

THOSE MARBLE HALLS--Continued from Page 1.

Musical talent in the Dominion itself was given satisfactory treatment, up to a point.

But in spite of the vast accumulation of funds, no strenuous and determined effort was made to build the solid foundation of music in New Zealand by the formation of a State Symphony Orchestra.

The Broadcasting Service is sitting on the eggs to hatch out the Conservatorium.

Talent Needed

BUT the "Record" asks: What is the use of a Conservatorium if there is not a strong body of musical talent to fill it?

YOU CAN BUILD A TEMPLE TO VENUS, BUT THAT WILL NOT NECESSARILY BRING UP THE BIRTH-RATE.

IN today's issue on another page the "Record" tells of a "Promenade" concert

EX-BOY SOPRANO

Job For Jimmy Fitzpatrick

"LOCAL Boy Soprano Makes Good" is the title for Jimmy Fitzpatrick's success story, for Jimmy, the young Auckland, who won a high place in 12B's big Personality Quest, has been engaged by



Jim Davidson to sing with his ABC Dance Orchestra.

The Personality Quest, it may be remembered, was won by Stuart Harvey, but Jimmy Fitzpatrick did very well, and secured several radio and theatre engagements following the Quest. When his voice broke he turned into a pleasant baritone.

Singing with Jim Davidson is a big step up in his career.

given by the Wellington Symphony Orchestra.

This concert was part of a strenuous effort by the orchestra to surmount its financial disabilities.

The Wellington Symphony Orchestra, only full strength symphony orchestra in New Zealand, has to struggle to survive.

Members get about £1/10/- for a performance, plus four rehearsals. The Broadcasting Service assists in small ways by broadcasting the three concerts a year and giving the use of its studio for rehearsals.

Otherwise, the society struggles along with what

public and private support it can get.

BBC in England runs one of the new world famous symphony orchestras. Lowest paid members get £10 a week.

Compared with this, New Zealand conditions are almost pathetic. There is little encouragement for new musicians to come or the ones we have to stay.

Truly, if something is not done, we shall find ourselves with a fine Conservatorium and nobody to put in it.

Artists First

THE "Record" does not complain of the expenditure of the money on a Conservatorium by the Government and Professor Shelley.

It would prefer to see half a million pounds spent on a Conservatorium than a million spent on a new railway station.

But it does suggest, very strongly, that the artist is the first consideration, the building in which he performs, the second.

During his visit to New Zealand last year the famous Moiseiwitsch told the "Record" that the formation of a State Symphony Orchestra was the first need in New Zealand.

The concerto, he said, was the basis of musical achievement. With an orchestra of men who were full-time musicians and not amateurs tired after a day at the office, conductors like Malcolm Sargent and others could pay visits and

play works of great value to the community.

In the "Record's" opinion it is the duty of the Broadcasting Service to build up the orchestra first, build up the Conservatorium second.

Our Own People

THERE is another point worthy of comment. Today young New Zealand artists who have done well abroad are coming back to New Zealand.

They are given engagements by the Broadcasting Service but they are not sent on tour. They are given broadcasts at various centres, if they happen to be in those centres, on the requisite date.

The policy of the service, however, has been to send only overseas musicians on tour.

New Zealanders who have been given engagements by the BBC in England and the ABC

in Australia are not yet given the chance of touring in their own country for the NBS.

This is not the policy likely to bring our young artists back to this country after training abroad.

Again, no doubt, this is partly a question of economy and partly a question of the standard of talent.

But where the standard is high enough, the Broadcasting Service should see that it has full encouragement and opportunity.

The Conservatorium can wait, the artists cannot wait. The Conservatorium is useless without artists to fill it.

Mrs. Beeton said it all in her famous recipe for Jugged Hare:

"FIRST," SAID MRS. BEETON, "CATCH YOUR HARE!"

This World of Ours

Herr Goebbels has declared a Christmas holiday from crisis for Europe.

Hugh Herbert: "When I can't sleep, I get up and watch the goldfish. The first thing I know, one of them will gape at me. Then I yawn at him. We keep this up for a few minutes, and usually I'm so sleepy that I can't find my way back to my bedroom."

O.K., Shoot!

THESE days a good deal is being written about the new method of diplomacy introduced by Mr. Chamberlain, and

and said: "Are you Dick Tater?"

Winding herself round the Fuehrer's heart in an instant, little Shirley would have soon become his playmate until the moment would come when—just on the point of ordering his air force to bomb Prague to bits—the Fuehrer would have toyed idly with the passport round Shirley's neck and suddenly found she was a Czechoslovakian orphan. There would have been a grand scene then, chock full of human interest, the Fuehrer making the Big Choice between bombing Czechoslovakia and wounding little Shirley's love of him for life.

At the moment when he decides for little Shirley, cameramen would spring out of their hiding places and get ready for the scene in which Shirley throws her arms round the Fuehrer's neck and says, "I like you, Dick Tater, you're a nice man," and the producer was to say:

"O.K., boys, shoot."

Only thing the film boys are not sure about is what will happen when the producer gets that little phrase off his chest.

NEW grounds for divorce were put forward by Mrs. Bertha Carter, of Trenton, N. Jersey. Explained petitioner Carter: "It gets simply too monotonous having to cut down my husband every time he tries to annoy me by hanging himself."

Town Talk

HOPES expressed last week by the District Governor of Rotary for New Zealand that the country will put itself out to make things attractive for tourists from abroad are likely to be realised in at least one respect if we can believe what one High Authority told us with a naughty simper last week.

"Don't go publishing this," he said, "because we don't want to rouse opposition at this stage, but I tell you in confidence that we are snacking things along in our plans for the cabaret at the Centennial Exhibition. It will be got up in pretty modern style and we think it will make the

Night Club boys and girls of New York and London sit up and rub their eyes.

"We are calling it *The Garden of My Grandmother*," he said. "There will be a bar at one end for the service of patrons. Squads of Girl Guides will be engaged each evening to give turns in between the dances. The turns will be somewhat on the lines of the floor shows at the Berkeley and the London Casino, but instead of Apache dances and degrading scenes like that the girls will give utterly decent exhibitions of Swedish drill and hockey. The bar I spoke of," said the High Authority, "will be a milk bar. We are getting special permits to stay open until 10 o'clock, but on gala nights we may go on till 10.30. We think that will be late enough, don't you? And lots of the tourists we've mentioned it to unselfishly say they wouldn't mind a scrap if a show like this doesn't open at all."

Oh, My Aunt!

SCHERIE recommended at the Plunket Society Conference last week for a voluntary "aunts" brigade, made up of voluntary "aunts," who will give up a few hours weekly to help mothers by looking after their children, came as a shock to young Cousin Wilfred Wildflower.

"The mater is just the one to muscle in on this racket to get someone to look after me," said Cousin Wildflower sourly, our cousin's experience of aunts being that of the character of the Master Wodehouse, who remarked that, at the baying of his aunts, strong men climbed trees and pulled the trunks up after them.

"I do think the Plunket Society ought to be more careful in what it recommends," said Cousin Wildflower bitterly. "A well-meaning society, no doubt, but short-sighted."

But when we saw Cousin Wildflower again only a few days ago, he was radiant about the scheme.

The mater being away, he told us, he had put in an application for himself and chosen an aunt to look after him on his own.

Slim and blonde she was, with a neat way of squeezing into the seat of the low rakish two-seater sports car that Cousin Wildflower affects.

"Of course, she's a bit on the young side for an Aunt," said Cousin Wildflower when we met the other day, "but lots of odd things happen in this life. Just a few evenings ago, I read a queer tale about a chap who, brothers and sisters had he none



—Ken, U.S.A.

Sentenced to Life.

but that man's father was his father's son. Well, we've got to rush along now. I'm taking Auntie to see the view from the hills by moonlight this evening. Toodleloo, old boy. Are you ready, Auntie?"

"Step on it, baby," said Auntie, adding with a girlish laugh, "Oh, you Plunket!"