

Every student of voice production realises that enunciation is of the utmost importance in singing, yet far too many singers give all their attention to the melody, quite forgetting that the words were written for the purpose of being heard. On the other hand,

TIP FOR THE ARTISTS ON THE AIR

however, there are singers who "elo-cute" their songs so forcibly that they mar the melody. A case in point cropped up the other night when Mr. Harold Presscott, of the West Coast, was singing from 3YA. His fault lay in over-emphasis of the letter "r." His "mother" was "motherrrr." A New Zealand musician, recently returned from a trip to Australia, told me the other day that he had had one or two records made of his work, for the purpose of "hearing himself as others heard him." Other people who broadcast could follow his example with profit.



I like New Zealand in the summer, but in the winter—Brrrrrrrr!—says Frederick Collier, the singer, who is on tour with the NBS. He had the worst of

luck the other day. **FIRST TIME HIS VOICE HAS FAILED** While in Dunedin he caught a severe cold and travelled to Christchurch in appalling weather. He rehearsed at 3YA and discovered that it would not be wise to sing. After resting a day or two, he went along to the studios again to sing a Somerville song cycle. After seven minutes on the air he found he could not continue. This was the first time he had not been able to fulfil an engagement. However, he was scheduled for another performance late last week.



An old friend reappeared on 4YA's programme the other day. It was none other than that ridiculous little item, "The Three Trees." There are two versions of this, one in which an ante-

lope is frightened by a lion, and the other in which a frisky little rabbit gets the wind up when a huntsman discharges his gun. In each the three trees are "there, there, and there," and the animals drink at "the little pool of water over there," but I like the rabbit recording better. The spoken words and the catchy quirks of music that accompany the dialogue are brighter, and the quaint trilling notes that represent the bounding of the rabbit are most amusing and appropriate. I do not know in what category one would place this oddity, but I do know that I, for one, am always entertained and amused when it is presented.

Having become pleasantly accustomed to the measured tones of, in my opinion, three of the best radio announcing voices in the national network, those of Messrs. A. L. Curty and F. D. J. Crowle, of 3YA, and Gladstone Boyd, of 3YL, my attention was attracted the other night by a new voice delivering the announcements. From

NEW VOICE WAS PLEASING

later inquiries I found that the owner of the voice was Mr. I. Lawrence, who usually does the breakfast session for 3YA. He had been switched on to an evening programme. His breezy style was distinctly pleasing, and he provided a foil for the more experienced men in charge of this department. Both these YA and YL stations are fortunate in their announcers, but the introduction of a new voice now and then is good policy.



If Nelson Eddy had been giving personal broadcasts from the various Dunedin studios the other Sunday he would have been a weary man at nightfall. 4ZE's request hour contained so

many Eddy tunes that the session savoured very much of being an Eddy request hour. Later on in the afternoon the same station again presented this singer. In the early evening 4ZM gave an "impromptu" session devoted entirely to Nelson Eddy. Approximately a dozen records were played and the

Test cricket listeners should find page forty-six of this issue a useful feature.

life story of the baritone was given between items. Then, to cap everything, 4YO put over three further numbers. Of the issue only one song was duplicated. There is no question about it: Eddy is tremendously well liked by listeners these days. If a poll were taken it would probably show him as Public Favourite No. 1.



There was a time when Sunday night broadcast concerts from Wellington justified the radio boosting given in preliminary announcements. The local Commercial station has carried on the tradition

with reasonable regard to listeners' standards, but in the past few weeks it has fallen heavily from grace. In this period it has relayed three concerts of the vaudeville type, the worst of which happened on Sunday last, when at least some of the gags would have benefited by immersion in some of the cleansing products so brightly advertised from 2ZB. The station, of course, is probably very much in the hands of the concert management in such matters, but it is distressing to hear good standards going west so casually. It seems that, as the "Record" hinted not long ago, 2ZB could do with an editor.

Out of the ordinary as programmes go was the recital by Mr. Clement Hosking, interpreter of folk songs and director of the Sydney Folk Song Choir, from 1YA last Thursday evening. Mr. Hosking

ALL THE WAY FROM THE HEBRIDES sang a number of ancient songs of the Hebrides, some in Gaelic, and while he was not outstanding as a soloist, he has a baritone voice of good

quality. The recital was all the more interesting because the Sydney singer collected these folk songs during his recent stay in the Hebrides. He made the trip to the islands off this wild and rugged north coast of Scotland simply to study and collect folk songs. He lived the life of the fisher-folk and steeped himself in the atmosphere of their ancient history, the better to understand the songs and convey them to people living thousands of miles away. He thinks he has secured what is regarded as the most authentic version of Kishmul's "Galley."



I much enjoyed "It Happened in 1850," play broadcast by 1ZB players from the commercial station last Sunday week. It was the latest addition to the plays written by members of the

NCBS. **QUAINT FANCY IN RADIO PLAY** This one was from the pen of Marie Conlan, script and continu-

ity writer at 1ZB, who specially wrote it for broadcasting. It was a delightful half-hour's supposition of radio as it would have been if it had been perfected in 1850. The quaintness and dignity of Victorian times, the primness and decorum of people ninety years ago were well displayed. Miss Conlan took a difficult period and wrote a difficult plot with an easy pen.



The thousands of listeners who were waiting with their ears back to hear 1YA play, last Wednesday evening, the two recordings made by Franz Oscar Natzke, the Auckland bass singer who has just completed his third year as a student under Signor Albert Garcia at the Trinity Col-

lege of Music, London, were most impressed. Immediately the brief recital concluded—for there were only two numbers—"The Pilgrim's Song" (Tschalkowsky), sung in English, and the aria from the opera "L'Elbreno," in Italian, dozens telephoned the station. The two recordings, the property of Mrs. F. E. Natzke, the singer's mother, who lives in Auckland, were sent to her by the His Master's Voice studios. The discs will probably be sent south for broadcast by the other national stations. They were merely sample records.



Brilliant young Wanganui pianist, Colin Horsley, soon to leave New Zealand to continue his studies at the Royal College of Music, London, was the featured artist on 1YA's concert programme on Wednesday of last week. Two studies

PIANIST WHO IS WELL EQUIPPED by Chopin, a romance by Sibelius (not the more hackneyed one), and "La Campanella," by Paganini-Liszt, were his numbers. His technical excellence was striking and his performance of the "Romance" proved him thoroughly capable of deeply expressive playing. Young Horsley is extremely well equipped. He has got everything—tireless hands and fingers, physique, youth, and intelligence.