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two largest minority groups, being a Sikh by upbringing and a Christian by conviction, and neither of these groups wants special representation or special privileges. The function of minorities in a community is to make special contributions to it, not to clutter up progress with complicated safeguards against majority rule."

"Well, if these political problems of yours sound insoluble, are not your economic problems really insoluble?"

Dr. Singh would not agree. He had figures to show that India's population increase of 50 millions in the 1930 decade was not too alarming. "Though from 1921 to 1931 we increased 10.6 per cent and from 1931 to 1941 another 15 per cent., our total increase for the 60 years, 1870 to 1930, was only 30.7 per cent as against 64 per cent in non-Russian Europe, 115 per cent in Russia, 113 per cent in Japan, and 125 per cent in U.S.A."

This our reporter could not accept. It was industrialisation, he argued, that had started the increase everywhere. But further industrialisation had then stopped it in Japan and in the West by raising living standards. In India, however, technical progress at present was so slow that standards could never catch up on population. Was not the moral that patriotic Indians ought therefore to throw

CHINESE AND THE NBS

What They Think of The Programmes

WE called on some members of the Chinese community the other day—there are between 550 and 600 members in Wellington alone. It was not a talent quest, we were not anxious to see if they had been good listeners and renewed their radio licences; we had no sets to sell and we don't know anything about repairs. But as Europeans frequently air their opinions of programmes in the correspondence columns of *The Listener*, we wanted to know what the Chinese thought about NBS entertainment.

their weight behind the Government of India's Ten-year Plan?

"They have a Plan, I know," said Singh. "But it is only a shadow copy of one our own industrialists first put forward. Only a scheme that we put through ourselves can gain the full Indian support that any attempt must have to succeed in India. In India's atmosphere to-day it can only be freedom first—then bread."

Once they were quite satisfied about our bona fides, some were willing to express opinions. Others were too busy, but invariably courteous.

Said one man, in his thirties: "I don't like your jazz; it's too noisy with little pipes squeaking and just a mixture of sounds. Perhaps the young ones like it. I don't like classical music."

"You get your fun out of the middle-class programmes," we suggested.

"Yes, that's right, and I listen to the Chinese programmes of news and talks from San Francisco, India, and Chungking."

"But what about the National Broadcasting Service of New Zealand?"

"Oh yes, Sandy Powell, he's good. He makes us laugh. 'Dad and Dave'—they're funny. We follow them round all the stations. Better than Will Hay. I and my family always listen to the 2YD Request session, but I turn it off when the jazz comes on, and the young ones always turn it on again."

His Favourite Selection

Another was orchestrally inclined. He liked the violins and the brass.

We asked him to name his favourite selection. It was the "Intermezzo" from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. "That a pretty tune; I like it very much," he said. "But what you say to giving us about ten minutes now and then of Chinese music? Perhaps you not like, eh?"

We explained that the compilation of programmes was not our job, and looked in at the next shop.

"*The Listener*—what is that?" asked the shopkeeper.

We blushed a bit and explained that we were the journal of the NBS.

"Like this," he said, bringing out from the back of the shop a copy of the current issue.

Yes, he too was fond of radio and, like some of his colleagues, had no special preferences. "Everything is interesting," was his complimentary comment. He never missed 2YA at 8 o'clock on Saturday nights when Tommy Handley was delivering his quick-fire comedy. The speed of "Itma" and its topical references were quite beyond him, but he said, "I like to hear the people laughing; that makes me laugh too."

The last man we called on was very definite. "I'm not interested," he said. "No radio, too busy."



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