

NOVEMBER 26, 1948

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES:  
115 Lambton Quay, Wellington, C.I.  
Box 1707, G.P.O.  
Telephone 46-520.  
Telegraphic Address: "Listener," Wellington.

## Another Prince

THE arrival of the Royal baby brought the inevitable bursts of extravagance and the expected flow of sentimental nonsense. If that had not happened there might have been grounds for uneasiness. We are a sentimental race and we were most of us babies once ourselves. But there was relatively little slop. The Party leaders certainly did themselves well as Party leaders always must and one or two especially exuberant reporters went a little further than even the politicians. But that is all there was to make the sensible smile and the sensitive squirm. If it was "a great day for the British," as Mr. Holland so ardently declared, the British came through with a minimum of nonsense in all the circumstances and usually on the safe side of intoxication. Most of us realised that it was an important event as well as a happy one. As long as our constitution stands, the smooth functioning of the Crown means the easing of strains and stresses throughout our whole political system. When successors fail as they have more than once in our history, it is not only the reigning family who suffer anxiety, but all the responsible sections of the nation. Nor must we suppose that time has ended all that. It has ended some anxieties, the cruder, crosser, more violent fears with which our nation once faced every break in the line. But if we think the problem of the succession no longer exists that is because we have not been compelled to think about it, with one not very serious exception, for more than a hundred years. If excuses were necessary that would be a sufficient justification for the most earnest prayers and the most grateful sighs. But justifying our happiness is not necessary. What is necessary is that we should carry it well, greet our princes standing up and not grovelling at their feet. We owe it to them as well as to ourselves that the loyalty we offer them should be as clear-headed as the loyalty we expect from them, and as free.

# LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

## "NEW ZILLAND"

Sir,—I am in complete agreement with W. H. Graham's letter about the pronunciation of New Zealand. I think the two literary men who kept referring to New Zilland and New Zillanders should be put in a room and have the recording of their speech played back to them. New Zealand is an example to the world in many things. Let her literary men and others learn and use the correct pronunciation of the name of their country. E. SIMPSON (Redcliffs).

Sir,—I heard a far better one nor w'at W. H. Graham had to say in *Listener* (5/11/48) about w'at the four literary gents had to say during their broadcast recently, when two of 'em referred to this Garden of Eden as "New Zilland," and the gardeners as "New Zillanders." One of the four said, "It's a pity there wasn't more Hucklebury Finns, because America would be a better place than what it is to-day." Too true, it is, w'at the chairman said about w'at G. B. Shaw said about w'at the people would learn about the Brains Trusts after listening to 'em over the air. I. H. HENDERSON (Inglewood).

## ORPHANS AND ORPHANAGES

Sir,—Readers who have read the two articles on orphanages by Mrs. Mirams and followed the correspondence it encouraged may be interested to learn that a book published by Hutchinsons recently has been dedicated to her. Written by my brother, with a foreword by J. B. Priestley, the book concerns the life of Margaret McMillan, famous in Great Britain for her devoted work amongst slum children. Further to commemorate Miss McMillan and her sister a trust, composed of the most influential people in England, aims to raise £250,000 to be spent in child amenities. The dedication to Mrs. Mirams reads, "For Doris Marguerite Mirams—the friend of orphaned and delinquent children in New Zealand."

DOUGLAS CRESSWELL  
(Governor's Bay).

## GREEN FOR DANGER

Sir,—I was particularly interested to learn from your last issue that we are to hear an NZBS production of *Green for Danger*. As one who thoroughly enjoyed the film, I shall be keen to compare the local production with that of Messrs. Launder and Gilliat. It is pleasing to note that Selwyn Toogood will play the part of Inspector Cockrill and although I have every respect for Mr. Toogood's undoubted ability, I venture to think that Mr. Sim's original performance will remain undimmed. But my principal reason for writing concerns the photograph in your last issue depicting Inspector Cockrill (alias Selwyn Toogood) interrogating doctors and nurses. Although the inspector may have been fatuous, frivolous, flippant, etc., I am sure he had manners enough to remove his hat in the presence of ladies. I may be wrong, but I doubt whether Mr. Sim showed such ignorance. This business of detectives leaving their hats on under any circumstances is, so we are told (how truthfully I could not say), the prerogative of American investigators.

While on the subject of NZBS plays I would like to point out that on Sunday night (October 24) 4YA presented *The Savage Breast*, which, according to your programme, was a BBC production. The play was undoubtedly of British origin, but it featured the aforementioned Mr. Toogood, as well as other well-known New Zealand radio players. I should like to know whether this was merely an error in publication or if it was, perhaps, an attempt to bask in the sunshine of the BBC. We know that BBC productions are almost invariably perfect, but the NZBS has nothing to be ashamed of either. On this occasion their performance was excellent and they should have been given credit for it. C. R. EDMOND (Roslyn).

(There are two recordings of "The Savage Breast," one made by the NZBS, the other by the BBC. The former was substituted for the latter in 4YA's programme after "The Listener" went to press.—Ed.)

## CRY FROM THE HEART

Sir,—Could I take up some of your valuable space to ask if there is any chance of the serial *My Husband's Love* being finished before Christmas? What a rest it would be to my nerves if it were! Unfortunately, I am one of those people who, starting anything, like to see the finish. Apparently *My Husband's Love* is running neck-and-neck with *Dad and Dave*, so many of us will be in our graves before we hear the finish. Anyway, it has cured one from ever listening to a serial again.

I wonder if the script writers ever think of the bother and inconvenience one has to go to at times to be on the dot at the appointed time, and when it goes on for ever—well! I ask you, is it any wonder one gets

FED UP (Papatoetoe).

(The Commercial Division advises that the end of "My Husband's Love" is not in sight yet. It certainly will not be finished by Christmas.—Ed.)

## VICTORIAN SUNDAYS

Sir,—As one who enjoys the peace of your Sunday afternoon programmes, may I hope that you will not be influenced by the letter from your correspondent on "Victorian Sundays." If one should be writing or reading, the music is a pleasing accompaniment; and the excerpts from our old friends John Galsworthy and Baroness Orczy are particularly acceptable. May we have more of them.

PEACE-LOVER (Ladbrooks).

## NOTES ON THE CLASSICS

Sir,—I wish to say how much I have enjoyed the articles written by Bessie Pollard on *Know Your Classics*. On receiving my last copy I noticed with regret that the series had apparently terminated. There is much more that could be done in this direction and I would be exceedingly grateful if Miss Pollard were to carry on this excellent work. She dealt with Till Eulenspiegel; but all of Strass's works could be similarly analysed. This form of analysis is a crying need for the understanding of works of this type. But of course any symphony or concerto or large work is helped considerably by such knowledge of the themes involved. Inasmuch as gramophone companies have for the past few years been exceedingly niggardly in sending out comprehensive leaflets, I

am sure there is a vast body of gramophone enthusiasts who would welcome a further series, even if they could not be placed in the selected broadcast programmes. MUSICA VIVA (Lower Hutt).

(As announced in our issue of October 16, a further series of articles by Miss Pollard will follow in the near future.—Ed.)

## PARLIAMENTARY ENGLISH

Sir,—Mr. Clyde Carr has apparently overlooked some of the most common errors of speech so prevalent in the House of Representatives. Where does the initial "h" disappear to, and where the finishing "g"? Mr. Carr has a difficult task ahead if he hopes to correct the ungrammatical speech of New Zealand's parliamentarians.

"ASPIRATE" (Nelson).

## NEW ZEALAND PLAYS

Sir,—By all the signs it should not be long now before New Zealand begins seriously to consider a National Theatre. It is reported that Sir Laurence Olivier suggested the importance of having national playwrights as well—not in those words, but that seemed to be his meaning.

Is there in any of the four main centres, any person or group of persons not only competent, but willing to criticise a full-length play by a New Zealand writer; and then if the play merits production, able and willing to advise the writer of a company which would consider putting it on? Do the established drama companies welcome and consider any work submitted to them? Or is it only a play by a recognised overseas playwright which has any chance of production? I am not speaking of radio plays or of one-act plays, but of serious full-length dramas.

These may seem simple questions easily answered to those who live in a city and are connected with dramatic clubs. But to the writer who is compelled to live in the country, with no personal contact with other writers (*The Listener* is an invaluable impersonal one) they are not so simple. And I should be very grateful if anyone who is in a position to answer these questions would be kind enough to do so.

INTERESTED (Waihi Beach).

## WORLD FOR ZEROS

Sir,—If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "You wouldn't talk of wasting it. It's him." And if the writer of "World for Zeros" knew Liberty as well as I do he wouldn't speak of putting her in cold storage or pursuing or enclosing her in an O sign. Personally I do not see how liberty can be separated from truth, justice, tolerance, or any other of the virtues. Freedom is like fresh air, and it strikes me as idiotic to sit in airtight rooms to preserve the fresh air for the future.

Does the writer think that had our forefathers been a little less fond of liberty we should have a little freedom now to do our own planning?

CIPHER (Dunedin).

(The writer thinks that correspondents should read articles with care before criticising them.—Ed.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Disgusted" (Taumarunui): So are many others, but New Zealand is a democracy. M. Young (Waimate): We can't be responsible for our contemporaries. If you will say when we "distorted your personality" we shall examine the complaint. G.F.D. (Dunedin): When names are not given there is a reason.