

LISTENER

Incorporating N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday Price Threepence

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We Can Win

THE most important sentence in the Prime Minister's recent address to the nation contained eight letters only: *We can win*. Three short syllables, that a child could have uttered. But the greatest orator in the world could not have said anything that is more important to remember. We can win. Victory is possible. We need not be beaten unless we choose to be. Our future is in our own hands.

A child could say it. A half-wit could understand it. But who can bring it to pass? How do we convert "we can win" into "we shall win"? The answer is as simple as the question. We remember who we are. We remember who our enemies are. We face the facts—Japan's devilish thoroughness, our own disgraceful carelessness. We remember our mothers and our sisters and our wives; our sons languishing in prison camps; the years we have spent working out a way of life worthy of our race and of our religion. We remember the sixteen thousand New Zealanders who died for us twenty-five years ago. We remember the social and economic costs of that struggle, the stresses and strains we had to meet and overcome, the difficulty with which we saved our liberty and our democracy from the fires of revolution afterward.

We shall remember all those things, and remembering them feel both proud and humble. Then we shall take our guns. We shall lift up our heads and our hearts. We shall know, and we shall feel, that it is a sweet and beautiful thing to die for our country if die we must. But we shall not suppose that it is either sweet or beautiful to die stupidly. We shall not take our guns to the beaches if the enemy is on the headlands. We shall not wait for him on the highway if he is crawling through the bush. We shall not weigh ourselves down with heavy packs, or anchor our feet in ponderous boots, if he is running light in shorts and shoes—as in *Malaya* and *Java* he did. We shall learn from our failures in Burma and Johore as he has learnt from his own failures in China. We shall fight the battle of New Zealand, not the battle of Britain or of France or of Libya or of Crete.

But the time is short. We can win, and we shall, if we think quickly and act boldly. The worst enemy is panic. But the next is routine—doing what the enemy expects us to do, and being where he expects us to be. We shall win when we untie our minds.

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.

P'S NOT Q'S

Sir,—As a Home Guardsman who depends mainly on Air Force signal preparation for Morse receiving practice, I must thank the instructor from 2YC for his valuable help and clear sending. One question—what is the "barred P"? I have listened for an explanation, but so far there has been none, although the symbol comes over frequently in mixed letter and figure groups. No local signaller has yet been able to answer this puzzle.

DIT-DAH-DAH-DIT-DAH (Wellington).

[The Instructor replies as follows: The "barred P." is a special letter with a bar-mark over the top of it (like an accented letter), and as it is used in certain Air Force codes, it was included in the course at the Air Department's request. It is unlikely, however, that the Home Guard will use it.]

COMMERCIAL PROGRAMMES

Sir,—The Minister in Charge, and also the Controller of Commercial Broadcasting, have each been to other countries and studied their methods, and I hope therefore that they will regard this letter as constructive criticism. A few years ago I spent twelve months in the United States and heard their radio at work. A whole month before the Christmas season for instance, they had at frequent intervals a succession of items portraying the Christmas spirit, carols, plays, etc.; then at certain seasons we were privileged each week-end to hear a complete four-

hour opera with commentary that helped toward intelligent listening. I know the modern syncopated type of music is generally regarded as having the greatest popular appeal, but could not a little more of the truly beautiful form of music be given and thus teach us to develop natural liking and true appreciation? The works of Beethoven, Wagner, Mozart, Chopin and others have a spiritual quality that enables and strengthens us. Especially now when the nation is all out for victory over evil powers, let us have the inspiring music that will help us to raise ourselves to greater heights of strength and determination.

BILL WARROCK (Devonport).

Sir,—I must congratulate whoever is in charge of programmes at 2ZB for at last realising that swing and jazz are not the beginning and end of things. So deeply has this been realised, in fact, that there is now broadcast at weekly intervals a session "Let's Discover Music." Everything is just right—the announcer's voice, the hour, everything—except the programme advertisement. The first I knew of Mr. Beavis's session was when I read an account of it in last week's *Listener*. Meanwhile, this session helps to redeem Station 2ZB in the eyes of those who are antagonistic to swing and the stations which broadcast very little music of any other description.

MARGARET LYDELL (Palmerston North).

HELLO FROM HOLLYWOOD

Sir,—Your correspondent "Dismayed Listener" has brought to light a matter that badly needs attention when he complains about *Hello from Hollywood*. The CBS has done many fine things, but it was a bad break to place such a low opinion on its listeners' intelligence and powers of perception. It was bad enough to have Craig Crawford's recorded presentations solemnly announced as a direct re-broadcast from Sydney, and I suppose no terrific harm is done by including Steffani's Silver Songsters as the "T.O.T. Songsters" in an allegedly all New Zealand production, but the very bold "scoop" publicity given this, their latest piece of faking, leaves one aghast. It was advertised with many fanfares as a series of programmes specially recorded in Hollywood by the C. P. McGregor studios, and arranged by the CBS executive on a recent visit there. What a sad flop it proved from the first broadcast, for the enterprising executive had obviously brought back a bundle of the latest in ordinary dance records, which, with the assistance of effect recordings to supply applause and crowd noises and a compère who could talk through his nose, sold a pup to the dear dumb public. Or did it? The CBS sold the pup to itself, for to anyone who has ever heard a real American commentator on the job, "Fred Jason" is beyond doubt a "phony." In addition, any suggestion of a "live" broadcast is completely killed by the fact that the crowd effects give an excellent impression of a busy suburban tearoom, but are not remotely like a crowded ballroom "among whom I can see Paulette Goddard, Betty Grable, and Claudette Colbert." Fortunately, the tinkling teacups have recently been silenced during musical numbers, which gives *Hello from Hollywood* some merit as a recital of records not yet available here.

One might have a sneaking admiration for an occasional bit of mild deception, skilfully executed, but this is glaring, clumsy, and surely quite unnecessary.

EXASPERATED LISTENER (Christchurch).

POINTS FROM LETTERS

HUGH PATTERSON (Gisborne) offers a method by which by-elections in war time could be avoided. The proposal is that city, borough, and county councils and town boards in each electorate, form by delegates from each, Electorate Councils, each such council to appoint a member of Parliament, purely as a delegate changeable at will. The members of the Electorate Councils would have voting power proportional to the population in their areas, and the borough franchise for electors would be adopted for the election of members of councils and town boards.

It Isn't Cricket

(By WHIM-WHAM)

[". . . At the moment the Empire team is batting on a sticky wicket and the Axis fast bowlers have had some success. Our best bats have still to go in and score . . ."—recent message to Australia from Dominions' Office.]

*If War were like Cricket, and all
A matter of playing the Game
With Willow and Wicket and Ball,
With a similar innocent Aim—
If piling up Runs
Were the Purpose of Guns
If the direst of Hits
That a Bomber could score
Were a Six or a Four,
Or Bodyline Bowling a Blitz—
Yes, granted all This
It might not be amiss,
No, it mightn't be Nonsense to say
That the Wicket is sticky,
The Bowling is tricky,
In the Match with the Axis to-day!
But War isn't Cricket—Oh, no!
Oh, War isn't Yorkshire v. Hants,
When all of the Slips
Carry Guns at their Hips,
Yes, Tommy-guns strapped to their Pants!
You may call it a Fast or a Slow,
The Ball that a Bomber sends down,
But a Bomb is a Thing
With a deadlier Swing
Than Any the Oval has known!
Such curious Cricket was never
Enjoyed in the oldest of Schools;
It's a Game where the Players endeavour
(Not flannelled, and surely not Fools!)
To knock up a Million
While in the Pavilion
The Devil's rewriting the Rules!*