



THE afternoon I sailed from Cape Town for Sydney last year I broadcast from one of the radio stations. Following me

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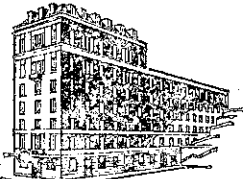
Telegrams: "Hoteland," Auckland.



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Telegrams: "Cargen," Auckland.



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Opposite Railway Station, within 3 minutes of Queen Street. Glorious view of harbour. Artistically appointed, completely new throughout. Offers a tariff unrivalled in any part of the world. Tariff: 18/6 day.

Telegrams: "Stationel," Auckland.



Auckland.

Further particulars on application to Hancock & Co., Ltd., Box 21, Auckland.

★ That "wretched man Hutchens" (there's a Richard Andrew picture of him on the left) started off by holding up the ship at Capetown and finished up by being the most popular man on board . . . Trevor Lane tells you about a new and important composition by Frank Hutchens . . .

on the programme was a man named Hutchens, who was travelling from England to Australia on the same ship.

I finished my broadcast, raced in a taxi to the ship, which was due to sail at five. But the hour passed and still we were firmly tied to the wharf.

"I WANT to try to capture something of the atmosphere of the four biggest cities of New Zealand," Frank Hutchens said to me. "They're all so different and so full of a charm of their own."

I quoted to him the remark Merton Hodge had made to me in London about Auckland and Wellington.

"Auckland," said Merton, "enjoyed itself with tennis

little say. I must congratulate you on your neat reply to Mr. Buchanan-Taylor, but, man, why didn't you make it ten times more venomous? Quite evident he has no insight into the lives of the less fortunate, and apparently not a vestige of imagination.

"I have just read Dave

Packing

"What's holding us up?" some shipboard acquaintances asked.

"Some wretched man named Hutchens," I replied. "He was due on the air after me and he hasn't got back from the studios yet."

★ BUT eventually the "wretched man named Hutchens" arrived on board and I discovered he was Frank Hutchens, that we had both been born in Christchurch, that he was now the eminent composer and one of the most valued associates of the Sydney Conservatorium of Music.

Everyone on the Nestor liked Frank. He wasn't one of those highbrows who curled a thin upper lip when you mentioned any lesser composer than Beethoven. In the mornings he would give us a concert of good music . . . in the sherry hour before dinner he'd play "The Lambeth Walk" or any other piece of light tomfoolery we'd ask for.

★ THE other day he called on me in Wellington on his way to spend a holiday with his brother, Will Hutchens, in Christchurch.

And he told me something that he said "was not for publication" and then finally relented and said I could spill the beans if I really wanted to.

It's this:

At the moment he's at work on an ambitious suite of music to be called "The Four Cities."

parties and yachting and so on. Wellington has a much more sophisticated air—it has a political and a diplomatic background which makes it seem more grown-up."

Frank Hutchens was interested in that, asked me to repeat it. So when I hear the "Four Cities" suite I shall try to discover (although I know precious little about music) the subtle nuances in the Auckland and Wellington parts of the composition.

★ FRANK HUTCHENS is one of those rare souls who always look for the good in people. On the ship—and, heaven knows, there was enough scandal talked among the sea-bored passengers to start a brace of slander actions!—Frank was the friend of everyone, the one

by
Trevor
Lane

person who could discover good qualities in even the most catty old maids.

★ INDIGNANT—but not with me—is Christabel Nation, of Levin. In a letter she says: "I have been so indignant since reading PASSING PAGEANT of the 13th that I must have my

Marlowe's most entertaining and enlightening book 'Coming, Sir.' It gives one a vivid picture of the hardships and ingratitude of a waiter's life. One feels tempted to present Mr. Buchanan-Taylor with a copy . . . if you ever have any further trouble with this gentleman, please give it to him 'good and hard'."

★ THANK you, Christabel Nation, for your stout defence and also for the other nice things in your letter. Actually, I have met Mr. Buchanan-Taylor several times and I have no doubt that his employers regard him as an excellent servant.

But that won't stop me from lashing out occasionally at a system that seems to be all take and no give. Everybody in this life isn't equipped to battle against modern civilisation—but that's no reason why they should be shackled with chains of misery and poverty.

★ YOU know, poverty and hunger are tolerable in the abstract. What I mean to say is, China's starving millions leave me fairly unmoved, and if I go to a charity show for Spanish refugees I must confess I'm thinking more of my own entertainment than I am of the ultimate destination of the money I've paid. But hunger and poverty on your own doorstep are differ-