THAT quotation by Fletcher of Saltoun, "Let me make the ballads of a people, and I care not who make the laws," has a peculiar aptness when one thinks of "Danny Boy." In Inits original title, before it had F. E. Weatherly's moving poem to lend it added charm, it was called "Irish Tune from County Derry," being still better known as the "Londonderry Air."

The tune is first found in print In George Petrie's collection of Irish folk songs, published in 1855, and the composer is unknown. The melody was given to Petrie by Miss Jane Ross, of Limavady, who, with her sister, made a practice of taking down tunes from the peasants who came to that town on market day.

Doubtless it was known, loved, and sung by the family of a for-mer Prime Minister of New Zealand, William Ferguson Massey. It was in the pretty little market town of Limavady, in the valley of the Roe, that he was born. In that old homestead, near the church, this fine old tune may have been whistled, hummed and sung by all.

the music of "The Londonderry terest and value than introducthe music and even the name of which he had never heard until then. The sister-in-law sent the tune from America, and this family interest in Weatherly's work in song-writing led to the birth of other day by Don Donaldson, in a microphone interview with "Skipone of the most famous songs of microphone interview with the century.

## "Danny Boy"

It appears that two years previously he had written a song called "Danny Boy," which, by lucky chance, only required a few altera-tions to make it fit the beautiful melody that had been sent him. The song was published by Ecosey's, and in that arrangement and in many others, notably those by Percy Grainger, the tune has winged its way round the world.

"The Londonderry Air" was heard and noted down at Limavady, which is twelve miles west of the historic city of Londonderry itself. Thanks to an Irish enthusiast, an English song-writer and an Australian composer, it is now known and heard all over the globe.

The first lines known to have been set to this tune were by the poet Alfred Percival Graves, who wrote two sets of words for it, viz, "Would I were Erin's Apple Bassom," and "Emer's Farewell." The tune figures in Stanford's first "Irish Rhapsody." It was once described by Sir Hubert Parry as "the most beautiful tune in the world," and it aroused the enthusiastic acclaim of Harry Plunket Greene, one of Ireland's finest

Among all the 3000 songs F. E. Weatherly left us, there is none which is more loved than the one whose opening lines are:-

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling, From glen to glen, and down the

mountain-side,

be called one of the songs of all

2YA listeners will hear "Danny Boy" sung by Heather Kinnaird, contraito, on Wednesday, March

## IN THE WAKE OF THE WEEK'S ... BROADCASTS.

ALM for the most interweek undoubtedly goes Australia, for his 'popular' talk The talk, which on cancer.

was part of the LECTURE cancer con-ON gress, was CANCER broadcast by 2YA, and was

man, but I imagine even doctors must have been intensely The interested. The subject was ticated walls. Right after the stant repetition. I have never by treated in a straightforward, Frank Neil show has come Nicola, before felt that any particular commonsense manner, and master of magic, and, when the number was an offence in the press probably cleared up many famous man with the tall silk hat name of music, but this was, and interested. The subject was probably cleared up many doubts in listeners' minds regarding this most dreaded sands. guire emphasised are worth re- famine. emphasising. Cancer in its early stages is curable. Cancer in its early stages is painless. A fine, constructive, well-delivered speech, and worth every minute 2YA gave it. The introductory remarks by Sir James In 1912, a sister-in-law of F. E. Elliott and the Hon. Peter Weatherly, the famous writer of Fraser, Minister of Health, lyrics for popular songs, sent him contained much more of intory remarks usually do.

> Francis. "Skipper"-every-

one calls him that—seems that—seems to have had a re-EXPLOITS OF markable "SKIPPER" career. He holds

 $\begin{array}{ccc} & t \ wo & world\\ championships \ for \ swimming, \ one\\ of \ them \ dating \ back \ to \ 1912 \ when \end{array}$ he swam the Bristol Channel—a distance of 15 miles—in spite of physical handicap. This swim was the subject of one of the first moving pictures ever taken, and "Skipper" Francis toured many countries with the film, describing his experiences. During the early days of the war he raised nearly £500,000 for war charities in Australia and New Zealand. He has TEX MORTON Lind, written several songs, including 'Australia Will Be There," which sold more than 1,000,000 copies. In the course of his wanderings he has visited over a score of countries.

The curtain has rung down on "The Japanese 'Houseboy" from It seems hard to believe it after centuries—well years, at any rate. Knowing that

the end was in sight I listened EXIT OF to the few con-cluding instal-THE cluding HOUSEBOY a n d ments, found myself

moderately entertained. There was some good humour introduced out in favour of recorded plays is He from time to time, and although I had not previously listened to the feature for about two years, I can appreciate why so many people and there were many despite what one hears—listened regularly. Quite a number of things seemed to be developing in these recent mountain-side, to be developing in these recent meat, yet so far as I can gather, The summer's gone, and all the instalments, and I found myself the presentation of "Hay Fever" roses falling, wondering how the last presentation of Hay reverwers you, it's you must go and I tion was going to cope with well received. Miss Anita Winkel, must bide.

everything. It didn't. Half a dozen the producer, may feel pleased with her work for all the quali-This song, with its lover's pro matters were left "in the air," and mise, has an unfailing appeal and actually the serial didn't end at Coward the piquant entertainment may, with its deathless tune, well all. Seems as if the NBS just got he is, were well brought out. If all. Seems as if the NBS just got he is, were well brought out. If part of the ship, fed up with it, and let it drop— the NBS maintains that recorded then at Lyttelton, could not swim like that. It seems a little hard plays are better than flesh-n'-blood, on those who have followed the Hon. Archie's adventures for so

Common saying is that a "real esting radio talk of the artist" never comes to New Zea- no other word can describe it. to Dr. F. A. Maguire, of That's wrong. Some excellent sion of

> FEAST OR FAMINE

artists are brightening the early months of the New Year in Christchurch, to some andClose on

financial purpose, too. each other's heels, flesh-and-blood shows are making the old Theatre specifically directed to the lay- Royal look young again, while the Royal look young again, while the anticipatory buzz of excitement sion of his composition—and it is before the curtain rises is echoing welcomely on the theatre's sophis-somewhat hackneyed through conand the rabbits has moved on, the if we are to le treated to much Russian Ballet will draw its thou-more of it, then the sooner swing disease. Two points Dr. Ma- church, it's either a feast or a We want more feasts.



CARTOONIST'S impression of Josef Kaartinen, Finnish sexophonist, who will shortly be touring New Zealand under engagement to the NBS.

Funny thing, this fan-mail business. Since he has been in Christchurch and singing hill-billy songs for 3ZB, Tex Morton has accumulated a fan-mail that would make

Nordica, Jenny Lind, Caruso and a few more HAS late and present MANY FANS stars

anaemic. Myself, did not write to Tex. He told me the other night, through my radio set, to "take a l'il look at mahself and wroite home to mahself and wroite home to mooocooother"—in other words to reflect on my past and go into retrospect about what I could do for that "gran' l'il ole loidy." was unmoved. Tex certainly has so red a marvellous radio style. Thou That he got from drinking his port sands seem to adore it.

The presentation of a studio play from NBS stations is becoming too much of a rarity. Why the service has practically cut them

STUDIO PLAY

hard to underedly prefers the flesh and blood talent. Noe I

Coward may not be every man's with her work, for all the quali-ties that go toward making Noel there's some explaining to be done, for "Hay Fever" was better than most of the recorded plays we have been getting lately.

Murder! Just plain murder, and land until his English and Con-refer to a record played from 4ZB tinental audiences are sick of him. just lately. It was a "swing" verfrom the "Barcarole"

> SWINGING CLASSIC

Tales of Hoff-man. I didn't catch the name of the orchestra perpetrating the outrage, but

would not worry me if it were the finest orchestra in the world. Thank heaven poor old Offenbach With theatrical Christ-music goes into the limbo of forgotten things, the better. One of the most amazing things-to mewas he, out of the medley of blaring and distorted sounds, the rhyt\_m of the original piece was sometimes struck.

In a backstage relay from the Stanley McKay "Gaieties" of 1939, Alec McDowell gave 4ZB listeners something unusual in theatrical broadcasts. Alec and the various members of the

company inter-BROADCAST viewed seem to from enjoy the m-selves thor-BACKSTAGE

oughly, a not of chatted quite naturally. Most of those interviewed had had radio experience at some time or other, speaking with that quiet confidence which can be acquired only through microphone experience. One of the most interesting features of the broadcast was the reference to the Sydney Harbour "show boats." Fitted up as travelling theatres, these boats combine an excellent variety show with a harbour cruise. Frequently the boats range alongside one another the in the harbour and exchange artists, thus accomplishing the dual purpose of giving patrons a more varied programme, and allowing the artists to give a double show.

Heard a scandalous version of John Peel the other night from "Rhapsodies in during a Rhythm" session. It was by Lew Stone and his band, if I remember

rightly, and Mr. Stone and his JOHN PEEL merry swung that fine SWING old.

in bed . . .

tune until John Peel himself must have been revolving rapidly in his grave. The words were as authentic as the

D'ye ken John Peel with his nose

The ditty also included a new version of the manner in which famous huntsman met his

drank a glass of what he thought was hock; stand, for the 'Twas only water and he died of public undoubtshock.

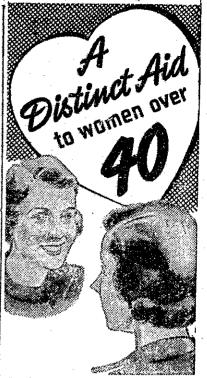
> Time certainly does march on, I met a sailor in Christchurch

"What's all this the other day. learn-to-swim business?" he asked I assured him that he had only to listen to a radio station, for

**PRACTICAL** VALUE OF RADIO

instance 3YA. He made the amazing state-ment that half the men in his

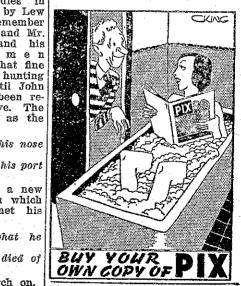
a stroke. He next organised a party for tuition and, while the tars cannot yet be said to have taken to the water like ducks, they can make a passable effort.



During the forties, Nature takes a greater toll of a woman's re-serves of health. The system during these years needs to be toned up to meet the extra demands.

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