

# Pack Up Your Troubles and S I N G

## Community Singing from 2YA is as popular as ever

**E**VERY Wednesday there congregates in the Wellington Town Hall a large number of business people, young and old, to have a merry sing-song under the direction of Mrs. Albert Russell and Owen Pritchard. The aim of the sings is twofold—to provide cheer for those who participate and those who listen, and to augment the Mayor's Fund.

In the city are many cases of dire distress, and each year the Mayor's Fund has been inaugurated to provide assistance for those in need. This fund generally meets with good response, and in the past has been greatly helped by the community singers. The sing-songs are always bright and cheerful, and take people's thoughts away from the difficulties that beset them. At the same time there is a constant reminder for those who can to send in a donation, no matter how small, to help swell the fund. From all over the country come letters of appreciation of the good work done by these sings. Almost all are unanimous in voicing their approval of the idea and say that it is one of the most popular features broadcast. Letters come from young and old, from well-to-do people and from those not so well off, from those who have seen good times and those who are on the up-grade, and nearly all enclose donations which, according to circumstances, range from 6d to £5, or even more. For some people the sending of money is an impossibility, and they do their bit by sending either some hand-made article or produce of some description. Some send knitted garments and clothes of all descriptions and others livestock; and as much as a ton of potatoes has been received for disposal. A set of etchings comes from one listener, who says that she has not the ability at knitting or with needle and thread, and so has done what she could to help swell the fund.

Until the last week or so difficulties arose when it came to handling livestock and produce, but arrangements have been made with Messrs. Townsend and Paul to dispose of these through their markets. Contributions now can be accepted in any form of saleable goods whatsoever.

Letters come from all over New Zealand and are written in various strains. Here is an excerpt from a Paekakariki letter, whose writer is evidently well on in years: "I feel like 16 years of age, singing away with all of you there instead of being what I am, a grandma. All my birds I have reared have flown away from our roof to homes of their own, but I am not lonely when the radio is about and the voices of the hall can come into my home, and I will join in with them, and perhaps feel 16 once more."



*A bonnie wee laddie—Owen Pritchard, popular 2YA community sing leader.*

Another one: "I must tell you how much we enjoy this hour in Stratford. It keeps us cheery in spite of bad times—real Taranaki winter weather. We are nearly all cow cockies here, you know, but the rain makes the grass grow, so why grumble?" And this writer encloses a handsome cheque for £5.

Another one: "You say you could hug all singers? Well, I sing, too. From Cressie, Christchurch, with love and kisses."

Mr. Frank Crowther, the popular pianist, was absent last week, and many comments were made. One had set her complaint to music to the tune of "Bring Back my Bonnie to Me"—"Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my Frankie to me."

A correspondent starts: "Dear Owen,—Yes, that's right, I have paid my two bob for that privilege," and encloses five shillings. A listener in Wairoa commences his letter: "Enclosed please find 2/- from the city of bumps and shakes. Keep going. The sings are good." A writer up in the King Country declares that the sings are absolutely the best broadcasts they get.

Here is a letter written in a spiritual vein: "I wonder how many of your singers realise the spiritual value singing has in the great scheme of things. One song, 'The Promised Land,' puts it thus, 'Sing on, oh heart, His angels ever list. His angels shall make perfect our imperfect life.'"

A bright letter comes from three Scotsmen in Dunedin. "We have just been listening to your 'maternity sing' and wish to let you know how much we enjoy it. Although we come from a Scotch city, we don't like to take it for nothing, so please find 3d enclosed. Sandy, Donald and Jock." In this letter were three separate penny stamps.

**A** LETTER comes from a returned soldier: "Please find enclosed a few articles made by myself. I am unfortunately one of the disabled soldier-patients at the city home." A great tribute to the community singers is paid by this writer of Taranaki: "I must send you a few lines of appreciation of your cheerful singing I have just been listening to. Although coming from Auckland I am staying in Taranaki and I have just had my ninety-third birthday, and my eyesight is very dim, but thank God I can hear your lovely music and that you are making so many people happy in these times. I hope my boy will post this on his way to Wanganui. He is 72 years old. I would like to send you something, but I am too far away to get a postal note, but can send my love to you all and your happy family in Wellington. Your singers have made tears come into my eyes. I feel so happy (Continued on page 13.)"