KORERO

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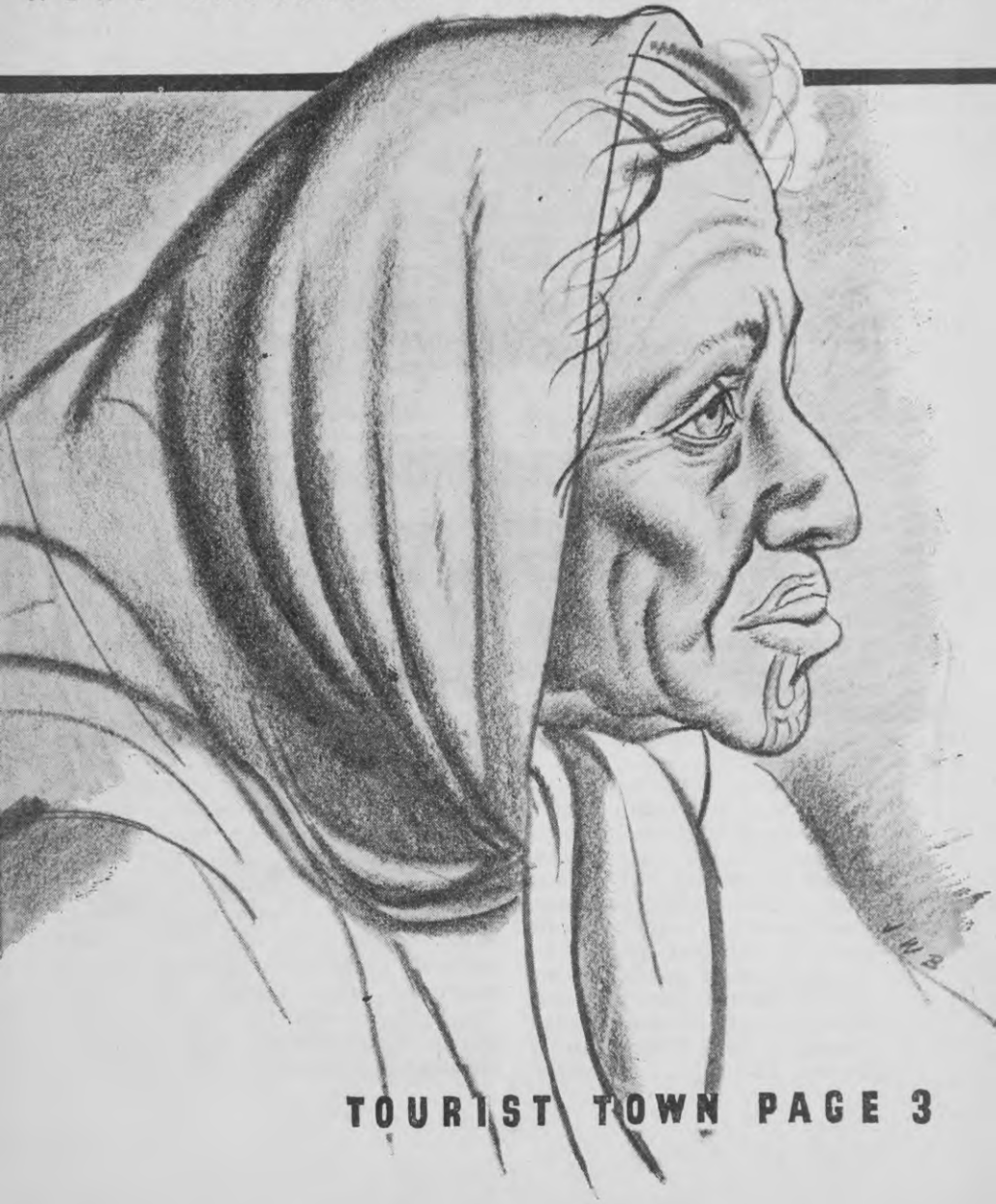

TOURIST TOWN PAGE 3

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KORERO

£25 IN PRIZES

Korero's Competitions for Writers and Artists

"KORERO" INVITES all men and women of the Navy, Army, and Air Force in New Zealand and overseas to submit contributions for its first issue in April, 1945.

Prizes totalling £25 are offered in two classes, and entries not winning a prize may be published at usual contributors' rates.

Here are the classes:—

(1) Short story or descriptive sketch in prose—up to 2,500 words on service life at home or overseas, humorous or not. If dealing with active service operations, must have C.O.'s sanction. (If possible, sketches should be accompanied by suitable photographs, though these will not be taken into account in the judging.) First Prize, £7 10s.; Second, £5.

(2) Drawings in any of the following mediums showing service life: pencil, woodcut, linocut, line and wash, wash, line. Maximum size, 10 in. wide by 7 in.; smaller drawings in same proportions. First Prize, £7 10s.; Second, £5.

Forward your entries through your education services clearly marked "Korero Competition." Entries must reach *Korero* by March 1, 1945. Contributors may use pen-names, but must sign contributions with number, rank, name, initials, unit, and service postal address. Contributions not used will be returned. Judges' decision will be final. The right is reserved to withhold prizes if entries are not up to the required standard.

THE ROTORUA express drops slowly down past Ngongotaha and the woman on the other side of the carriage sees Lake Rotorua for the first time. She confides to her friend that Rotorua is not at all what she had expected. Nor is she alone in her surprise, for later, on the station platform, in the hotel sitting-room, you hear the remark repeated by other tourists who are having their first look at New Zealand's most important tourist town.

It is an interesting comment, for it makes you wonder what they did expect. Geysers going up beside the railway line? Mud pools plopping outside their window? Mineral baths in the hotel itself?

Perhaps the writers of the guide books wrote more into them than they saw. Anyway, it is certain that most people spending their first holiday in Rotorua are a little disappointed as they step from the station into a street that differs very little from that of any other country town.

Arriving in Rotorua in peace time is less of a let-down, especially during the summer months when the streets are packed with tourists, when the hotels are packed, too, the boardinghouses, the theatres, the buses, the tennis courts, the bowling greens, the golf courses, the baths. The towns' resident population is less than 7,000, but it has an annual roll call of 500,000 visitors. Half a million people spending the year's leave allowance and out for a good time. Certainly this is enough to keep a smile on the face of the business man.

If this atmosphere is good for a man with a roll of notes and a fortnight's holiday, it is not so good for the forty hour a week resident who has to earn his living from 9 till 5. Any one going to work in Rotorua may find it hard to believe that he is not on holiday, too—until the boss points it out to him.

So what about the average resident who cannot turn the tourist traffic to profit, who does not let rooms or sell curios or run a taxi or dive for pennies off the Whaka bridge? How does he regard the tourist? Not so much as a nuisance perhaps as an amusement. Even if he cannot stay up all night and laze about the Blue Bath next day, he is not envious as much as tolerant. Perhaps, too, he is a little proud that his town should attract so much attention. Personally he is not much interested in mineral baths or geysers—one Maori who had lived in Rotorua all his life was more astounded than *Korero's* artist when watching the mud pools; he hadn't seen them before—but he realizes that it is the thermal wonders that bring the tourists so—"Long Life to Them."

One resident jokingly suggested that the townspeople should be charged an amusement tax on the camera-hung, black-goggled, queerly draped figures that parade their streets. Actually, the Borough Council has power to levy the citizens a special rate of £1,000 a year for the amusement of their tourist guests. The Council is wondering what would happen if it did so. The tourists would get a little of their own back in laughs, anyway.

" On the golf course," said another, " you are careful to call ' Fore ' when within striking distance of the party ahead. That tubby little chap in the green plus fours who is always in the bunker might be the Governor of Nyasaland." It is a town full of such possibilities, and the residents feel that there is no better camouflage than " that holiday feeling " and " that holiday dress."

How does Rotorua look to-day without the crowds and the gaiety of peace time ? It might be a little unfair to compare it with a movie star without her make-up, but your first impressions bear out the simile. There is none of the grandeur that you may have expected, and no bush. Afforestation has clothed the hills behind Whaka with alien trees, but the land to the north, through which the road and railway enters, is gently rolling farming country. It is pleasant and prosperous but in no way inspiring. The town itself squats beside the lake in a basin of low hills over which you've climbed—crawled in the train—for the last few miles. And you haven't dropped back to sea-level. A sign-board on the station tells you that you are about 1,000 ft. up, a fact which, together with its inland location, accounts for Rotorua's biting frosts and blistering summer days.

The main shopping street running up from the station might be that of any inland town. But if you are in any doubt as to whether you've come to the right place, your nose will reassure you. Especially if it is a dull day. The heavy smell of sulphur is Rotorua's trade-mark.

Two other things will further convince you. The older Maoris sitting on the low fence in front of the Native Land Court seem to be very much at home. Talking smoothly in Maori, greeting each other with the traditional " ongi," or rub-noses, sitting and smoking or just sitting, they seem to fit very easily into the scene. And you'll hear more Maori spoken in Rotorua than in any other town of comparable size in New Zealand.

Final and no less emphatic evidence will be the accommodation problem. Rotorua has four public houses, thirty-two registered private hotels, and innumerable other houses offering rooms, full board, or bed and tray. Yet even now, when the tourist traffic is small, accommodation is not easy to find. One hotel was booked out by August for the summer months. Admittedly some of the guest houses have closed down for the duration and others have been taken over as convalescent homes for servicemen, but, though it is better served with boardinghouses than most cities, Rotorua still can't find room for everyone. So it's no use planning that furlough for Rotorua unless you book well ahead.

You may, of course, get in at Crowther House, a soldiers' hostel given by a resident and furnished by the townspeople, but from the standard of its comfort it will be pretty popular also.

As in any business where customers are plentiful and goods are few, accommodation standards are sometimes hardly in keeping with the price or Rotorua's position as New Zealand's chief tourist attraction. The Mayor favours municipal control—something the same as in Invercargill. He has other ideas for Rotorua, too.

" Look at Iceland," he said. " They've tapped their hot springs and given Reykjavik central heating—on tap." His idea isn't just hot air, either. The new civic buildings—Council rooms, offices, library, concert chamber, and theatre—are all heated in this way. The Mayor showed us the bore they had sunk, steaming hot pool attached. It provides hot mineral water at something over boiling-point to heat natural water which is pumped throughout the building.

This, the Mayor argued, was possible for the rest of Rotorua. The deeper you go the hotter the water and the greater the pressure. In Rotorua the bores are 350 ft. deep. In parts of Italy they go down many hundred feet. But here it's something of a gamble. Rotorua is the one place in the world where alkaline and acid springs are found together, and it's just the luck of the toss which you strike. If you strike acid, then you can buy a new section for your drill. It's strong enough to eat through almost anything. Even the alkaline water needs special pipes. Zinc is used. In the early days some one tried to solve the problem with wooden pipes, but illogically bound them with steel wire. When the water corroded the wire you didn't have to go down to Whaka to see geysers—they played in the main street.

And if you want to watch that newly painted roof stay green you've got to use a zinc-based paint. A lead paint turns black in no time. If, in the early days of motor-cars, the steam passed over your white bus during the night, you'd find it piebald in the morning.

The housewife who wants to save a lot of elbow grease has her silver chromium-plated. The tiles in the bath-houses now have a leadless glaze. The minerals in the water soon eat into enamel.

And talking of bathhouses, Rotorua is well equipped with opportunities to take the waters. Varieties of aches and pains bring thousands to the spas that have been built in the Government Gardens beside the lake. Here the gouty can stew in a soup of acids and chlorides and nitrates and then hobble out to watch with envy more fortunate (or wiser) men splashing about in the Blue Bath, rolling them up on the bowling green, galloping about the tennis courts, or correcting that slice on the nearby golf links. The idea is to encourage the invalid to slip the surly bonds of arthritis by reminding him of what he is missing. It seems a little like rubbing salt in the wound.

But sometimes it works. Physical wrecks have been playing tennis after a week's immersions. On the other hand, one man soaked in the brew for eighteen years and then gave up. Perhaps for him a vital element was missing from the list of analysed contents outside each bath.

One of the most famous rheumatism baths—the Priest's Bath—got its name from an old Irish priest who during last century, set out to walk from Tauranga to Auckland to get treatment for rheumatism. At Rotorua he became so crippled that he could go no farther, but he discovered this hot spring and cured himself in a couple of days by bathing in it. And the cures have been going on ever since.

The Mayor has other suggestions for using the supposedly limitless supplies of hot water beneath his feet. " What about kiln drying timber? We have thousands of acres of urgently needed exotics at our back door. And our own electricity supply? We have the power in our back gardens if we like to dig for it." It sounded like a rate-payers' dream. But most interesting was a rehabilitation suggestion. " Let's use the hot water to heat glass houses and grow tomatoes and grapes and other luxury fruits out of season. The frosts won't trouble us then. There's a man in the town doing it already." When you think of the work and expense that goes into heating glasshouses for early tomatoes in places like frosty Blenheim, and the good prices the fruit bring, you agree that the idea has something to it. That's if there isn't a catch somewhere.

" But," said the Mayor, " indiscrimate digging is not to be encouraged." We agreed. We had seen a Maori blocking off a road at Ohinemutu that morning and the steam rose from the post-holes when they were only 6 in. deep. But

we didn't know that when the sexton goes to dig a grave he takes another man with him—just in case the grave is prematurely occupied. There is a chance that he might strike a well of gas that contains a fair portion of carbon monoxide. A whiff or two will put you out, to come round wondering what has happened. One after-effect (from too much) is temporary blindness. It can, of course, kill.

The Mayor told us a story from his own experience. He was doing some excavating, and the chap who was carting the spoil away in a barrow didn't come back from one trip. The Mayor found him quietly asleep beside a load. "And he was neither tired nor tiddley."

Despite these dangers lurking underneath the potato crop some of the citizens have braved the depths and the taps in their bathrooms read "Hot, Cold, Mineral."

Originally Rotorua was indeed a tourist town. It was controlled by the Tourist Department until 1923 when the local Borough Council was formed. The Department still has two nominees on the Council. The late start has been a headache for the Councillors, who say that they had to give the town a complete set of civic amenities in twenty years. No small job, when you've got the difficulties of a thermal area to handle. Rates are consequently high.

"Why," they complain, "hasn't Rotorua as a community cashed in on the tourist traffic?" Everyone else has. One of the town's most successful business men was on his "beam ends" when he arrived. He is now retired. But, with easy money for civic improvements within reach, the town has so far missed its chance. Scenic resorts in other parts of the world charge tourists a toll and put the money back into the town to the ultimate benefit of the tourists. "It's not our fault," they say. "We have suggested a 10 per cent. levy on all hotel bills as an amusement tax, but official approval has been lacking. And yet we are authorized to levy our own citizens to pay for the amusement of tourists."

Their case sounds well—for Rotorua. Half a million people a year spend a lot of money, and a small levy would mean an adequate income for new accommodation houses and public works. Apart from the Government Gardens, Rotorua is not so well off scenically. The lakes are Nature's work. The town itself, though pleasant enough, is not a beauty spot.

"Why," the citizens ask, "do they cut down and prune the trees?"

"Because," the Council replies, "they grow too fast and interfere with the overhead wires."

A pity. Rotorua, boiling hot in the summer, needs the shade as well as the beauty of trees.

And what would this somewhat nondescript little town depend on for its existence if it were not for the thermal areas beauty spots, and sporting facilities so plentiful and so handy? It wouldn't starve. In the last twenty years farming has been developed on lands around Rotorua to such an extent that the town could probably now exist as the centre of a farming community without the income from tourist traffic. This swing to dependence on primary industry has been assisted by the work of the Native Department in bringing into production thousands of acres of undeveloped Native land in the vicinity. So well have these Native land development schemes worked out that, in one product alone—family meat—they have been Rotorua's sole suppliers for the last few years. They were able, also, to supply sufficient for thousands of soldiers in nearby camps.

And though the Borough Council is disturbed by the rapid growth of trees in Rotorua, the State Forest Service is not. An area of about 10,000 acres of exotics, mostly *Pinus insignis*, was planted behind Whaka some thirty years ago. Now milling has begun. As these are perpetual forests, the benefit of the new industry will be a lasting one for Rotorua and the 500 people employed in this area and at the Waipa Mill, a couple of miles out on the Taupo Road. The mill is the most modern in New Zealand and supplies large quantities of box-wood and crating. But when the forests at Waiotapu are opened up, as they soon will be, a mill three times the size of that at Waipa will be needed.

So even if the geysers were to stop playing to-morrow and the Green and Blue Lakes were to turn grey, Rotorua would still have a fairly sound economic background in farming and forestry. It has been upon these more secure sources of income that the business section of the town has had to depend during the war years, and some few boardinghouses are the only places that have shut up shop. Rotorua is thus discovering that there are solider, if less rapid, roads to prosperity than the tourist traffic.

However, the war has publicized Rotorua amongst the Americans in a way that paper publicity could never do, and residents expect a boom in overseas visitors after the show is over. Even if you are making a fortune out of early tomatoes, there's no sense in ignoring the fruit on other trees.

One large section of the community, the Maoris, can be certain to appreciate whatever the post-war boom brings their way. It was very interesting to discover the effect of the tourist depression upon the Maoris. As one of the chief tourist attractions in themselves, the Maoris have shared in the boost to business. There was guiding for a few, curio and souvenir work for many, and even for the children a share in the profits recovered from the stream at Whaka.

No one, not even the Natives themselves, would agree that this curiosity interest has benefited the people. As proud a people as the Maoris resent the feeling that they are a museum piece. And tourists are notoriously ill-mannered in their questions and interests.

One guide told us that some of the overseas visitors are annoyed if they are not allowed to pry into the homes of the people at Whaka. " Does she speak English ? " they ask. " How many children have you ? " " Do you sleep in a bed ? " They are a little bewildered and embarrassed to find that Rangi and Helen and the others speak better English, perhaps, than they do, that questions about their families are liable to rebound on the questioner, and that the guides homes are modern, contain beds, and are, indeed, well furnished. Helen told us with a chuckle of the party who, before engaging her, wondered amongst themselves whether they would be safe in her company. They were a little embarrassed when she asked whether she would be safe in their's.

Very natural, if naive, this search for knowledge, but the witty answers of a proud and intelligent people have confounded more than a few questioners. It is a truism that tourists can be told (and sold) anything. In the old coaching days the driver at the foot of a steep hill would tell his passengers to get out and look at the iron springs. These were to be found underneath the coach. The lightened vehicle would then go up the hill followed by a trail of deflated tourists.

But the loss of the tourist traffic has not impoverished the people, even if money is a little harder to come by. There is work on the land schemes and in the forests for the men, and congenial and useful work in the box-factory at Waipa for the girls. These are harder ways of earning a living than catering for the tourists, but from the point of view of both Native and national welfare, some will say they are better ways. In the

meantime, the little boys still call hopefully for pennies below the bridge at Whaka and, between times perhaps, dream of more affluent days to come.

The tribes round Rotorua are hapus of the Te Arawa Tribe. In this war the percentage of Arawa boys in the Maori Battalion is high, and many of them come from Whaka and Ohinemutu. There have been many casualties, too. Some of the returned men are now convalescing at the hospital down by the lake; others are learning the carpentry trade at the training school at Ohinemutu. It's a completely Maori class under a Maori foreman, and the students are enthusiastic.

There will be plenty for them to do around Rotorua. The pa at Whaka may be quaint, but it is neither a beauty spot nor a health resort. Ohinemutu, at the other end of the town, is little better. The need is for improved housing, but the old problems of confused titles and inadequate means of repaying advances are stumbling blocks. However, with these men trained to a useful trade and working if they want to under the control of the Native Department, much may be done to replace the present unhealthy and overcrowded houses.

Prerequisites are steady jobs, so that housing loans can be repaid, and secure titles. The fluctuations of the tourist trade hardly provide the former. Work on the land and in the forest and in the mill and factory, work at which the Maori excels, will do so.

Improving the housing would certainly be more useful than carving picture frames to sell to gullible tourists. We saw the work of one of these pseudo-carvers, much of it punched with a chisel and daubed with a red varnish. We compared it with the panels in the Tamatekupua meeting-house depicting the history of the people. Each panel is a hundred years old and carved with a stone adze inches deep with intricate and delicate patterns.

Tamatekupua, after whom this house is named, was navigator of the Arawa Canoe which brought the forebears of the Rotorua people to the Bay of Plenty hundreds of years ago. The meeting-house, one of the best in New Zealand was rebuilt at the time of the Centenary. Originally all meeting-houses were tapu. Te Kooti's house at Ruatahuna still is. It seemed strange, then, to see the brightly polished dance floor of this house and all the paraphenalia of a dance band in one corner. A bob hop is held there every Saturday night. One old Maori shook his head sadly—" Such is progress."

Tamatekupua was a bit of a lad. In fact, his mischief was mainly the cause of the migration of some of the Arawas from the Bay of Plenty to Rotorua. One of the panels shows him on stilts—he used these to cover up his tracks when up to his little jokes. The old people can tell you the story of each of these wonderful pictures in wood and of the woven tukutuku panels that separate them. The favourite is that of Tutanekai and Hinemoa — rangatiras and lovers — of the Ngatiwhakaue hapu.

The story is well known. The couple fell in love, but Hinemoa's father would not let her marry the young chief. One evening, while sitting on the foreshore, she heard the music of Tutanekai's flute carried on the wind from Mokoia Island, in the centre of the lake. All the canoes were under guard, so Hinemoa swam the three miles to join her lover.

It was interesting to hear the story from two men who claimed direct descent from the couple and to hear, too, the less well

known story of Tutanekai's flute. The tohunga who had declared the child Tutanekai tapu, or holy, as being of royal rank, broke the strict convention that he must not for some days handle the food he ate. In retribution he was drowned by Tutanekai's father in Lake Rotorua and the bone from his right forearm was used to make the flute. They told us with pride that the flute was now in the Auckland Museum.

We met Mere, who told us the story of how the Maoris came to Rotorua and the legend of how the thermal activity started. She told it in Maori sitting at the head of the table in her parlour. It was a strange, almost theatrical, performance, but her charm and the art of her story-telling impelled that concentration and feeling of intimacy which a great actor can impose. Her clothes were unremarkable—a black dress and a black shawl hooded over her head and shoulders. What caught your attention were her gestures and the intensity of the changing expressions on her lined face.

Unhurried, she made the story live; brought Ngatoroirangi to the table to plead for warmth as he had done by the snows of Tongariro; was herself his sister sending across the sea the fire he needed; drew from the ground before us the steaming pools.

Mere had been to the San Francisco Exhibition with the Rotorua Concert Party, so we asked her how she liked America. "Ai," she shook her head, "too far from home; too far from family." "But," reminiscently, "You could buy beer everywhere."

Don't form your own opinion of Rotorua when you get off the afternoon express. Wait until you are on the station at the end of your holiday. But remember those first impressions, or otherwise you'll let the steam from the geysers obscure, as it never does, the town.

Oh, yes! about the geysers. If any one tells you the thermal activity is slackening off, don't believe him. Down at the end of Arawa Street, Pohutu's playing better than it has done in years.

PREPARING FOR THE PEACE

Employment of the War Generation

By REX NEWTON

In *Korero* No. 15 we published an article "Preparing for the Peace: Employment of the War Generation," by Pilot Officer J. A. McBride, R.N.Z.A.F. Rex Newton, another serviceman overseas, writes the article we print below "in startled outcry" against the propositions which Pilot Officer McBride set out. He submits his criticisms and opinions as "another serviceman's outcry for his, and posterity's, children."

I AM A serviceman overseas, claiming to be neither a writer nor a politically deep thinker. But no man who has served overseas, no man who has seen blood flow in the pursuit of peace, could possibly believe in the world governed by a conglomeration of warlike Boy Scouts that has been conceived by P/O. McBride. It would appear that Mr. McBride is a young man with romantically childish ideas struggling to emerge from a labryinth of official red tape, tradition, and hereditary political cautiousness.

Before I set forth my conception of the word "peace" and how it may be ensured, let me strip Mr. McBride's high-sounding propositions to the bone and demonstrate the actual ridiculousness of his claims.

Mr. McBride condemns the present ghting generation as unfit to take their lace as leaders of our post-war world striving for a united peace. He would have these leaders "selected" — yes, selected from the front line, and sent to an "International Youth College," where they will apply themselves diligently to "research into the immense and complex problems of peace, and towards evolving plans for peace."

Might I ask who shall select? And who shall determine the standards of the research? The answer is obvious. These "leaders" will be selected by their own Governments, and therefore they will not necessarily represent the people. And what man can lead the people unless he represents them? No-one but a dictator!

Likewise, the information and knowledge accessible to the "college" will be standardized by the Governments, which will consist of Baldwin-opinionated gentry of the decaying generation—the same generation that blundered into this war; and will, given the chance, stubbornly do so again.

These selectees. In Mr. McBride's words, " . . . it will happen that young men of the quality required are already holding high rank and occupying key positions . . . " Will a man of present high rank in the field, used to military laws, used to dictating orders and punishments alike, make a desirable leader? The writer then goes on to claim that his "college" will have an "individuality of constitution." Might I remind him that the 3rd Reich also has an "individuality of constitution"?

To sum up Mr. McBride's proposals: it appears that he desires to combine a League of Nations with a troop of armed Boy Scouts, and instruct them to carry the convictions and practices of the Chamberlain generation into posterity.

With regard to the present fighting generation, Mr. McBride claims that their leaders will be war-weary; and that with victory will come exhaustion of the resources of our generation. I do not think so. The process of the training of a leader is accelerated by the trials of war. Again, the reflections of any fighting man, in any period in which he is free to reflect, are devoted to peace, what it is, how it can be attained, and, more important still, how it can be maintained. A man cannot be converted into a leader, no more can a leader be schooled to another's idea of leadership.

Winston Churchill is a leader. He first made headlines in the Boer War. He erred and strayed in the years following, but his instinctive leadership and courage led his feet back upon the right path. In erring, he learnt, until finally, in the climax of his greatness, he stands as one of the most inspiring and beloved leaders that the world has known. Joan of Arc was a leader. Was she trained in a school, was she soaked in a formula of peace gathered by ancient and stubborn governors of her preceding generation?

And so to peace. What is this obscure definition for which blood has flowed so freely and so long? Perhaps it is not so far removed from war as we would think. Perhaps war and peace are not words of opposite meaning In war, we fight for our homes, our wives, and our children. Whether these things are present, or only dreams of the future, is of little account. And in peace we fight for those self-same things—under vastly different conditions, certainly, but they are still the greater things in life; they are the husk of the man. This generation's warriors comprehend that peace to a far greater extent than any political degenerate ever could.

Our leaders will assert themselves when the time comes. That time cannot be before they themselves have removed this present and greater threat to peace. If we can ensure that they will not be trampled upon by an older and fast-waning type of politician, then the duty that is theirs, the duty for which they have been unconsciously making themselves ready, will become far easier for them to discharge.

RAVENTHORPE

A KORERO REPORT

THERE IS bush on the hills and streams which are good for bathing. The sun warms you, blisters you even. But in this military camp there is no drill. There are rambles and walks but no route marches, and billiard cues instead of rifles. You may go home every week-end if the journey isn't too far; there are films and concerts and dances but no work unless you volunteer. And they still pay you every second week.

A military camp? This *is* a military camp. There's no catch about it. It's the Raventhorpe Convalescent Depot, about twenty-six miles from Auckland.

Here Army and Air Force patients are able to recuperate from the time they leave their beds until they are recovered and fit. Walking cases only are taken. From camps and hospitals in New Zealand, servicemen are directed here for specialized convalescent treatment. There's plenty to eat, lots of time for sleep, tons of leave; there's a lot more as well. Physio-therapy, using the latest equipment, is important; but don't be frightened by the word—application is pleasant, results successful. With a programme as varied and interesting as possible, time passes quickly. "It's been nice having you: come again sometime." The sergeant-major shakes hands, says good-bye. His words are a sort of joke. Men who leave Raventhorpe don't usually return—not because they don't want to, but because there is no need.

Men home from service overseas and who are in need of treatment are not directed to this depot: they have to ask to be sent. The reason is the authorities feel that returned personnel wish to be near their homes and families; the result is out-patient treatment at public hospitals, often for a long time—a time much longer than would be needed at Raventhorpe. Advantages of controlled convalescent treatment over out-patient attendance are so many for it to be preferable for men to visit their families and afterwards to apply for admission to the depot. Results show time and worry are saved.

Few overseas servicemen have heard of Raventhorpe and its facilities. They do not know they have to ask for admission. It is for this reason the number of patients is about only one-third that there is room for (and of these only 20 per cent. are returned men). It is for this reason this article has been written.

Patients have complaints from hernias to fevers. Post-operative cases and muscular troubles are the most common. On admission, the patient is examined by one of the two staff doctors and, depending on the type of complaint, put into one of five groups. A specialized physical training instructor is in charge of each group. At least once a week, if necessary more often, the patient is examined by the doctor with the P.T. instructor present; each makes his report and future treatment is agreed on. This close liaison among doctor, P.T. instructor, and masseuse gives the patient every chance.

The P.T. includes exercises and games outdoors and in the fully equipped gymnasium. A large playing field gives plenty of room for sport. There are swimming pools, courts for badminton, and three tennis courts will be ready this summer.

Occupational therapy is no less important. The men's individual hobbies provide its basis. In special workrooms the patients are given work from which their disability will derive most benefit. They include weaving and spinning, leather work and cane work, pokerwork, and the making of such things as toys, slippers, gloves, and handbags. Heavy machines have been fitted for sewing, all necessary equipment and tools are provided, and there is a carpenters' shop (an order for several workshop machines is expected to be filled soon). Qualified instructors are attached to the staff, and under their tuition patients quickly learn the craft they take up. The goods they make they are able to buy for the cost only of the materials.

A sick bay, a nursing sister, and four V.A.D.s are able to care for the men who have to stay in bed. A dispensary is attached. In the same building is the physio-therapy department for the treatment of muscular complaints. There are three masseuses ; there is also all the necessary equipment, including infra-red, ultra-violet light, inductotherm and short wave machines, galvanizim, faradizer, wax baths, and muscle training apparatus.

Where necessary, specialists' opinions, x-rays, or treatment are arranged with the Auckland Public Hospital. This means that, in addition to the services of the staff doctors, each man, if necessary, has the opportunity of examination by a doctor who specializes in his own particular trouble.

One of the recreation rooms.

Here is a typical day's routine at Raventhorpe : 0645 hours, wake-up, get-up ; 0730, breakfast ; 0830, roll call, occupational therapy, and a specialized P.T. period ; 0930 to 1015, games or an organized stroll outside the camp grounds, followed by morning tea and a film or a lecture either by a member of the staff or of A.E.W.S. ; 1145, lunch period ; 1300, rest period ; 1400, specialized exercises and games, afternoon tea ; 1600, showers and clean-up ; 1715, dinner.

The evening is for relaxation. In the large theatre there are films, concerts, socials, and dances on different nights. Housie is a game that is popular. There is a library, plenty of radios. For those who prefer quietness there are reading, writing, and card rooms. There are three billiards tables, tables for table tennis, a room for indoor bowls. The time passes quickly to lights-out, and then it's bed with sheets, pillow cases, and kapoc mattresses.

Raventhorpe is a military establishment, run on Army lines and with Army discipline—but that discipline is mild and those in charge understanding. Work and fatigues are done only by volunteers ; and those men are allowed additional leave privileges. Time of convalescence varies, of course, with the nature and extent of the complaint, but there is a minimum of two weeks. One man was there a year and was sorry to go.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Aitken Paterson, E.D., N.Z.M.C., is the officer commanding, Captain Noel Crump (former New Zealand swimming champion) the adjutant. The staff, of sixty-five, is made up of five nursing sisters, twenty-six Waacs, five officers, and twenty-nine other ranks. Many of that staff are returned men of either this war or the last, and their experience overseas has been helpful. In the two years that the depot has been in operation, more than two thousand patients have been admitted for treatment.

The 26 acres that are the site of the Raventhorpe Convalescent Depot were once used as a fort in the Maori Wars.

But now Martin's Redoubt, as it was then called, is laid out in gardens that are known through the district. There are streams on three sides. Last year the nursery provided seedlings that would have cost £200 had they been bought. The grounds are quiet and peaceful in the Auckland sunshine, and all the year are beyond the dampness of the fog-line. A better position could not have been chosen.

The results of the treatment—the combination of physio and occupational therapy and specialized physical training, under medical treatment and supervision, and with specialist opinion where necessary—have been encouraging. But at present the depot is not used to anything like its full capacity, and of the patients not enough are returned men. It is hoped that in the future more soldiers and men of the Air Force back from overseas service and in need of treatment will apply for admission. All complaints and disabilities are cared for, and Raventhorpe is especially suitable for those suffering from war neurosis.

Occupational therapy is important.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO KORERO

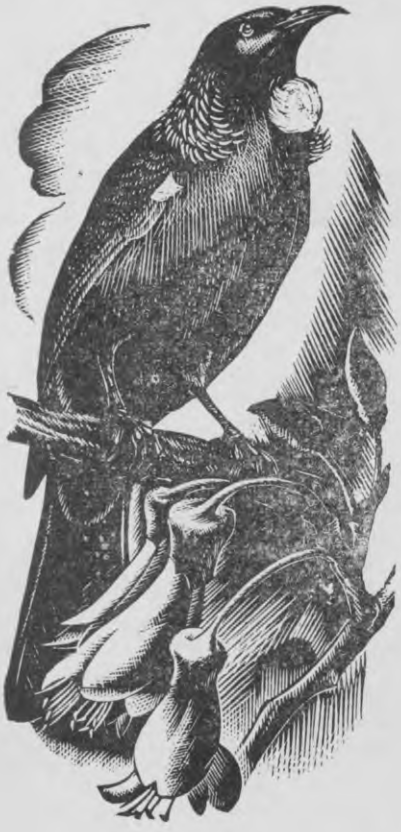
YOU ARE REMINDED that a maximum sum of £3, payable in canteen orders where there are canteens under New Zealand control and in cash where there are not, will be divided among contributors in each issue. It is necessary, therefore, that all contributors should send us number, name, and full address. Remember, 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.

THE TUI

By "CAFFE," with wood engravings by E. Mervyn Taylor

CAPTAIN COOK, on his second voyage, in 1773, described the tui as "not more remarkable for the beauty of its plumage than for the sweetness of its voice." Unlike many of the distinctive bush-dwelling birds which the early settlers found in New Zealand, the tui is still a common bird in most parts of the Dominion where small patches of bush are left, and may occasionally be attracted by honey-producing shrubs and flowers to the parks and gardens of the larger towns.

The tui is a member of the "honey-eaters"—a group of birds which has its headquarters in the Australian-Papuan area—but it is only during a few months of the year that honey forms an important item in the tui's diet. In the autumn most kinds of forest berries are eagerly consumed, and even the fruit of the "stink-wood," the foul-smelling shrub of the mountain undergrowth, is not disdained.



When berries fail, a variety of insects are eaten, but it is in spring, when the native plants begin to bloom, that the tui justifies its classification as a honey-eater. Favourite food plants are the kowhai, the rata, and, in the North, the pohutukawa.

The tui's glossy dark plumage, shining with green and purplish metallic reflections, is perhaps seen at its best when a party is feasting in the golden crown of a flowering kowhai. To get the last drop of nectar from a pendant bloom the birds frequently indulge in acrobatic displays in which the body is held vertical, head downwards, while the beak is twisted up into the honey-laden flower.

The song of the tui consists of a variety of musical throaty whistles, interspersed with less pleasing cries and guttural croakings. There is frequently a confusion in people's minds between the song of the tui and that of the bellbird. The songs are certainly similar, and the differences are hard to put into words, but it is possible for the practised ear to distinguish most of the notes of the two birds without much trouble. The tui's repertoire is perhaps more varied, he covers a greater range of octaves, and has a rounder tone to his whistle than has the bellbird's tinkling chime.

The tui builds a massive open nest of similar style to that of the blackbird, but usually lines the cup with a few feathers. The eggs, usually four, are a delicate pale pink with spots and blotches of darker pink clustering around the larger end.

A tui whose picture was taken proved an interesting subject to the photographers, who spent an afternoon crouched in a "hide" behind their

cameras a few feet away from the nest. She was a very close sitter, and if disturbed from her task would immediately return and slip on to the eggs before a photograph could be taken.

In the hope of obtaining pictures of the bird poised on the side of the nest, a twig was placed over the nest to delay her approach. When this failed to make her pause—she brushed it aside without hesitation—other objects were used to distract her attention but in vain.

Finally the circular lid of a tobacco tin was placed over the eggs. As before, the tui returned immediately after the two men had retired to their "hide." She settled on the edge of the nest, started in alarm, and then pecked at the tin lid, which made a slight tinkle and scared her off the nest again. She was back again in a moment, and with scarcely any hesitation lowered herself on to the tin lid and began to settle herself into her usual position for incubating.

PRODUCERS THEIR OWN MERCHANTS

We recently asked a correspondent to write, for the particular benefit of servicemen overseas, an account of developments in marketing in New Zealand, developments of special importance to farmers. Our aim has been to tell you simply what has been done. But from the facts which this article sets out group leaders may be able to work up material for a useful discussion. Reference to C.A.B. No. 14, "Producer and Consumer," may be helpful.

FARMERS AND housewives everywhere look with suspicion on the price difference that exists between what the one pays for food products and what the other has received for growing them. Therefore efforts are every now and then made from one end or the other to narrow this gap—"to cut out the middleman." When consumers make them, the result is usually a co-operative retail shop. When farmers make them, the result is a producers' wholesale organization.

In New Zealand we have never had consumers' co-operatives on anything like the huge scale in Britain and Scandinavia. But during the "twenties" the greater part of our exports came under the control of producers' Marketing Boards. Some of these confined themselves to general welfare work for their industries. However, the Honey and Fruit Export Boards very effectively made themselves our sole exporters of honey and apples. But when the Dairy Board attempted to exercise similar powers, it failed, and the move for farmers to extend co-operative processing—*i.e.*, dairy factories—into co-operative marketing came to a halt.

In 1936 a Government came into office that was pledged to provide a guaranteed price for dairy produce. To implement this promise it set up a Marketing Department to do the bulk export selling which the Dairy Board had attempted. Then, because the same price had to be guaranteed for butter sold to be eaten inside New Zealand as for that going abroad, it had to create an Internal Division of this Department.

Once the Division was in operation, the producers of eggs, honey, potatoes, onions, raspberries, hops, lemons, and Cook Island oranges all sought its aid to improve their

conditions by securing more orderly or less expensive marketing. Later, when the war shipping shortage prevented us from sending apples abroad, the orchardists handed their Fruit Board organization

over to the Internal Marketing Division, feeling unable themselves to tackle the enormous task of selling our export crop locally at a payable figure.

At the same time the disposal of our other main crops came under Government control for war reasons. In short, by 1943 most New Zealand produce was being marketed collectively—but now by Government, not by producers', organizations.

Since then however, a third stage in this development has begun—Government-Producer Marketing.

One form this has taken is Marketing Councils, composed half of producers' representatives and half of Government appointees, including consumer representatives, and using as machinery the Marketing Department organization, staff, and experience. The first to form was the Fruit Marketing Council, which now directs the sale of all apples and pears (except direct producer-consumer transactions) both internally and for export. A similar Honey Marketing Council is under way, and a Commercial Gardeners' Council has been proposed.

Councils differ from the old Producer Boards not merely in being Producer-Government partnerships, but in controlling (or at least having power to control) *all* wholesaling in their produce—*i.e.*, both overseas and local. Government and growers combine to be their own middleman.

Whether farmers are to export their own meat and wool—either individually as hitherto or by some collective arrangement—will have to be decided when the emergency period ends. No serious suggestion has yet been made, however, that Government purchase of dairy produce, our leading export, should be abolished.

However, the Government does not buy all our dairy produce. The 20 per cent. of it that is consumed in New Zealand is sold by the factories that make it either to wholesale distributors or else direct to retailers. Formerly these made their own terms and there was much waste and confusion. But since 1937 distributors must be licensed by the Internal Marketing Division. Their profit is limited to ½d. on each pound of butter. And if their service to the retailers of their area is unsatisfactory, their right to trade is transferred to some one else. The Internal Marketing Division itself does not normally distribute butter. It merely keeps farmers' returns from the local sales equal to what they would get by selling for export, and sees that no district goes short. Hence the way has been open for dairy factories to join into regional groups to become their own wholesalers.

Recently this has been happening. In six districts—Gisborne, Hawke's Bay, Manawatu, Wanganui, Christchurch, and Westland—all the co-operative dairy factories have formed (with the Pig Marketing Association) co-operative distributing companies, have applied to the Division for licenses, and have been given the sole right to wholesale butter in their respective areas. Thus in Hawke's Bay for example, the pioneer " Hawke's Bay Co-operative Farms Products, Ltd," whose shares are held by the Woodville, Te Rehunga, Norsewood, Hastings, and Wairoa dairy companies and the P.M.A., sells to local retailers butter and bacon from all these concerns, and no one else

may wholesale any butter from any source anywhere in the province.

Thus again the Internal Marketing system, which looked at first as though it were going to end producer selling, has

in practice proved the means of making it possible in a form that safeguards the interests of both producers and consumers—the former by monopoly, the latter by Government oversight and fixed profit margins.

A third development in co-operative selling has grown up inside the wartime organization that has been necessary to spread the supply of eggs. For it has not been allowable—to prevent inflation—to raise city egg prices sufficient to offset the increased country demand which shortage of alternative foods has caused; and therefore a system of "egg catchment areas," draining into the cities and their "reservoirs" for shipping, has had to be built.

The collecting agency in each catchment area—*i.e.*, in each main egg producing district—has been its Central Egg Floor. Some of these are proprietory concerns that have been given the monopoly of wholesaling in their district "for the emergency period" in order to make possible their service of sending all except a local quota or ration to more needy areas. But six of the eleven now operating are co-operatively constituted by the poultry farmers in the district (some being linked with the local Dairy Distributor Co-operative) and will make the producer his own middleman when the war is over.

NOW I LIE IN THE SUN

BY CHARLES FRANCIS

UNNAMED THE day, nor Sunday nor Monday, but just to-day as was yesterday. Everything still and the sun is warm. A smell of damp wood and leaves gone rotten to cover the hard coral with rich earth; to grow more green trees that will spring up everywhere, higher and higher, and ripened, will fall to the ground and become damp and rot. The leaves are drooping in the warm air, and small flies playing in the brilliant sunlight. Here is a beetle, vivid red daub on black; there another, gaudy yellow. A lizard is lying along a dry stick; when the shadows were long I have seen him spring forward and shoot out his sticky tongue to catch an hovering insect, but now the shadows have shrivelled he is lying along a dry stick in the sun.

Through the drooping palms comes the dull murmuring of a tired wave as it booms on the pink coral. Then it sighs like the wind in the pines back home as it seethes over the rocks and pours back into the fissures. Along the sharp horizon the sea changes to deep blue. Then there is no sound. Then another tired wave booms on the pink coral.

The leaves from underneath are yellow-green and finely veined in the sunlight.

A grey cloud in the sky. Soon it will rain. The lizard and the flies will go away and the raindrops will feel cold on my hot body; but sometime the cloud will go away and the rain will go away and the hot sun will shine again. The lizard with the smooth yellow belly and wrinkled green back will come and lie along the dry stick in the sun and the shining-winged flies will play in the sunlight and from underneath the leaves will show yellow-green. A butterfly will softly flutter through the air and gently settle on a leaf, displaying its gay colours to the sun. Soon the dripping from the leaves will cease and all will be still and quiet save for the tired waves booming on the pink coral.

And to-morrow will come and be to-day.

Fishing Boat "REX"

A KORERO REPORT

To this cove Captain Cook made five visits while navigating the globe. On this beach he erected tents for his invalided sailors and from this stream he watered his vessels—Nil Intentatum Reliquit. The first visit was on January 15, 1770, the last, February 12, 1777. To this same cove, November, 1944, came the fishing boat "Rex." On this same beach the crew gathered mussels and roasted crabs and from the sides of this same stream they cut supplejacks with which to make crayfish pots—*Nil Intentatum Reliquit.*

The fishing boat "Rex" was looking for fish; not fishing, but looking. She had been looking for four days when she tied up to the small wharf at Ship's Cove, Queen Charlotte Sound. And the fish that give her all the trouble, the weary wet windy nights, the days away from home, the expense, the anxiety when they can't be found are not the groper with their dilated Eddie Cantor eyes, the plump bass, the ling with their repulsive shrivelled gills, the long slim barracouta with those three fangs, cruel and razor sharp, the sharks with slit mouths, jagged files of teeth, the conger eels twisting and writhing treachery. Nor is the trouble from the mackarel, the blue cod, the blind eels, the skates, the dog fish. It isn't the creepy-scuttley-crawly crayfish, and mind out, be careful or they'll pinch more than your toe.

It isn't the little 'uns, nor is it the big fellows. It's the smallest fish that's big enough to be called a fish. It's the sardine. The sardines cause more trouble to the fishermen than the highest wind, the wildest sea, the rockiest coast. You set a fish to catch a fish. The sardines are used for that bait. They make the only good bait; and without good bait it doesn't matter whether you use the best hemp line and the sharpest hooks in the country or a piece of string with a bent pin.

Before the war 2s. spent at the grocer's shop would keep you in sardines for a month: before the war a few hours in Queen Charlotte Sound would keep the fishermen in sardines for a month. Now you seldom see sardines. Often the fisherman isn't any luckier. Empty shelves in the grocer's are explained by the war; empty nets in the Sounds just cannot be explained at all. The shoals are still there in places to make the water black and alive with twisting thousands and hundreds of thousands, millions. But those shoals are fewer, much harder to find, sometimes impossible for weeks at a time. It's not

that they have been fished out. It's just that they have disappeared. It was sardines the " Rex " was looking for.

Island Bay, Wellington, is the headquarters of a fishing fleet. Sheltered there are a dozen or more medium-sized boats, smaller craft besides, scores of dinghies. Mooring buoys are in the water. On the beach are nets drying in the sun, old boats with planks stove in, fish crates, crayfish pots, ropes, oars, barrels, men sitting in the sun in the way of fishermen, gossiping, smoking ; men with weather cut deep into their skin ; wind, rain, and sun, the sea on their faces and arms.

The names on the boats tell you something : " St. Guiseppe," " Princess Jolanda," " Pincipe Umberto," " San Antonia," " Amondo Daiz," " Revittorio," " Rosalia," " St. Marie de Lobra," " Cita da Sovrento." They tell you the boats are owned and worked mostly by Italians. Some of the other names tell you more : " Wild Duck," " Nancy Lee," " Vagabond." They tell you not all the boats have Italian owners or Italian crews.

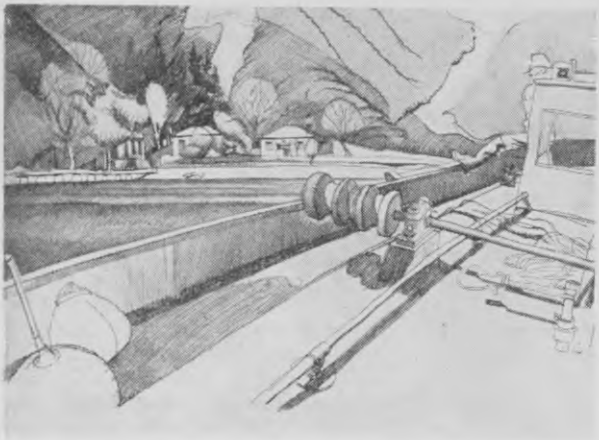
But most of them have ; and at Island Bay there is a colony of Italians that has been there many years. In the streets you notice the black hair, the olive skins. Sometimes you hear strange talk. On the gateways are Italian names of a music teacher, a dressmaker. There are probably several hundred Italians in that colony. The menfolk are mostly fishermen, and their work supplies Wellington with fish.

For the catching of that fish they use sardines as bait. And that's why we were introduced to the " Rex " and her crew ; her crew of five—Zi, Marianna, Cos, Raphael (Fey for short) and Bill. All except Bill were either born in Italy or in New Zealand of Italian parents. Large laughing fellows they are, carefree, with huge appetites, and voices used to roaring above wind, sea, thunderstorm. They are skilled fishermen, and capable seamen. They have to be when their days are spent in Cook Strait, where the seas can lash from calm to waves, roaring houses high, in less than hours, where the rip of the tide can tear the bottom from a boat or a man from the deck, where the wind can be as dangerous in treachery as the grey hidden rocks often hardly covered.

It was barely dawn, but just off the beach the gulls were working, diving, smack from sky into water. We were up with those birds that morning, and before the fishermen. It was cold waiting, cold in spite of fat layers of singlets, flannel shirts, cotton shirts, jerseys, wind jackets, heavy boots, two pairs of socks. The wind was cold from the sea. We shivered, and cursed every fish in the sea.

Jump quickly, before boots are swamped full with water, into the dinghy. Shove off. One man, Marianna, rows, standing, legs braced, shoulders rhythmically heaving into even regular strokes. He faces forward, pulling the oars from that position. With Island Bay fishermen, this is the

Marianna in the cabin of the "Rex."



The "Rex" in Fishburn Bay, Queen Charlotte Sound.

usual way of rowing, and, after practice, it is more efficient than the more usual method. We smack gently against the side of the "Rex." Stores go aboard, nets, lines, buoys, crew, passengers, luggage, and we chug-chug, with oily smoke and foul fumes, out of the boat harbour, 5 knots full steam ahead.

Three hours and more it takes from Island Bay to the calm of Queen Charlotte Sound. It is eighteen miles across these straits; approximately the same distance as across the English Channel. But no person has ever swum Cook Strait. The coldness of the sea and a tearing rip even on the most peaceful of days will never allow that.

They tell us the programme. Queen Charlotte Sound before noon, fix the nets, eat a meal, and between dusk and the rise of the moon the sardines. They are found by their phosphorescence in the water. A large shoal shines like fire; it can be seen a long distance off. By light of day or shine of moon that fire cannot be picked up; it is only with the black of night that there can be any chance of success. Usually the fishing boats make the trip on the nights of no moon. This time, however, the weather had been impossible; now the first quarter was almost a half. We would have to be lucky. If we were, we would be back at Island Bay early the next morning; if we weren't, it meant another night, perhaps even longer.

The fishermen's luck was out—it was Friday when we left, Tuesday before we returned. Without sardines. But we had no complaint; a four-day cruise of Queen Charlotte Sound is an experience not to be forgotten, especially with a 50 ft. launch and five laughing fellows as ready to be as hungry as yourself. And Queen Charlotte Sound is a hungry place. We didn't have any regular meals: all the time we weren't sleeping we were eating.

In Endeavour Inlet, Cos stopped the engines. Bill dropped a line with three hooks over the side. Fey lit and pumped the primus. And ten minutes later we were eating blue cod for our lunch; blue cod cooked in olive oil, with wedges of bread and huge pots of tea. Olive oil before the war cost these fishermen 9s. 6d. a gallon. These wartime days the price is £4. but national customs are hard to forget.

They told us, with cups of tea and cigarettes, with an English language that took them, and us, into strange corners and unexpected laughs, with gesticulating hands and heads and arms (to tie their hands, keep their bodies still, would be the same almost as striking them dumb) of Italy, of the country and living round Naples twenty years ago.

Marianna started fishing on his father's small boat when he was eight. All night and every night, for twelve hours at a

time, he had to work the lines. The family was too poor, their standard of living too low, to eat the fish they caught. The only alternative to fishing was work on the heavily cultivated farms. Here the hours were as long, the work as tedious, the returns as poor, the prospects as gloomy. Marianna's brothers emigrated to the United States, and left him and the parents behind. By the time Marianna was old enough to be allowed a permit to join them, the emigration laws had been tightened as hard as Marianna's belt. So he caught the next ship to New Zealand. He's been here for twenty years now and he's grown to love this country and to appreciate its ways of living. He wants to visit his parents on a six months' holiday, but he will never return permanently to his native land. He has no wish to. Marianna's history is typical of many of the fishing men at Island Bay.

An afternoon of sailing through still waters; it was possible we would run into a shoal of that precious bait and be able to fill the dozens of crates before dusk. Behind us the dinghy flopped and jiggled through our wash, straining at its tow rope, always following. In it the fine-meshed net was stacked ready for use. No time would be lost if sardines were seen. Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock . . . the crew lounged on the deck, eyes on the water, in the sky, watching either for a continuing ripple or for gannets working. Either would show the presence of sardines.

But we had no luck. We sailed in and out of the many bays, large and small, all beautiful, that make Queen Charlotte Sound, round islands, past spits and promontories. There would be a house, then a few miles on another house, and then another, all tucked snugly and peacefully into those bays like cats asleep on coloured cushions. Behind them the hills, rising high and steeply, are covered mostly with thick impenetrable bush. Where they are not there is bare rock, sliding boulders, little grass.

We arrived in Fishburn Bay an hour after we had intended because of misdirection by one of those sheep-farmers. The helmsman of a launch towing a barge full of furniture put us right. Sardines were in the water as we sidled in. Away flashed the dinghy, net into the water, launch standing by: but it was too late. The shoal had moved on, it was the last of it we had seen. We cursed the farmer for the hour that he had made us waste.

"Just black with sardines, a moving mass. You could have walked over them," said the Fishburn Bay farmer when he pulled out for a chat, a cup of tea, and some tobacco. This "black moving mass" that was here a few hours ago, the night before, all the week up to now, was a story we were to hear a dozen times in a dozen bays. In the end it was a joke. We would stop our

Lines are baited for a groper run.

Seagulls follow the "Rex" home.

engines, a boat would leave the shore. We would start to laugh. We knew what to expect.

Saturday passed from 3 o'clock in the morning when the moon set to afternoon. Six meals, ten pots of tea, sleeping in the sun. Not a breath of wind, no ripple on the water. Stories of old Italian sailing ships, of wild whirling days, weeks without a breath of wind. A yarn about the sailing custom of "scratching the boom" to raise a breeze.

We were sitting on the deck when this story was told. The "Rex" had a boom. So I scratched; a good solid scratch. And five minutes later I scratched again.

That night, for seven hours, there was a gale, a gale that was almost a hurricane, the worst Queen Charlotte Sound had experienced for years. Indeed, the Wellington newspapers said it was one of the worst ever. The report to the outside world was days late. Telegraph and power lines had been blown down, trees uprooted, launches and yachts torn from their moorings, roofs lifted, windows smashed, buildings damaged.

The fishing boat "Rex" was lying quietly, crew sleeping, in a small bay when the sky went mad with wind. She started to drift. We dropped a second anchor, but it was no use. We had to run for shelter. We tried other bays, but they were of no use either. So it was all the way to Picton, three hours' steaming, to tie up to the wharf. We found later the storm had been local.

It's the last time I scratch a boom.

The Italians of that crew speak English, but not the English sort of English. To understand them takes some time: to understand them properly would take about three months. Either they add a syllable or two or three, or they drop a syllable or two or three. "We will-a have-a to find-a the coup for da butch and we need-a the tobacc," said Marianna when we woke in Picton the next-a day-a. It seemed we needed coupons for the butcher and would have to buy some tobacco. Hosp for hospital, barb for barber, rhub for rhubarb, monk for monkey. So it went on.

In Picton we bought bread, groceries, meat, vegetables, tobacco. We would have liked a pot of beer, too, but it was Sunday. We couldn't make any telephone calls because the lines were down. Picton is a pretty but sleepy place, lively through the holiday summer perhaps, but that Sunday it was neither holiday nor summer. Still blowing.

Hours from Picton to Ship's Cove, and we stayed there a night, tied up to a small wharf, close against high hills and steep cliffs. In Queen Charlotte Sound the water is fathoms deep right to the shore. The wind had dropped and the afternoon sun was warm. After three days it was pleasant to walk from the continually slipping deck to the shore,

only a few steps to narrow paths through bush, to the sandy beach. The obelisk erected to the memory and honour of Captain Cook—*Nil Intentatum Reliquit*—was surrounded by blue sea, deep bush, sandy beach, galvanized-iron buildings, empty beer bottles, pineapple tins, old newspapers. A picnic ground. As a memorial to Captain Cook I prefer to remember the wild pig we heard angrily rooting in the bush at dawn the next morning, or the glowworms we saw in the bush that night.

At dusk on Monday, after four days, we still had no sardines. Back at Fishburn Bay Zi threw overboard a long drifting line with no sinker. Perhaps there would be the chance of a few barracouta, enough to set the groper lines on the way home the next day. In a second there was a tug to that line, and a long slimy barracouta lay writhing on the deck. In twenty minutes there were fifty of them, knocking their tails desperately on the planking, almost lifeless, but still waiting their chance to sink the three $\frac{1}{2}$ in. teeth in the front of their mouths into human arm or leg. They are the scavengers of the sea ; they are also the fish you have to be most careful of. But next to sardines they are the most satisfactory bait. We landed four cases. We washed down the decks, had a meal, and went early to bed. At 3 o'clock in the morning we would be off, in time for a making tide, and the chance of groper.

Two chocolate-coloured whale-chasers were lying still in the dawn at the entrance to the Sound. In Picton we had tied up alongside their mother ship.

This ship's anchor is on the top of the Captain Cook Memorial Obelisk.

Sardines and whales. We hoped their season had been more successful than our four days.

Off we chugged through the swell and choppiness. Could Cook Strait never be still and calm ? Not directly across to Island Bay, but north-west to the reef, we steamed. The fishing bank. The catch was poor, not worth the extra fuel we burned. Soon after noon we were on the beach, the " Rex " tied to her moorings. The sardine cases were empty, two 45 gallon drums of Diesel oil had been emptied, five days had been wasted, the catches for two weeks would probably be poor because of inferior bait. But the crew of the " Rex " were still cheerful, as shouting with laughter as they had been on the journey over, and eager for news, too. In fishermen's lives anything can happen in five days. But there was nothing worse than a broken wrist and one of the boys in hospital with a fish hook through his leg.

The ground, the road, the buildings, even the sky rocked with the motion of the fishing boat we had left behind in the bay. For five days we hadn't been out of our clothes, hadn't shaved. We caught our reflection in a shop window. All we needed to complete the picture, we reckoned, was a parrot on our shoulders, a hook for an arm, a treasure chest on our back.

FLORENCE'S ART TREASURES

Saint John the Baptist, by Donatello (1386–1466) in stone, in the possession of the Museo Nazionale, Florence.

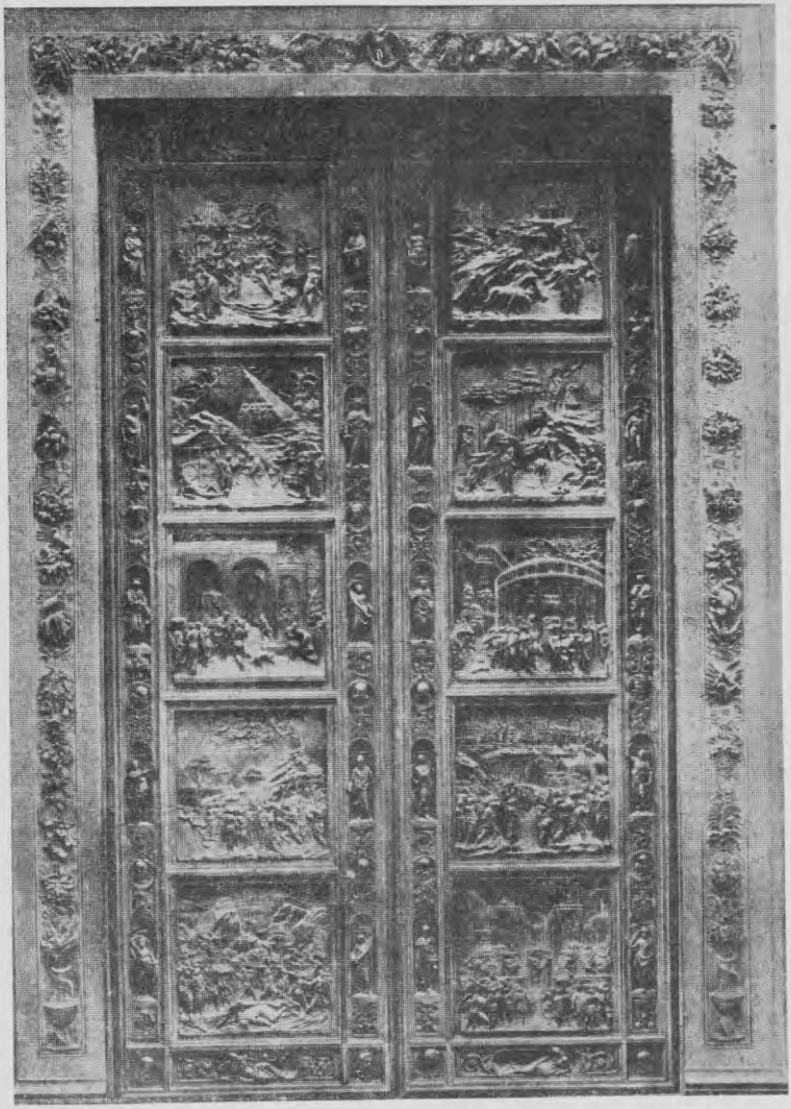
"There is rather a good story about some gunners from the 5th Field Regiment when we were moving up at dusk towards Florence. They arrived at their area, put the guns in, and went off to a nearby caza and bedded down on some handy looking beds which were leaning against the wall. They spent a very comfortable night, but were somewhat surprised when in the morning some old Italian gents arrived and began shouting and waving their arms. It turned out that the "beds" were pictures from galleries in Florence taken into the country for safety and deposited in this house. So far as we know, no damage was done to the paintings, but imagine a large Kiwi sticking his bottom through a Botticelli. Just like our fellows—they probably wouldn't have recognized it for what it was right way up in daylight."—Letter from a New-Zealander in Italy.

THE FIRST part of the article which follows was written by Sylvia Sprigge in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* on August 18, 1944, when every one who knows Florence well was thinking of it and probably walking its streets and squares, its churches, cloisters, and galleries in imagination with a continual hope that the fighting would not develop into more than sniping and that the famous walls would never be shelled.

From a popular point of view, she wrote, the precious character of Rome was easier to convey. The first Emperors lived in Rome. The Pope lives in Rome, and Rome is a city with as many early pagan and Christian memories and traditions as Athens, Constantinople, or Jerusalem. In many other ways Rome is a modern city.

We should remember, though, that the Renaissance was born in Florence, not Rome. When the Turks overran Eastern Europe in 1453 and scholars and artists fled from Constantinople to the univer-

sities of Europe with precious texts and documents, Florence was already in its golden age of painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, and handicrafts of every kind. The taste and culture of Florence under the Medici have spread all over Europe and still influence the arts wherever they are practised. The Italian genius is Tuscan, and the Tuscans all went to Florence. Boccaccio, to whom Chaucer owed much, Petrarch, from whom we took the sonnet to the



"Gates of Paradise," east doors of the Baptistery, Florence, by Lorenzo Ghiberti (1378–1455).

greater richness of English lyric poetry, Galileo, Leonardo da Vinci, Donatello, the Della Robbias, Brunelleschi, who built the first great cupola in Europe and set its octagonal wonder on the Cathedral of Florence, Michelangelo, and, above all, Dante, all are Tuscans of Tuscany and Florence. But so were Sophocles, Euripides, and Plato and Phidias Greeks, and they live on, even though all that is left of their Athens is the Acropolis and a few temples. Scholars, when they go to Athens, must rebuild the city in their imagination and from their knowledge.

No such effort is necessary in Florence. This city (population 354,975, compared with Auckland's 223,700) contains within its walls almost all the milestones of our modern painting, sculpture, architecture, and handicrafts. Any tourist, learned or not, notices that at once. At every corner he finds something to delight the eye, even if it is but the intricate ironwork of a gate leading to a garden or some lovely ceramics or the fine damask of a hanging curtain in some palace or a piece of furniture, copied again and again all over Europe.

Judith. Detail from the second bronze door of the Baptistery in Florence. By Lorenzo Ghiberti.

When Ruskin had lived beside Giotto's campanile in Florence for a time he wrote: "I have lived beside it many a day and looked upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight . . . that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline . . . that serene height of mountain alabaster coloured like the morning cloud and chased like a sea-shell."

The man who built it was, like so many of the great Florentines and like so few artists since, a great painter also and a poet. Michelangelo sculpted, painted, built, and wrote sonnets. Leonardo painted and also wrote and experimented in the science of ballistics. Most of the Tuscan painters both frescoed in tempera and painted in oil on canvas and wood. Many sculpted as well. Ghiberti, who built the wonderful bronze doors of the Baptistery in Florence, spent forty years, according to Vasari, working on them and then died. Nothing like them has ever been made by the hand of man since, although Europe is full of bronze relief work of one kind and another. Michelangelo said of them that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

For painters the city has always been a place of pilgrimage. Masaccio's frescoes in the Carmine Church were the first paintings in Europe to master the art of raising the figure from the flat, and the disposition of his light and shadow, the whole colouring, and composition in these paintings are still an inspiration to any one who paints or who likes painting.

Over on the other side of the Arno near the main railway-station is the Church of Santa Maria Novella, with its unique frescoes by Paolo Uccello in the

Green Cloister, and its Ghirlandajo and Cimabue frescoes, and, indeed, elsewhere in the city. In the Convent of St. Mark's there are those little frescoes of Fra Angelico's, and in the Capella Medici, likewise across the Arno, the gay walls of Benozzo Gozzoli, his best work. Beside all these Florentine frescoes modern attempts to decorate the walls of public buildings here and in Europe are still in their infancy. Nothing like the gaiety and movement and delight of these things has appeared since.

The Kiss of Judas. Twelfth Century Italian School. Gallery of Fine Arts, Florence.

Writing from Rome on August 8, a special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* said that some authoritative account was then possible of the extent to which the art treasures of Florence had been removed from the city. In the early stages of the war the policy of the Italian fine arts authorities was to disperse movable works of art from cities to avoid risk of damage in air raids. Later, as a result of the Allied invasion of Italy and more particularly following the threat to art treasures that had been deposited at Cassino, this policy was reversed.

At Rome, and it is believed also at Venice and elsewhere in Northern Italy, works of art that had been dispersed were collected again and removed to central deposits within the cities themselves. By some oversight this was not done in Florence until rather late in the day, when transport was available only for military purposes. As a result there were still, at the time of writing, about twenty-six deposits of art at scattered points in the countryside round Florence. These deposits were divided into four main groups within twenty-five miles of the city.

Officers of the Allied Military Government at the head of its Sub-commission for Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives visited one of these groups, which was then the only one in Allied hands. The main deposit of the group was at Montegufoni, a country house in a picturesque setting, the property of Sir Osbert Sitwell. The pictures stored there were mainly from the Uffizi Gallery, including such famous masterpieces as the " Primavera " of Botticelli and the madonnas of Giotto and Cimabue. The pictures were not crated, but were leaning against the walls of various rooms.

These priceless works of art at Montegufoni had for three weeks been under the guardianship of Professor Fasola, who had come out from Florence on foot to take charge of these and other treasures of his city deposited in the neighbourhood. As the battle approached the area, the professor—who is the director of the Library of Fine Arts in Florence—induced the German troops to keep their fire away from Montegufoni.

When the area became no man's land the professor stayed on regardless of all danger, and on the arrival of the British

troops was equally insistent that they should avoid directing fire near the house. The conduct of the professor in doing all that one man could possibly do to preserve these works of art from destruction has been truly heroic.

Many other Florentine masterpieces are believed still to be in the various deposits that it has not been possible to visit yet, among them the famous bronze doors of the cathedral baptistery by Ghiberti, and Donatello's sculptures of David, St. John the Baptist, and Saint George. The Michelangelo sculptures from the Medici Chapel, it has been established, had been returned to Florence.

Above : Left, David with the head of Goliath. In bronze by Donatello. Museo Nazionale, Florence.

Right, Leonardo Da Vinci. In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, photographed by Alinari. Da Vinci has been called the Faust of the Italian Renaissance and his fields of interest included painting (he was the most accomplished painter of his generation and one of the most accomplished in the world), sculpture, architecture and music and weapons of war.

When you get back

TAILORING

To-day the skilled tailor who has served an apprenticeship to the trade is a rarity. Two factors contribute to this: first, the work is exacting, requiring long years of experience with much patience and skill; and second, the factory-made suit has become so much the accepted article that only the fastidious or discriminating person bothers about the difference. Experience has shown that, after five years' or more apprenticeship, the prospective tailor has learned only the rudiments of his job and frequently is not sufficiently skilled to produce a first-class article.

Ninety per cent. of those in the clothing trade are women, and the remaining 10 per cent. of men are mainly engaged in cutting, for which there is an apprenticeship of five years, and pressing, for which there is a three years' apprenticeship. In both England and America at present, however, women are engaged in these sections of the work as well, and there would seem to be little chance of many positions for men being available after the war. Cutting may take seven or eight years to learn thoroughly, and in the end pays anything from £6 to £20 per week; an underpresser earns about £5 per week.

Pressing is hard work, and strong physique is essential. Cutting is not so strenuous, but involves a great deal of standing.

HAIRDRESSING

Hairdressing provides an avenue of employment for ex-servicemen who may be unable to do heavy work. Cases have been known of men who have lost several fingers or even an arm being able to follow this trade with success.

A four years' apprenticeship is served, at the end of which the minimum wage is £5 18s. 9d. a week. Hours of work are usually from 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., and provided the man concerned takes a reasonable amount of exercise it is not the unhealthy trade that some would suppose.

The normal services provided cover hairdressing, shaving, shampooing, face and head massaging, and the sharpening and setting of razors.

At the present time there would appear to be good chances of employment for suitable men.

DENTAL MECHANICS

An apprenticeship of five years has normally to be spent either with a dentist or in a laboratory. Adult apprenticeship is for a period of three years upon modified terms and conditions to be approved by the Apprenticeship Committee.

A reasonable standard of education is required, together with special aptitude for the work, which requires neatness and manipulative skill. Good physique, no respiratory defects, good eyesight, and normal hands are required.

Because of the development in cities of laboratories that specialize in prosthetic work, apprentices in provincial towns are on the whole more likely to get a comprehensive training than are those in the main centres. It is expected that the release of dental mechanics from the Forces (including those trained by the Forces) will be ample to fill available vacancies.

A B Grade dental mechanic is at present receiving £6 10s. to £8 a week. A Grade positions are worth from £7 to £8 10s. a week. Special process workers are earning about the same money as a B Grade mechanic.

RE-SETTLING The UNSETTLED

By MAHON COX
in *The Spectator*, July 14, 1944

WHATEVER MAY be said—and a good deal has been said of late in *The Spectator* on the "defeated" or "submerged" generation, and as to whether the pre-war younger set were more or less suppressed than their fathers in their youths—life amongst the junior members of the Services leaves one in little doubt that many of them did experience a feeling of frustration before the war, and that the responsibility of their war jobs has determined them never to accept it again.

The young men in the Forces who now wonder why they were content to perform the dull and limited tasks which brought them livelihoods in peacetime—and privately state their intentions of never again so submitting, though publicly they are less vociferous than many journalists would have their readers believe—these young men now often are less fitted for responsibility in future peacetime conditions than when they occupied humbler and less vital posts in the pre-war era. It is the more unfortunate that this should have come about through their own meritorious actions, and without any fault in themselves.

In service messes to-day one sees young men with old faces; young men who talk about their jobs with the technical knowledge and living experience of a veteran on his own speciality. They speak after weighing up the facts through having seen for themselves, and then having survived by using courage and thought to overcome the difficulties. These are youths who a few years ago had never sat in an aircraft cockpit, or stood on a bridge, or commanded more than their typists and office-boys.

Yet qualification in one profession is no qualification in another; qualification in killing is no qualification in living. War presents only another aspect of the familiar plight of the school-boy prodigy on the games-field; when he has taken off his school-cap he has to begin again on level terms with his old school-fellows whom he has led in their games, and the chances are that they will lead him this time. The good all-rounder is very rare. So the "ace" fighter-pilot, having become an "ace" because of his absorption in his job, will find himself competing in circumstances of which he has no knowledge, and because of the devotion which made him excel in his specialized job he will lack the flexibility of mind and imagination which will be needed to mould his new life.

Because of the speed of modern war an expert in one subject has to concentrate all his energies on that one thing, and has no time or effort left for concurrent development in other directions. Under these conditions the average mind sets quickly, and finds difficulty in starting afresh on unknown ground. No doubt many of those who have given up their professions, and in so doing have forgotten much of what was once familiar knowledge, will pass rapidly through the period of transition necessary on their return to their old occupations. But for the younger ones, those who left school to become soldiers and sailors and airmen, and who have never known any other mode of adult living, the readjustment will be great.

There is a most important aspect which must not be left out of calculations of the post-war change-over. The mental effect of these war years has been terrific; breakdowns in mental—as opposed to moral—characters have become frequent. Many specialists have

been occupied with this matter, and thanks to the greater understanding of both the medical and the executive branches there is much less fear of the disasters caused by the fumblings of the last war in similar cases. But there are a great number of less serious instances of mental strain which, although not yet approaching breakdown, are so near it that without the stimulus which now keeps them going would develop soon into really difficult cases.

There is no doubt that war is a stimulant to those who have plenty to do and can feel that they are doing it well. Often the sufferer does not realize how far he is strained; generally he would be insulted if told to rest. And if he does know, it is a difficult thing to confess; there is a feeling of shame at having to give up a dangerous job because one has been doing it so long that one can no longer "take it." Unfortuntely, it is these very people who by their perseverance will suffer most when at last the time does come for their rest.

In war one learns the habit of passing time; what is to come is so important that what one does in the intervals is of no matter. To fritter away the periods between operations by fast, easy living, to take the soft way of escape from the harder moments which one knows will soon be on one again, becomes both habit and necessity. Although one may know that such a life is unsatisfactory, it is of no importance because it is only a fragment of the whole existence one is leading. The unfortunate fact is that what may not matter now while bigger things than one's own personal issue are being enacted, does matter when the stage is set for living instead of dying.

Many ex-airmen will crave for the excitement of flying, many ex-sailors for the feel of a ship under their feet; many of all Services will regret the society of mess life and find difficulty in making the best use of their freedom from military discipline. These feelings will pass; yet till they do so, and the ex-fighting men have rediscovered peacetime arts, there will be much disappointment and heart-burning.

PICTURE GOING in the Pacific

A KORERO REPORT

INSTEAD OF the city street, a coral track through the jungle; instead of hoardings and stills from the film, a huge notice board headed by the drawing of a more than life-size mosquito warning that you are welcome if you have taken anti-malarial precautions, rolled down your sleeves, tucked trouser ends into gaiters, smeared mosquito repellant on faces and hands; no, not the "Plaza" or "Regent," but a picture theatre in the tropics.

There are no luxurious foyers or ushers at these jungle cinemas, but there are no restrictions. In some a small portion is reserved for officers, and the rest of the space goes to the first-comers. Elsewhere first come first served is the motto

for all. You may smoke—pipe, cigar, or cigarette are all *de rigueur*—and, if you have one, you may bring your bottle or can of beer and sip it while you are entertained by the people of the screen. You may comment on the film or express disapproval in very plain language, and if some one stands up in front, you will have vocal support from all around when you yell "Siddown." They are all open-air, so if it rains you wrap a groundsheet or oilskin cape round you and carry on. Formality is at a discount and the atmosphere is free and easy.

The "theatres" themselves range from the simplest type, a screen at the lower end of a sloping patch of cleared ground (bring your own stool or squat on a cape), to the more elaborate ones with whitewashed railings round the "house," a stage in front of the screen, and wooden forms for all. At one theatre in a forward area a sloping piece of ground had been cleared and felled and topped coconut trees laid in rows for seats. And as you sat on a coconut log, padded with your cape if you were wise, and puffed your cigar, waiting for the show to begin, the flying-foxes wheeled and swooped from the surrounding tall palms in the fast vanishing daylight.

The epithet *de luxe* could have been applied to one theatre. Here there were rows of benches made from sawn timber, a large stage on which frequently a local naval orchestra and soloists from camps in the area entertained, and at the beginning and end of the show a naval bugler brought the audience to attention for the entrance and exit of the Admiral and his staff.

The films ranged all the way from excellent to tripe. A serious film with a good story portrayed by first-class actors and actresses was assured of close attention from an appreciative audience, but any sign of mock heroics, overemphasis, or sob stuff would bring hoots, catcalls, and ribald interjections. The critics were ruthless and vocal. Probably the most popular were comedies and musicals. There was little enough reason for mirth at times, and a show with plenty of tuneful melodies, chorus numbers, and a multitude of "luscious lovelies," preferably scantily attired, wiped out the jungle; mud, heat, and stink faded from the mind for ninety minutes or so.

"Sexy" films were greeted uproariously. To fighting men who had not seen a woman for perhaps six months or more, and who were at that moment a thousand miles from the nearest one, they were ludicrous. Pointed wit and Rabelaisean suggestions were hurled at the screen to the accompaniment of whistles and hilarious laughter.

War films, in which the hero won the battle on his own and returned to his languishing lady love, were treated with scorn by men who were on the spot and knew that what counted was team-work. An occasional English film in which a few digs were made at some of the foibles of the English social setup misfired, being not understood by Kiwi or American. The blatant propaganda films which indulged in "jelly bellied flag-flapping," made every one squirm and feel uncomfortable.

Withal the films shown were at least as good and sometimes better than the average run of shows in any New Zealand town. And, after all, as some one remarked, it cost you nothing and you weren't forced to come. Films and audience together made the show, and if it is impossible to transcribe the wisecracks and repartee that sallied back and forth the reason is that they were transient and the wit of the moment, no less than that they were on many occasions too salty to set down in print.

Very few theatres had two machines, and the intervals while reels were changed were seized as an opportunity to stretch, look out for friends from other units, or find a more comfortable "possie." Sometimes the film broke or the power failed. Then there would be a chorus of good-natured jibes and suggestions to the unfortunate operator, but no one felt impatient, you smoked and chatted to friends, the social aspect transcended any feelings of exasperation, and it had to be a long break—perhaps forty minutes—before any one would bother to leave.

The film, the crowd, and the encounter with friends made the jungle cinema the rallying place for all.

E. V. Paul, Government Printer, Wellington