

# LISTENER

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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.

## Anzac Day

**A**NZAC DAY this year was not so much celebrated as remembered. There were few processions, few speeches, only a partial holiday, and no absolute abstention from work. It was chiefly religious services and the laying of wreaths that distinguished it from other Saturdays, and recalled its original meaning and purpose.

But that was not such a change as it sounds. Anzac Day has never been devoted to pageantry. It was not instituted as a day of rejoicing and has never been celebrated as a day of triumph. It has recalled the failures and sorrows of war no less emphatically than the final victory. The war was won at a great price, and on Anzac Day we have never forgotten the price, or tried to forget it. We can certainly not forget it now when we are paying a second time. But we can comfort ourselves with the thought that this day at least has been kept worthily. We have done many foolish things since April, 1915, and many since November, 1918, but we have never lost sight of the fact that war is in itself a disaster and a disgrace, and that only lunatics glorify it. We have been too sore to glorify it in New Zealand. We have not been able to forget that the peace we enjoyed for twenty-one years, the liberty and the ease, were paid for in blood and tears. Anzac Day has always meant first of all in New Zealand that blood and those tears. It has always recalled to us the sixteen thousand men who died on foreign soil and the thousands who came home broken in body or in spirit.

To-day it means the same things, with all the waste of another war added. But if it recalls those things first, since we are human, and have human affections and fears, it recalls also, and more than anything else, the fact that victory did come in the end. How soon it will come again depends on the patience, the courage, and the determination with which we fight for it. In other words it depends on the degree to which Anzac is a tradition with us and not merely a word. Victory will come when we are worthy of it, and remembering the men who fought and won twenty-four years ago has helped to make us worthy.

## 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.

### A BACH CONCERTO

Sir,—I wish to record my delighted appreciation of the Bach A Minor Concerto for harpsichord, flute and violin that came over the air from Station 2YC at 9.30 p.m. last Saturday. It was new to me, but what a feast! I cannot help contrasting it with John Ireland's "Concertino Pastorale" that I listened to last evening (Sunday, 22nd) from Station 2YA, and found odious; a miserable, unhappy, uninspiring, moaning atrocity, formless, shapeless, indefinite and ugly; whereas the Bach Concerto I found exciting, exhilarating, warming, and perfectly performed by great artists. But then so much modern music, painting, poetry, and sculpture, appeals only to the passions and not to the soul. It has no uplift, but is only just clever!

H. E. GUNTER (Palmerston North).

### CHRISTIANITY IN OUR TIME

Sir,—Hitler's sword has proved mightier than his pen, but his writ did run in Germany when he put down the night clubs and sobered up the nation. Unfortunately he turned one demon out, but took to himself seven others, worsening his people to their ruin. The campaign for Christian order in this country will have strenuous opposition, but our people are very kindly and a plea for self-denial on behalf of the mission to lepers would receive support. A million lepers is the estimated number in the world, so that the need is great. Christ's last command was "cleanse the lepers," and that is embodied also in

## Radiation

(By WHIM-WHAM.)

[Dr. Goebbels, reinforced by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, sent a tribute to Hitler on the Fuhrer's 53rd birthday. He described "our Hitler" as "standing at his post on the Eastern Front, weighing up the position and radiating waves of will-power to every soldier of his hard-pressed regiments."—Cable news item.]

*PERCHED, I imagine, on some eastern Hill,  
The Fuhrer radiates his mystic Will;  
His Legions, in a Land of Blood and Mire:  
Bathe gratefully in that restoring Fire:  
Even his Guns and Tanks  
Clash their metallic Thanks,  
And Messerschmitts, responsive to his Power,  
Improve their Speed by several miles an Hour.*

*THE Panzers parried and the Spearheads blunt  
Feel Waves of Will-power roll along the Front.  
The Dogs of War lift up their drooping Tails!  
The Fuhrer's Emanation never fails  
To rally his hard-pressed  
Divisions to the Test:  
Knee-deep in Mud, blown back by Bomb and Shell,  
They catch the Influence, and All is well!*

*HOW far the German Fuhrer throws his Beams!  
And yet the practical Result, it seems,  
Of all that rare Effulgence, is no more  
Than mounting Losses and protracted War.  
Oh, is the Light that shines  
Along the Nordic Lines—  
The Fuhrer's Beacon and the Fuhrer's Call—  
Only an Ignis Fatuus after all?*

"Love thy neighbour as thyself." Nine million pounds would equip and staff many hospitals. There is a society at work caring for nineteen thousand cases, but there is urgent need to do more. The majority of people in this land are nominally Christian but the time has come to practise the faith, and no more fitting work could be undertaken than obedience to this command of our Lord.

JOHN J. HOOPER (Wellington).

### MORE VEGETABLES

Sir,—Recently I heard from 2YA a talk asking people to grow more vegetables and an announcement that hints on gardening to enable people to gain more knowledge in this respect would be given over the air. I could never understand why gardening sessions from all YA stations were cut down from half-an-hour to fifteen minutes, but here is now an opportunity to restore this lost time taken from the gardening enthusiasts, and I hope it will be taken advantage of.

I suggest that the announcers make it known when the gardening talks are to be given and remind listeners during the day not to forget the talk.

GARDENER (Napier).

### VERSE IN PRAISE OF VERSE

Sir,—  
Now let this minor poet emit, his word of praise for  
Whim-Wham's wit.  
When radio and daily news, our hopes destroy and  
minds befuse,  
Evacuations everywhere and fresh withdrawals here  
and there,  
When all the world seems dark and drear-ful, the  
only thing that makes us cheerful,  
And bucks us up and kindles laughter, and makes us  
feel perhaps that after  
All, things aren't so full of gloom and possibly there  
may be room,  
For smiles and brightness, just a bit, is chuckling  
over Whim-Wham's wit.  
Byronic cleverness of rhyme is rivalled in his verse  
sublime,  
His metre, grammar, choice of phrase and such like  
things that now I praise,  
Bring joy and gladness to the heart of him or her  
who reads that part  
Of this illustrious weekly journal, which prophesies  
the things diurnal,  
Reaching us on waves ethereal or atmospherical or  
aerial  
An antidote to dreaded jim-jams, springs readily  
from rhymes of Whim-Wham's.  
Long may he reign to cheer us ever, with wit so  
clear, so bright, so clever.

A.G. (Taupo).

### "PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES" IN MAORI.

Sir,—Five or six years ago a Maori clergyman made this translation of a well-known song. The Maoris of to-day might like to have a copy.

KIA HARI RA.

*Haere mai ra e hine ma i tenei wa,  
Kia hari ra  
Te ngakeu pouri tirohia  
I tenei ra  
Kia hari nui kia koa  
Whaia ko te mahi pai  
Te matauranga nui  
Hei painga mo te iwi nui I tenei ra  
Kia hari ra.*

*Nei te toanga o te wa te aroha  
Kia hari ra  
Nei te tohu o te pai te atawhai,  
Kia hari nui kia koa.  
Waiho ra nga mahi he kia koa  
Waiho ra nga mahi he kia haere tika ai  
He painga mo te iwi nei, I tenei ra,  
Kia hari ra.*

—ROB (Ahipara).

(We thank our correspondent on behalf of our Maori readers.—Ed.)