

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

(Continued from page 4)

MODERN MUSIC

Sir,—On the ground, apparently that whatever was is best, your correspondent, L. D. Austin, has been letting off a lot of steam recently on the subject of modern music, and what appears to have sent the balloon up in the first place is a statement that "swing" music is sensual in its appeal. Now, take my case. I like a lot of modern music, just as I like a lot of classical music; but I, for one, object to the suggestion that I wallow in vice every time I tune in to a swing band. I am willing to admit right away that music with a pronounced beat has a sensual (or rather, sensuous) appeal, that it makes my feet itch and so on, but I do most indignantly reject the implication that I am seized with carnal lust every time I hear the tootle of a saxophone. And with all due apologies to L. D. Austin for speaking my mind so bluntly, I would like to ask him where he imagines music would be to-day without sensual appeal — any music, even that of his (rightly) revered great masters?

To suggest that music could exist without sensual appeal is as ridiculous as to suggest that pictorial art should appeal solely to the intellect. Art lives in the hearts of a people, not in their heads, and the sooner Mr. Austin realises that the sooner he will stop playing the fool and give all his spare time to the

service of that form of music which best suits his genius. At present, he is cutting rather an amusing figure as a slightly bedraggled Canute shouting "Shoosh!" to the air-waves. They won't stop, however hard he shouts, but if he drops bluster and adopts a still, small voice, he will have a better chance of winning adherents. As long, however, as he is abusive rather than persuasive I feel sure the listening public won't show any pronounced "Drang Nach Austin." — JACK POINT (Auckland).

Sir,—The correspondence pages of your very worthy journal reveal some apparently dissatisfied listeners-in. It appears that such correspondents as L. D. Austin and "Anzac" cannot within the whole range of New Zealand, and most of the Australian stations, find a programme to suit them. I would suggest that these two gentlemen indulge in a little dial-turning and consult *The Listener*. After all if people who attack the music which appeals to so many people cannot escape from it anywhere on the dial, they should venture further afield to America, say, where perhaps, but only perhaps, they may be satisfied.

"MISS MODERN."
(Palmerston North).

SUNSHINE ON THE FARM

Sir,—I am a farmer's wife, and have lived in the country all my life and I would very much like to take your gloomy correspondent "Thid," to task concerning "Sunshine (or War) on the Farm." What utter nonsense to say there is no time for tennis or strawberries on a farm! "Rabid romanticism" indeed! Must we all be slaves to our farms, even if small? I agree that there are many who are, but it is, in most cases, the fault of the individuals themselves. I know personally of farmers who have to work hard to make ends meet, but manage to enjoy life too. One family I have in mind have a mixed farm and they rise early, milk their cows, then go out on the farm and put in plenty of hard work until it is time to return to milk. Then they bath, change, and have dinner, which is always over by dark, and in summer there is time left for a little gardening or a quiet smoke outside while twilight falls. They have their hours and, except at very busy periods such as shearing and haymaking, they stick to those hours and are the happiest and most contented people one could meet. Yes, they have their tennis court, too; one they made themselves, and it has

no bitumen surface, just hard clay, but it is quite adequate just the same.

It is worse than foolish to say that a farmer must be working from dawn until after dark, only taking time to eat his meals and snatch a few hours' sleep. If he does this, he lacks system as well as wisdom. Also, how can he expect young people to stay on the land when he makes it so unattractive for them, by expecting them to slave all day and every day, and at all hours? It seems to me that the old pioneers had more spirit and initiative than their descendants, and were able to make their own amusements, such as surprise parties, woolshed dances and picnics, and it would be better if the modern farmer took a leaf out of the book of "Dad and Dave" and mixed work with play instead of continually grouching and predicting ruin.

The farmer has his troubles, but there is no reason on earth why he and his family should not enjoy life like anyone else. Your contributor "Optimist" shows the right spirit, and I'm with him all along the line.—ANOTHER OPTIMIST (Te Kuiti).

(continued on next page)

"FUNZAPOPPIN!"

New Compere For New 2YA Session

FRIDAY the thirteenth is the day, eight o'clock the magic hour. It is the end of "Every Friday Night at Eight." (Groans from Wellington, groans from Auckland, Canterbury, Hawke's Bay, Westland, groans from Nelson, Taranaki, Manawatu, Otago, Southland). But the twentieth is the beginning of "Funzapoppin'," 2YA's newer and brighter light entertainment session. (Cheers, etc.).

Bright light music every Friday night from 8 p.m., plus skits, sketches and singing, have been drawing a big fan mail every week. The transmitter at Titahi Bay has been covering some ground. The mail comes from all over New Zealand and over the sea as well. Listeners write from Norfolk Island, where 2YA, and this session in particular, seems to have a healthy following. An eight-year-old lass adds her note to the praise of her elders. She says she is allowed to stay out of bed every Friday night to listen to the feature.

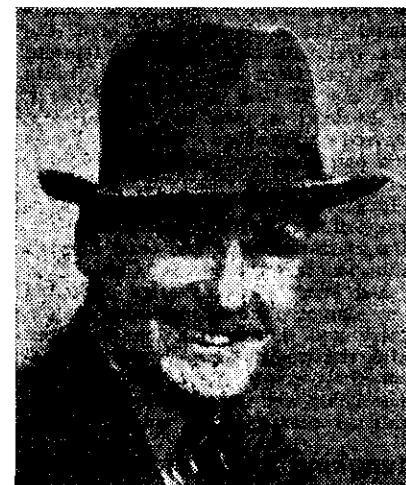
But the show has now been taken off the air and will be replaced by a new feature which is to be most definitely more and better.

Compere of the new show will be Fred Keeley, a globe-trotting entertainer who has settled down in New Zealand in recent years to work for the movie industry.

Fred has played his way all round the world, and when he has not been playing himself he has been writing sketches, plays, short stories, songs, patter lines, and anything else the theatrical world has required of him.

To "Funzapoppin'" he brings the knowledge of long experience.

He was born in England, but bred in Australia, where he began a stage career that took him through Britain, the Continent, America, Africa, the Antipodean Islands. He spent some time in the



Spencer Digby photograph
FRED KEELEY

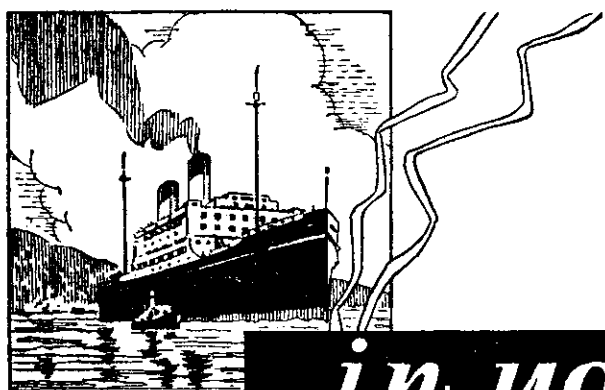
Philippines, and there saw many of the best developing in his favourite sport, boxing.

To save his features for more particular audiences, Fred stuck to the sport only as an amateur, but he won the Australian feather-weight championship in the days "when the sap was flowing," as he puts it, and has remained interested ever since.

During his stay in England he worked for and became friends with Jack Hylton; met Tommy Burns, whose world heavy-weight title had been lost while Mr. Keeley was a lad in Australia; admired Jack Johnson; wrote for the BBC. In New Zealand, among other radio activities, he helped 2YD with a lot of bright studio work when the station was just starting.

"Funzapoppin'" will be completely home grown. Purely local talent will be used in devising and playing the programme.

Remember: it starts on September 20, and it runs at 8 o'clock every Friday night.



..in your
absence—



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