

Spurred on by the knowledge that in the ranks of the *scratchy records group* there are people who are well qualified to add to our knowledge and appreciation of the performing arts through gramophone recordings, the *Gazette* is proposing a long term project which will see information gathered and published in the form of a standard reference guide. Briefly, it will take the form of a listing of all the international artists that have graced our shores who also made commercial recordings. For a start the period covered will extend from cylinders in the 1890s and terminate towards the end of the 1950s when 78rpm recordings ceased to be made.

The scope of this project is such that no one individual could undertake this work without a wider network of information gatherers. If the idea receives support in the form of contributions a data base set up to render all information received into a standard format.

One of the first requirements to be decided will be to establish the basic criteria for the project. For instance should dates be extended to cover more recent times and besides vocalists, should instrumentalists and variety artists be included.

To give an idea of the size of the undertaking, I have made a list of all the celebrity vocalists from

continued on the back page



There used to be a time when New Zealand record collectors' balked at the thought of being asked to express opinions on various artists whose records came here with pedigrees from journals like *High Fidelity* and *The Gramophone*. It was not a case of feeble servitude, cow-towing to those who new better. On the contrary those in my circle of friends who indulged in collecting records were very knowledgeable and well read on their subject. What they lacked when it came to offering constructive criticism on artists and their music was first hand experience in the form of being able to attend actual performances and a platform or environment where they could air their comments and opinions.

The Scratchy Record group helped to fill this void coupled with increasing travel overseas by a number of our members has finally broken down the resistance we once had to offering valid assessments on those records we love and collect. But before we turned the corner on this, there was one person I felt I could turn to for an indigenous opinion on musical matters in connection with collecting records and that was John Gray.

Towards the end of the 1950s I met John Gray in the company of Jack Henderson. With them I kept my mouth shut and my ears open. When Jack Henderson moved to the South Island in the 1960s, he gave me a sheaf of letters that had come from John, representing correspondence he had held with Leo Reimens shortly after the second world war. As I read these I realised there was a New Zealand voice that held opinions and made sense when it came to interpreting the merits of one singer over another. When I was offered the opportunity to use the following piece by John which he wrote in 1986 for a friend, I thought there was no better way to demonstrate to others in our group his skills and understanding of records and music. In the same breath I realised that not everyone would have the recordings he alludes to in the EMI set EX210169-73 which featured 214 singers on 13 LPs covering the years 1926-1939. So to give it more appeal, I put all the artists names he mentions in bold type, so it might serve as a text for future reference if and when you encounter the singers he mentions.

I have been waiting years for this, for two main reasons. It represents "my" period (formative years) and of course, we are at long last out of the acoustic murk. I do not despise all that went before, but am not one of those silly old fossils who used to aver that only the old-style horn process could reproduce the true timbre of a voice. Maybe that is true, to a degree, of some exceptional voices such as **Caruso's**, but the early microphones, however primitive, were able to give us at last,

some overtones and a sense of "presence".

I am moved to begin not with the singers, but with what they actually are singing. The result here is, to me at least, astonishing. Would you believe it possible, or even imaginable, that someone could produce over 200 tracks by as many different singers from that era, without including one note of *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Aida*, *Cav & Pag.*, *Lucia*, *Manon*, or - wait for it- *Faust*? *Faust*, which was given in every Covent Garden season from the mid 1800's to about 1928, and so often at the old Met that the place was once dubbed the Faustspielhaus? On the other hand, the almost complete absence of Mozart (two pieces, and neither of them exactly mainstream) must tell us something of how Amadeus was regarded at that now distant time. Bel canto (in an era that Ernest Newman used to say was dominated by can belto) has fared a little better but not much. Rossini represented by two arias and a song or two; Donizetti and Bellini, plus early Verdi, do a little better. No Russian operas save a clutch of excerpts from, of all thin *The Tsar's Bride*, but there's lots of Wagner as befits one of the century's best epochs of Wagnerian singing, and verismo comes in for quite an airing- from *Chenier* to *Il Re* and *Siberia* to *Loreley*, with lots of odd bits from those Mascagni works that have sunk into near-oblivion. Plus such exotics as *Il Figliuol Prodigio* (who wrote that ?) , *Il Guarany*, *Maristella*, even *Salvator Rosa*. Eve Queler and her New York opera society still have a lot of reviving to do.

But to the singers. Whatever happened to **Martinelli** (save for an obscure soprano of that name who didn't have an operatic career because she was a very tall lady?) . Poor old **Galli-Curci** seems to have gone down the plughole, likewise **Jeritza**. She is more remembered through her prima donna antics than for her actual voice, but she could sing, and might well have replaced one or two of the Italian screamers. No **Giuseppe de Luca**, which seems an aberration. Admittedly some of these, were in the previous volume, but surely the peak years of Martinelli's career fell in the period under review?

Magherita Grandi deserved something. She is now one of opera's mysteries, because no one seems to know if she is alive or dead, or where - and must now be well into her eighties. Then I think of **Hislop**, **Rautawaara**, **Ivogun**, both the **Konetznis**, **Gertrud Kappel**, **Fernand Anseau**, **Fanny Heldy**.....

Enough of negatives - let's look at what we do have. Michael Scott has produced potted biographies of the whole crowd, preferable to the quirky comments in his "books" which came with the earlier volumes. We start off with the "Germans", headed of course by a Dane. We are

told straight out that **Melchior** was streets ahead of any other Wagnerian tenor who has ever lived (at least presumably in this century) and can well believe it on hearing his defiant song to Venus. **Max Lorenz** is well summed up, and about time. He comes in for a lot of abuse nowadays, but he was a fine artist. I know, because in 1946 at Vienna I heard a lot of him; Florestan, Siegmund, Tannhauser, Otello, Hermann in *The Queen of Spades*, never less than good and sometimes-quite thrilling. Here he is granted a snatch of Siegmund. **Volker** does *Lohengrin* and **Ralf** a slice of *Tiefeland*, and the divine **Tauber** is heard in a *Fledermaus* duet with **Vera Schwarz**, which oddly had been released only in the Argentine. **Herbert Ernst Groh**, described as purely a gramophone artist, I have always associated with light stuff. Here he does the tenor solo from *Rosenkavalier*, at a leisurely speed, and in the circumstances he is actually allowed to finish it without being rudely interrupted by an unappreciative Baron Ochs.

But nothing in this batch moves me more than **Leo Slezak** in an almost unbelievably delicate "Mondnacht" of Schumann. He was an enormous hulk, and his "thinning down" here is quite surprising and touching. Poor little **Joseph Schmidt** does something from *Die Tote Stadt* which must be a favourite of the compiler, since this opera pops up more than once. The aristocratic **Patzak**, whom I heard once, striding through Hoffmann like the passage of doom, is well served by Belmonte's "Konstanze's aria from *Die Entführung*. **Schlussnus**, heard in opera and lieder, is one of the few participants who is granted an encore.

Herbert Janssen does an unpublished "*Die Stadt*", most affectingly. And who would be unmoved by **Schorr's** traversal of a (Germanised) bit of *Elijah*? And so it goes on. We strike our first bit of Verdi from that blackest of bases, **Ivor Andresen**, Banquo's aria from *Macbeth* - done like thunder. The **Kipnis** piece is inspired - a sparkling bit of Lortzing which must have been included because it is not on any of his other LP transfers, blessings on them for that. The first of the females is the formidable **Sigrid Onegin**. "The lady seems more intent on displaying the range of her voice than in expounding the significance of the text", wrote a prissy (English) critic about her old Alto Rhapsody. Maybe so, but she could sing, as the aria from *Le Prophete* displays.

Marta Fuchs who began as a mezzo and was the Brünnhilde in the Pre-war *Walkure* Act 2, is heard in Schubert's *Die Allmacht* (an old favourite of **Tibbett's** and I cannot imagine why it remained in limbo for so long.

Rosette Anday is by now a rather shadowy figure, but she was another of whom I heard much at Vienna, both at the opera and in "Das Lied von der Erde" with **Patzak** in a concert. She has the only other piece of Mozart, Parto parto from *La Clemenza*; truth to tell she doesn't make overmuch of it, but it is good to have. **Gerhardt** is her authoritative self in Brahms, **Branzell** expounds the woes of Gioconda's mum, and **Ursula Van Diemen**, described another purely recording artist, might have been better represented by that marvellous "Ludate Dominum from *Mozart's Vespers* that she did once on plum label.

Adele Kern is right there in one of Oscar's arias and **Korjus** gives us a bit of The Tsar's Bride, a rather odd choice after all her Rosinas and Lakmés. Should she ever have gone to Hollywood? **Maria Cebotari** appears in an unexpected role she is the first of a clutch of Mimis who tell us what is their name, but would you believe, not one of the dozens of tenors is allowed to refer to her tiny hand. Not that Pucini does badly in the volume, he does not. The now shadowy **Gota Ljungberg**, a favourite of one of my San Francisco cronies, has a rare track in which she imprecates away as Venus and **Walter Widdop** chimes in as *Tannhauser*. This, I think, is another warm, rewarding bit.

Lotte Lehmann does an early fragment of her Marschellin, not from the set, but an Odeon from the late 1920s. Did I tell you I heard her once - she was the last "international" to visit us before the war, and she was the only singer I recall who, as **Anna Russell** was to tell us, "carried the words of her songs around her in a little book, which happened to be bound in the same colours as her dress, purple with a cerise slash across it. What a warm artist she was, which makes all the more puzzling her behaviour towards Marilyn Horne as described in that lady's enthralling book of a couple of years ago. The almost legendary **Maria Nemeth** is allowed that aria from Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*, which I never expected to hear again. **Leider** sings a Wagner song and the German wing comes to a fitting close with about 2 minutes of **Flagstad**.

On to the Italians, and of course this has to start with **Supervia!** I have so many of her records that it's good be granted a bit of Paisiello and the glorious "Have you seen but a white lily grow?" with dear old **Ivor Newton** at the piano. To me the most interesting track on this batch is **Minghini-Cattaneo's** *Liber scriptus* from the first (black

label) set of the Requiem. Interesting for the very leisurely tempo because it is an article of faith that things were speeded up, not slowed down, on 78's; and also for her wonderfully awful shot at that last high note. A hoot. I guess it is only right that **Arangi-Lombardi** should

hold forth with something from I Lombardi, someone sure has a sense of humour. The **Sheridan Butterfly** finale with **Browning Mummery** yelling "Cho Cho San" at the end is one more from the unpublished archives.

All dear **Muzio** does is an obscure song (we should have her Addio del passato) but of course she has been resurrected of late in a two-disc set of all her last recordings, for which I await impatiently from the World Record Club. **Zamboni** was of course the original Liu, thus her *Turandot* extract, and I have never been able to understand why the first *Turandot* of all, **Rosa Raisa**, never recorded a note of it. Here she gives us nothing, because - another black mark - she ain't there. I like **Conchita Badia's** Tonadillas of Granados with piano a lighter voice than I had somehow expected. **Toti dal Monte** honours "us" with something called a Maori Lullaby, sung in "English" of which I have so far not managed to identify one word, a clear case for those much-maligned supertitles at the opera house.

Down among the bases, and the young **Pinza** treats us to another bit of that early Requiem. Perhaps it should have been instead Splendon piu belle from *Favorita*? He was so good in priestly parts. Ida Cook used to say that when **Pinza** opened up as Ramphis, you really understood the implacability of those Egyptian priests. **Stabile** does *Falstaff* from a long way back. Michael Scott calls him a singing actor who did more acting than singing. A bit unfair perhaps, but like **Pinza** he apparently couldn't read music, and yet Toscanini nurtured them both, which speaks much for the old man's way of getting priorities right. I heard **Stabile** more than once as Scarpia, but really preferred the down-to earth, rough and ready Scarpia of old **Benvenuto Franci**, who is here heard in a piece of *Chenier*. When he repeated his Scarpia in London, Newman remarked on how he gobbled away at a hearty dinner whilst baiting *Tosca* - "I never realised what a grand eating part this is."

Borgioli (the first tenor to sing in the San Francisco house) leads the ensemble from *La Sonnambula* and then sings "Do not go my love" beautifully. Some of the best things in this whole collection are simple songs. On to the whole tribe of Italian tenors, and of the lot I pick the incomparable **Gigli** in Tosti's "Aprile" - O to be in heaven now that April's here - one for the books. **Schipa** of course had to do *Werther*, and my old Roman friends **Masini** and **Merli** are well to the fore. (I recall how **Masini** was rushed into the 50th jubilee performance of *Andrea Chenier* when **Lauri Volpi** gave up after the first act, and with **Giordano** there to survive through it all). Characteristically **Volpi** is

here, tearing the tripe out of the end of Act 3 of *Manon Lescaut*.

The perfidious french I will only touch on, as I really have not played them all yet. But they have the most interesting repertoire and some really great names. The wonderful **Ninon Vallin** came to NZ (aged 60) in the first postwar years. A blowsy lady who sat placidly knitting in her hotel when she wasn't singing. The first time I heard her she opened up with "L'amour de moi" and it was just heaven. Here, like so many singers in this volume, she gives us a song by Faure who is obviously another favourite of the compiler's. I wonder how **Madeleine Grey** is getting on. She was born in 1897 and presumably is still going strong - instead of the Songs of the Auvergne which she was the first to record, and which everyone now exploits, we get Ravel's "Kaddisch."

Alice Raveau, a real contralto, gives us a track from the hallowed old abridged "*Orphee*" which preceded all the numerous Italian/French versions that now fill the catalogues. **Vanni-Marcoux** rightly sings "Plaisir d'amour", and the French bits end with **Yvonne Printemps** trying out the Grand Duchess, and that camp old **Reynaldo Hahn** accompanying himself in rather obscure Offenbach. (Just got Alexander Faris's biography of that composer, warmly recommended.)

The Anglo Saxons! **Tibbett** in Ford's monologue, another inexplicable non-release until now. **John Charles Thomas** was most celebrated here for *The Green-eyed Dragon*, and it is good to be reminded that he was a substantial operatic artist. Likewise to hear **Brownlee** in his Paris Opera days (and **Crooks** when he was starring in Berlin). **Denis Noble** does an early version of *Largo al factotum* and **Dawson** is his bluff, dependable self in *Why do the nations* - has anyone done that better? **McCormack** touches the heart with *The Bitterness of Love*. Nice to hear the black pioneer **Roland Hayes** in a bit of Monteverdi which must be the "earliest" piece in the collection. **Widdop** is mellifluous in Handel but I really wanted "Lend me your aid" from Gounod's *Queen of Sheba*. Foiled again!

Nothing in the whole caboodle moves me more than **Marguerite d'Alvarez** and her smiling Seguidilla from *Carmen*, mit piano. Madame **Charles Cahier** I rather expected to be something of a **Schumann-Heink**, with a name like that, on the contrary, she is almost fairy-like in a Minuet. **Brunskill** (another of my favourites, whom I last heard, with horror, as a burnt-out heavy in Gilbert & Sullivan) is most impressive in *But the Lord is mindful of his own* (a pity he wasn't more mindful of her, and then comes the knockout). **Dame Clara** finds the Lost Chord and makes bloody sure she won't lose it again, nor will

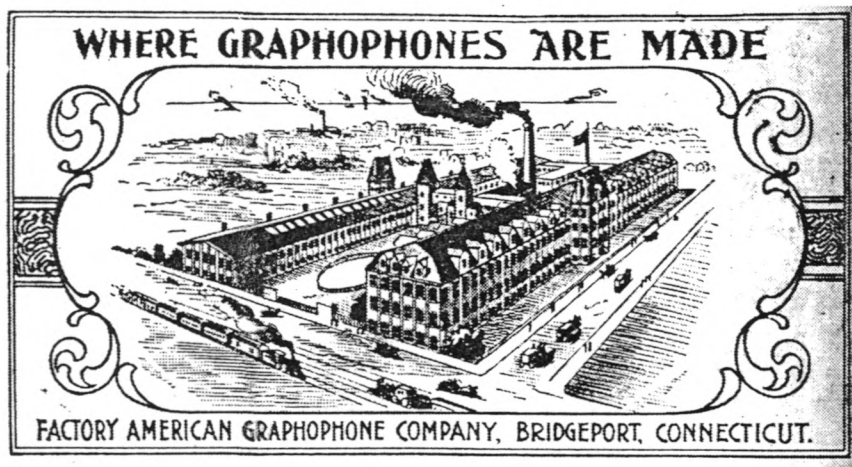
we. **Marian Anderson** sings Schubert. What a tragedy that when she came to NZ in 1962. I couldn't bear to go back for the second recital - she was off-pitch all night and never woke up until He had the 'whole world in his hand' - and then we knew what it was all about.

Grace Moore is yet another Mimi and **Gladys Swarthout** gives, big, not mousey treatment to the Auvergne "Bailero". **Baillie** is another plus since "Angels ever bright and fair" does not seem to be on any of her other LP transfer. **Marge Lawrence** sings something from that French opera about Siegfried and something of a climax comes with **Turner's** "In questa reggia", a Milan one from 1928, not the better known and more spacious Central Hall Westminster one in which she runs all the words together in the final phrase. **Austral** sings the Inflammatus and **Ponselle** surprises with an unpublished take of one of those *Vestale* arias that **Legge** made **Schwarzkopf** listen to continually.

I have had it by now, and will pass up the East-Europeans who have most of the last disc - save to mention that **Chaliapine** actually sings a Bolero, end an unpublished one at that.

E & O E Amen.

We intend publishing John Gray's comments on vol. 4 *The Art of Singing*, in our next issue.



Puzzled by this illustration and its connection to the adjoining stories? Worry no more. Its just a space filler!

ON A PERSONAL NOTE

One of the events leading up to the dreaded millennium will be the 40th wedding anniversary of Bill & Jill Main, which falls during the same month they entertain this year. We have it on good authority that they attribute their success to not only the normal give and take which it requires of a lasting relationship but shared interests. Jill was a keen opera fan before they met having slept in the streets to see the 1948 Italian Company that toured NZ. When she heard Bill's De Luca 78's (especially the Rigoletto solos) she was enthralled. No wonder that their first cat in Khandallah was named Luca because of baritone emissions when it meowed!

Another anecdote which more than identifies the equities of their marriage was when Jill produced the name of *Primo* 'out of the hat' when Bill and Michael Woolf were attempting to put a name to their Bettini - Sembrich venture in 1967.

With every relationship there have been lows!

This came when Jill was entrusted to collect a Bettini cylinder from Claude Wolledge in Christchurch. Through a series of Keystone Cop enactment of tipping up the wrong end of a solid cardboard tube which Mr Wolledge had parcelled them up, they not only succeeded in breaking one but two precious relics from the past. Like a drowning sailor, Jill saw her marriage passing before her eyes. Needless to say this blotch on their blissful relationship was soon forgotten, only to be revived and retold with humorous embellishments whenever the occasion arises.

I'm sure members of our group wish them well and look forward to similar events of a record collecting nature which they will share with all of us in the years to come.

Record Review:

BISHOP: My pretty Jane: Anna Case; **TOSELLI:** Serenata: Fernando De Lucia **TIRINDELLI:** Mistica: Ferruccio Corradetti, **BROGI:** Visione Veneziana: Richard Bonelli; **HOLMES:** Le chemin du ciel: Jean-Francois Delmas; **BEMBERG:** La fee aux chansons: Elizabeth Parkina; **TOSTI:** Ninon: Charles Dalmores; **Rosa:** Oscar Kamionsky; **Seconda Mattinata:** Maria Labia; **Non m'ama piu:** Antonio Magini Coletti; **Dopo:** Enriquetta de Catelin; **VALENTE:** Luna Cortese: Giuseppe Bellantoni; **FLEGIER:** Le cor: Juste Nivette; **VITTADINI:** Ricordanze: Augusto Scampini; **DE FONTENAILLES:** Obstination: Cesare Formichi; **DENZA** Si vous l'aviez compris: Andrei Labinsky **Occhi di fata:** Umberto Urbano; **KOCHUBEY:** Ditele: Giuseppe Anselmi, **GIORDANO:** Alla mia bambina: Nini Frascani; **DONAUDY:** Vaghissima sembianza: Angelo Minghetti, **COATES:** I heard you singing Gosta Bjorling- **SADERO:** Fa la nana bambin: Stefan Islandi; **UKRANIAN SONG:** Zeerez sad wynohrad: Salomea Kruszelnicka. 'THE Record Collector TRC12 23 tracks 75 minutes

For anyone who thought that I would never admit getting pleasure from a miscellany of songs as opposed to a similar assortment of operatic selections, the laugh is on you. Its not that I'm a musical snob, but when attempting to rationalise what to collect, it's an easy option to err on the side of an operatic programme as

opposed to a miscellany of encores. Its not that I'm into debassing songs which are thrown out at you at the end of a concert, but we all know how record companies and artists value such items in their catalogues!

Therefore it is absolutely refreshing to sit down and listen to a compilation where the intensity of each performance is such that you get the impression their individual reputations hang on the balance of how well they interpret each song. Why do I like this CD and how did it come into being.

As far as I have been able to determine *Tosti Ritorna* owes its existence entirely to those who have contributed their precious originals for this production. They are Harold Wayne, Hernán Vigo Surez and Larry Lustig - the last being the editor of *The Record Collector* a person who has done more than anyone else in recent years to revive collecting records with articles and CDs that fire the imagination. This is a great accomplishment in a world where the cut and thrust for the record buyers dollar never knew more pressures. Although he does not claim any honours in either his journal or supporting literature, the material from his hand in the CD booklet, leads me to believe that we can definately attribute the origin of this *Torna Ritorna* to Mr Lustig.

There would be some who would make light of this achievement by saying the task of compiling 70 minutes of recorded music on a CD from old 78s is nothing out of the ordinary, especially if you live in New Zealand, where our track record in this specialised field has been besmirched with badly got up items like the *Ode* Oscar Natzke of several years back and more recently the much criticised (in England) Frances Alda. Therefore it would be the understatement of the century to assume it only requires a library of originals and some technical assistance to go into production.

One thing is for sure the three men responsible for providing the meat in the sandwich would have worked long and hard to come up with the goods. Things that would have entered their minds as they toiled away with the problem would have been questions like are the records readily obtainable on the open market or even located in most collections. Secondly, can those selected measure up artistically as far as interpretation and execution are concerned. Lastly, do you have copies that can stand the transfer process. without excessive doctoring. Achieve all that and not resort to Tosti's most famous song 'Goodbye' and you are doing well!

On all points *Tosti Ritorna* comes through with flying colours, especially for a perpatetic record collector of 40 years standing. Mind you I'm proud of the fact that I at least own one of the records featured - an Edison hill and dale disc by Maria Labia. The rest are as rare as hens teeth and the likelihood of my finding them at the next church bazaar is as remote as one could wish. True a number of artists are known to me through other 78s in my collection like Anna Case, Fernando De Lucia, Ferruccio Coradetti, Richard Bonelli, Charles Dalmores, Antonio Magini-Coletti, Augusto Scampini, Cesare Formichi and Giuseppe Anselmi. A total of eleven out of a possible twenty three. But the others are new in every way and have afforded me great pleasure in listening to them.

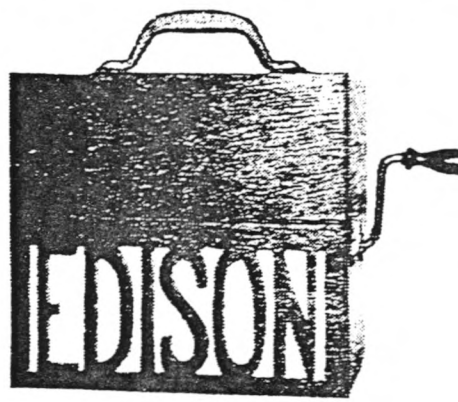
The record is available from **The Record Collector, 111 Longshots Close, Broomfield, Chelmsford, Essex, CM1 7DU, England costing £9.95 plus postage.** I ordered mine by email and Mastercard - it came within five days! LarryLusti@aol.com

PORTABLE PERFECTION

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For Dealers,
Carpenters,
Edison-gramophone
and Portable
Photographists

While there are moments in New Zealand's recording industry that the Scratchy Record Group take great pride over, we must not forget the accomplishments of those who were involved in marketing machines.

Probably our greatest achievement in this area occurred in the early 1920's when a Christchurch dealer Claude Wolledge, obtained permission from the Edison company to import 36 motors which he then had A.J.White make up into cylinder portables. His reason as explained to me and others was that the Edison company at the time had no answer to the portable gramophones which were proving very popular with the public. At a last count in the 1960s it was thought only four of these machines which were nicknamed the 'suitcase amberola' have survived. Te Papa has one which Michael Woolf and I hope will one day be featured in their made in New Zealand department.

ALDA	ALLIN	ALTHOUSE
AMY SHERWIN	ARRAL	AUSTRAL
AUTORI	BAS IOLA	BISPHAM
BLACK (ANDREW)	BORGIOLI	BOURNE
BROLA	BRONWLEE	BRUNSKILL
BUCKMAN	BURKE	CALVE
CASTAGNA	CASTLES	CHALIAPIN E
CILLA	CISNEROS	COATES
COELHO	COMEDY HARMONISTS	CRAXTON
CROOKS	CROSSLEY	DAL MONTE
D'ALVAREZ	DANI (CARLO)	DAVIES (BEN)
DAWSON	DE MURO LOMANTO	DEARTH
DI LELIO	DOLORES	DON COSSACK CHOIR
DUFAULT	EDDY	FLAGSTAD
GALLICURCI	GAUTHIER	GHIRARDIN I
GLUCK	GORLITZ	GRANFORTE
HACKETT	HARRISON	L' INCOGNITA
JURINAC	KIPNIS	KIRKBY-LUNN
LABETTE	LAWRENCE	LEHMANN
LIPKOVSKAYA	LLOYD	MCCORMACK
MCEARCHERN	MELBA	MERLI
MIDDLETON	MIRANDA	MOORE
NARELLE	NASH	NICHOLLS
NORDICA	PAGLIUGHI	PARKINA
PERLI	PICCALUGA	PINZA
POWER (STELLA)	RADFORD	RANALOW
REEVE	RETHBERG	RETTORE
ROBESON	RUMFORD	SAVILLE
SCAVIZZI	SCHIPA	SCHWARZKOPF
SOTNEY	SERENA	SIMS
SNAZELLE	SODERSTROM	SPANI
STEWART	STRALIA	TAUBER
THILL	THORNTON	TIBBETT
TREE	VALLIN	WATKIN MILLS
WHELAN	WIDDOP	

continued fro the front page

the index of the book ENTERTAINING AUSTRALIA (see above). Many of these singers came to New Zealand as well as performing across the Tasman. Hopefully this and the publication by Ilmar Taimre called *'The Wellington Performances of some Female Singers who Toured New Zealand 1903-1932'* will see the project off to a good start.

For those who may be interested in making a contribution to this scheme, there are various levels of involvement. A totally committed participation evolves around reading newspapers at the National Library - an ideal occupation for someone who is retired! At other end of the scale you can help by simply passing on information that you already have in your collection like a concert programme or newspaper cuttings. These will be borrowed and returned once their information has been transferred to the data base.

WHAT'S YOUR REACTION TO THIS SUGGESTION?