

What Broadcasting Means in My Life OPINIONS OF WOMEN IN VARIOUS SPHERES

HERE are opinions on broadcasting from women in various walks of life. The listening public is probably the most diverse in the world, and the ideas of the people represented below make interesting reading.

Girl from Woolworth's

MUSIC is the finest tonic one can have to start the day right. It puts one in the proper mood. In our type of business we are on show from 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., and each of us has to attend to hundreds of customers. Each has to have a smile. I feel



sure that music gives us the right attitude, and more pep. It makes us quick at our work and more pleasant to customers—and that is what is wanted in shops to-day.

It is surprising to see women customers stand by the counter and listen to the radio. Often they smile and say, "That is a beautiful piece, do you know the name?" In every instance of this sort it is a classic piece—music with a soul which gets down to your heart and puts a glow on your face. Speaking for myself, of course, I am a lover of good music. We could do with more Gilbert and Sullivan, the old favourites, especially between 8.30 and 9.30, when we are doing the dusting for the day. Lots of the younger members of the staff who don't like the classics are fond of light opera. Other favourites are Bing Crosby, Richard Crooks, Paul Robeson and Essie Acland. We don't get enough English folk songs, and we just adore Schubert.

Since I bought a radio set the pictures would never pay if they depended on me. Whenever I am at home it is turned on, but I'm sure that those housewives who stay in the house after breakfast miss the broadcast terribly in the silent hour and a-half after 8.30. There's one big drawback regarding music in the shop—the occasional playing of band music while we are in the thick of business. It seems to be the only jar on our nerves provided by the broadcasts. We are so used to a musical background for both work and home now that if broadcasts were stopped it would take us a long time to settle down to the silent order of things. Of course, a good many of us don't realise that music is being played when we are working, but if it were not there the absence would soon be noticed.

A Clergyman's Wife

THE two greatest delights that my radio offers me are talks by travellers from overseas, and classical music. When I say this I am not merely trying to be highbrow. I am not a New Zealander—I was born in London—and the talks by people from Europe keep me in touch with contemporary thought and movement in that part of the world that was once my home. Similarly with classical music: I was taught the piano under a good master in London and I have heard some of the great musicians of the world—Kreiser, Paderewski, Levitski—not once, but many times. The wireless brings them back to me and recaptures the moments when I sat in the Queen's Hall and heard the world's masterpieces played by these modern masters.

I don't like jazz, but I do like the Gilbert and Sullivan broadcasts. The B.B.C. recorded programmes, too, are eagerly listened to in our home, no less by my husband than by myself. Actually, however, I must claim that I am not the most competent person in the world for judging the entire quality of the programmes broadcast in New Zealand. You see, a clergyman's wife has a great deal of outside work to attend to, especially in a poor parish, and our radio is only on for a few hours each day. The sporting broadcasts don't interest me, but my 17-year-old son is an avid listener during these sessions.

But I do believe that wireless can play a big part in the musical education of our young people. Girls and boys learning to play the piano, for instance, can become so much more interested when they can hear the world's great pianists on the air. And the result can be reflex—when a young person has mastered the intricacies of music he is so much better equipped for appreciating the good music that is broadcast.

Cabinet Minister's Wife

SOMETIMES our set is the most welcome thing in the house, but occasionally I get really tired of the background of music and talk which it provides. It seems to depend on just what sort of mood one is in, and what is being broadcast at the moment. For instance, on one occasion, I had been giving an "At Home," and felt thoroughly worn out by the time my last guest had left. Instead of having a sound sleep for an hour or so—I had to go out again in the evening—I lay back in an easy chair and found just the right music on the air. After half an hour I felt so much fresher and rested, both mentally and physically, that I did not feel the need for any more leisure throughout the evening.

But there are times when I feel that we are having a surfeit of music and entertainment through the broadcasts.

I am not one of those people who turn the radio on at breakfast and then leave it going until 11 o'clock at night, for it would get on my nerves too much, and I'm sure people must feel ill at ease when they are deprived of the background which they have accustomed themselves to by too much radio.

Although I have been in the House several times during the sessions, I get a peculiar thrill when I hear my husband speak over the air on rare occasions. Whatever he may be saying, it seems wonderful that he has a potential audience of tens of thousands—and perhaps I shouldn't mention that I'm glad that his audience on those occasions can't answer back, like they would in the House or on the election platforms.

As far as the programmes are concerned, I have nothing to complain of, for my taste is what might be called "ordinary." That is, I appreciate music for what it is worth. Dance music well played—and without those abominable crooners—is refreshing, but I like better music as well. The main thing to my mind is to have the music properly treated and have it broadcast with variety and in moderation. Talks by women are often well worth listening to, for some of the New Zealand women who have travelled considerably present their experiences and conclusions with greater effect than many of the men I have listened to.

A City Typist

TO my mind music is a wonderful stimulant after a day at the office. Taking shorthand and transposing it becomes very monotonous at times and I feel as though I never wish to see shorthand or a typewriter again. Switching the wireless on after arriving home and listening to a few bright musical numbers is enough to make me



forget the worries of the day as well as my own tiredness. Light orchestral and musical numbers, interspersed with the better known classical numbers, appeal to me most. Humorous interludes, especially Clapham and Dwyer, Elsie and Doris Waters, and the episodes in the lives of the Jap-