

# LETTERS FROM LISTENERS . . .

## Popularity of Mr. Clive Drummond

To the Editor.

Sir,—Would you kindly inform us through your columns why we so seldom hear Mr. Clive Drummond announcing from 2YA. We miss his pleasing voice very much indeed, he being, in our humble opinion, the best announcer in New Zealand.—We are, etc.,

**TWO ADMIRERS.**

Pahiatua.

[Mr. Drummond is on the air as regularly as usual. "Two Admirers" probably listened for him during his annual holidays which occurred recently.—Ed.]

## Unconscious Humour in a Heading Last Week

To the Editor

Sir,—The writer of the headings for the Wellington notes in last week's "Radio Record" provided a neat piece of unconscious humour. It read:

**COMMUNITY SINGING LEADER RETIRES.**

Mr. Owen Pritchard, Leader of Wellington's Community Sings and Programme Organiser at 2YA, Leaving Wellington—Attractive Programmes from 2YA Next Week.

Wishing Owen Pritchard every success in his new sphere.—I am, etc.,

**WHISTLING RUFUS.**

Palmerston North.

## Dunedin Listener's Good Reception of 1YA

To the Editor.

Sir,—In the "Radio Record" dated January 4, I read a letter from a listener in Dunedin who was disappointed with the reception of the new 1YA. I myself am decidedly pleased with it as I have a 5-valve set and could not get the old station. Now the new one is in operation I am getting really good reception at night, and have also had it at 2 p.m. fairly clearly. In my estimation the new station is a big improvement on the old one.—I am, etc.,

**SATISFIED.**

Dunedin.

## Bombarded With Music at Home and in Town

To the Editor.

Sir,—Margaret Macpherson wrote in last week's "Radio Record," "Women listen more and oftener—the radio is very often their only companion." Speaking for myself, I never plug in when alone. I have quite enough mu-

sic when the family is home. To put it bluntly, I'm just fed up with music. I'm positively getting to hate it. 'Cos why? We are having too much of a good thing. Years ago music was looked upon as a treat, something special. No one enjoyed it more than I. Beautiful music could move me to unshed tears, and jolly pieces to happy laughter. But now—music for breakfast, dinner and tea! I'm a middle-aged wife and mother and in my daily round of duties enter shops to make domestic purchases. I'm trying to make the girl behind the counter understand that I want a bar of soap but the noise is pretty bad. Someone is singing over the wireless, "Oh, oh, those Unforgettable Nights." Ugh! what a clatter! Or it may be giving something different—the beautiful "Londonderry Air," "Absent," or "Softly Awakes My Heart," but the time, the place, the mood don't fit in. I'm glad to grab my parcel and hurry away.—I am, etc.,

**IDA.**

Wellington.

## B.B.C. Would Appreciate Reports from N.Z.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I have been very interested to receive by this mail both a copy of your "Radio Record Annual" and the special British Broadcasting Number of the "Radio Record." Both of these publications I feel are excellent, and I have arranged for them to be seen by a number of interested people in our organisation.

It would be of great value to us if you could encourage your readers to report on the reception of the Empire Station. I know that results up to now have been disappointing, but we never cease in our efforts to effect an improvement. It is, therefore, essential that we have a supply of reports on which we can rely from New Zealand. As you are aware, our long-wave transmitter has now been removed from Davenport to Drottwich, with the result that soon we shall be able to erect new aerial systems of considerably superior characteristics to those which we have utilised in the past. Full details of these will be announced in the near future.

I have just finished listening to the ceremony of the wedding of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina, and I trust that you also may have had an opportunity of hearing it in Wellington. We have already received very favourable reports on reception from nearly every European country, from America, Australia, Egypt, Bermuda and South Africa.—I am, etc.,

**MALCOLM A. FROST,**

Director of Overseas Services.  
Broadcasting House, London.

## Contrast in Broadcast of Royal Welcomes

To the Editor

Sir,—Though somewhat late, owing to the holidays, I would like to pay a compliment to 2YA for the excellent broadcast of the Royal reception and the Royal ball held in Wellington. Through the announcer's comments and the naming of the speakers, one was able to follow the reception right through. Mrs. Lewis deserves credit for her description of the ball. Her description of the decorations and her knowledge of the dresses and comments on the materials made an especial appeal to the womenfolk. She considerably refrained from talking while the orchestra was playing, so I don't know what "Disappointed," Opo-tiki, had to complain of. Admitting the music was very good, surely a description of the dresses and decorations was just as essential to a successful broadcast. I hope "Disappointed" enjoyed the broadcast of the Royal reception from 1YA—there it was merely stated that they were switching over to the Town Hall and one had to guess for oneself what was occurring, and who the speakers were. No doubt the organ music pleased "Disappointed," because it completely drowned the singer of "Land of Hope and Glory," much to our annoyance.—I am, etc.,

**SATISFIED LISTENER.**

Morrinsville.

## Sane Citizens Who Glory in Aesthetic Shortcomings

To the Editor.

Sir,—I wish to support Mr. J. D. Parkin in his condemnation of the vast majority of items appearing in New Zealand broadcast programmes. For my part it is solely on account of the few really worthwhile numbers presented that I have bought my present expensive set. The rest of our musical fare—jazz, crooning, banjo solos, and the thousand-and-one kinds of rubbish on the air—I leave to those who may enjoy them; to our amiable friend "Healthy Minded" for instance, whose estimate of himself is so naively delightful.

It has been stated, on more than one occasion, that the cultural and artistic level of the New Zealand public is deplorably low. But that presumably sane citizens should glory in their aesthetic shortcomings is, to say the least, a remarkable commentary on the human mind.—I am, etc.,

**"NOT A MUSIC TEACHER."**

Wellington.