

APRIL 16, 1943

## By Hand

ACCORDING to G. B. Shaw you can't teach a man to write without teaching him to forge. What then do you teach a man if you show him how to print? Most of us can write, but if we were given a ton of paper and told to convert it into a book or a newspaper one in ten thousand might know how to begin. The problem was presented a few weeks ago to the troops in New Caledonia and the result, *Kiwi*, has now reached us. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Shaw would have said if it had reached him instead. For it is clear that half a dozen men in that small army have now learnt how to print, and if writing has such possibilities, its conversion into print with such primitive aids as an army can carry into the jungle is perhaps, portentous in the good old historical sense. What will happen to these magicians when their task is done? If history inevitably repeated itself they would have to be drowned in their own ink (if they used liquid ink), or beheaded by their own guillotine at the end of the war to protect the rest of us from their cleverness. It is in fact not fantastic to suggest that some such fate awaits all Pacific printers (and journalists) if the war ends the wrong way. So we must see to it that it ends the right way—and *Kiwi*, it is clear from this first issue, thinks so too. It is building up morale where, without it, life would be a little drab. In the space of four slightly bigger than foolscap pages it summarises the war news, follows the races, tabloids the home front, expounds Pacific football, gives information about the currency, and a very solemn warning about strong drink. Finally the *Kiwi* of the title block is a real *Kiwi*, alive, alert, on the prowl, and as the inside pages show, with a beak and eye ready for anything. If the Prime Minister had not said it in advance we should have to say, not merely that "the spirit of attacking difficulties animates all our forces overseas," but that what this force has done by hand would shame many printers equipped with the latest devices in mechanised typography.

# LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

## SEX INSTRUCTION

Sir,—I am afraid I did not make it quite clear in criticising M. R. Kent's article that my hypothetical child was the same as every other child, but that at the time of asking the inevitable question about the origin of babies he was not interested in a physical explanation. As every teacher and mother knows, there is nothing like striking when the iron is hot. While a child's contemporaries (with whom after all it has to share the most important of its sexual life), will sooner or later correct his ignorance as to physical facts, it is very unlikely that they do so in regard to spiritual ones. The child in his early life is entirely dependent on his adult relations and friends for spiritual, aesthetic, and

case my thoughts (and prayers), were all for our brave lads of the two naval services, and, of course, the many boys also being taken to the various theatres of war; and the interruption was most untimely. I think the majority of people would find that fine hymn as inspiring as the programme which followed. After all, we can have Andersen Tyrer all the week and enjoy his music then. Besides, the other YA stations commence their evening programme 10 minutes later.

Country districts in many instances are—owing to shortage of manpower due to the war—deprived of their clergy, and naturally look forward to the broadcast services.—FIRST THINGS FIRST (Te Mata).

## ELGAR FROM 2YC

Sir,—On Saturday evening, February 20, 2YC provided an hour of pure delight when Elgar's Concerto in B Minor was played by Menuhin and the London Symphony Orchestra. It seemed to us listening here that this exquisite "link-ed sweetness long drawn out" reached new heights of broadcast perfection. May we ask through you that this composition be played again—and yet again?—NELSONIAN (Nelson).

## AMERICAN RECORDINGS

Sir,—However pleasant the voices of our American visitors are to our ears, the recorded accent of their countrymen (and women), grates on the ear of the average listener in this country, and as few of us have any knowledge of the American background, idiom, and customs, much of the entertainment value of American presentations is wasted, while the cheap melodrama of the "Hi Ho Silver!" and Nazi spy sort of thing is even worse. Surely when the national stations have proven so conclusively that New Zealand performers, speaking our own New Zealand language, can put over programmes equal with anything in the world ("The Lutine's Gold," for instance), it is not fitting that currency exchange, so hardly earned by import restrictions, should be sent to America for recordings of such little merit. The sponsors of many of the flamboyant American serials would be assisting the war effort to a greater extent if they would use a little more discrimination in the type of "presentation" they sponsor.

JANUS (Upper Hutt).

## YOUTH AT THE CONTROLS

Sir,—I read with surprise "Movietown's" letter concerning "Youth at the Controls." I cannot understand how anyone could say this programme is propaganda. "Movietown" should realise that there are thousands of correspondence cadets who listen to this programme, and that this is all the "mouth to ear" tuition they get. As for interrupting the "Listeners' Own" session I would point out that there are two such programmes during the week. I wonder if "Movietown" would mind if it was the news that did the interrupting?—"JUST A CADET" (Taihape).

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT  
R. J. Murphy (Waipatu): Local.

## CORRECTION

In *The Listener* of April 2, the talks given by Mrs. Beatrice Beeby were attributed to Station 2ZE. We should, of course, have said Station 2YA.

## On Our Cover

THE BBC photograph on our cover this issue is of Indira of Kapurthala—Princess Indira to her English colleagues—who does two important jobs for the BBC's Eastern Service. She gives a weekly report on the proceedings in the House of Commons (and incidentally is the only woman with a pass to the Press Gallery of the House), and every Monday she speaks to Indian women about Britain and the war. The Princess is the grand-daughter of the Maharaja of Kapurthala, one of the five principal States of the Punjab. She is qualified and practised in ambulance driving and first-aid, and one would not know her from an Englishwoman, in voice or person, when she is not wearing Indian clothes.

ethical truths. The more he has of these, which can hardly be called "airy nonsense," the more he has to fall back on for support against crudely expressed physical facts. The more sensitive the child (and what child made of human clay is not sensitive?), the more he needs those truths (hardly "pretty make-believes") that no physical force can destroy.

If the percentage of sub-normal adults appears to your correspondent as distressingly low, it appears to be a case of we are all out of step but our Johnny. My contemporaries have not had the advantage of those long periods of peace your correspondent talks of. They fell in love during the world war, married during an inflation period, bore children during a depression, brought up their families during war and rumours of war, and now another world war has seized their children.—OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE (Dunedin).

## INTERRUPTED CHURCH SERVICES

Sir,—I wonder how many other listeners tuned in to the church service broadcast from 2YA on the evening of Sunday, February 28, experienced the same intense annoyance as I felt at the abrupt manner in which the service was "switched off" before the close of the service? The first verse of that grand old hymn "Eternal Father Strong To Save" was barely finished, and in my own



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