Guide of Science

SPECIAL ARTICLE

(Continued from page 6.)

her ambitious but misguided mother was bent on making an accomplished musician out of her. Tests revealed that she had no more talent for the plane, or any sort of music, than an oyster. Mother gave up the fight and Clara became a highly efficient confidential secretary.

It is amazing how many Claras have been, and still are, being made to crash along the keyboard somehow, and how many fond parents are literally breeding "inferiority complexes" by their persistence in what is a cruel mistake. You only have to look in on a backblocks concert in New Zealand during your holidays or so to a home party. your holidays, or go to a home party or two in the city to realise that!

Here is where the proposed Conservatorium of Art would be a great boon to New Zealand. The importation from America of a "vocational psychology" expert would be well worth a purse or two out of the fund built up by listeners' fees.

We know, from recent experience, that when young genius is discovered, there is generally a move to raise cash to send him or her for overseas' training. But, when it comes to determining whether a person has any musical talent at all, a "tests" department could quite well be part of the conservatorium.

Obviously, however, no two cases for diagnosis can be exactly the same. But only recently I heard of a case in

Christchurch which may be of interest to those performers—and there are many of them—who can manage a plane keyboard very creditably "by ear."

A young man, who had been playing in this fashion ever since he could remember, wanted to learn sight-reading. He proved to be a hopeless duffer. His wise teacher said, after a few lessons, "I'm afraid you're wasting your money and my time. You play amazingly by ear. Stick to it."

He did and, such is his knowledge of the keyboard and his ability to retain a melody, that he is warmly welcomed in musical circles. That's "a gift." He knows he could never learn to sightread, so is putting in all his spare time to perfecting his style of interpretation.

Naturally, a love of music does not always go hand in hand with talent, though people low in the scale of talent can learn to sing and play for their own amusement—when the rest of the family is out.

And so, if little Jennifer shows a burning passion to negotiate "Rousseau's Dream" on the front-room upright, there is no reason why she should not be assisted to get all the fun she can from it.

But, if the said little Jennifer makes a mess of the simplest pitch test-and I am sure there are many people in New Zealand even now capable of giving them-don't, for Heaven's sake, tell her she's made for the concert stage.

All of us may derive pleasure from listening to music, and this pleasure can be enhanced by a study of musical appreciation. As a famous musician once put it, "Although every child cannot make a contribution to music, music can make a contribution to every child." That goes for adults, too.

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KIWI-KINKS CLUB! Here is an example for the fascinating free competition for this month. The correct meaning of the above "pidgin" English sentence is "See my dog, he goes fast, so does the tin tied on him." The rules are:—

- 1. Take a writing pad and rule ACROSS its lines to form the above chart-20 spaces, into which you write anything that will read as sentences with sense of meaning, placing one letter in each space for words, and separating all words by one or more blank spaces. This WHOLE sheet from a writing pad with your home-made chart—with your total score CORRECTLY added up, and your name and address below the chart is all the entry form that you require.
- 2. Bad grammar—ANYTHING is allowed in your efforts to get lots of DOWNWORDS, which constitute your score—one point per letter for each TRUE WORD you can form, and you must place your word-scores and total score as shown in the example.
- 3. Entries will not qualify that do not read as sense, that employ lewd words, where mis-spelling occurs, where scores are set down wrong, as, except for these simple things, no judging is needed, for your entries PROVE their merits as to if or not they should have won a prize. Entries must be accompanied by your monthly club dues, and reach The Secretary, KIWI-KINKS, P.O. BOX 181, Te Aro, Wellington, by the 25th of July, and results will be published in this paper August 5th.

PUBLIC NOTICE: These amusements are conducted by the Club for its members only, all of whom are equal, and control the club by their votes, and our competition prizes are the whole of the monthly club dues, after deduction of expenses, but we guarantee this total to never be less than £30, which is divided as: 1st prize will be at least £15; 2nd prize not less than £6; and the balance in consolations of £1 each. Our Club has a hearty welcome to all that wish to join us, which they can do by sending in an entry in above competition, together with a P.N. for 1/-, and a stamped addressed envelope for return of their certificate as a MEMBER.

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The guaranteed prize-money, £30, has been deposited with the "N.Z. Radio Record" as a guarantee of good faith, but not so as to involve that paper in the liability as stakeholder or otherwise.

Story with Moral

(Continued from page 13.)

"Too bad," she said. "It was such a good story." Then added: "Robert Taylor is proud there are hairs on his

"So's everyone," grunted the inquiry an. "O'Brien is, so are Humphrey

Bogart, George Brent and Paul Muni. Muni rears a forest."

"Go on," she urged. "What about Brian Aherne? He's been working in "The Great Garrick," hasn't he?"

"He has and he hasn't," said the in-

quiry man.

"Now you're being flippant," she complained.

"Well, he has been working but he's got no hairs. Not enough for you to mention anyway."

"I'll mention them," she said decidedly, "even if they're only two. Strag-gling, I suppose?" she prompted. "Like Errol Flynn's?"

"I expect so," answered the inquiry man wearily.

"And Wayne Morris?"

"Few—scattered."
"Dick Powell."
"Same."

"Edward G. Robinson?"

'What would you think, lady?"

"Well, I'd think plenty." "Right again. Now, look here, who started you on this silly story?"

"I told you. Leslie Howard."
"You run along," pleaded the inquiry
man, "and say that Howard's chest is
as smooth as a baby's. That'll start
something. "The got week to 32." something. I've got work to do."
"It's my assignment," she said stub-

bornly. "I can't be bothered to quarrel with you. Just before I go, do tell me. Do you think Dick Powell considers his few scattered hairs a handicap to his career?"

"Look here, skip it. Run along. I

still think it's a silly story."

The young woman looked at the inquiry man in surprise. "Do you? But it might be funny."

The inquiry man laughed hoarsely. "Good-bye," he said.

"Good bye..."

AND next week probably the interview appeared under huge black headlines, with pictures. And here we are, reproducing at least half of it in the "Radio Record."

Fancy!

Strong Family Tie

(Continued from page 15.)

have said to their own mother in real life. . And for the moment the family is real life to them.

ALREADY some sixty episodes in the life of "One Man's Family" have gone over from the Commercial stations. Just lately another 133 episodes have become available. The family has thus been granted another two years of playing life in New Zealand.

Once the American creator of the family, Carlton Morse, went on vacation for a few months. When he came back three secretaries were

kept busy for a long time explaining where the family was.

Once, through certain commercial complications, the life of the family, as far as Australian broadcasts were concerned was nearly ended. Five thousand listeners begged that it should go on. . . It went on.