

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