

immensely. Tom Walls and Co. were fine, Will Yates at his best. The featurttes were good, and Morgan Davis's descriptive presentation R7.

I venture to say that programmes such as Monday's must have the broadest appeal, particularly at such times as these, for they certainly do create some merriment. What about "The Imp" as a programme-fixer, for I notice from his page that he selects as prize winners humorous items such as Topsy Turvey Week, etc. I would like to know what B station listeners thought of Monday's programme if any happened to be in on it. If I may judge, that is the type of programme they prefer. Further, if the B listeners' supply is cut off at its source, and they have to contend with programmes such as the YA for the last three nights, the board will be overwhelmed with a veritable sirocco. If the board intend to operate 2ZW they would be well advised to turn it into a comedy house, full speed, full time, full blast, and they would find all the "squealers" with their fangs drawn and everybody satisfied.

Clive Drummond would make a station of this kind famous, and incidentally enjoy himself.—I am, etc.,

W. K. CARTER.

Tuati.

A New Way to Silence The Critics

To the Editor.

Sir,—Perhaps an announcement of this kind from the YA stations might silence a few of the critics: Good evening everybody. I have a short announcement to make of interest to every listener. During the past four months there has been much adverse criticism of our programmes. We have re-doubled our efforts to entertain you, but complaints still continue to come in. Under the circumstances it has been decided to close down every station in New Zealand for a period of one month from to-night. We sincerely hope that our absence makes your hearts grow—if not fonder—at least a little more tolerant.—I am, etc.

R.L.

Wellington.

Yorkshire Inn With a Quaint Name

To the Editor.

Sir,—On page 11 in a recent "Radio Record" you have a paragraph mentioning the quaint names of four Yorkshire inns. May I add another to your list? Only two miles from my home—very hilly miles—is a small "pub," from which no house can be seen, and which seems to have lodged there on the hillside, just below the wooded crest, quite by accident, for "no roads go by." Field paths, yes, and even a rough cart track, but it was always on foot that we approached it, my father and I, in the course of our country walks, and five-year-old boys used to be glad of a rest on the bench under its front windows, with a view over wood and vale that seemed far too pastoral to belong, as they do, to the busy West Riding. The name of the inn is "Who Could Ha' Thout It?" Certainly strangers newer "thout" of finding refreshment in such an out-of-

the-way spot, until the signboard enlightened them.

The landlord was a quarryman, if I remember rightly, for the custom of the little place would barely have paid for his own and his wife's porridge and bacon.—I am, etc.

E. DEWHIRST.

New Brighton, Canterbury.

Enjoys the Divine Service Each Morning

To the Editor.

Sir,—We have an Atwater Kent and always get 2YA perfectly. I would just like to mention that we particularly enjoy the Divine Service each morning and were rather disappointed to find that more details of those services were not given in the "Radio Record." We had hoped to find stated in it the names of the various ministers conducting those services and perhaps also a description of the hymns. Is there sometimes a list of names published?—I am, etc.

ANABEL M. SYMONS.

Rahotu.

[The Broadcasting Board does not supply us with a list of the ministers conducting the morning services, nor with the hymns that are sung.—Ed.]

Effect in Auckland of Wavelength Changes

To the Editor.

Sir,—In your editorial remarks published in the "Radio Record" last week

concerning the allocation of new wavelengths to New Zealand broadcasting stations, you state, in propounding the alleged advantages and disadvantages resulting therefrom:—"The change in 2YA's wavelength means that 2YA and 2FC will be well and truly separated, a change that will be welcomed all over New Zealand."

That is all right for the owners of a few unselective sets in Wellington, but have you considered the plight of Auckland listeners whether they own selective sets or otherwise, as a result of 1YA's allocation? We will not be able to hear 2FC, 5CK or KFI, perhaps the three most favoured stations with local listeners.

Wellington's gain is very inconsiderable when you consider what Auckland will lose and with no compensation at all. We certainly have a good claim for a further consideration of the wavelength to be allocated to 1YA.—I am, etc.

AKARANA.

Auckland.

[Our correspondent would seem to have overlooked the relative powers of 1YA and 2YA. The latter's power, of 5 k.w., is ten times that of the former, and so it should be no more difficult for an Auckland resident to tune in 2FC when 1YA is working on its new frequency than it is at present for a Wellington listener, while 2YA is on the air. Of course, a selective set is needed in both cases, but then unselective sets are now well out of date. Another consideration is that 2FC's programmes are regularly relayed through several of the powerful relay stations now operating in Australia, any one of which can be picked up at good volume with a moderately powerful set.—Ed.]



"Daisy Bell" Jogged Dan Sullivan's Memory!

MAYOR "DAN" SULLIVAN, of Christchurch, would sooner hear people sing "Daisy Bell" than "The Red Flag"—well, at any rate, almost. Daisy Sullivan is the charming little

Mayoress of Christchurch, and the quickest way to the Mayor's heart is sing "Daisy Bell." But that old-time hit once not only went to his heart but also brought him to his senses. It was the old story of a comedy of errors.

The Mayor was having a busy day with correspondence and callers at his office, and getting round lunch time the Mayoress appeared, rather perturbed, to urge him "do rest for a while and have some lunch."

"That's all right, my dear," quoth he. "I'll just rush through these letters, then we can go to the community sing, and then on somewhere where it's quiet for lunch. You go into the next room and wait a few minutes. I'll lock the door so that you won't be disturbed."

The Mayor, as men in his position always are, was delayed longer than he thought. There was an absolute stream of callers.

Finally, he and the Town Clerk (Mr. J. S. Neville) dashed off just in time to make a late appearance at the community sing. As the Mayor appeared on the stage the crowd gave a roar of welcome, and struck up "Daisy Bell."

The Mayor's face was suffused in a delightful smile. Suddenly, his pleasure gave way to horror. He stared like a man seeing his ghost. At the mention of that song recollections had come back to him.

"My God," said he to the Town Clerk, "the Mayoress has been locked up in a room in the Council Chambers for the last hour!"