

the same time there has been a marked improvement in the tableware being produced in the Dominion and output has been increased considerably. For example, at one North Island factory 4,500 cups are turned out each day, as well as a large number of other vessels in common use. What further development will take place in the Dominion cannot be predicted. New Zealand does not appear to be richly endowed with suitable materials, especially for chinaware, nor has she the skilled craftsmen and the traditions possessed by the English pottery industry. Already, however, she is making a determined effort to meet her domestic needs in the more simple lines of pottery and no doubt the industry will expand with the demand. But English china and earthenware will always occupy an honoured place in the New



*Skilled painter applying design from a century-old pattern book.*

Zealand home, for its quality and beauty are unsurpassed.

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## *Tales The Kiwis Tell*

Men of the Maori Battalion can usually joke in the most trying circumstances. One young "Hori" became very sick when travelling on a troopship and was being chaffed by his friends. "You're just a landlubber" he was told. "Too right, and I'm just finding out how much I lubs it," moaned the sufferer.

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The battalion had come out for a spell and the C.O. was pleased that the casa which had been found for his headquarters was in a quiet area. As he was particularly tired he decided to have forty winks, and told his batman that on no account was he to be disturbed. A few minutes later the burst of a Tommy gun was heard and the Colonel's slumbers were broken. "What was that" he demanded. "Don't worry, sir. There was a rabbit running round, and as I thought he might disturb you, I shot him" came the batman's soothing answer.

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The small town was still within reach of Jerry's guns, but the New Zealanders were too busy to pay much attention. Suddenly, a new interest arose. Men put down their picks or their pickings to gaze upon the unusual sight. A beautiful signorina—well anyway a signorina—was approaching with mincing step. She was elaborately dressed—furs, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes completing a rather daring ensemble. The nearby Kiwis brushed some of the dust from their clothes, straightened or even discarded their rakishly-worn "civvie" hats, and awaited the approach of the "vision" for she seemed like a vision, a lone woman in the battered village. A moment later, the rapturous smiles had vanished from their dusty faces. Kiwi abuse flowed again. The "vision" was one of their fellow infants dressed entirely in woman's clothes—undies, foundation garments, and all. Bitterly the men resumed their hats and their tasks. Life was full of snares, delusions, and booby-traps.