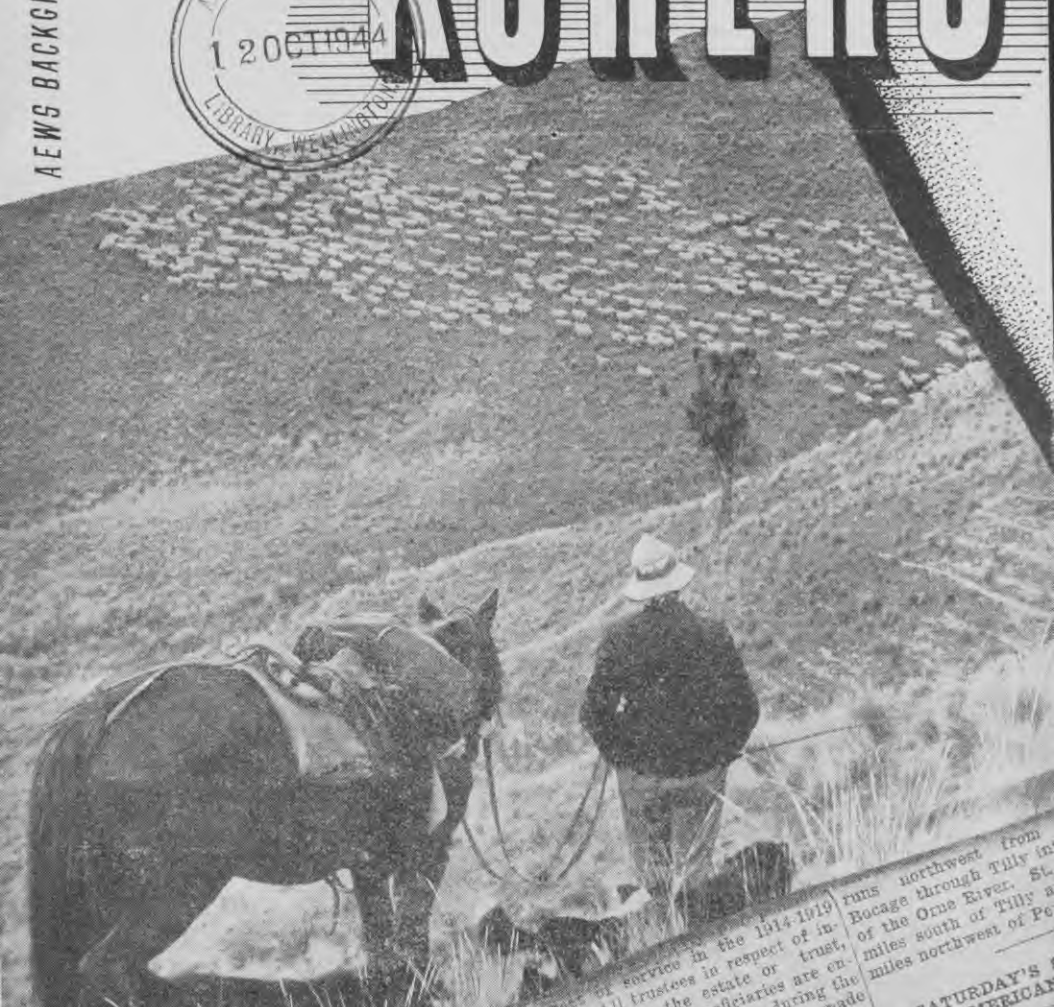


KORERO



THOMAS J. DUBOIS
Painter & Decorator

Having returned from a tour in the glamorous Pacific, is now preparing to settle down to work and will be glad to help you with your decoration problems.

VICTORIA STREET — PHONE 3808

THE TREASURE CHEST

COUNTRY NEWSPAPER • PAGE 3

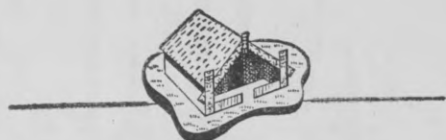
in respect of service in the 1914-1919 War). (b) All trustees in respect of income derived by the beneficiaries are entitled to receive such income during the income year. Payment may be made at any money-order office upon production of the previous receipt or remitted to the Commissioner of Taxes, Wellington; together with the previous receipt or full particulars thereof.

LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANIES:
The combined charge payable by a company on the assets of a body on income

runs northwest from Boccage through Tilly to of the Orme River. St. miles south of Tilly a miles northwest of Po

SATURDAY'S AMERICAN

Received Saturday American



KORERO

IN THIS ISSUE

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| COUNTRY NEWSPAPER: How the country districts are supplied with news | 3 | THE RIMU: Another article in the series on New Zealand trees .. | 20 |
| SWAGGER: A story of a wanderer of the roads | 8 | CARPENTRY TRAINING CENTRE: The rehabilitation of servicemen into an important industry | 21 |
| THE COMRADES: A contributed poem | 10 | GRAMOPHONE RECITALS IN CAMP: What music does a soldier like to hear? | 24 |
| SONGS OF THE SERVICES: The first section of an article on the songs sung by the servicemen of this war | 11 | WHEN YOU GET BACK: Possible jobs for servicemen | 28 |
| JACKSON'S BAY: The most southern settlement on the West Coast | 16 | FEUDAL ITALY: An account of the life of Italian peasants by a New Zealand officer in Italy .. | 29 |

The cover design of this issue is taken from a photograph provided by the Department of Internal Affairs.

Contributions to Korero

You are reminded that a maximum sum of £3, payable in canteen orders where there are canteens under New Zealand control and in cash where there are not, will be divided among contributors in each issue. It is necessary, therefore that all contributors should send us number, name, and full address. Remember, too, that articles are not the only contributions we are looking for. We would like to see also short paragraphs, black and white drawings, and verse. There is space, too, for your comments and inquiries, provided you keep them short. The address is: "D.A.E.W.S., Army H.Q., Wellington." Mark your envelopes *Korero* in one corner.





A KORERO Report

THERE ISN'T a typewriter in the building. The one telephone, above the editor's desk, rang only once in two hours: it was the exchange operator asking for the correct time. There was no sign of post-office messengers hurrying in with cablegrams and telegrams, no sub-editors, wearing eye-shades, sleeves rolled up, anxiously waiting for the news that would decide the display of the late edition. There was none of the Hollywood B Grade movie glamour of hard-drinking, bigshot reporters, hats on backs of heads, ties loose in collars, whisky bottles in hand, beautiful girls close behind, maybe a corpse in a suitcase. No bigtime pressmen working under pressure to break a story, yelling "Hold the Front Page; Give me a Rewrite Man." There wasn't, in fact, any reporter at all. He was away selling insurance.

If you are passing through Levin Town, about sixty miles from Wellington, you can buy eggs in the shops, two dozen at a time if you like, you can drink brandy in the bars without waiting for five o'clock, buy bread that is still warm if it is morning, go to the pictures if it is evening and you have time to spare, you can get weighed for a penny. And you can read

the *Levin Daily Chronicle*, the town's evening newspaper—price 2d., circulation 1,000. You won't find any newsboys at the street corners, nor will you be able to buy that afternoon's edition at the bookstalls or anywhere else in the town except the *Chronicle* office. The circulation is regular, there might be weeks without one change; the newspapers are delivered to the homes and business premises; it is considered unnecessary for the shops and bookstalls to sell the *Chronicle*.

So if you are keen enough you walk along the main street to the office of this country newspaper. You walk because, of course, there are no trams, no sign of a bus service. You wanted to have a look at this clean modern little town anyway. There is no doubt it is a country shopping centre. But it has no sleepiness, everything is busy: cars in the streets, shops, their windows brightly dressed, with stocks you wouldn't see in the city shops these wartime days, people, some gossiping in the way of country life, but they're mostly hurrying. A horse, a station hack, clip clop, trots past, a pack on the saddle, two dogs padding silently, noses to the ground, behind. It is the day of the

weekly stock sale—Tuesday, market day. Levin is surrounded by a green circle of hills, snow-capped this winter's day, there is clean colour from the pure sunshine; you aren't particularly impressed, you're in too much of a hurry for scenery.

The *Chronicle*. Bold, black letters over the front of the wooden building tell you you haven't mistaken the turning. Three young Maori children, grubby, clothes ragged, eyes shining with health, are interested only in their morning playtime in the narrow doorway. You step over them carefully, you have to, they neither move nor take any interest. They probably haven't been disturbed for hours. Inside the door, waiting at the counter of the business office, you notice the contrast of the quiet street, children playing in the door-way, with this activity of whirring noise and movement. If you listen, if you know newspaper offices from past experience, with the heavy smell—it may not be healthy, but you'd notice, miss it if there was fresh air to breathe—and the differences of sound of the many machines, you are able to pick the loose clack-clack of the linotypes, the regular throb of a press, the intermittent smack of a proof machine.

Through the door you hear the voice of a reader checking proofs for typesetting mistakes, a voice racing through words completely, it seems, without expression or regard for either meaning or punctuation. Practice of working against time, often frantically against deadlines, gives proof-readers this ability to slur words into words, sentences into sentences—but let there be a mistake, a misplaced comma, an inverted quotation mark, a double meaning, a doubtful sense, and there is the mark in the margin for correction, often made without a pause



The Editor.

from reading or a slackening of the pace. You shouldn't wonder if occasionally you see a mistake in your newspaper.

The editor rolls himself a cigarette to tell you about the *Chronicle*—price 2d., circulation 1,000. To tell you, puff, puff of blue smoke, of the difficulties of these days—of employees away with the Services, of newsprint scarcity, of the shortage of trained qualified workmen. Employees of any type are hard to find these days, even untrained girls—a worried puff of that cigarette—even boys for delivery. For the newspaper and the busy commercial printing departments, the staff at present consists of the editor, an accountant, a reader, a part-time reporter, an office girl, two linotype operators (one of whom is a mechanic as well), a newsroom foreman, a jobbing foreman, two apprentices, two journeymen bookbinders, and three or four girls. To cover the newspaper and commercial work means long hours of overtime each

week, especially at certain times of the year when commercial printing orders come in thick and fast. Two years ago the newsprint shortage was desperate—the *Chronicle*, even the reduced wartime *Chronicle*, at times didn't know where the next day's supply was to come from; now the position is easier. Puff, puff of relief.

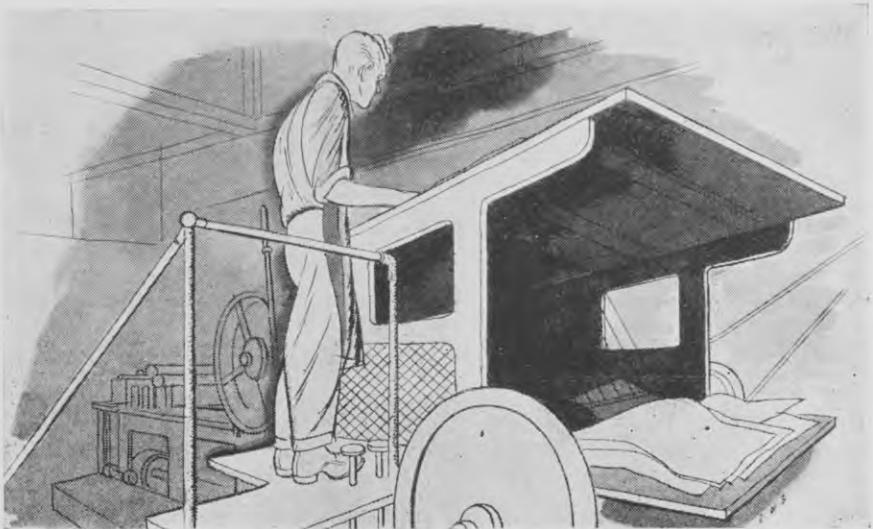
The present editor left school to join the *Chronicle* temporarily as a paper runner. He wasn't going to stay more than a month or two. He wouldn't be apprenticed, he had no intention of working in that office for six years. That was twenty-three years ago. A whimsical puff puff for remembrance. So he wasn't apprenticed, but now he is editor, he knows all about the business side of the company, if necessary he can sit down at one of the two linotype machines and set his own story in type. You wonder what would happen to the *Chronicle* if he was ill for a day or two.

A concrete floor, brick walls, a wooden roof high above stout rafters, skylights, noise, that smell, a confusion of moving machinery, a general untidiness. The printery. In one corner, raised from the floor 12 ft. or more, is the book bindery. And a small room built-off from the printery houses the linotype machines.

The whole is compact, there is no moving from room to room for the different processes. Commercial presses smack-smack-smack busily, employees watch that busyness to keep the wheels moving smoothly.

After a story is written or a telegram or cablegram is sub-edited into readable form, it goes to be set on the linos. There are two machines, both American; one is twenty years' old, the other thirty, and each is still working satisfactorily. The two operators are busy men. Their award stipulates that they should set into type in one hour 8,000 ens (an en is a printer's measurement of space) or approximately 40 in. of close printing; for the two *Chronicle* operators 14,000 ens an hour is not unusual. You wouldn't envy them their jobs, either: they get no exercise, the work is exacting and monotonous, and their health is liable to suffer from the poisonous lead fumes.

As soon as a story is set, with the headings, a copy is taken from the proof press for the reader to check. The necessary corrections made, the different stories are made up and locked into the page formes—at this stage you have in lead what you see in print when you read your newspaper. All the pages ready, all the news through, all the advertisements set



"It prints a thousand copies an hour."

the formes go to the press for printing.

A modern newspaper rotary press will print, cut, and fold anything up to 100,000 copies an hour. The *Levin Daily Chronicle*—price 2d., circulation 1,000—uses a flat-bed press that full steam ahead will print 1,000 copies an hour, and they still have to be folded. It is slow, but at least it allows for good reproduction. However, the company bought recently a rotary magazine press; when it is installed they hope to see the *Chronicle* printed five times as quickly as at present.

When restrictions on newspaper size were brought into force after the outbreak of war and with the scarcity of newsprint, the *Chronicle* was reduced to eight pages of five 16 in. columns—almost tabloid size. Four of the pages go to press at noon, the remainder are held back until about three-thirty for the latest news. And here, puff puff of anxiety, arises one of the difficulties of efficient production. All newspapers have their problems. This is one of the *Chronicle's*. This flat-bed press has no folder, the job has to be done by hand, by the boys who come from school to deliver the papers. From the press come two piles of pages. To make a complete issue, one page from one pile has to be placed inside one page from the other pile. But however much they are talked to, the matter explained, the boys often fold two of the same pages together. A reader finds on his lawn not pages 1 to 8 neatly folded, but pages 1, 2, 7, and 8, twice, neatly folded. It is one of the *Chronicle's* main worries.

The town of Levin has approximately 800 houses, the *Levin Daily Chronicle* has a circulation about 1,000, with a tendency to increase. It means nearly every family in the town subscribes to the *Chronicle*, with many from the surrounding countryside as well. Of course, some homes have



“Operators are busy men.”

the Wellington metropolitan newspapers as well. Local news has first place in this country newspaper. The fate of the world might be in the balance, but it is a world a long, long way away; the *Chronicle's* readers want to know all of what goes on, and that includes the day-to-day happenings of their town and countryside. They are most important. The *Chronicle* gives them the importance they deserve.

So when we read through a copy we see

that the death notices are on the centre column of the main page, we see that at a presentation the guests were entertained “by a number of songs, rendered with particularly hearty and skilfully shaded intonation by these versatile boys,” we see that a wedding makes a first-class news story. And a most enthusiastic report of a representative Rugby match played the Saturday before does not appear to give the final score. “No,” the editor said with a most knowing puff, understanding puff of his cigarette, “we don't print leaders: we believe in keeping on good terms with everybody.” Perhaps it was for the same reason that that final Rugby score wasn't given. After all, if you were really interested you could read back into the report.

One reporter, part-time. He's an insurance agent really, but the war has meant more time on his hands. The *Chronicle* uses all of it. He covers local news. Material is contributed regularly also from meetings not attended by the reporter, meetings, for instance, of women's organizations. All the local news that's fit to print—it's not the motto of the *Chronicle*, but it could be.

This newspaper's cable service is classed as group III, against the metropolitan newspapers' group I. But the quality is no different, only the quantity. For instance, the day before a *Kovero* representative went to Levin, cabled reports of

a speech by Mr. Churchill filled more than two columns of the Wellington evening paper; the *Chronicle* report was 8 in., but all the high lights were there. News comes in until after one o'clock; after that the radio is used if necessary.

You smile, somehow you find this paragraph, which appears in every issue, somewhat ingenuous. "Such of the cable news in this issue as is so headed, has appeared in the London *Times* and is sent to this paper by special permission. It should be understood that the opinions are not those of *The Times* unless expressly stated to be so."

It must set the minds of readers at rest to know that the opinions expressed in the overseas intelligence are "not those of *The Times* unless expressly stated to be so."

Press Association telegraph service, giving condensed reports of happenings from all over New Zealand, is available to the *Chronicle*, but since the war to a limited extent only. And there is plenty of advertising—of the forty columns of each issue, twenty-three or twenty-four are taken up with advertisements—a proportion higher than that of most newspapers. Picture blocks are used only for advertising; the *Chronicle* provides no illustrations for its news columns.

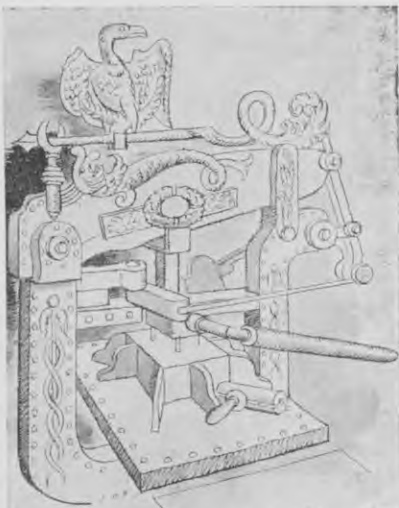
In the printery you would probably be most interested in an American hand press that is 103 years old (see illustration). It is still in use, and from its sturdy but ornamental appearance you can see no reason it shouldn't still be going strong in another 100 years. The *Otaki Mail*, still printed by the company on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week, was first printed on this hand press in 1917. It took two men one hour to produce 100 copies. These days its usefulness is as a

proof press. And a most useful proof press apparently, for when a request was made in 1940 to have this antique displayed at the Centennial Exhibition the company found it could not do without it.

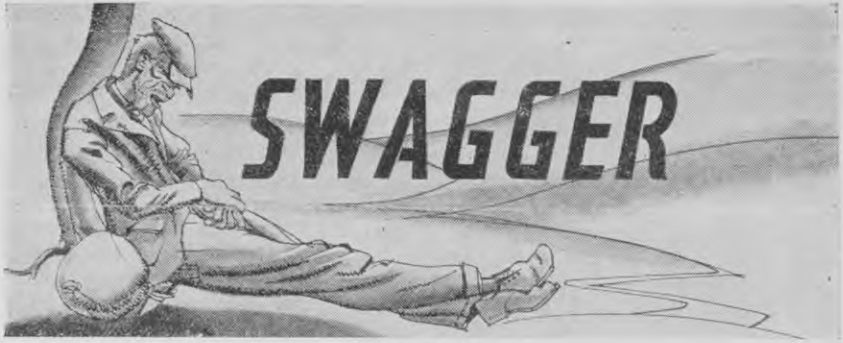
Established in 1893 under the name of the *Manawatu Farmer* and printed in Shannon, the *Chronicle* has always gone to press, although sometimes against great difficulty. In 1920, for instance, when the press was driven by water, the town supply failed and the paper had some anxious days. The crisis was averted only with boys hand-pumping water to obtain the necessary pressure. And in 1942, the year of the disastrous Wellington earthquake, a *Chronicle* of only one page was available to subscribers. The damage to the building included the total collapse of the newsprint store-room; employees had to dig themselves in to their work that day.

And the story was told to *Korero*—the proof-reader said it was true—that once, long years ago, the editor found at the time of going to press that he was short of copy, that there was not sufficient type set to fill the columns. The *Chronicle* that day went to press with most of one column a blank, a column of nothing but white space. The present editor to-day finds a position exactly opposite: a newspaper reduced in size but with more to tell about than ever before.

So when you go into the office of this country newspaper you don't find the supposed Hollywood glamour of slick reporters, telephones, and typewriters. You wouldn't want to. You do find, though, a newspaper alive with a busyness that is in keeping with the times. You can understand that the people of the district have nothing but pride in their *Levin Daily Chronicle*—price 2d., circulation 1,000.



"Good for another hundred years."



By Lt. H. H. GREY

I HAD BEEN in the saddle the best part of fourteen hours and was tired. The cattle had been sulky and difficult to move, and a pup of whom I had great hopes had paid for his youthful enthusiasm with a kick in the haunches from a recalcitrant steer which would keep him indoors for a couple of days. When my horse shied at the homestead gate I cursed him in a flat, tired voice and urged him closer.

It was then that I saw him, lying full length in the long grass to the side of the gate, with his canvas bag containing all his worldly goods under his head. Almost a year had passed since Fred had favoured me with a visit, and the sight of him cheered me. To-night I should forget the cares of a small station owner as I listened to the gossip of the Coast, interspersed with Fred's philosophical musings. To one on whom the cares of this world pressed heavily at times it was refreshing to yarn with a man whose home, in the current phrase, was under his hat and whose possessions ended with a spare shirt and two pairs of socks.

I roused him with a yell. "Hey, Fred, come up to the house and have some tucker." Fred woke and sat up. "Good-day, Mr. McAllister. Those fruit-trees are woody." I grinned. Trust Fred to notice them. "Haven't been touched since you were here last, Fred. Waiting for you. By the way, how long will this present visit extend?" Irony was lost on Fred. "Maybe two, maybe three days," he replied; "time to do the trees."

As we walked up to the house together he told me he had just come down from a back station where he had been fixing up a leaking tank and doing odd carpentry jobs round the homestead, for Fred was general handyman as well as first-class orchardist.

The wife of the station owner had been of the overbearing kind, and after she had interfered in two or three jobs which Fred had been doing, to tell him the way in which she wanted things done, he had packed his swag and hit the trail. Arrived at the house, Fred left to unpack his blanket in the whare 50 yards away, and I went in to tell my wife to lay an extra place for tea.

The children greeted the news of his arrival with whoops of joy and asked to be allowed to sit up after tea and listen to his talk. They adored Fred, and he in turn was fond of them in a detached and speculative way. The local gossip they were not interested in, but if Fred got on the topic of his early days they would be all ears.

When I had first settled in New Zealand I had taken the swagger to be the counterpart of the English tramp, but I soon learned better. A dirty, frowsy individual who cades in a whining voice and would

run a mile from work is no picture of the colonial swagger. In the Antipodes the swagger is simply a good workman cursed with wandering feet. On the station he turns his hand to almost anything from helping muster cattle to cooking in the men's whare. One thing he



cannot do—stay put. It may be a week, it may be a month; sooner or later the road calls, and with his swag on his back and the cheque for his labours in his pocket he steps out ready for what the bend in the road hides. Freedom is his creed and independence his watchword. He does not beg for a job. He offers his services, and if your ideas of what is fair reward for those same services do not coincide with his you may keep your job. If he finds after taking the job that it is not to his liking, he tells you so and leaves. In an increasingly standardized world, where so many of us are cogs or ciphers, he is a refreshing contrast. Drink often sets him on the road, but more often than not it is just plain wanderlust. His phraseology is picturesque, and he refers to his wanderings as "carrying the swag," "humping the bluey," "waltzing Matilda"—swag, bluey, or Matilda being synonymous terms for what the genteel hiker would call his rucksack.

Fred's story was typical. I had pieced it together from what he had told me on his various visits, in that laconic non-committal way he had. Son of a well-to-do Swedish business man, after he had served his term in the army he had wanted to be a naturalist. His father thought this was foolishness when there was a good business to be taken over. Fred decided that his brother could very well look after the business, and shipped on a sailing-vessel for America. He finally drifted to California, where he wandered about learning all there was to know about

orchards. The sea called again, and he spent several years roaming round the world in craft of all sorts, fetching up this time in the State of Victoria, Australia. The orchards received him to their welcoming arms, and in the course of several years there were precious few spots in that State or New South Wales that Fred had not penetrated. From there he had come to have a look at the "shivery Isles," as the Australians call New Zealand. Liking what he found, he had stayed, and after fifteen or so years' wandering all over the North and South Islands had made the country his home and had no wish to see his native Sweden again.



The next two days he took my neglected and straggling orchard in hand, and, working methodically and without any word from me, he made it that I should be able to reap the boon of fruits in their season. Knowing his worth I left him to it and stood meekly by one evening while he lectured me on my sins, mostly of omission, in the orchard and instructed me in what to do in the future.

At night he unloaded his year's store of news. Talk of this station owner who spent his time in town; of that farmer's wife whose extravagance was a byword in the district; how the land and the stock looked in other parts; and sometimes, for the children's benefit, tales of his army days in Sweden, of bivouacs in the snow and long marches in the cold.

On the third morning of his visit I was out at dawn mustering sheep for a buyer to look at, and as I rode along the ridge I saw a short, trim figure with a swag up stepping out towards me. I smiled to myself. It was no surprise. The afternoon before he had finished in the orchard early and had spent the time before tea in washing and patching his scanty wardrobe. Now he was off to



spend what money he had earned up-country in a "bender." He had better excuse than most. No one was dependent upon him, and to a man with his few wants the money was superfluous. It was characteristic of him to slip off without saying good-bye to any one. He hated it, and distrusted emotion.



I sat on my horse and watched until a bend in the road hid him from sight.

Then with a sigh I turned back to chasing sheep. I had a home, a charming wife, and two lovely children I was happy and contented, but the eternal vagabond in me wanted to be slipping down the sunlit road in the cool of a summer morning.



THE COMRADES

By Corporal G. R. GILBERT, R.N.Z.A.F.

We are the living :
They are the dead whose now helpless
hands
The burden bear.

Ours the tears but theirs the sacrifice
And they know nothing any more
Not ever failure or success
Nor even peace.

Think of them as you board the tram
Or look for the latest film of love
Do not rejoice but remember ;
They are the dead.

SONGS OF THE SERVICES

The N.Z. Forces Overseas Contribute to the Music of this War

By Flight Sergeant T. J. KIRK-BURNAND

Fight for Freedom everyone
Build the ships and man the guns—
Fill the shell and speed the plough
Every soul's a soldier now.

THESE WORDS by A. P. Herbert, especially written for the C. B. Cochrane B.B.C. wartime programmes, inspired listeners so greatly that the words were used as the motif for Cochrane's famous broadcast programmes entitled "Cock-a-doodle-doo." The music belonged to Elgar's concert march, "Pomp and Circumstance No. 4," written some years previously.

Few realize the national importance of music and songs and their historical value. It is a historical fact that nations produce in times of stress more songs of the people than at other times—songs that live and help to win wars and subsequently become recognized as national songs. Fletcher of Saltoun stated in 1704, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of the nation."

It was Lord Wharton who boasted that through the words of a song, the music for which had been written by Purcell, a famous English composer of the seventeenth century, he had "rhymed James II out of his dominions," and it certainly appeared that "Lillibullero," the song concerned, contributed in some measure to the feeling against James which led to his dethronement in 1689. An interesting point is that the same tune is being used to-day by the Allied Armies; the words have been changed but the music remains the same.

The original words were:—

There was an old prophecy
found in a bog,
Ireland shall be ruled by an
ass and a dog—
Lillibullero, Bullen-a-la.

The inference was that Tyrconnell was the

dog and James the ass. The last line is, presumably, a meaningless refrain.

The first appearance of the tune in print was in 1686, in a book of "lessons" for the "recorder" or flute, and it was classed merely as a quickstep. It was very often whistled by British soldiers "at the wars," and probably, indeed, by the Duke of Marlborough's 16th Foot Regiment on the way to Walcourt in August, 1689—the first Regular British unit ever to fire a shot in a European war. Then, sooner or later, it was forgotten.

And now, inexplicably, "Lillibullero" has leapt back into favour, although its name is now rendered "Lilliburlero" and the words have, for obvious reasons, been changed. It is reported to be "inspiring the British Armies of 1944," and has apparently caught on firmly in the Mediterranean and other theatres as well as in Great Britain.

These are the words sung to-day:—

Here is a song to help you along,
It stands for the right and conquers the wrong
Lero, Lero, Lillibullero.

Calling the Fleet that nothing can beat
Calling the Air Force foemen can't cheat
Calling the Ships that bring us our food
Lero, Lero, Lillibullero.

Few realize how much music has been written about this war. It is frequently claimed that the war has not produced as many songs as other wars, but I dispute that statement. I say there are more songs being sung and there is more war music being written to-day than ever before. It may surprise many to know that Army Archives in Wellington have already collected no fewer than 130 songs and tunes written and played and sung by members of the New Zealand Forces overseas and many have yet to be collected. In addi-



tion, 54 musical compositions ranging from new regimental marches to newly adopted national tunes have been collected.

Early this year it was my full-time job to collect on behalf of Army Archives for the Inter-Services War History Committee music and songs of the three Services of this war. It was felt that a collection of this nature would have considerable historical value in years to come. The work was interesting and many novel methods were adopted to collect the music. Quite a few songs and tunes were already known, but they had to be authenticated.

A hurried tour of duty to the various mobilization camps before the furlough draft returned to the Middle East led to the discovery of dozens of new unit songs written and composed by Kiwis overseas. There were some original melodies created by soldiers who knew little about musical composition. But many units had good musical students in their ranks, and these units had songs of more importance than the others. One of these songs is the unit song of the Anti-tank Brigade. The words are by J. Fullerton and the music by Terry Vaughan, who toured New Zealand recently as producer of 2 Div. Kiwi Concert Party.

Here are the words of the first verse and a few measures of the music:—

WE'RE ANTI-TANKS

We're slaves to spit and polish and we hide our guns in holes,
Till we're winkled out at midnight by bayonet patrols,
There's sweat on our moustaches, we don't get any thanks,
But by the living Jingo we are death on
Tanks, tanks, tanks, Light, heavy or infantry,
Tanks, tanks, tanks, It's all the same to us,
No junks or pranks, we've gunners in our ranks,
Who will strafe you from the flanks and from the fore—
Beware, the N.Z.A. will carve you up and ask for more,
For we are Anti-very Anti—Tanks, tanks, tanks!

Many are the parodies written on well-known tunes, and a system adopted by the Diggers of the last war of setting words to well-known hymn tunes is again in use to-day. Words to the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," were frequently sung by the Diggers of the last war. On that occasion the words were as follows:—

We are Bill Massey's army the N.Z.A.S.C.
We cannot fight we cannot run what b—use are we
And when we get to Berlin the Kaiser he will say
Hoch Hoch Mein Gott what a jolly fine lot
Are the boys of the A.S.C.

For this war the words have been changed only slightly. This time the song has been dedicated to current Prime Ministers and Dictators. The Air Force version has been modernized to describe a certain street in Cairo well known to the three Services.

A good martial unit song belongs to the 25 Bn. Words and music have been written by Capt. Geoffrey Colledge:—

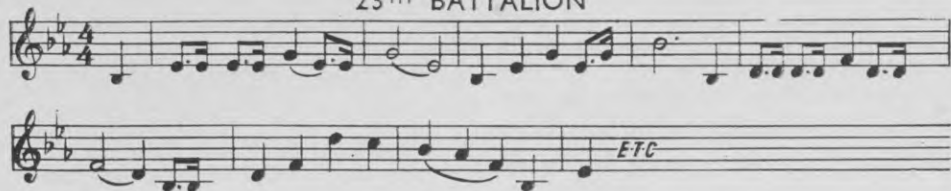
THE SONG OF THE 25 BN

The 25 Battalion Battalion
Marching off to the War
The 25 Battalion Battalion
Like the boys who went before,
We'll shock them, we'll shake them, we'll break them
And we'll drive them back again
Voices loudly ringing
Keep those arms a-swinging
While your feet go ringing
Left right, left right
Happy faces smiling
Honour high a-piling
All for one and one for all.

Quite a good New Zealand song of this war is the well known "We are the Boys from Way Down Under." Written by J. E. Pyke, originally a drummer in the Second Echelon Band, this song has been published by a leading English publishing firm and appears to have become one of the most popular New Zealand songs of the war, although its

Tempo di Marcia "WE'RE ANTI-TANKS"

25TH BATTALION



popularity is more evident in New Zealand than with the Services overseas. Perhaps the reason for this is its patriotic emphasis. Patriotic songs don't appear to have the same appeal to members of the Services as they once had. In fact, my observation has been that the New-Zealanders overseas prefer to sing songs which have a humorous twist frequently introducing the language of other countries. These foreign words make some of their songs almost unintelligible to people at home. A notable example is a recent version of "Sayeeda Bint." The second verse sings of a soldier's ambitions:—

Two eyes of fire—that tell me Stanna shwire
I'd like to do what all good Kiwis do
I'll take you by the river in my Army V8 flivver
My little Gippo bint your Kwois Kateer.

A song with a humorous twist which is very popular with soldiers of the Middle East is the famous Matruh song—

Oh the rafters made of timber and the walls are made of
^{scrim}
And the gaps that let the dirty sand storms through
I can hear those Iti bombers as they circle round at night
In my flea-bound bug-bound dug-out in Matruh.

One reason why some of these songs do not reach the public is that they have not been published. But a great difficulty here is printing. According to one authority here, English publishers are down to one-third of their pre-war paper supplies. Apart from that, however, publishers give composers little encouragement in royalties. As a case in point, one Kiwi submitted a good song for publication, but he was offered 10 per cent only on actual sales over and

above the first 200, which had to be given free. This hardly seems fair, especially when the average popular song retails at 2s. a copy. Still, there are probably many other aspects to be considered from a publisher's point of view, especially when there are numerous American publications available for public consumption.

In spite of these difficulties quite a few Kiwi songs have reached the market—four of these being "Maori Battalion Song," "N.Z. Army Music Song," "A Kiwi Song" by Ossie Cheeseman of the Pacific Concert Party, and "Kiwis on Parade" by Russell Murray of the Middle East Concert Party.

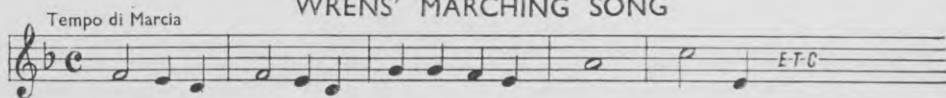
The Maori Battalion has contributed more war songs than any other unit of the three Services—company songs, battalion songs, and songs about their exploits overseas. At home also fitting tributes to the heroes of the Maori Battalion have been expressed in song, as those who were fortunate enough to attend the Ngarimu V.C. investiture celebrations will know.

The Wrens have had a fine martial tune written for them by Richard Addinsell of Warsaw Concerto fame. The words, by Clemence Dane, the famous B.B.C. script writer, novelist, and playwright, are as follows:—

Serving the Islands in duty and in pride
We'll watch the weather, the time and the tide,
Live through the midnight and hail the redding grey
'Til a morning comes with the rolling drums of triumphant
day.

And here are a few bars of the music:—

WRENS' MARCHING SONG



The Waacs, too, have a marching song. The tune is attractive and goes with a fine swing. The following words have been set to the tune:—

The Waacs are on Parade, in their uniforms so bright and gay

The Waacs are on Parade, they march in the military way,

The Waacs are on Parade, we proudly greet our girls to-day

See them step along the street, they belong to the elite
For the Waacs are on parade.

To the sound of trumpet, to the roll of drum
To the Nation in her need at Freedom's Call they come,
Through the toil of night 'till morning's Peace they sing
They're standing by 'till bells of Victory ring.

Martial tunes on breezes swaying—swaying
Hear the tunes the Bands are playing—playing
Tunes of Home and Glory, of Nations' song
and story,

Of Honours won and Duty done they march on
their way.

See our girls with noble bearing—bearing
Proudly marching feet unerring—unerring
New History for the Nation a New World in
creation

For the Waacs are on Parade.

The sweetheart of both sides of this war is Lili Marlene. The music for this song was written by a Nazi song-writer, Norbert Schultze, its words by Hans Leip, a minor poet who had a small reputation during the Weimar Republic. It is the official song of Rommel's Afrika Korps, and records of the tune were captured by our men during the battle of El Alamein. Previously the tune had been heard frequently over the Belgrade radio station and was already well known to British troops. The strains are of a kind which easily attach themselves to romantic memories and the pathos of separation.

The words run something like this:—

In front of the barracks, before the heavy gate
There stood a lamp-post, and if it's standing yet
Then we shall meet there once again,
Beside the lamp-post in the rain.

As once Lili Marlene, as once Lili Marlene.
The lamp-post knows your footsteps, so lovely and so free,
For you it burns unceasing but it's forgotten me,
And if I don't return again, who'll stand beside you in
the rain?

With you Lili Marlene, with you Lili Marlene.

It is interesting that two New Zealand war correspondents, A. W. Mitchell and Trevor Ross, with other war correspondents became co-authors of a special lyric to this song. The group was headed by Colonel J. J. Astor, M.P.

Two of the new verses printed in the *World's Press News* this year ran something like this:—

O Bugler, do not sound the call to-night,
But let us share awhile the fading light.
Good-bye, my darling sweetheart,
Sad was the day I had to part
From you, Lilli Marlene,
From you, Lilli Marlene.

When we are marching down the dusty road
My body droops beneath its heavy load,
Whatever fate may hold for me
I'll sigh again and think of thee,
Of thee, Lilli Marlene,
Of thee, Lilli Marlene.

A printed copy of this song has come to hand as I complete this article, but it is not a correct version. A verse has been added, and the words are different from the original translation. It is a pity good songs of this type are not authenticated before they reach the market.

Early in the Italian campaign when General Montgomery was still on the rainy Adriatic coast, he sent a desperate message to London for a pair of waterproof pants. The Bishop of Southwark, who was on the point of leaving for Italy in the line of duty, undertook to take the pants with him. A confrere of "Monty's" then penned the following stanzas, which have been set to music, in commemoration of the incident:—

We've dispatched pour la guerre
A mackintosh pair
Of trousers and jacket express,
They are coming by air,
And are sent to you care
of the Bishop of Southwark, no less.
So wherever you go
From Pescara to Po
Through mud and morasses and ditches
You undoubtedly ought
To be braced by the thought
That the church has laid hands on your
breeches.

We think they'll suffice—
As they should at the price—
To cover your flanks in the meleé
And avert the malaise
In the Premier's phrase
Of a chill in the soft underberly,
And you'll find, as we hope
When you call on the Pope
That his blessing's more readily given
On learning the news
That your mackintosh trews
Were brought down by a Bishop from Heaven.



Moderato

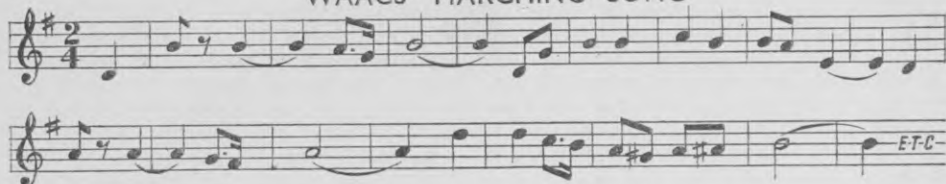
LILI MARLENE

E-T-C

In my next article I shall introduce new international songs which have developed during this war and discuss further unit songs of the three Services, including the 3rd Division's famous song "Isa Lei" as well as music written by New-Zealanders at home. This in itself covers a wide field and should disclose a new national trend in folk music—the songs that are helping to win the war.



WAACS' MARCHING SONG



ROCKETS—FIRED BY A THREEPENNY BATTERY

"It's an old weapon, the rocket," said a B.B.C. reporter who watched a practice shoot of anti-aircraft rockets. "General Sir Frederick Pile was reminding correspondents recently that the Chinese used it against the Tartars a little over seven hundred years ago, and the British Army has used it occasionally, once against elephants. The Rocket Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery used it against French cavalry in the Napoleonic Wars, and the French of that day said it was unfair. And now the rocket may be said to be one of the familiar objects of our defended areas. Most people will know what the projectors look like. They're rather like clothes racks pointing up into the sky, and they always seem to congregate in large numbers. The point is that one of the best ways to destroy enemy raiders is to project an enormous salvo into the sky on or about the point where the raider is. And if you space your projectors accurately and fire them in parallel, you obviously fill the same acreage with the explosions of the rockets. And as the rocket contains a great deal of explosive in comparison with its bulk, the blast all over the acreage is enormous.

"The projectors look pretty simple, and, indeed, they are simple. And they're quite cheap to manufacture in numbers. Indeed, they're so cheap that the ordinary citizen who can afford a car could probably afford half a dozen rocket projectors, if he has a mind to. All that's needed is a rack that can be inclined to the correct angle, and can also, of course, revolve accurately to the right point of the compass. And you need a small gadget to fuse the projectile accurately. The whole thing, in fact, is so simple that the firing mechanism is worked by an ordinary dry battery—a threepenny battery."

JACKSON'S BAY

A KORERO REPORT



WHERE ON the West Coast can you put the sea between yourself and the sunrise and still stay on the mainland? Not many Coasters know the answer to that one. Still, if you like getting up early (and if you've got as far as that) you can stand on the foreshore of Jackson's Bay and watch the sun come up over the shoulder of Mount Cook. In front of you are the waters of the Tasman Sea, behind the Bay is the coast-line clothed to the water's edge with dense bush, and beyond the beach rise the Southern Alps gleaming coldly in the morning air.

The phenomenon of sunrise over an arm of the Tasman means that the coast-line has swung sharply to the west and pointed a nose north before returning to its original course of south-west. It means that on three sides the land has enclosed the sea. You don't need to be Captain Cook to understand that this means a sheltered harbour.

Anywhere else in New Zealand there would be nothing remarkable about this—we are fortunate in the number and size of our harbours—but on the West Coast a protected seaport is about as rare as a morning on which you can see the sunrise. These have been two of the Coast's chief handicaps—weather and bar-bound shipping. They are complementary, for the rain fills the rivers and the river silt blocks the harbour mouths. And so from above Westport to the Sounds there is only one harbour (two, if Bruce Bay is counted) where ships can anchor irrespective of the state of the bar or tide. The two main towns of the

Coast, Greymouth and Westport, on the Grey and Buller Rivers suffer the serious drawback of a bar which is often unworkable. This inconveniences not only the Coasters, but coal-consumers as far north as Auckland.

Jackson's Bay, over a hundred and fifty miles south of Greymouth, is a natural harbour. It is protected not only from southerly storms, but also from heavy north-west seas, and the fickleness of a harbour bar doesn't worry the shipping that calls there. The only trouble is that ships are few and far between. For Jackson's Bay lacks what the northern ports have in abundance—roads.

This isn't so remarkable. The northern ports were opened up not because they provided safe anchorages, but because they were centres of commercial activity. Gold, the great colonizer, brought thousands to that part of the Coast, and coal, timber, agriculture, and commerce helped to keep some of them there. With the colonists came roads and railways. So did the ships, from necessity, as it were, rather than choice. Here there were cargoes for them, and though the captains might curse the location of the coal-mines they had to accept things as they found them. The Harbour Boards might be less fatalistic and buy a dredge, but in the end the rivers called the tune.

Jackson's Bay with an all-weather harbour had neither gold nor coal—such is the contrariness of Nature—and so had few settlers and fewer roads. But for the war there would be a road

through from the Haast River some thirty miles to the north and probably a link with Otago over the Haast Pass, but the completion of these connections awaits peace and plentiful man-power. Then the local settlers, firm believers in the economic possibilities of South Westland, are convinced that Jackson's Bay will become a prosperous township and a busy port. They point to the fine stands of timber, to the traces of coal and other minerals, to the cattle-runs that will be available when the land is cleared, to the fishing-grounds all long the Coast, and to the scenic possibilities of the area. They look to the day when Jackson's Bay will have not only the finest harbour but the busiest port on the Coast. Whatever may be the facts behind their high hopes, no one can doubt their enthusiasm and sincerity.

The Bay has as long a history as any part of New Zealand. With Cape Maria van Diemen, Cascade Point, just to the south, is the closest lying land to Sydney. Sailing-ships often made their landfall here, and the old native stories tell of whalers, at times in fleets, calling at the Bay for fresh water and wood.

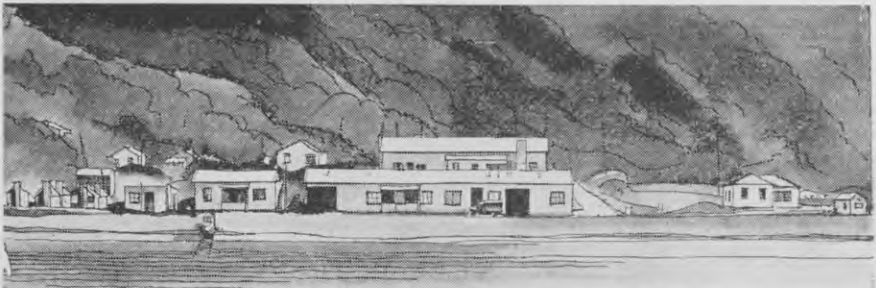
The inevitable legends (with some basis in fact) have sprung up concerning these early visitors. One tells the story of "The Frenchman's Gold." Sometime early in the last century the crew of a French ship mutinied off this part of the Coast and when the ship was driven ashore only two of the company survived. Part of the cargo consisted of gold ingots and, understandably, the survivors salvaged these. They buried this fortune somewhere in the bush and then set off for the north and civilization. One was

drowned crossing a river. The other settled in Nelson. He never returned to uncover the treasure, a somewhat suspicious circumstance, but drew a map of the locality where it was buried. Some versions say that a pick and an axe driven into a tree trunk mark the spot; others say that the gold was hidden in a cave. Bearing out the first version, a reliable station hand is said to have found an old axe and a pick driven deep in the trunk of a tree. He did not realize the significance of his find, and when he was told of the treasure neither he nor any one else could discover the fateful tree.

Working to the cave theory and following the mutineers map, a party is said to have been organized in Invercargill before the last war which came to the spot where the cave should have been only to discover that a land-slide had covered it. They began tunnelling, but some disagreement caused the expedition to disband. Perhaps the gold is there yet. Some of the old hands are certain of it.

In 1862 Claude Morton Ollivier died aboard the schooner "Ada" and she put in to bury him on the foreshore of the Bay. This grave, the only trace of the many ships that called in the early days, was discovered in 1875 by the settlers who came to take up holdings in the Town of Arawata.

This settlement was established by the Government in order to open up the lower portion of the West Coast. Pamphlets painting a bright picture of the possibilities of the district and offering a free passage to settlers attracted some hundreds to Arawata. The town-



Some of the settlement as seen from the wharf.

ship had been so named after a nearby river. The attempt at settlement was a failure.

The settlers were not to blame. They had been led to believe that they were going to a land of milk and honey. They landed instead on a desolate beach beyond which was a barrier of impenetrable forest. Before they could win any return from their 10 acre holdings they had to clear back the bush and build their homes. They had to give battle also to the millions of mosquitoes who claimed prior right of possession and grow accustomed to the incessant rain, which was more than tropical in its dreary intensity. A depressing prospect for pioneers, however hardy.

Despite difficulties that must have seemed almost insurmountable, the settlement was established. But the settlers' hopes of a reasonable standard of living from land-development were not realized. The land was too poor, the locality too isolated. They made the best possible use of the natural resources available and tried to establish sawmilling, mining, and fishing as local industries, but though they had a good harbour they had no landing facilities and their efforts brought little return.

Their only regular revenue was the payment they received for road work. At this work they spent several days each week, but when the Government decided to discontinue road-building they were left almost destitute. Many left the district, but some few moved north to Okuru to try their luck on better land.

The Resident Agent, Mr. Duncan McFarlane, noted in his reports that there were extensive limestone deposits handy to the Bay and also traces of coal and other minerals as well as patches of fireclay. The scheme had undoubted possibilities, but the isolation, the disappointments, and the interminable rain must have been enough to dampen the ardour of the most enthusiastic.

After most of the settlers had left the Bay a big slip came down on part of the township and some millions of tons of earth wrote an effective "finis" to most



Ferrying stores across the Arawata River.

of the settlement. The bush crept down and the grave on the foreshore was once again enveloped.

It was found in 1937 when a Public Works camp was established at the Bay to carry a road north to the outside world, a road which sixty years before would have probably meant the success of the settlement. So once again Jackson's Bay came to life and for several years it was the busy headquarters of the men employed on road and bridge building. The bush was cut back and buildings erected on sites once occupied by the houses of the old inhabitants. The population grew to 150. There was a post-office with full radio transmitting equipment, a canteen (dry), a Y.M.C.A., a hospital, a men's cookhouse and a staff mess, and, in addition, all the Public Works Department's buildings. There were houses for the married men and huts for the single. The "Gael" called regularly bringing supplies and equipment for the work, and a wharf was built capable of berthing large ships. A landing-ground was cleared near the eastern edge of the Bay, and Air Travel, Ltd., ran a regular service bringing mails, newspapers, passengers, and some freight.

This time the cart and the horse were in the right order and with adequate access there was every chance of the natural wealth of the region being exploited successfully. But bad luck again postponed the completion of the necessary access. The war drew men away to the Forces and to more essential works elsewhere, and only a small staff was retained for maintenance work and the completion of a few unfinished jobs.

But this time the bush has not crept back to reclaim the clearings. The skeleton staff has plenty to keep it occupied and the postmaster has more to do than record the daily rainfall. Incidentally, that is in itself a pretty big job down there. They had 150 in. of rain last year and reckoned it a dry season. But the camp is ready for the post-war influx of labour; ready to get on with the job.

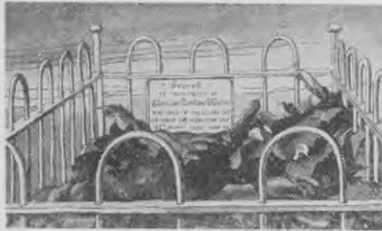
Up from Cascades Point below the Bay is Cascades Station, the most southerly station on the Coast and one of the biggest. Here in the wilderness Nolan Bros. raise cattle for the Wataroa market and take six weeks to drive them out to the sales. Supplies go in and out by packhorse. Much of the station is subdivided and fenced, but the ranges form the eastern boundary. South-east are the Red Hills, thought to contain payable amounts of iron oxide.

Most of this country had been surveyed and the geographical features named. The names have a flavour peculiar to the Coast. Some streams are named after a deck of cards; Knaves Creek, Deuce Creek, Right Bower, &c. Others are called after a ship's company: Bosun's Creek, Mate's Creek, and so on.

At Cascades Point is a seal rookery. After a close season of over thirty years the rookery is literally alive with almost tame seals. They can be driven up a narrow ledge that skirts the steep cliff to a dead end some 70 ft. above the sea.

Finding they can go no further, they then dive off into the water, often knocking themselves out as they land. Those who have fished these waters claim that the seals are a menace to the blue cod and they are agitating that an open season be declared in order to keep the seals in check.

Like many other public works of first-rate importance, the completion of the road links between Jackson's Bay and Otago and the northern part of the Coast must await the end of the war. When the roads are through, the Bay will at last come into its own. The sawmilling industry will doubtless be developed, and it may be followed by closer settlement of the land. Perhaps lime-crushing and brickmaking industries will also be commenced. There are crayfish by the thousand just off the end of the wharf and all varieties of fish are



The grave on the foreshore.

plentiful in the Bay. The mineral possibilities of the district can also be explored and, if found to be worthwhile, exploited. The Bay itself, banked by forest heaped hills and enclosing a sheltered stretch of the sea across which the forests rise steeply from the coastline to the Alps, could become a popular tourist resort. It can rain there certainly, but the mild temperature is some compensation, and when the sun shines there is no more pleasant place in New Zealand.

The Coast has plenty of dead towns, relics of the old gold rush days. There is every chance that at Jackson's Bay one will be resurrected.



NEW ZEALAND TREES

The RIMU

By DR. W. R. B. OLIVER, Director
of the Dominion Museum, Wellington

THE NATIVE pines of New Zealand do not belong to the same family as the true pines whose fruit is a woody cone and leaves are needle-like. Some, such as the kauri and kawaka, do have woody cones, but the leaves are flat; but the fruits of the remainder are nuts seated in fleshy cups. The best-known kinds are the rimu, miro, matai, tanekaha, kahikatea, and totara. Of these, the rimu is the most abundant and, judging by production, is the chief timber tree of New Zealand. Its tall, mast-like stem gives character to high forest. Its yellowish drooping foliage is conspicuous when the forest is seen from a distance.

The rimu was discovered by Captain Cook, who called it spruce fir. He was looking for leaves from which he could brew beer, and experimented with the rimu. The resultant concoction was used to take the place of vegetables, but proved too astringent. To counteract this an equal quantity of manuka leaves was mixed with the rimu and the beer brewed from this was said to be quite palatable and esteemed by all.

The name red-pine, commonly applied to the rimu, is derived from the colour of the wood. Actually, the timber varies from light yellow to deep red. The heart wood is durable, but it is not clearly marked off from the sap, which decays completely in exposed situations. Rimu is extensively used for furniture and house building. Some pieces are handsomely variegated and hence are especially suitable for doors, furniture, and panelling.



CARPENTRY TRAINING CENTRE

A Year's Course that is No Rest Cure for Weary Soldiers

A KORERO Report

Problem I.—There is an acute shortage of houses, largely because of the lack of skilled tradesmen to build them.

Problem II.—There are large numbers of ex-servicemen keen to learn a skilled trade, and to settle down to civilian life anew as craftsmen.

This is the story of how the Rehabilitation Department, in co-operation with the Housing Department and the State Advances Corporation, is attempting to solve these two problems by setting up Carpentry Training Centres.

There is something peculiarly apt in the absorption of ex-servicemen into the building industry, for the discharged soldier seems to feel an urge to build, to do something practical and constructive. Perhaps this is a reaction against the unproductiveness of Army life; at all events, the men who are going through the training centres seem to be attacking the work with a promising keenness and zest.

The course lasts twelve months, divided into three periods of four months each, and during this twelve months the trainee has to learn almost as much as the average apprentice learns in five years. Actually, the course is designed to cover the instruction necessary for erecting State houses, and includes all the most difficult and most called for trade processes. A full five years' apprenticeship should cover the whole of a tradesman's requirements, although serious omissions are often made, particularly in trade drawing and the "paper and pencil" side of the trade. Some of the men have some experience, some have been "bush carpenters" and amateur "handy-men," others know little or nothing about woodwork, but no man suffers for lack of previous knowledge. Effort, perseverance, and enthusiasm are demanded, and not in vain: this scheme was not intended for a rest cure for weary soldiers, but to give ex-servicemen a chance to rehabilitate themselves.

During training each man is paid £5 5s. a week for the first eight months, and thereafter £5 7s. 6d. a week. A basic kit of tools supplied by the Department is paid off by the trainee by small weekly instalments out of his wages over the first period of his training.

Did some one ask, "Where is the money coming from?" The scheme appears to be generous, but it is not such a drain on the taxpayer as might be expected, for almost at once the trainee takes his place in the production line. Almost all the articles made in the workshop as exercises are fittings or joinery for State houses and are bought by the Housing Construction Department. Furthermore, all the work done by trainees in the field is on Government houses, each class actually building eight houses. This has a double effect, in that it makes the scheme partly pay for itself, and it gives the men pride in their work and encourages care and accuracy from the beginning. "There's no mucking about," as one ex-soldier put it, "we're getting on to the job right from the beginning."

At the beginning of his course the trainee may sometimes feel bewildered at the amount and complexity of the work to be covered, but he soon finds that with application and a reasonable amount of hard work it can be mastered. Though far from easy, the work is interesting and varied, and the instructors, all practical men drawn from the building trades and thoroughly conversant with every branch of their work, are helpful and considerate.

The first task is to learn the use and care of tools. No tradesman can work with blunt tools or with tools that do not cut true, so the trainee begins by learning to care for his tools and to use them to advantage.

From this he goes to the making of a few simple objects—a ceiling access hatch, for example, and a saw-stool for his own use. Before he begins work on these he must make his own drawings



Checking the line.

from a blue-print, then set the work out on a "setting-out board." Both drawings and setting out must be checked and passed before he touches tool to timber. The timber used is all rough, and each man has to dress his own, thus gaining experience and the feel of both tools and timber. Beginners are apt to chafe at this insistence on the drawing and theory of even the simplest exercise, and at the large amount of time in the workshop spent on theoretical work, but it is emphasized that a man who cannot use paper and pencil as easily as saw and hammer stands little chance of ever being anything but a labourer directed by some one else's brains.

Each man makes himself a tool-box, again drawing it from the blue-print; some of these tool boxes are finished with all the care of the born craftsman, even having the owner's initials inlaid in wood of a contrasting colour.

The trainee continues through a series of graduated exercises, each designed to teach something new, and each one drawn, set out, and made with sufficient "finish" to take its place as part of a State house. From fairly simple articles he works his way up to external door frames, casement sashes and frames, and finally to a complete scale model roof. During this period, too, he pays several visits to actual building operations to see

the practical application of theoretical points.

On the theoretical side he learns the technique of trade drawing, and is initiated into the mysteries of reading plans and blue-prints. Before passing out from the workshop he has to design a complete house to the satisfaction of the instructors. He learns a great deal of trade calculations, including the "taking-off" of quantities, the use of fractions and decimals, and superficial and linear measurement. He must also be able to calculate quantities of concrete and earth-work, and be able to work out costs. In addition to all this he must learn the common types and uses of timbers, and their special treatments. This is no mean task for the first four months, but the men tackle it with a determination that makes light of labour. Notebooks are kept, written up at home, and at the end of the workshop period these should show a complete record of the processes involved in building a house.

At the end of the first four months the trainees move out on to actual building work, and a new group enters the workshop. These groups generally are about twenty-four, and every four months each group moves one stage further, the trainees from the workshop becoming juniors "on the job," the juniors becoming seniors, and the seniors leaving as journeymen to gain speed and wider experience under normal conditions of employment.

Fresh from the workshop the juniors are paired with seniors, grouped in "gangs" of six, and set to work on the actual construction of houses. Here again they work from blue-prints, making their own measurements and calculations



Studying a model roof.

and taking full responsibility for the work. Each junior works with the senior with whom he is paired, unless the job in hand requires only one man, in which case the other partner carries on with some other job. This rule is definite: that no man is to be idle, for the trade has no room for the loafer. Discipline on this part of the course is strict; punctuality, application, and attention to work being insisted on, though it is seldom that the instructors have to use their disciplinary powers. A roster is prepared, and each man takes his turn at making tea, tidying up, and taking care of tools and equipment belonging to the job.

As difficult or noteworthy points in the construction are reached, the men are called together for a brief lecture or explanation. As soon as the instructor is satisfied that every man understands the point in question, work is resumed. Wet days, if indoor work is not available and the weather prevents work in the open, are also spent in lectures and revision of theory, and trainees are encouraged to revise and study their notebooks throughout the course.

Each gang of six builds one complete house during this four months, starting from the bare soil or turf and doing themselves everything from the foundation upwards. As these houses are to be handed over to the Housing Construction Department, no slipshod work is permissible: "near enough" is not good enough, and work must be good indeed to pass the eagle eye of the instructor, and later of the housing inspector.

Experienced tradesmen have expressed surprise and pleasure at the quality of the work produced. The economic aspect of the scheme is indicated by the fact that over the last two years the centre operating in the Hutt Valley has turned over to the Housing Construction Department more completed houses than any other single contractor in the area.

At the end of another four months, the seniors leave to take their place in industry, and the juniors become seniors, to be paired off with new juniors fresh from the school, and to go through the practical building course once again. There is wisdom in this, for the repetition of the processes involved serves to drive them home and fix them firmly in mind. The seniors assist, advise, and encourage the juniors as necessary, and in any case of doubt the instructor is always available to explain and demonstrate.

At the end of the course each man receives a certificate stating his progress and ability. It is not claimed that the course turns out experienced men, for experience comes only with time, but it is claimed that the men who leave have a sound knowledge of the practice and theory necessary for the building of State houses. Most men join the union and begin work for a building contractor; and from letters received it appears that they are giving full satisfaction both in the quality of their work and in their attitude towards it. Several groups of ex-trainees



Cramping a floor.

have banded together and are undertaking contracting work on their own account—again the results reflect credit on their training.

So we see the ex-serviceman, after twelve months' training, setting out with a kit of tools and a store of knowledge to take his place in the calling he has chosen. The instructors have done their best to give him the point of view of the craftsman for whom his craft is all. His military service, the mature point of view of his age and experience, and the concentrated teaching of master craftsmen have given him a fair start towards rehabilitating himself. The rest is up to him, and by the appearance of the men in the schools now the effort is not wasted. They are working hard, and are happy in their work.

GRAMOPHONE RECITALS

in Camp

by 595939

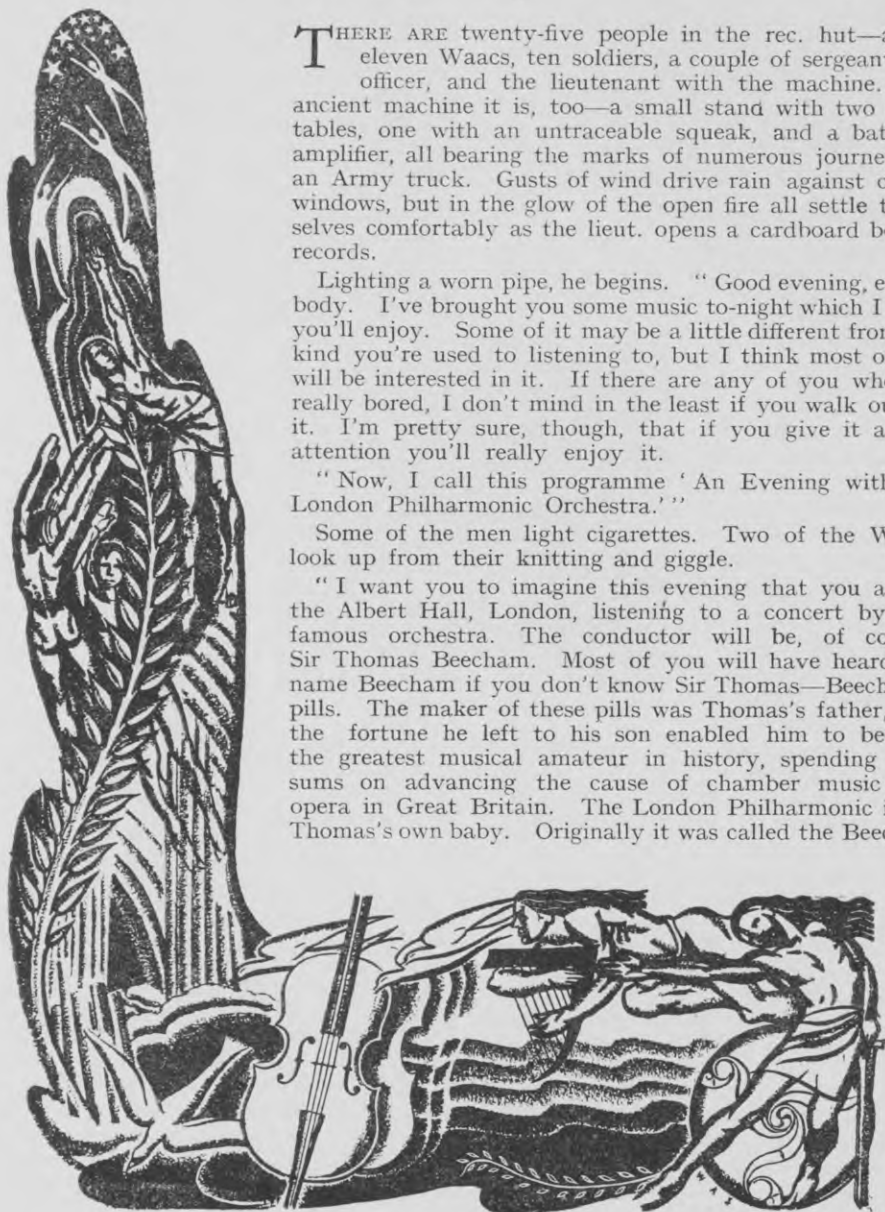
THERE ARE twenty-five people in the rec. hut—about eleven Waacs, ten soldiers, a couple of sergeants, an officer, and the lieutenant with the machine. An ancient machine it is, too—a small stand with two turntables, one with an untraceable squeak, and a battered amplifier, all bearing the marks of numerous journeys in an Army truck. Gusts of wind drive rain against closed windows, but in the glow of the open fire all settle themselves comfortably as the lieut. opens a cardboard box of records.

Lighting a worn pipe, he begins. "Good evening, everybody. I've brought you some music to-night which I hope you'll enjoy. Some of it may be a little different from the kind you're used to listening to, but I think most of you will be interested in it. If there are any of you who get really bored, I don't mind in the least if you walk out on it. I'm pretty sure, though, that if you give it a little attention you'll really enjoy it.

"Now, I call this programme 'An Evening with the London Philharmonic Orchestra.'"

Some of the men light cigarettes. Two of the Waacs look up from their knitting and giggle.

"I want you to imagine this evening that you are in the Albert Hall, London, listening to a concert by this famous orchestra. The conductor will be, of course, Sir Thomas Beecham. Most of you will have heard the name Beecham if you don't know Sir Thomas—Beecham's pills. The maker of these pills was Thomas's father, and the fortune he left to his son enabled him to become the greatest musical amateur in history, spending vast sums on advancing the cause of chamber music and opera in Great Britain. The London Philharmonic is Sir Thomas's own baby. Originally it was called the Beecham



Philharmonic, but unfortunately people would call it Pillharmonic." And so it goes on for a couple of minutes.

"And now the orchestra is ready for its first piece, the 'Fingal's Cave' or 'Hebrides' Overture by Felix Mendelssohn. There is an interesting little story attached to this piece which should help you to understand it a bit better. In 1829, when Mendelssohn was only twenty, he went on a tour of the islands of the Hebrides. One of the most impressive sights he saw was Fingal's Cave, on the Isle of Staffa. This great cave, full of Celtic memories, had long been known as the Cave of Music because of the murmur of the tide against its huge walls in fine weather, and the thunder of the waves during a storm. The opening theme came into his mind and haunted him so persistently that he jotted it down the same evening in a letter to a friend. In 1830 he completed the work in Italy, and when first performed in London it delighted the English, for it is a splendid picture in music. The overture begins with the lower strings and bassoons, presenting a theme representing the long rolling Atlantic breakers and calling to mind the moaning of the wind and the thunder of the tide, mingling with the cry of sea-birds. There are two principal themes both presenting the illusion of the constant movement of the sea."

And then the overture swells out. Hardly a sound is heard in the room but the crackling of the fire, the occasional striking of a match, and the rain on the windows.

"The next piece will be a very different one, although it, too, conjures up a picture. It is by a modern English composer, Frederic Delius, and it is very appropriate that we should have his work played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, for it was Sir Thomas Beecham who introduced Delius's work to the British public and who carried on a vigorous propaganda campaign in its favour for many years. This piece is called 'Summer Night on the River.' I will be interested to hear if you like it, for like all Delius's work, it is impressionistic, a really 'modern' piece. It suggests a mood

rather than paints a picture, it hints, it teases, it sketches by little dots. Listen!"

The piece winds to an end.

"Well, did you like it?" Some shout "No!" Some say, half-puzzled, "Yes, I did," but others—"I'm not sure."

"Well, this evening the orchestra has a guest singer, none other than the famous American baritone, Lawrence Tibbett. He will sing for you two songs by Schubert not so familiar perhaps as 'The Erl-King' or 'Who is Sylvia?' but still very moving and interesting. They are 'The Omnipotence,' a prayer of praise, and 'The Wanderer.'"

In a similar way the programme proceeds with two familiar pieces, the "Naila" waltz and the waltz from "The Swan Lake." After that Tibbett is back again to sing Loewe's stirring "Edward."

"We have now reached the interval. This will be five minutes. After that we'll have a little symphony by Mozart, the 'Haffner' Symphony. It is a very melodious work, which lasts about thirty-five minutes. If any of you feel that you're not up to listening to a symphony, you might like to take this opportunity to slip away."

The machine is switched off, a little group closes round the officer with questions about some of the pieces played, but no one leaves the room. After five minutes, the turntables are set running again.

"Now we have the Symphony in D by Mozart, the 'Haffner' Symphony, so-called because Mozart composed it in 1776 for his friend Sigmund Haffner, the Burgomaster of Salzburg, in less than a fortnight. It is in three sections or movements. The first——"

And so the room dances for thirty-five minutes. There are occasional rustles, but otherwise the work proceeds without interruption. At the end there is a spontaneous relaxing and a burst of applause. The officer stands up.

"Well, that's all for to-night. I hope you've enjoyed it. I don't think any of you will regret Bing Crosby, eh? If any of you want to discuss the pieces, we can do it over tea."

Cups clatter and supper is on. Thus ends a typical gramophone recital in an N.M.D. camp.

Nobody has been more surprised than the authorities at the way in which gramophone recitals have caught on. In one district in twelve months over two hundred recitals have been given, all on the one machine mentioned above. Some of these were individual programmes like the one sketched above, sent to camps on request, but most are given to regular groups of Army, Air Force, and Navy personnel, ranging in size from twelve to sixty, which meet once a fortnight over several months to listen to progressive programmes dealing with the better type of music.

The good taste of the average group would surprise those who lugubriously speak of the decadent tastes of modern youth. Such programmes as "The Overture," "Russian Music," "The Development of Italian Opera," "Ballets To-day and Yesterday," "The Piano Concerto," "The Music of Haydn," &c., have been listened to with attention. Many in the groups confess that they have never consciously listened to symphonic music before, and they are surprised at the pleasure they find in it, particularly when some trouble is taken to explain the music to them in a fairly informal way.

Of course, groups vary very considerably. One group containing four or five pianists insists on large doses of piano music, and spends hours criticizing and comparing the techniques of various players. Another is devoted to opera, and laps up huge gobbits of Puccini, Wagner, and Verdi. Yet another is very interested in the moderns. Several groups just want to find out what music *is*, when is music "good," is there such a thing as "good" music, what is a symphony orchestra, anyhow.

But every group reacts very much the same to a well-planned and annotated recital. Very few of even the adolescents really like listening to "swing" music—"request" programmes, having no integration and consisting often of music whose only use is for dancing, are invariably failures, even when sprinkled with so-called popular "classics" such as

the first movements of the "Juke-Box" Concerto, and the "Moonlight Sonata," and the ubiquitous "Liebestraum." Such request programmes have been tried deliberately, and have always cured the group, leading them to leave future recitals to the organizer.

Not a great number of the listeners know very much about music, but they are willing to listen to explanations, providing that they are approached in a manner free from snobbery, and the exclusiveness of the Bach or Mozart fanatic. Even Stravinsky's ballets, in small doses, are appreciated when the story and purpose is explained. A sergeant came up to the lecturer once after "The Firebird" and said, "I've heard that before, and thought it was just a row. I still don't think very highly of it, but after the explanation, I can see some shape in it, and I think I know what Stravinsky is getting at."

It has not been found difficult after beginning with fairly well-known pieces by Beethoven, Mozart, and Bach to lead groups gradually to the quartets and symphonies. Often when some progress has been made A.E.W.S. helps by sending a piano quartet to give a "flesh and blood" recital to the group.

The influence of the films is seen in the star-appeal of certain singers—Tibbett, Tauber, Natzke, Lily Pons—so that groups will listen to virtually anything sung by them. Really good songs by these singers form an introduction to the same songs sung by lesser-known singers. Groups, too, are interested in hearing occasionally the same songs sung by, say, Tauber and Gigli, or Deanna Durbin and Helen Jepson. Very, very rarely is the vote in favour of the inferior singer, and often this is a good way of drawing attention to the weaknesses in many popular idols. It is a sure test of taste to play Vera Lynn beside Marion Anderson. As one soldier put it, "Vera Lynn may be the soldiers' sweetheart in England—she's just a pain in the neck here."

Providing that a gradual approach is made with green groups, it has not been found difficult to foster a genuine liking for advanced music. It has been demonstrated again and again in these

gramophone groups that if great music is introduced sympathetically and with a close eye on the capabilities of the group, it meets with a warm and ready response. The liking for good music seems to be innate in servicemen and servicewomen of many degrees of education. The most responsive groups, by the way, have usually been those which include both men and women.

Some lighter programmes have been given, such as "light opera from Gilbert and Sullivan to Cole Porter," "Merrie England," and so on. But most groups ask for the more solid fare. A particularly popular programme has been one showing the use of jazz rhythms by modern serious composers, including work by Debussy, Walton, Lambert, Stravinsky, Ibert, and Lord Berners.

And the several thousand servicemen who have listened to these recitals seem to agree that our New Zealand radio has not been at all successful in its presentation of good music. They say that a great deal of first-class music from a station like IYA or IYX is presented without any explanation or commentary whatsoever. The result is that it is played to the converted, and the borderline case chases musical comedy or something he knows. When commentaries are given they are usually stilted, uncritical, vague, and generally unhelpful, and are read in a lecture-room manner, irritating to those who know and unenlightening to those who don't. What hope has the average listener of appreciating "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "Lieutenant Kije," "Pictures at an Exhibition," or "Mathias the Painter," or even "La Mer" without a fairly detailed commentary—not too long, but long enough.

[Two Characteristic Recitals]

1. The music of Haydn :—

- (a) Sonata No. 1 in E Flat for Piano—Vladimir Horowitz.
- (b) "My Mother Bids Me Bind my Hair"—Anna Case, soprano.
- (c) Minuet—Pablo Casals.
- (d) Quartet in A Flat ("Emperor")—Pro Arte String Quartet.
- (e) "With Verdure Clad"—Dora Labette, soprano.
- (f) Symphony No. 88 in G Major—N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

2. Development of Italian romantic opera :—

- (a) Overture to "The Silken Ladder"—Rossini.
- (b) "La Calunnia," from "The Barber of Seville."
- (c) "Una Voce Poco Fa," from "The Barber of Seville."
- (d) Tirolienne from "Daughter of the Regiment."
- (e) Sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor."
- (f) "Casta Diva," from "Norma."
- (g) Prelude to Act III, "La Traviata."
- (h) "Celeste Aida," from "Aida."
- (i) "Iago's Creed," from "Othello."
- (j) Orchestral selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana."
- (k) "On with the Motley," from "Il Pagliacci."
- (l) "They Call me Mimi," from "La Boheme."
- (m) "E Lucevan Le Stelle," from "La Tosca."
- (n) "Turn the Grindstone," from "Turandot."
- (o) Selection from "Gianni Secchi."



When you get back

We have tried to make the information given here as complete and accurate as possible, but it should be remembered that changing conditions may invalidate some of it. These articles can be regarded, therefore, only as a general guide. They do not bind *Korero* or any authority.

COACH AND MOTOR-BODY BUILDING

AT PRESENT this is a diminishing trade because of the change-over to the manufacture of munitions. But after the war the coach trade will be busy. It is doubtful, however, whether it will give much scope for the skilled craftsman, who previously served a five years' apprenticeship. The modern trend is towards mass production in assembly shops and factories, where the workmen need little training. It is impossible to forecast what material will be used for the bodies of cars after the war—whether wood, rubber, steel, or fabric—but, whatever the material, the method of manufacture is almost certain to be that of mass production. This means unskilled or semi-skilled work in a noisy atmosphere. There will, of course, be tram building, railway carriage building, and bus and truck building very much to the same extent as in the past, and there will also be plenty of repair work. The industry includes painting and upholstering as well as actual body-building.

A further possible employment in the future for such workmen may be the building or assembling of aircraft; this, of course, will depend on future developments of air travel in New Zealand and on Government and aircraft-makers' policy.

About £6 a week might be considered the usual wage.



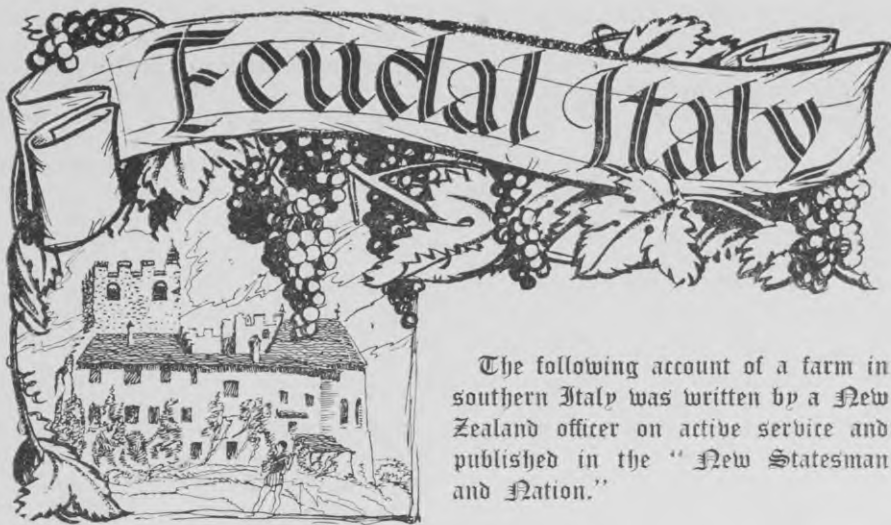
Furniture-making

Rehabilitation of ex-servicemen from overseas has already begun in this trade. In Wellington, for example, several returned men have been given entry into the trade and are making good. For them the normal five-year period of apprenticeship has been reduced to three years and their wages are subsidized by the Government.

Some sections of the trade, such as wicker-work, and upholstery, are suitable for disabled men, while picture-frame making and wire-mattress making (normally three years' apprenticeship) are also suitable. The actual weaving of wire mattresses is often done by unskilled female labour. Those entering the furniture trade need to be free from any chest weakness, because there is dust in every section of the trade (including upholstery), and new devices such as the spray gun used in polishing are injurious to those who have any chest complaints.

At present rates a good workman earns about £6 16s. 3d. a week. As a factory foreman he may receive up to £10 a week. About the only other avenue of advancement is for a man to open his own business.

Future Openings.—The trade is good, but it is not one that can take unlimited numbers. There will be a great increase in furniture-making after the enforced inactivity of war years, but this will be offset to some extent by the return of the 50 per cent. of the men in the trade who are now overseas.



The following account of a farm in southern Italy was written by a New Zealand officer on active service and published in the "New Statesman and Nation."

WE HAD not been more than half an hour in our billets at the Masseria San Cataldo when the boys had begun to refer to "the peons" and "the hacienda." The farmhouse is, in fact, rather like the Mexican manors one sees on the films: a big flat-roofed building with square towers at the ends. It has a wide arcaded porch on the ground floor and an open terrace above it. The living quarters are all on the upper floor. The rooms to the right of the terrace are the master's quarters, uninhabited since his last visit four years ago. We found them sparsely furnished; the silver, the linen, and the bulk of the other furniture, all of it first-class stuff, were locked away in a room to which the *amministratore* held the key. Bathroom and lavatory were up to date and clean. The electric light was working. Behind the terrace is a set of rooms, about eight of them, where the *fattore* had been living till we evicted him, and on the left of it are two long store-rooms filled with wheat, carrots, and shrivelling tomatoes. Down below, the right hand rooms are offices; on the left are store-rooms with oil-presses and more heaps of grain; between the two wings is the chapel, complete with pink and blue

statues of the Madonna and the Sacred Heart. A prosperous and godly house.

At each end of the farmhouse and separated from it by an unpaved yard 50 ft. wide is a row of three or four low cottages. The yard usually has several young, half-naked children playing about, and through a cottage door one occasionally catches a glimpse of a drably dressed woman washing clothes or sweeping. In these cottages live the people who do the routine work of the farm. It happened that the first of the workmen to whom I spoke was the foreman, the *guardino*. Although I saw him every day for a month, I never learned his surname. I called him Giovanni, at his request; the Italians called him Giuan. A tall, straight man of sixty, with his hat always square upon his head, and dressed in cottony near-tweeds with collar and tie, Giovanni had fought in the last war at Caporetto and in the Balkans and had been some time with the occupation troops in Bulgaria. So he knew his Army ranks and always hailed me with a "Buongiorno, Signor Capitano," raising his hat 6 in. above his head. We became good friends. I was able to help him in certain small troubles of his, preventing the troops from trampling the vegetables, allowing

him to keep the keys of the store-rooms for which he was responsible, and such like. In return he gave me the use of odd items of furniture from the store-rooms and was generally co-operative.

It was from Giovanni that I got my first idea of the set-up on the farm. I supplemented what he told me by conversations with other workmen, with the *fattore* and with a neighbouring landowner, a retired General who had been driven by fear of bombing to leave his town house and reside for the time being on his land. The Masseria San Cataldo, I learned, is one of ten farms, seven in Apulia and three in Campania, the property of the Marquis de Arruaga, a nobleman who has kept with his Spanish name the coat-of-arms of his Spanish family, with the addition of four ravens to indicate the centuries that have passed since the founder of the younger branch landed in Italy with Gonsalvo de Cordoba. The Marquis is all but unknown to his peasants. When I asked one of them if the Master lived at the Masseria, he laughed: "The Marchese never comes here. He is an Englishman."



"Mountains are cultivated."

Another contradicted him: "No, he is a Piedmontese and lives in Rome." It was the ex-General who told me something about the Arruaga family. The present Marquis normally lives in Rome or in Paris, though the war has induced him to take up temporary

quarters in the provincial discomfort of Zurich. When the war is over and things in Italy have settled down "under some reasonable form of government," then the Marquis will return to his Roman palazzo.

But the comings and goings of the Marquis do not affect the lives of his peasants. The farm is administered under a hierarchy of which the pinnacle is outside the peon's range of view. Of the nine families living in the cottages beside the farmhouse, Giovanni is the chief man. He receives the same pay as the rest (at present 600 lire—30s.—a month), but while their monthly subsistence allowance is 25 kilos of grain and 1 litre of oil, Giovanni receives 8 kilos more grain as well as a daily litre of wine. For this wage he supervises the day-to-day work on the whole farm. He is answerable to the *fattore*, a dark, thick-set man with waxed moustache and natty borsalino who takes decisions on higher policy: the quantity of fertilizer necessary, the number of extra hands for the olive harvest, the price at which the calves will be sold. The *fattore* is a self-important man. He was servile enough to me when we were alone, but in the presence of the workmen he would try rather feebly to assert himself. Very much the middle-man is the *fattore*. He never does a hand's turn of manual work; his manner towards the peasants is arrogant; and his salary of about £300 a year permits him the luxury of a Fiat Balilla for which he used to cadge petrol from us.

Apart from the Masseria San Cataldo, the *fattore* manages two other of the Arruaga farms in the district. Above him is the *amministratore*, who handles the finances of all seven Apulian farms belonging to the Arruagas and who acts as steward generally to the absentee Marquis. The *amministratore* lives in Taranto, and though I never met him I gathered, from what the *fattore* told me, that he would be in the thousand-a-year class.

From data given me by Giovanni and the *fattore* I have tried to work out the income which this farm represents. I have calculated on the basis of pre-war prices and have translated lire



“A prosperous and goodly house.”

into pounds at the pre-war rate (roughly, 100 lire = £1 sterling).

The ten Arruaga farms total something like 4,500 acres, of which the Masseria San Cataldo accounts for 940. It is given over to olive production and carries 12,000 trees. The olive is cropped every two years, and a good tree will yield 8 cwt. to 10 cwt. of fruit worth, in normal times, 100 lire (say, £1 sterling) per hundredweight. I calculated that, if an average tree produced 4 cwt. per harvest, this would give an annual production of 24,000 cwt. of olives for the whole farm, which represents a gross income of £24,000. What of production costs? First, labour. The nine workmen with their 600 lire per month (actually, they will have received less before the war) represents a charge of 65,000 lire, or £650 per year. Then there are the olive-pickers. In a normal year about 150 girls are employed for 100 days at 10 lire per day. Total: £1,500. With the salaries of *fattore* and *amministratore*, even reckoning these as a charge

upon this single farm, and not distributed over the several farms with which they are concerned, the annual wages bill would not be more than £3,500 to £4,000 in all. I found it harder to get information on cost of fertilizers and wear-and-tear on equipment and farm installations, but I reckoned they would not come to more than a couple of thousand pounds a year. I should say the Marquis would be unlucky if he did not clear £15,000 a year from this one farm. I should put the correct figure at nearer £20,000.

The Masseria produces other things than olives. It grows enough grain to feed the labourers and the farm animals. There are about twenty cows which are kept mainly for manure, but which also produce a certain quantity of milk for the Taranto market. There is a large kitchen garden and an orchard.

The peasants who work the farm are all miserably poor and all, except Giovanni, illiterate. I don't know if before we came they were discontented with their share in the stuff they pro-

duced, but they certainly began to criticize the set-up after they had some contact with our New-Zealanders. I remember a conversation with a group of them in the barn one wet afternoon. "Is it true, Signor Capitano, that in your country there are no landlords?" "Quite true," I said, not quite accurately. They glanced at one another and nodded. "And everything the ground produces belongs to the peasants?" "Yes, everything," I said, smiling to hear the word "peasants" applied to our New Zealand farmers with their mechanical equipment and their motor-cars. "That's how it should be," one of them said. "But how does it come about that you have no landlords?" It would have taken too long to talk of our early settlements and the schemes of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, so in desperation I replied, "Oh, we shot them all." "Shot them?" They nodded again. "Well, that was well done. That's what they ought to do in Italy, too." "They" ought to, not "we" ought to.

It would be quite incorrect to credit these peasants with revolutionary ideas or even with political intentions. Russia is for them an infinitely remote land, still somewhat sinister. Their ideal appears to be what politicians are fond of calling "the Anglo-Saxon way of life"—that is, reasonable material prosperity plus greater personal freedom than most Italians have ever known. Of this life they have learned something from their friends who have worked in America, something from their contacts with us, and I am sure that this would be their first choice. When they discover that there is no chance of their attaining this, then it may be that they will go the revolutionary way. But not yet. On that same afternoon one of the men, who had just come back from Taranto reported that he had been at a public meeting where the speakers had called for the establishment of the Republic. This news puzzled the peasants and they called on me to explain. I did so:

"They think the King is no good and they want to get rid of him." The man who had most approved the idea of shooting the landlords said, "But, Signor Capitano, how can we live without our King? Without a King how can there be an Italy?"

The mentality of these people, like their way of life, is mediæval. Typical is the faith they place in an ancient book of prophecies which seems to form part of the local folk-lore. Nobody I met had ever seen the book which, they say, was compiled by a wise man centuries ago, but they all quote from it and, I suspect, father upon it *post eventum* prophecies of their own. Apart from the usual predictions of wars and of aviation ("men shall fly and steel shall be lighter than feathers"), the book, it would appear, foretold the fall of Mussolini and the triumph of England and her Allies. The post-war, unfortunately, is not so clearly outlined.

To people who think like this, words like liberalism or communism and names like Sforza or Ercoli can mean nothing at all. The task of harnessing their discontent to any political band-wagon will require far deeper subtlety and understanding than most people in England (to judge from the occasional English periodicals one sees out here) seem to imagine.

When the time came for us to leave the Masseria the peasants were, I think, really sorry to see us go. Giovanni invited another officer and me to drink wine with him in his cottage the evening before we went. The wine was harsh, and I felt remorseful to be eating the bread and olives which Giovanni's wife set before us—bread is not plentiful in Italy to-day. But they would not hear of refusal. We drank until we were fairly merry, and Giovanni sang songs in thick dialect. At the parting his words were: "Good-bye. World and world never meet, but men—men do sometimes meet again."