

I was somewhat disappointed. She gave four numbers, not one of which could be termed robust, and perhaps in passing judgment this should be borne in mind. Her voice was clear but not strong; in fact I had to turn up my set to hear her decently. I have very grave doubts whether her voice will be strong enough to be heard all over His Majesty's Theatre when the play is presented in June. One does not like to be hard in a matter like this, but sweetness of voice is not everything in casting an opera.

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Almost to the point of boredom, distinguished overseas visitors never tire of telling New Zealanders of the beauties of this country. Lord Bledisloe was a notable example. And to him, I can well believe

THE RIVIERA the warmly tinted
COMES comparisons of
ONLY SECOND some ports of the Dominion to the

French and Italian Rivieras, heard in the well-phrased dialogue of the New Zealand Railways, "Romance and Transport" programmes, from the ZB stations, would be but an expression of the simple truth, in which New Zealand, possibly, was slightly undervalued.

Apart from this aspect, the programmes do show very pleasantly that radio programmes can be just as entertaining at home as overseas. The musical portion is contributed by three leading Wellington vocalists in Miss Hilda Webster, and Messrs. Harrison Cook (bass) and Tom Hislop (baritone), while the sickly-turned dialogue comes from Wellington's O. N. Gillespie.

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Sitting comfortably at their firesides the other night and listening to 3YA, wrestling fans wriggled with delight as groans of anguish and yells of triumph poured through their loudspeakers. They

LISTENERS ALL were given a most
HEARD vivid description of
THE THUDS the unkind way

Mr. Blomfield was treating Mr. Tonti, and how Mr. Tonti became exceedingly cross when introduced to the octopus clamp. Blomfield has made himself very popular in Christchurch and demands for interviews and autographs have been legion. The much lighter and shorter Joe's sportsmanship has also brought him a host of friends. The announcer, though greatly helped by the fast and exciting nature of the combat, is to be complimented on his work.

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Freddy Dosh—who he is, or why, I know not—put over some recorded impressions, or imitations, from 4YO last week. It takes a good man to deliver a series of vastly different imitations and yet have them all sound the real thing. Dosh is the first of many radio imitators I have heard who was just about perfect in every unit of mimicry. Certainly the occasion was the first time

I have seen our cat react so violently to the impression of a howling dog. Tibby backed into the corner of the room, arched his back, spat vindictively, and stared about him in obvious terror unable to understand where the menace to his safety lay. He quietened down while Dosh continued his "fun," but the cheep of chickens again roused Tibby—hopefully this time. Finally Dosh's impression of a speeding train developed so much consternation on Tibby's part that I believe I have accidentally found out how the cat lost the tip of his tail.

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The highlight on 1YA's programme on Friday week last was undoubtedly the short song recital by Miss Molly Hayres, a Melbourne soprano and a popular radio artist, who has sung in all the big Australian studios. She

THE HIGHLIGHT lian studios. She
AT is spending an ex-
STATION 1YA tended holiday in New Zealand. Her

gloriously clear voice was heard in three songs, easily the best of which was de Giorgio's "Ave Maria," a composition seldom if ever heard in the Dominion. This was sung to a violin obbligato played by Miss Isobel Langlands, an old school chum of Miss Hayres. 1YA's telephone commenced to buzz immediately after this song had been given, and the requests for it to be sung again were numerous. In all probability listeners will have an early opportunity of hearing this capable artist sing it again. By special request, Miss Hayres gave this beautiful rendering of "Ave Maria" in St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral the following Sunday night at the main service.

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Station 2ZB gave itself and its listeners another "pain in the neck" on Sunday morning last, when its hospital sessionist announced that, owing to an outbreak of an infectious disease, the Otaki

IT HAPPENS Health Camp was
A in isolation. Two
BIT TOO OFTEN hours later, the same voice announced that "the statement was quite wrong and should never have been made," and "some parents had informed us that there was some trouble up there." This allayed alarm, but not before a good many parents had been badly worried. Again, obviously, the statement had not been checked with responsible authorities before being broadcast.

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Big Ben was given far too big a part when the NBS was casting "Twenty-Four Hours," the play from 3YA on the evening of Anzac Day. In this dramatic epitome of the events preceding the declaration

BIG BEN WAS ing the declaration
GIVEN TOO of war on August
MUCH TO DO 4, 1914, the chimes and tolling of Big Ben marked the

passing of time, and after a while interest in the play marked time while he was doing it. It surely wasn't necessary for him to have been so thorough. The only consolation was that I was able to dash backwards

and forward preparing supper while he was striking, without missing anything worth hearing. The rest of the play was pretty good, though I was amused to notice that the German spy sounded like Greta Garbo and the marching troops sounded more like a train drawing out of a station. Sir Edward Grey's speech to the House of Commons was particularly well delivered, and most of the French and German interludes came over better than one might have expected. It was with a glow of personal satisfaction that I found I was able to understand the French. It struck me that the play should logically and dramatically have ended with the declaration of war, instead of carrying on for an address by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the playing of "Land of Hope and Glory" and other patriotic airs. To my mind this ending shattered the feeling of humility which the play should have produced in the listener.

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I'd hate it to be thought that I had a particular leaning to one special broadcasting artist or combination of artists, yet I must confess that the Revellers' Dance Band has an appreciative listener in me.

HARD TO They gave an old-
BEAT time dance pro-
IN THEIR LINE gramme from 4YO last Saturday night,

and it was just right. Good as are some of the other bands at handling old-time dance music, the Revellers are in a class by themselves, and I submit there isn't a better combination in that field in New Zealand to-day. It's not that I find the music first-rate to dance to—though that would be an unassailable contention—for I never trouble to dance: it's simply that I enjoy their splendid co-operation and sense of balance, and the vigour which they infuse into their playing.

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I sometimes suspect that I have depraved tastes in radio fare, but if so I cannot help that. My depraved tastes—admitting that they do exist—find for me entertainment, and that is what I own a radio
POOR SUBSTITUTE for. Consequently,
FOR whenever I see an
MY MELODRAMA nounced that "The fruity melodrama

"Only a Mill Girl," will be presented." I'm on the station broadcasting it on time. The burlesque that provides the meat in this little hotch-potch amuses me considerably, and as it is not put on over-frequently, it does not lose its appeal. I was very disappointed when, last Thursday, 4YO for certain vague reasons did not present the melodrama as advertised and substituted an impression of the play, "Ten Minute Alibi." This latter recording is often put over the air, and though I have heard it several times during the course of listening to programmes, I still fail to see what there is in it to warrant its frequent consideration by stations of the NBS.

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