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The HOME forum

POINTS FROM LETTERS

Top o' the Organ?

Organ Lover (Dunedin) writes:—I have read with interest the arguments in the "Radio Record" about organists. I do not think any of the ones mentioned are worthy of the name of the world's best. I think Leselie V. Harvey is far above anyone else I have ever heard.

His control of an organ is just marvellous; he never plays a harsh note, or runs his bass notes all together like so many do. His rendering of "Absent" and "Until" is beautiful. I have heard him playing grand opera, light music, overtures and jazz. I also think Emil Velasco is very good, too, but I have not heard him very much.

Humour-Minded

Critic (Ashburton) writes: In reading one of the recent "Radio Record" articles "Big or Small Casts" one is forced to agree with Lance Seiveking in that a radio play should have just as many characters as is necessary for its correct presentation. But, with all due regard for his opinion that a lot depends on the listeners as well as the play, still more depends on the actors and sound effects. A good story can be rudely shattered or a poor story made into a masterpiece, but it all depends on the quality of the actors.

In support of this theory I present the case of the drama "Quartet," recently broadcast from 2YA. The story of "Quartet" is simple and straightforward, and the dramatic finale is almost discernible from the start—a story, in fact, that wearies one by reason of its constant repetition at the hands of rapid-fire novelists. "Quartet," in expert hands, became an instantaneous success.

Another par in the article deals with the appreciation of farce. Perhaps the powers-that-be should be more tactful in their choice of humour or more tactful in their handling of ticklish situations and should slowly educate listeners to be humour-minded. Why not? We have them air-minded, stock-minded, wrestling-minded, and are now slowly educating them into a state of centenary-mindedness, so why not educate them into a state of humour.

Take it from one who has been close to

the suicidal edge that the little chuckle which grows into a rib-aching laugh is the best of cures for the after-effects of depression, war, or any other public malady. So here's to Uncle Billy and his merry clan, the Claphams, the Dwyers, and all jesters of the air. On with their foolishness and off with the blues. We may yet hold up our heads and laugh, whether we sit alone or in the crowd.

Bulldog

Frankie (Wellington) writes:—Until I cottoned on to what had happened, I felt quite upset about "Bulldog Drummond." You see, I had so much enjoyed "Friday the Thirteenth," and how was I to know these weren't the same people? I was a second or so late in tuning in to 2YA, so perhaps I missed the announcement, but I want to say that in the circumstances the extemporisation was highly commendable.

I infer that the bus containing the cast swerved to avoid a moving pie-cart, and had to be abandoned up Newtown way. By running hard, his pockets stuffed with scripts, the producer collected a working party, and these went round knocking up their friends, arriving at the studio with ten minutes to spare. Then it was discovered that the scripts had fallen out on the way, but with pencil and paper the thing was quickly put together, parts drawn out of a hat, and breathing was nearly normal as the studio came on the air.

So what with shaky pencil writing and some people not being sure if it was "Slay" or "As You Like It," one couldn't cavil at peculiar interpretations. And if the same voice was Lord This one minute and the village idiot the next, well, what's the difference, anyhow? I was never quite sure if distant squeaks portended another forced loan from the invalid or if the owl had fallen into the bath water, but it was all very jolly, don't you know. Phyll, darling, and all that.

I am sure Captain Drummond is unaware of the fact that the Rolls-Royce people would be glad to rectify the transmission and gearbox on his car, if only for the sake of their reputation. And I want Dr. Lakington to know that his acid bath provided me with the only thrill of the evening—when I heard him fall into it. But when the callous hero cried "Pull out the plug!" my wife laughed so much she gave herself hiccoughs and spat her tea trying to drink out of the wrong side of the cup.

Derivations

Lapsus Linguae (Te Awamutu) writes:—From 2YA on Thursday evening we had a talk by Mr. Begg on "A Dip into the Doric," but unfortunately no real information was given as to its origin, and many listeners must have wondered what it was all about, so a little explanation may be quite in order. The Doric of Scotland is really Anglo-Saxon or Early English, with Gaelic and the wider Celtic plus a dash of French. Anglo-Saxon was introduced into Scotland, through the kingdom of Lothian, by the Angles, when Scotland was known as Albyn. This is the basis of the Doric, exactly the same origin as what we now call English.

The language in Scotland has developed along different lines from England, being influenced by the Gaelic and French languages. In England, although many

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