

preachers whose voice and style suits the microphone, etc. I note, however, that Canon James wants not merely shorter services but a longer list of services for Anglicans. He states: "Out of 104 broadcast services only 23 are allotted to the Church of England." That means that the remaining 81 services have to be shared by seven other denominations, two of which, the Presbyterians and Methodists, can be called major denominations from the numerical point of view.

Has not the Church of England a reasonable share? I think so. It seems to me that it will be disastrous if broadcast services become a matter of denominational rivalry, for that has already worked untold harm to Christian causes and even to the Church itself. More and more the common people grow indifferent to denominational issues, believing that one is as good as the other—perhaps they are about right. Every denomination has its own peculiar genius, presenting Christian truth, providing Christian worship in its own way.

I know of Romanists who listen to Protestant services with deep interest and appreciation, and I feel sure that the denominational issue does not concern the listeners, especially as by wise arrangement, different types of services are provided simultaneously, and these are available for all except crystal-set listeners. I would like to endorse the beauty and ef-

fectiveness of the practice of the B.B.C., which closes the Sunday sessions, about 10 p.m., with an "Epilogue," or "The Silent Fellowship." As for controversial matter, how can it be avoided in controversial messages? If a preacher states "God is love," which seems so simple, he touches upon one of the most controversial of all topics. I sincerely hope that the New Zealand Broadcasting Board will not allow the matter of broadcast services to become a controversial or denominational matter.—I am, etc.,

ALBERT MEAD.

Dunedin.

"Down With Opus No.—" Says Listener

To the Editor

Sir,—From time to time there appear in your columns ebullitions concerning "this racket they call jazz." Well, I like jazz, and I loathe all classical music. I profess no knowledge of music, yet to my mind the assortment of high notes, low notes, pauses, screeching voices and drums labelled classical music is ghastly.

After listening to the classical hour from one of our big stations, I am reduced to a perspiring heap with tingling ears and wild eyes. Some will say, "It's his own fault; he should listen in to another station." But on a Sunday afternoon I am at the mercy of the Y.A. stations—to me it is not a tender mercy.

What could be nicer than modern jazz? What is more harmonious than the bings and bungs of Jack Hylton and his band, or the tortured grunts of the Mills brothers? Nothing—except a pig sale at Addington on a Wednesday afternoon. Jazz is music at its best, rhythm and time is perfect, while the blending of the instruments is most harmonious.

Let our slogan be: "Down with Opus No.—Jazz for ever!"—I am, etc.,

SINKAPLATE.

Dunedin.

"To the Devil With Radio Howlers"

To the Editor

Sir,—Through your journal I wish to add a few lines, in regard to broadcasting programmes, not as a howler, but as one who sincerely appreciates all musical programmes. I work inside all day and am very deaf, but never miss an opportunity to plug my ear to the radio front and get a good earful. The breakfast hour is a source of delight to me, as that programme is so variable. One gets a taste of music of all kinds.

I always read the "Radio Record," and have read, recently, many letters of complaint in regard to unsuitable programmes. They who howl must have been born devoid of selective musical taste, and they ought not to be owners of wireless sets.

If any of them had the gift of common-sense, they would realise, as we do, that those who detail all programmes, have a hard job to select and arrange them and bring them up to the high standard they have done.

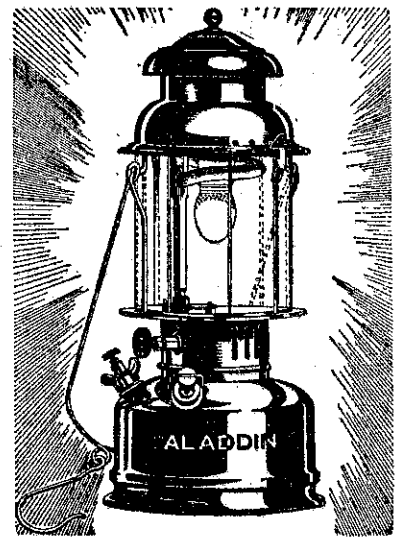
Just a short time ago I read of a complaint about the so-called ear-splitting time signals. For myself I think the signals are a Godsend, since it is my job to wind the clock up. Sometimes I forget, and my clock stops. Where would I be without those signals? I feel better now, as I have been disgusted long enough

with howlers and their howls; so here I say: "Long live the radio, and to the devil with howlers."—I am, etc.,
ANGEL FACE.

Waitaki.

Answer to Correspondent

ABSOLUTE TRIPE (Dunedin): Sorry, your letter is libellous. Nevertheless, we too, have views on the subject.



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