

Editorial Notes.

Wellington, June 30, 1933.

WE are moved to comment this week upon human vagaries, the subtleties of human moods, the influence of indigestion upon the appreciation of art, and the little meannesses to which poor humanity is liable—so long as it is shrouded in the cloak of anonymity. A most interesting section of all newspapers is the correspondence corner, in which he with an idea and she with a whim (not that she also may not have an idea but one must round out a phrase) are permitted by long-established practice the opportunity of advancing thoughts and fancies for popular discussion. The very variety and diversity of the topics so discussed adds a lure to the section and makes it frequently the most regularly-sought corner of the paper.

BUT interesting as the items may be that are published they perhaps on occasions fall short in interest of those that are not published! To an editor's desk there come many effusions. For the genuine views sanely and conservatively expressed, there is always a welcome, whether those views are in assent or dissent of a paper's policy. But, alas, there is a class of correspondence from which no paper can expect immunity—the anonymous correspondent—normally with a bias or twist for an objective which makes the writer undesirous of revealing his or her identity. All newspapers of repute have the rule that correspondence must be signed as a guarantee of good faith. This offers no initial difficulty to a certain type. "Faked" signatures and addresses are easy—revealed only too clearly when test letters forwarded to the address given are returned through the "dead letter office"!

BROADCASTING, with its multiplicity of artists, announcers, programme organisers and so on, is so full of the personal aspect, and is so dependent upon the personal contact established between the listener and the service, that perhaps understandably there is opportunity for a greater expression of individual view than in any other phase of modern life. It is impossible that all people shall react similarly to the same item. Every day the diversity of taste, the variability of mood, is emphasised. For instance, an acquaintance recently damned by bell, book and candle the previous evening's broadcast—in particular a certain item. What was wrong with it?—was it too long, lacking in rhythm, character or what?

Everything was wrong—too long, no colour, no character. Within an hour, that same programme and the very item was the subject of considered

NEW LANDMARKS FOR CANTERBURY.

3YA's New Masts Will Be 200ft. Higher Than 2YA's.

WELLINGTONIANS are familiar with the soaring masts of 2YA rising from the 650ft. spur of Mount Victoria. Those masts are 150ft. high, but they will be completely dwarfed by the masts that are being erected for the new 3YA on the 800ft. ridge of Gebbie's Pass. These masts will soar up to 350ft. and, like 2YA's structures, will be built of steel lattice work. With that height and weight the foundations are of supreme importance, as proper anchorage to resist the piping sou'westers that roar up from the South Pole will certainly be required—while the nor'westers that career over the Canterbury Plains are also to be considered.

The contractors are now busily occupied with the foundation work for the main struts and anchors, and soon a new landmark will rear its impressive height.

praise—quite one of the best items for a long time—not too long, balanced, full of character. Again from an obviously educated body arrived a letter of protest against one YA station giving in one evening two Hawaiian melodies—her especial bete noir. The rival B station, she declared, was not guilty of such bad taste. As it happened an office listener had patronised that "B" station that very evening and was able to declare that had the lady listened throughout to her competitive nomination she would have heard not two but four Hawaiian melodies! Poor programme organisers! Surely there will be reserved for them in heaven a very special corner.

FOR it is to them that many very special "Blasts" come here below. Thus from the little collection of anonymous letters that have not appeared we cull this: "With regard to classical hours—they are not

merely dynamite—they are simply unbearable. I cannot imagine how they are able to find the trash which is broadcasted daily." But the anonymous writer generally gets down to personalities. Thus another: "If they pay — — — for the — — — he puts over they are wasting our money. It is about time they got rid of all these ministers of religion—moaning parsons and flapping old maids." And the announcers don't always please. Even the general favourites have their definite enemies who write periodically but regularly protesting and demanding their dismissal from the air! Sometimes the head of the axe sought to be ground is revealed. Occasionally when a new artist has appeared a little spate of letters of appreciation immediately flows. On occasions these are tested and found to be from bogus addresses. Publicity methods that don't come off! Similar tactics are occasionally adopted for the recall of other artists.

ENTHUSIASTS of various types swell the mailbag. Despite the little idiosyncrasies of some correspondents here indicated, the mailbag is an extremely valuable adjunct both to broadcasting and any newspaper. It is one to be encouraged. The great majority of letters are sound and sensible. Amongst much wheat there must be expected some little chaff. The one big lesson conveyed by perusal of mail matter is the infinite variety of human nature—in the mental world as in the physical; what is one man's meat is another man's poison; therefore, tolerance, brothers, tolerance. Remember this sign from the Wild West Saloon: "Don't shoot the pianiste; she's doing her best." Instead, write the editor, but dip your pen in kindness and not in gall.

KALUNBORG, Denmark's famous transmitter, is to be replaced by one of British manufacture.

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