

LETTERS FROM LISTENERS . . .

Praise For Announcer at Wellington Royal Ball

To the Editor

Sir,—The December 28 number of the "Radio Record" just to hand; opening same I was surprised to see the letter from "Disappointed" referring to the relay from the Royal ball at Wellington.

"Disappointed" finds fault with the lady announcer, and considers the evening's entertainment was therefore spoilt. I beg to differ from "Disappointed." I consider the lady in question was excellent, her voice came over splendidly, clear as a bell, and was a treat to listen to. In tone flexion, phrasing and modulation she was almost perfect. Quite a contrast to some of the lady speakers we occasionally hear over the air with their hated lisping tones and husky, overdrawn words.

He also complains that the commentary was not humorous enough when describing the ladies' dresses. He apparently overlooked the fact that it was a se-date Royal ball and not a competition in a bathing parade.—I am, etc.,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Auckland.

Not "English" But "British" Visitors to N.Z.

To the Editor

Sir,—May I point out the loose use of the adjective "English" as used in your issue of December 28, when referring to Captain Dorling, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald? Although not aware of Captain Dorling's nationality, I think it is fairly well known that Mr. Bernard Shaw is an Irishman, and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald a Highland Scot. I have frequently observed that writers erroneously use the word "English" instead of "British," with complete disregard for the section of the United Kingdom to which a person belongs. Visitors who are Welsh, Scots, Manx, or Irish, being lumped together as being English. Indeed, our present King is often referred to as the King of England! I am sure that although England may be the major partner of the British Isles, it has no wish to deny a person his particular nationality.—I am, etc.,

BRITISH.

Lower Hutt.

B.B.C. Announcement For Empire Listeners

To the Editor

Sir,—I thought you might be interested to see a copy of the following announcement, which is regularly broadcast from the Empire short-wave station at Daventry:—

The complete itemised programmes broadcast from the Empire station in all transmissions are published each week

by the B.B.C. in pamphlet form four and a half weeks previous to their transmission. The Empire programme pamphlet will be dispatched each week to any listener free of charge on the receipt of five shillings, or the equivalent in local currency, to cover postage. A specimen copy will be sent post free on application to the B.B.C. at Broadcasting House, London. The programmes for transmission I (Australia and New Zealand) are published each week in the "New Zealand Radio Record," as well as in many daily newspapers in Australia, New Zealand, and other parts of the Antipodes.

—I am, etc.,

MALCOLM A. FROST.

Director of Overseas Services.
Broadcasting House, London.

"The Product of a Past, Dead Generation"

To the Editor

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. J. D. Parkin, still continues on in his insane and decidedly biased way to criticise his "bete noire," which he designates as jazz — an insidious word and one certainly not used in a modern dance studio. We associate that word with lower class and old-time dance halls. In reply to Mr. Parkin's latest effort—would he kindly tell us upon what rhythm crooning, as such, is based? He will be surprised to find his error, should he listen to any of the very few records of this type. Of course, as he detests it, he will not listen, and still argue he is correct. To say that the daily programmes are filled with modern dance records is a typical absurd statement from Timaru. I stated in a letter, published in the "Radio Record" of June 22, that "variety was the keynote of modern dance music." Mr. Parkin could not deny that, and did not. But, to what station or stations does he listen? I have yet to find the station whose programme is filled with modern dance records—and so has he.

And so classical music is more or less "pure," though it does contain an evil element. Has Mr. Parkin read the lives of a few typical great musicians and composers—lives, in some cases, of utter sordidness? Hence their "pure" music springs from sordid souls! My argument is just as fallacious as his absurdity that jazz is evil, because he associated sloppy sentiment with it.

I think that his arguments prove conclusively that he is the product of a past and dead generation, and that because the modern generation rightly refuses to endure a surfeit of his classical music he shows his narrow-mindedness. No, Mr. Parkin, we can enjoy your classical music and refrain from any selfish criticisms of it. What we moderns ask is not a surfeit of classics, but a fifty-fifty deal. And you refuse us that. You fight a losing battle.—I am, etc.,

BE MODERN.

To Awamutu.

Appreciation of Recent Programme From 2YA

To the Editor

Sir,—I desire to express my appreciation of the brass band concert by the famous St. Hilda Band, which was broadcast from 2YA on December 28. It was really excellent, and I know of quite a number of people in this city who listened in and enjoyed each item to the full. While I appreciate the fact that it is a difficult matter to arrange the programmes to suit everyone, I often wonder why we do not have a little more brass band music than we do. The proportion of such music compared with orchestral, jazz band, and military band music, is small, but I think just as much appreciated by listeners-in as the other three classes of entertainment I have mentioned.—I am, etc.,

A.D.P.

Wanganui.

"Mr. Parkin is Funny, But Doesn't Know It"

To the Editor

Sir,—How Mr. Parkin does wander on in his long, meandering paragraph on "Healthy Minded." Did I not know that "J. D. Parkin" was a man I'd think Timaru had been blessed with its own special Gracie Allen. But then she is intentionally humorous, whereas Mr. Parkin is funny but doesn't seem to know it.

Of course there is no evil in music. If one thinks evil thoughts when listening to a piece of music there must be words attached thereto which have created the picture.

And what purpose would it serve if Mr. Parkin knew who "Healthy Minded" were? Only to give him another shock, and with all this jazz on the air I'm sure he has enough to bear, poor man.

The best thing he can do is to buy a gramophone, and a stack of classical records (I don't mind donating him some old "releases"), and enjoy himself uninterruptedly, free from the possibility of one of those horrid jazz records being sprung on him.

We dance-music lovers are the patient, long-suffering ones. Look how our dance session is broken into to put on lectures after 10 p.m. Ye gods! Think of it, lectures at that hour! Why not at 7.30 p.m. or at 9? Why make us suffer? I'll say nothing about talks or how long they are if the dance sessions are let alone. They are short enough as it is.

And if the dance session is timed for 9.20 let it be 9.20, and not 9.30 or later. I tune in hopefully at 9.20 expecting to hear a "good-night," but no, the talker is still going strong, 9.25 ditto, 9.30, and the talk may end if we're lucky. There's a time and place for everything, and the time for talks on dry, ancient, local history, which can hardly rank as entertain-