

"Look, Mummy, They're Shooting Ducks"

BUT IT WAS THE JAPANESE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOUR!

"LOOK mummy, they're shooting ducks," was the comment of a little American innocent when he saw Pacific warfare for the first time. He was looking through a port-hole on a Dutch ship steaming towards Pearl Harbour after the Japanese attack had been going for one hour, and was one of the first to notice a pall of smoke, and explosions in the air, which passengers assumed to be peace-time exercises.

THE story was told to *The Listener* by two visiting musicians—Thomas Matthews, a leading English violinist, and Eileen Ralph, Australian-born pianist, his wife. As they described their arrival at Honolulu there was one word that came back again and again: Fantastic.

Fantastic it must have been. The little boy in the next cabin drew their attention to the "duck shooting" shortly before 8 a.m. They went on deck and found passengers all along the rail. The scene was peaceful—the island of Oahu ahead, the Pan-American clipper overhead, arriving as usual on the tick of eight. They began to think of Waikiki Beach, sunny days, surfing.

As the ship drew nearer to the island they saw puffs of smoke in the air, which Londoners on board the ship recognised as anti-aircraft fire. Then spouts of water in the sea. Bombs! Battleships outside the harbour, and shore batteries firing; aeroplanes very high above. A pall of smoke indicated burning oil dumps. Manoeuvres, everyone thought—very realistic ones; until a bomb fell aft of the vessel, quite near.

"Thank goodness it isn't the real thing, anyway," passengers said, reminding

each other that the "talks" were still in progress between Japan and the United States.

"Then the shipping agent came on board and blandly informed us that a state of war existed," Mr. Matthews said. "It was fantastic. The damage had been done by then, and by about 9.30, when we were ashore, the last Japanese aeroplane had gone. We left the ship in parties of twenty, and we had to keep together and report to the ship at intervals to find out what we were to do. We went ashore for a few days, stayed at a hotel on Waikiki Beach, bathed, and wandered about."

No Light, Food or Drink

Mrs. Matthews remembered all the amusing side of their adventure.

"At sunset it was fantastic. They had no blackout precautions so they just switched off the power at the main," she said, "You couldn't get a bite; there were no drinks. People wandered about the place in blackness, and you weren't allowed to use torches unless you had blue paper over them!

"Then there was the team—the footballers. You see, there are two huge luxury hotels on Waikiki and we were in one of them. So were about two dozen enormous footballers."

"Some crack American college team," Mr. Matthews put in. "They'd been touring South America and were having a holiday in Hawaii."

"Anyway," Mrs. Matthews took up her tale again, "there were these men, wearing only trunks and no tops on, at the dining table. Twenty-five huge brown bodies! When we left I think they had offered themselves as Home Guards so they are probably wearing uniforms now."

"But it was a sad sight. People in playsuits everywhere, glamorous evening gowns, and barbed wire along Waikiki Beach. There was a space left, so we had one bathe, but there it was, the whole business simply knocked on the head."

Scoop!

An American foreign correspondent was another amusing memory. "This man was on the boat with us on his way to the Far East, and he found war quicker than he expected," said Mr. Matthews. "Typical American, the image of James Stewart, the film star. He didn't sail again with us; they told him to stay there."

"Yes, he was our Jonah, as a matter of fact," Mrs. Matthews explained. "Exactly the same thing happened to him in 1939. He was on his way to the Continent to do a job and he got caught in England by the outbreak of war."



Spencer Digby photograph

THOMAS MATTHEWS
Fantastic was the word for it

Two Notable Musicians On Tour For NBS

BUT for the fortunes of war, Thomas Matthews and his wife, Eileen Ralph, whose experiences in Hawaii are described above, would probably not now be in New Zealand. Their luggage, their music, and the orchestra which they had assembled for a very important engagement, have now gone astray, but although this is bad luck for Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, New Zealand music lovers may take consolation from one good turn that war in the Pacific has done them—the fact that they are thus enabled to hear two such notable English musicians. For Thomas Matthews, violinist, was until recently leader of the London Philharmonic Orchestra; and his wife, Eileen Ralph, a pianist, was recently playing Mozart sonatas with him in Dame Myra Hess's National Gallery Concerts. They are now making a tour of the main NBS stations.

Distinguished Career

Thomas Matthews's career as a violinist is a distinguished one. He was a pupil in London of Albert Sammons, and on the Continent of Carl Flesch, the Hungarian teacher. His public career began in the Halle Orchestra, Manchester, under the late Sir Hamilton Harty, and after tours in Finland and Sweden, he settled down as leader of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Sir Thomas Beecham was guest conductor of this orchestra for a season, and just after the

outbreak of war he asked Mr. Matthews to lead the London Philharmonic.

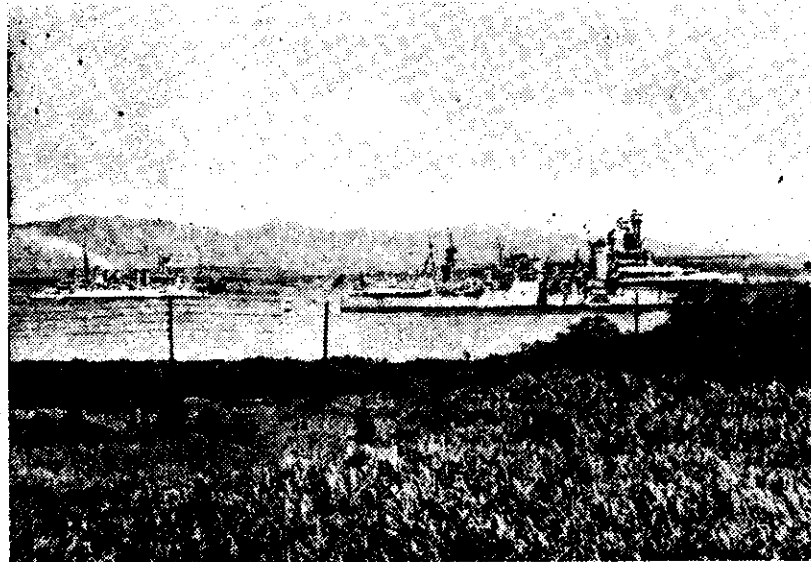
The first performances in England of Benjamin Britten's violin concerto were

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And So They Were Married

WHEN Myra Hess inaugurated her war-time concerts in the National Gallery to provide music for raid-harassed Londoners she could hardly have suspected that she was setting up a matrimonial agency. Yet, in a small way, that was what she did.

"It was like this," Eileen Ralph, the pianist now playing over the National stations, told *The Listener*. "Myra Hess—now Dame Myra Hess—asked me to play in the Gallery with a man called Thomas Matthews. I said 'Who's he?' (I suppose he said 'Who's she?' when Myra Hess put it up to him.) Anyway, we played together and it was a success, so we were asked to play all the Mozart violin sonatas together, twelve of them. We did. And we were married just before the last one; Myra Hess gave us a wedding cake at the Gallery when we played the last sonata. No one seemed surprised. They seemed to expect it. You know what people are."



MODERN U.S. CRUISERS and destroyers at anchor in the powerful Pearl Harbour naval base, near Honolulu, Hawaii. This was the first picture ever taken of naval vessels in Pearl Harbour