



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