

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS . . .

B.B.C. Station Not Up-to-Date With News

To the Editor

Sir,—To-day at about 1 p.m. I thought I had the latest about Ulm from the British Broadcasting station, to the effect that the search had been called off by the American Navy, but what was my surprise when looking up Thursday's morning paper, I found the same news in it, just about thirty hours ahead. Surely one would think London would be more up to the mark. It is not the first time that I have heard news coming from the B.B.C. that has been in the local papers some hours.

At 4 p.m. the French station comes through nearly as loud as 2YA, playing their National Anthem. I look for this every day. They close about 6 p.m.—I am, etc.,

SHORT-WAVE.

4YA Concert Orchestra is "Simply Awful"

To the Editor

Sir,—I desire to voice a strong protest against the continued relays from 4YA, which usually include numbers by the 4YA Concert Orchestra.

Now, Sir, it may be that the broadcasting facilities in the Dunedin studio are not suitable, but the fact remains that the "music" from this orchestra is simply awful.

"Infernal impudence" is the only term which covers the persistence in continuing such a medley of irritating noise. The 4YA Orchestra was aptly described by an Otago correspondent recently as "this year's best joke."

I fully support that opinion and trust that the ridiculous relays from the south will soon cease.—I am, etc.,

ANTI-RELAY.

Timaru.

Radio Makes Country Life Worth While

To the Editor

Sir,—I read with a certain amount of amusement a letter from "Free Lance Disgusted" in your "Radio Record" of December 14. Being a farmer's wife I don't get a lot of time to write letters to the papers, but I did wonder or try to picture "Free Lance Disgusted." I come up from the milking-shed after helping with 107 cows. Sometimes fed up with cows, butterfat returns, haymaking, dried-up paddocks, etc., time then is about 10 minutes to 8 a.m.; first job before preparing breakfast is to tune in for the last half-hour of the breakfast session, and then life begins to seem worth while. We close down at 8.30; sorry there's no more, and I am not alone in

this, I can assure you. As I probably do not tune in again until lunch hour I often regret too much of the classics,—but think why worry?—we are not all alike and realise we must have a selection, and so try to please everyone. I don't know the strength of "Free Lance Disgusted's" grouch, but his letter made me wonder "why send such letters" and why does he take the "Radio Record" and so distress himself to such an extent as his letter suggests?—I am, etc.,

WONDERING WHY.

Morrinsville.

Late Sir E. Elgar Utterly Condemned Jazz

To the Editor

Sir,—"Amused" still says that jazz ranked most high in the voting when he knows it was only third on the list (even assuming that dance music is all jazz, which it has not quite got to yet). He also forgets that crooning per se is not necessarily built on any jazz rhythm, and cannot legitimately be added to votes for dance music. Again, it is not accurate to say that one has to wait until a late hour to hear a modern foxtrot or waltz; the daily programmes are filled with them and nauseam—the very thing I have been complaining about. As for asserting that his radio set would be no good to him for all the good things enumerated in the New Zealand national programmes, we can only assume that he is "non compos mentis," and I challenge him to shed his nom-de-plume. Serious art does not monopolise the air, and nobody has ever suggested that it should.

"Healthy-Minded" has rather given himself away; if he finds jazz the only thing worth listening to he would appear to be a very useless citizen to this country. There are certain people who prefer to be continuously drunk, to ill-treat their wives, even to live a criminal existence; but we should never dream of taking them as any kind of standard. Further, to suggest that our King and, e.g., the Duke of Gloucester, are not worth listening to, savours much of the lese-majestie; no wonder he adopts a nom-de-plume! He suggests that there is no evil in music. Does he know either the story or music of "Tannhauser" and the moral it presents? Has he no conception of the difference between a Venus and an Elizabeth? Or is he so steeped in this evil jazz that he knows nothing about good music. Dare he, also, come out in the open?

Unfortunately, by now, we are not allowed even to have Sunday unpolluted, so that suggestion is worthless. Finally, the reference to the late Sir Edward Elgar is meaningless and misleading—I was fortunate enough to

be included among his friends in London, and I can vouchsafe from my own personal intercourse with him that (as he was the first to acknowledge talent in others) he utterly condemned jazz and all its unholy works!—I am, etc.,

J. D. PARKIN.

Timaru.

Rev. Samuel Marsden Was Never a Bishop

To the Editor

Sir,—All New Zealanders should, I think, zealously guard, where possible, the history of this fair land from being stated incorrectly.

It is for the above reason that I, with regret, write the following.

Your article, page 8, stated: "Bishop Marsden preached his first sermon to the Maoris at Pahiia in the Bay of Islands."

Now, was the Marsden mentioned ever a Bishop? I think not.

The first sermon was preached where the Marsden Cross now stands at Rangihoua Bay, quite a distance from Pahiia, although in the Bay of Islands.—I am, etc.,

G. H. MAIR.

Takapuna.

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