

LISTENER

Incorporating N.Z. RADIO RECORD

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EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES:

115 Lambton Quay, Wellington, C.I.

Post Office Box 1070.

Telephone 46-520.

Telegraphic Address: "Listener," Wellington.

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In India Now

IT is pathetic, but it is also ludicrous, to think how suddenly and helplessly non-resistance has collapsed in India. Even Gandhi, though he still stands firmly by his faith as an individual, has had to confess that the multitude would get out of hand if he remained their leader in such difficult times. They have, in fact, since stoned him, if we may accept second-hand evidence. As for his successor, Nehru, while it is difficult to be sure that he has been adequately reported, it is clear enough that he has condemned passive resistance and called on Congress to devise means of resisting actively.

It is pathetic, and it is ludicrous, but it is precisely what all ordinary people have been expecting. Non-violence has worked against England, because the English are humane. It has embarrassed our soldiers and confused our judges because they have been working for governments with a conscience. It is still a force to be reckoned with in Downing Street, because it has a solid core of fanaticism. But it would have lasted as long against Germany as it takes to bring up the guns. It would have as much success against the Japanese as a sprinkle of rain on a fire-bomb. The speed with which this has been recognised by Congress is, in fact, the clearest sign we have yet had that the movement is not all fanaticism. It would certainly be wrong to say that it has been a gigantic fraud throughout—political cunning exploiting the conflict between British precept and practice. It has been something far deeper than that, and far higher. But to deny that it has been that to a great extent, that Gandhi has been crafty as well as courageous and Congress always shrewdly aware of its power to confuse the best British minds, is to be simple or deliberately blind.

And the trouble now is that the failure of non-violence will encourage the worst British minds—those who still think in terms of master and servant and believe that India must be finally "subdued." India must, of course, be liberated—raised politically and not further depressed. But in the meantime it must be saved, and the only immediate issue between London and Delhi is whether it can be saved most surely as a free Dominion or must remain as it is until Japan is beaten back.

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 in 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.

"HIT PARADES"

Sir,—I should like to take a little of your space to comment on the feature *The Hit Parade*, which is presented from several of the commercial stations. To me this programme is very little short of disgusting. In the first place, the records played are by no means hits of the day. In the second place, six three-minute records, two advertisements, a theme, and record announcements cannot conveniently be presented in a fifteen-minute period. Thirdly, I consider that the competition included in the session is simply childish and ridiculous.

Then take *Hello from Hollywood!* How many listeners are deceived into believing that this feature is actually produced in Hollywood? Fred Jason may be heard singing with Lauri Paddi's Orchestra from 2YA under the name Art Rosamond. Surely there is no deception about this programme. I cannot bring myself to believe that Lauri Paddi plays from Hollywood. Could I have an explanation of the "Guest Artist" system used? It is a strange fact that Dorothy Brandon, Jimmy Castle, and "The Three D's"—guest artists featured from Ciro's—are, in fact, all permanent vocalists with Chuck Foster's Orchestra. Also, what orchestra is really supposed to be regularly featured from Ciro's? We usually hear Chuck Foster, but on one occasion it was announced that owing to a special hill-billy programme, Freddie

Nagel would not be present, while on another occasion we were told that as usual we were to listen to Stirling Young and his orchestra—a band which had mysteriously made a one-night appearance at the Biltmore Bowl. Could "Fred Jason" not be assured that the Biltmore Bowl is, in reality, in the Hotel Biltmore, Los Angeles, not in down-town Hollywood.

DISMAYED LISTENER (Wanganui).

ENOUGH

Sir,—Whilst war on, shortage men, more work, very busy, no time read, hardly time listen, you wise, forty pages plenty till V, nuff sed!

ROB (Ahipara).

NEW ZEALAND AND IRELAND

Sir,—In your last issue there was a complaint that I had stated that New Zealand farmers used candles and lamps, as there was no electricity in the country districts. What I actually said was: "Unlike New Zealand, electricity is not in general use in the country. Lamps and candles are their main form of light." I was speaking of Ireland at the time.

Careless listening can be a serious matter in times like these. NELLE M. SCANLAN (Wellington).

WOMEN IN THE COUNTRY

Sir,—Where did "M.I." find the backboneless creature Martha in her sketch, "Ill Fares the Land"? What a wicked libel to portray her as a product of Hawke's Bay. Ill indeed would fare New Zealand if its women could only do for themselves and two children. Let "M.I." get out on to the farms that the men have gone from and see the women at work, not only able to eradicate the ducks from the fowl-pen but the ragwort from acres of land; not only able to look after two children but (thank God) ten, with large gardens and orchards all looked after by the women of the farm. They not only have the sense to mend the hole in the duck yard, but have the capability to erect a good eight-wire fence with battens and stays complete.

Within a radius of five miles in this district there is not one dairy farm without an orchard. Why doesn't Martha get to work and plant one and leave off moaning about the lack of one? Out in the country "M.I." could see women in sheds where 100 cows are milked, in the shearing sheds not only drafting, rolling and baling, but shearing as well with blades and machines; and out in the harvest field not only stooking, cocking or crowing, but pitching as well.

Scores of these women were not even brought up on farms. Many of them had never been near an animal till they married. We have in this district women who were born and brought up in cities, who went straight to business from school, and never even learned housekeeping. But one who was ten years a nurse can boast of hand-milking 24 cows several seasons while three children were young. Another was secretary to a Minister of the Crown. Another was twelve years a school teacher. Another had never so much as washed a pocket handkerchief or dusted her room till she came to New Zealand at the age of 35 to the very backblocks and found she even had to make her own bread. "M.I." should get out and meet them and not give the world the impression that the women our men have left behind are so helpless.

AURORA (Otorohanga).

POINTS FROM LETTERS.

E. D. BERNSTEIN (New Brighton) while "appreciating the improvement in the programmes of the YA stations during the last two years" wants "something better from 6 a.m. to 7 a.m. after the news bulletins" and a fire made of "some thousands of records of insipid and derogatory items."

R. WILSON (Westport) thinks that some classical music is as hard to listen to as it must be to play, and wants more "old-time dance music with rhythm and melody."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"AN ATOM" (Katikati).—It is difficult to arrange programmes for those who have no receiving set.
L.D. (Kaponga).—Difficult at present.

"A Deaf Ear"

(By WHIM-WHAM)

MY obsolescent Radio

Receives no News from Tokyo:

Though eloquent may be the Flow

Of Oriental Guile,

Though Pearls of Propaganda fall,

They interest me not at all;

In vain those subtle Signals call

From Nippon's nasty Isle!

THEY'RE up to all the usual Games,

A Bulletin that daily claim

A Tally of tongue-twisting Names—

Of That I have no Doubt!

But let their Pidgin English fill

The Ether, squandering their Skill,

The net Effect on me is Nil

However hard they shout!

DO they set out to cause Alarm?

My sole Reaction's perfect Calm!

Or broadcast Blandishments to charm

Me? I remain immune!

Not listening, how should I care

Two Raps what Japs are on the Air,

Or if they speak me foul or fair,

Or how they change their Tune?

THE Broadcasts of the Japanese

May far surpass the BBC's—

Indeed, the Possibility's

Not one to be excluded!

How can I know? But if I could

(Let This be clearly understood)

I know by Which of them I would

Prefer to be deluded!