some."