

Singing Their Way Through a Honeymoon

Heather Kinnaird
and Raymond Beatty
a Harmonious Pair
of Broadcasters



"A BENCH IN THE PARK" is where our photographer discovered these two honeymooners in Wellington. They are Heather Kinnaird, contralto, wife of Raymond Beatty, bass-baritone, who are touring the national stations.

ALTHOUGH they've been "Mr. and Mrs." since the middle of August, Raymond Beatty and Heather Kinnaird are still on their honeymoon, making a tour of the New Zealand Broadcasting Board's main stations. What's more, they are keeping the honeymoon idea going right up to the time they sail by the Wanganella in a few weeks from Auckland. In fact, they were as much a honeymoon couple as a pair of distinguished artists when a "Radio Record" representative spotted them while they were in Wellington last week.

Both of them have been received warmly by broadcast listeners during their seasons at various stations in New Zealand. Heather Kinnaird (artistic people like to keep up the illusion of single blessedness) is giving us a generous helping of her splendid contralto-voice, and her husband's bass-baritone is being heard for the second occasion of a Dominion tour, for he was here last year. Together the two are doing beautiful work in duets.

To judge by the happiness of their natures, the harmony of their broadcast work is maintained in their life away from the studios.

"In fact, we get on perfectly together, for now we're married we can tell each other when our work in rehearsals is not up to the mark," said Mrs. Beatty with a sly wink. "We can tell each other just what we think, instead of saying a piece is well sung when it isn't. I mean, we don't have to be so polite about it."

I cocked an eyebrow at Mr. Beatty. "Oh, yes, it really does help," he said with a grin—not quite a blush. Then he added without a suggestion of uxoriousness, "Of course, Heather doesn't need much correction, because her singing is just right—"

"Well, if I say the same about you, I mean it," interrupted the other half of the bargain. "But there are always little errors that we can correct in our singing, and we are always trying to improve ourselves. That's why it's so wonderful to be married to someone with the same interests as yourself. No, the so-called artistic temperament hasn't crept into our honeymoon yet. We've been too busy enjoying the whole tour."

"You don't mind working on your honeymoon?"

"It doesn't even seem like work when

you're so fond of music and singing," replied Mrs. Beatty with perfect sincerity.

These two people, from their account of it all, seem to have the capacity for making their New Zealand trip as much a holiday as a broadcast tour. They are frankly enthusiastic about New Zealand.

"We had a marvellous all-day flight from Dunedin when we were down there," said Mr. Beatty. "It was perfect flying weather, and we stopped for a while at Cromwell—"

"And what a lark," put in Mrs. Beatty, laughing at the memory; "when we arrived there was no suitable conveyance, so we all rode two miles to the town in the petrol wagon."

The pair were most enthusiastic about the trip over Lakes Hawea, Wanaka, Te Anau and Manapouri to Mount Aspiring, "the most perfect view you could ever wish to see." They landed again in Dunedin at 5.30 p.m. Mr. Beatty considered the scenery comparable with that of the Rocky Mountains, through which he had passed on his way back from England.

Before they leave by the Wanganella Mr. and Mrs. Beatty intend to spend several days in the Rotorua district—an entirely new experience for both of them. Then their honeymoon will be over.

"During our southern tour I have been described as a 'bass-baritone' on two occasions," Mr. Beatty mentioned with a twinkle. "But Heather knows it was a mistake."

"Oh well, I haven't found him out yet, but I do hope nobody took it seriously," the young wife smiled.

When they return to their native Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty are going to set up home (already purchased and furnished), and keep right on sing-

ing. It was in Sydney that they first met, more than ten years ago, when Miss Kinnaird won the Salonola Scholarship and Mr. Beatty was runner-up. Thereafter they did their first recital together and their first oratorio, after study under Mr. Roland Foster. In 1931 Raymond Beatty went to England for two and a half years to continue his studies, and on his return was in great demand for concert and broadcasting work in all the eastern States of the Commonwealth. When he returns from the present New Zealand tour he will go into rehearsals for opera in association with Florence Austral and other visiting singers.

Miss Kinnaird's career has literally gone hand-in-hand with Mr. Beatty's, for they have been heard in joint recitals for some years across the Tasman. Dame Clara Butt had predicted a successful future for the young girl—Miss Kinnaird had barely reached her majority when she gave her first recital.

One of the most interesting occasions of her life was not long ago when she was asked at short notice to sing "Die Junge Magd," a difficult song by Hindemith, in a Sydney Conservatorium recital by Percy Grainger, who also arrived in New Zealand last week. After her performance the famous pianist said that he could teach her nothing about lieder, to judge by that recital.

Mrs. Beatty related an anecdote which illustrates to some extent Percy Grainger's philosophy: On one occasion he had told her that "no human being is worth a cracker unless they've a bit of evil in them."

"Then you'd rather spend an afternoon at Parramatta Gaol than at a tea party?" inquired the contralto.

"Most decidedly," the pianist replied.