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Fine Old English Gentlemen!

Empire Sits Back While Totalitarian Radio Propaganda Floods The World

THERE is a sacred tradition in the English code that goes by the name of Fair Play.

It is a very fine tradition that has somehow been handed down from the days of jousting knights and tournaments to the public schools and on to the people themselves.

The code was spread abroad wherever Britons went—and they went nearly everywhere in the world—until it filtered all over the Empire.

Others may fight with tooth and claw but the Englishman must fight under the Marquess of Queensberry rules.

The code became a legend. The public's heroes were all Bulldog Drummonds—who hit clean and hit hard but never kicked a man when he was down.

But there is one flaw in the code.

What does Bulldog Drummond do when the other man kicks him when he himself is down? Does he turn the other cheek? Scarcely. Bulldog Drummond kicks back.

TO-DAY the code of Fair Play is still strong in the mind of the Empire. It rules in games and as far as possible in war.

Recent publication of Lord Fisher's diary reveals that British soldiers occupying German territory after the war lost morale because they disliked seeing hunger among the conquered people.

And, chiefly, it rules in radio. The many radio voices of the Empire, from the BBC in England to the NBS in New Zealand, are polite, reserved and restrained.

THEY MAKE YOU THINK OF THE PHRASE, "FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN."

They present facts in the firm faith that truth will prevail. No doubt this is a good and proper faith. But before truth prevails there may be much misery and much suffering.

THERE has already been that in Arabia. For months German and Italian propaganda has been poured into Arabia. For months the Empire disregarded it; replied at last with broadcasts in Arabic of their own.

They were polite, reserved and restrained. They filled every condition of the Marquess of Queensberry rules. They were based on the hope that truth would prevail.

But the "Record" firmly believes that it is time Bulldog

Drummond kicked back. It is high time that Britain met the dictators with their own weapons.

The Dominions should urge on Britain without delay the need for setting up an Office of Propaganda to combat the new danger in the air.

Britain should have a Ministry of Propaganda that would be Empire-wide in its scope. It should be formed from the best advertising and editorial brains in the Empire.

It should have the advice of specialists who have lived on the spot and know the minds of the Indians, the Boers, the West Indian negroes, the Maltese and the Arabs intimately.

Britain had such an organisation in the last war. And the irony of the position to-day is that the powerful propaganda under Lord Northcliffe towards the end of 1918 supplied the

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HER CHRISTMAS GIFT.—"Holiday greetings to Radio Record, New Zealand," is the message inscribed in Joan Crawford's hand on this photograph, which arrived at the "Record's" office last week.

Hot Shots

CHRISTCHURCH staged a "Safety First" dance. Girls could leave their "mad money" at home.

NO, Gertrude, a millibar is not the horizontal part of the bicycle that takes the girl friend home after the last tram.

"IN spite of all legislation, pound notes don't go far," says a Christchurch newspaper correspondent. We've lost sight of ours this Christmas.

ENGLISH afternoon tea is an affront to luncheon and an insult to dinner.—Mark Twain.

ABOUT the only exercise some people take is jumping to conclusions.

EPOCHS.

THE war marked the end of the age of AMEN, and the beginning of the age of OH YEAH.

WE have made only one New Year resolution this year: "To do as we are told." And it won't be broken—our wife will see to that.

EVERY man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.

SCIENTIST has discovered that cheerful people resist diseases better than glum ones. The surly bird catches the germ.

THE honeymoon is over when he stops calling her "darling" and calls her "say."

A LIAR is a person who has no partition between his imagination and his information.

HIGH HAT.

RADIO announcer at important political function abroad: "Never before have I seen so many silk hats on so few gentlemen."

THE PLODDER.

"HE has been working on the present site a little upstream from the ruins for centuries."—Article on archaeological work.

AN overseas scientist says stars may be hotter than any on earth ever dreamed. Hence the movieland divorcees?

"I OWE a great deal to radio," says a Christchurch college lecturer. And how much to the dealer?

TO-DAY'S great thought! "It is not the persons we do that counts, but the way we do them."