

On Good Friday evening, station 4ZB gave a very pleasant session devoted entirely to tunes from Disney cartoons. The tunes were interspersed with references to the life and work of the greatest of all

OUR MODERN MASTER OF MAGIC.

screen cartoonists, and these were given in a manner that indicated a full appreciation of his activities. Disney is truly the modern master of magic, and his name will live along with the names of Hans Anderson and the Brothers Grimm, for Walt is immortalising the fairy folk just as those writers did. Only more so, for Disney's creations possess vigorous life. This particular session gave a wonderful idea of the wide range of really delightful and whimsical tunes that are favoured by the cartoonist, ranging from the strident "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" from the sensational "Three Little Pigs," to the sweet little lullaby from "Lullabyland." Sessions of this type are decidedly worth encouraging.

Having felt disgustingly superior up to now about listening to rhythm boys and rhythm girls in radio, it is only fair to admit that I am obliged to bow and pay a small tribute to the Four Kings of Rhythm, whom I heard for the first time from 2YA last week. They are all right, and I beg their pardon for suspecting anything else. I had a horrid idea that they blew saxophones in frantic misery and sang and played snappy accordion solos. Instead I found they played four pianos in a manner in which the music was not subjugated by the rhythm and that they made a happy interlude in the somewhat starched and frilled National station's programme. Next Thursday night, they said, is their birthday anniversary and they are to celebrate with a special programme.

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I listened Easter Sunday morning to a relay by 3YA from the Christchurch Roman Catholic Cathedral, Barbadoes Street, and heard some of the finest choral music in a long experience. Organist was Miss Kathleen O'Connor, and conductor Miss Mary O'Connor. Clarity of tone, sympathy of expression, and due values given to phrasing—both in words and music—were outstanding. "Excellent" is the adjective to describe this broadcast.

CHORAL ART IN CHRISTCHURCH.

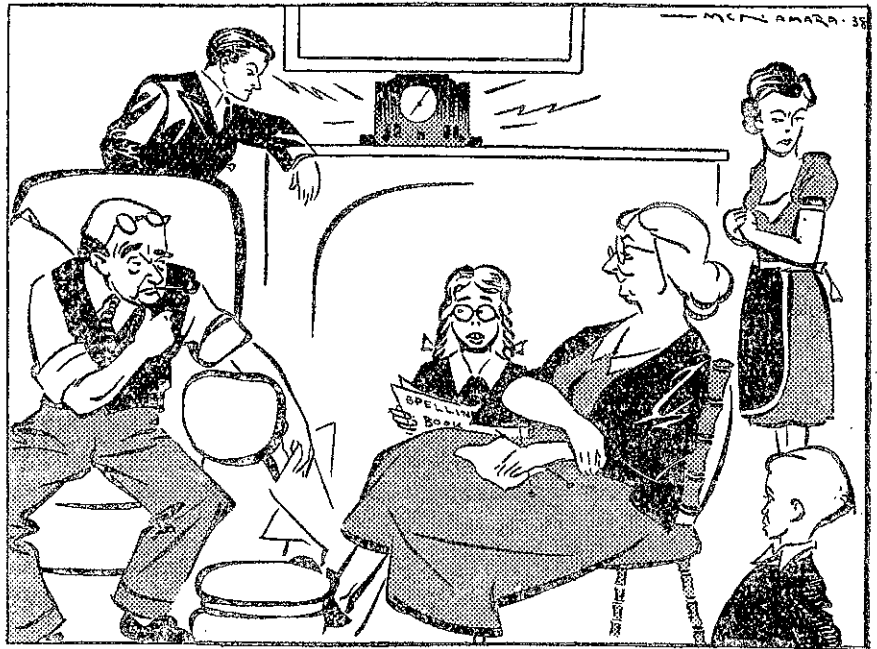
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Stainer's "Crucifixion" was performed in 4YA's studio on Good Friday night. I enjoyed the part singing very well indeed, and thought the conductor, Mr. Ernest Drake, was deserving of a pat on the back for the manner in which he drew real harmony from his choir in music that, without the proper light and shade, would have been meaningless. The number, "Fling Wide the Gates," came over the air so that it provided a genuine thrill, and almost every word could be distinctly heard. I wish I could say

CHOIR WORK WAS STRONGER THAN SOLO.

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THE AUNT DAISY FACE



For the first time on record a correspondent recently objected to Aunt Daisy, so Artist McNamara did a little family sketching...

as much for the bass singer, Mr. A. J. H. Jeavons, but I simply could not pick out his words, although I liked his voice. Mr. Drake, the tenor, too, was not as clear as I would have desired. Perhaps it might not be thought necessary in a piece the theme of which is so widely known, but, nevertheless, I could not help considering that an outline of the theme, as presented, would have ensured a wider clarity. I thought the order of events was slightly disturbed.

Thinking the fault might be rectified sooner or later, I have so far refrained from commenting on the "to-morrow night at 10 p.m." business, but when a 3ZB man fell by the roadside "the other night at 10 p.m." I turned off the radio, switched on the typewriter, and let myself go.

I WAS ANGRY THAT NIGHT, P.M.

This paragraph is a very mild version of what I wrote the night (p.m.) before. The morning light (a.m.) brought a more charitable view of announcing in general, but, oh! there's a tremendous amount of leeway to make up before many a commercial announcer may safely consider himself "peppy but correct." And so, "Good morning, this a.m., everybody!"

Last year 4ZM made a practice of broadcasting the Town Hall dances, held regularly on Saturday night. Even if, as was often the case, the music played was no means up to the standard set by recorded bands, most listeners enjoyed the association with a genuine dance and flesh-and-blood performers, and preferred to tune-in there rather than listen

LISTENERS LIKE THE REAL THING.

to stereotyped recorded numbers. So far this year 4ZM has not broadcast these dances, but last Saturday they went over to the Embassy Salon and relayed a special dance held there. The Mayfair Dance Band proved itself an excellent combination, being every bit as much at home playing old-time music as playing up-to-date swing and hotcha jazz. The full jollity of the evening was admirably captured by the microphone, and the relay, taken by and large, was a welcome change from the ordinary.

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Heard from 4YA the other Wednesday night, the Novelettes Trio, instrumentalists. Miss Muriel Caddie, piano-accordion, Mr. Wally Sinton, xylophone, and Mr. Alf ("Community Sing") Pettitt, comprised the trio, who gave two broadcasts consisting of four numbers. Personally, I have never heard a finer studio performance in this class of work, the balance and the lilting rhythm obtained being almost too good to be true. As a matter of fact, I tuned in to the station just after the first item began, and, listening for a few moments, I decided that a record had been substituted, as I did not think local talent could give such a skilled rendering. My surprise when I found out that the combination really was the Novelettes Trio, was equalled only by the intense enjoyment I derived from listening to their second appearance half an hour later. Incidentally, Alf Pettitt arranges most of the numbers to suit the limitations of the trio. He knows his job.

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For myself I have no illusions. Where there are bouquets to-day there will be stones to-morrow.—Mr. A. P. Herbert.