A E W S BACKGROUND BULLETIN VOL 3 NO 12

GISBORNE PAGE 3

KORERO

VOL. 3, No. 12 JULY 16, 1945

KORERO

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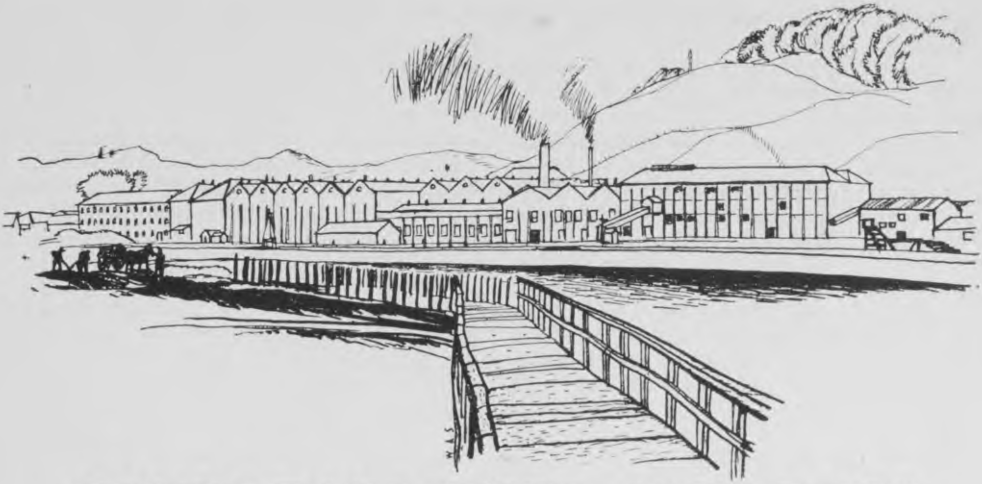


GISBORNE THE GOLDEN

"Unfortunate and Inhospitable," wrote Captain Cook

A KORERO Report

"THE NEXT morning, Wednesday 11th, at 6 o'clock, we weighed and stood away from this unfortunate and inhospitable place to which I gave the name of Poverty Bay, and which, by the Natives, is called 'Te Oneroa' or 'Long Sand,' as it did not afford us a single article that we wanted. The south-west point of the bay I named Young Nick's Head, after Nicholas Young, the boy who first saw the land."

Captain Cook landing on his first visit to New Zealand in 1769 near where Gisborne stands to-day, found the country barren and the Natives insolent and unfriendly. His stay was short; several Natives were shot dead; the only return was fresh water and a small supply of firewood.

In our mess at camp is a sergeant who, although not as well known as Captain Cook (or even Young Nick), has opinions about Gisborne which are quite different from those in the famous journal, but certainly expressed no less forcefully. Gisborne the Golden, he calls it; he never tires of talking about its pleasant climate, friendliness of the people, beauty of countryside, earliness of new potatoes, moon rising over the bay, local brew, size of the sheep, fertility of the soil (in fact, it seems the only thing that doesn't grow prolifically in Gisborne is hair, because this sergeant is as bald as a moa bone). Subjects of his praises are endless. Gisborne the Golden, he chuckles, and the boys from the South Island dig deep into their books, when at 9 o'clock the weather forecast for his home town predicts further warm sunshine; but let it be high winds with heavy rain and he's as deaf as a post. However, when he returns from leave his face is always glowing, and the boys can never agree whether the sunshine or the local brew is the cause, but he says it doesn't matter because one's as good as the other, and there's always plenty of both.

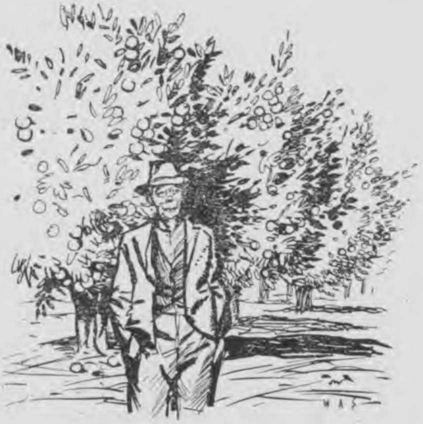
*

It was the middle of winter when we arrived in Gisborne. From Christchurch were reports of the heaviest snowstorm within "living memory." Wellington had been washed with nearly 2 in. of rain in five days. Ruapehu was topped by fire and smoke, there were loud rumbles. But in Gisborne householders were picking their oranges by the basketful—and in one street—where's Mr. Ripley?—a woman was hosing her garden ("I know it looks absurd, but the ground's as dry as a bone ").

The hills rising quietly from the town are not those of Otago Central; they are smoothly rounded and gentle, even-tempered and mature, with no barbed-wire ridges or savage cruel juttings—the difference of a jungle beast waiting to charge and kill and a kitten sleeping in the sun. In place of a countryside dominated by a harsh tyranny of rock is pleasantness and a feeling of support.

A depth of earth covers the hills round Gisborne like icing on a cake, and the grass, the feed, is close and tightly holding without rocks and boulders or stones to disturb the even rise or fall of the slopes. They roll away, to the east into the sea, to the west into a horizon that is still hills on into hills. And although it's early in July there are flowering plums, blue-gums, wattle, manuka, and golden willows, all in an early spring bloom, colouring the hills. Cattle and sheep shared the grazing. A pheasant rushed from under our feet, as startled as we were. In front of us a thrush was settled on the back of a sturdy hill pony. Both were quietly feeding.

Round Gisborne are 240 registered orchards and 40 market gardens. Holdings of grapes—mostly Albany Surprise—are small, but will undoubtedly be extended as transport to the city markets becomes easier. Grapes ripen at least fourteen days before those in other districts in New Zealand, and the vines are hardy and do exceptionally well (from one holding of 2 acres last season 13 tons of fruit were picked and sold at tenpence a pound.) Potatoes, which crop about 4½ tons to an acre, are ready for the October markets, and each year larger areas are planted. With all fruits (except apricots) and vegetables it is much the same. Crops are early and yield heavily. Chinese gooseberries flourish. Experiments in the growing of olives have been successful, and it should not be long before they are produced commercially. Few of the market gardens, orchards, and farms are without walnut trees, a profitable sideline with the nuts returning 1s. 3½d. a lb., and the yield averaging more than 40 lb. a tree.



Citrus orchard.

Many of the orchards have up to 27 ft. of warm, black loam, which is so rich that no manuring is needed. More than £500 an acre has been paid for orchard land in the district, a price that is not thought excessive when the heavy yields, the early harvests, the variety of crops, and the saving in top-dressing costs are considered.

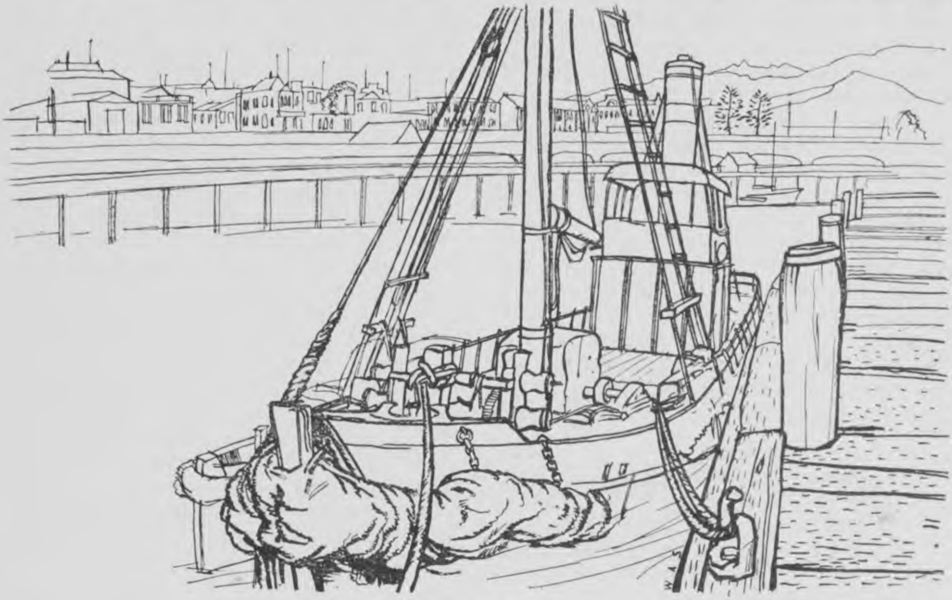
But however rich the land, however bountiful the crops, and energetic the owners, the value of the land is reduced at once if markets are not readily available. Gisborne growers have not been fortunate. It was not until February, 1943, that the railway between Gisborne and Napier was finally opened. There is still no north railway through Taneatua to Auckland.

Agitation for the construction of the railway between Gisborne and Napier was begun about 1900. Thirty years later, under the administration of no fewer than thirteen Governments, the line had been taken only as far as Putorino, 38 miles from Napier. The depression, earthquake damage, and indecision about the route delayed progress; several times work was abandoned; and at one time it seemed as though the £5,000,000 already spent was to be written off almost as a dead loss. Restoration and construction were begun again early in 1936. Eighteen months later the line was sufficiently advanced to allow the running of night trains for goods traffic only between Napier and

Wairoa. In 1938 floods and washouts closed the line to traffic; in places the line was completely destroyed, repair work took seven months. On July 1, 1939, the line between Napier and Waikokopu was officially opened to regular passenger and goods services. Work continued steadily on the section of line from Gisborne to Waikokopu; the through line was opened on February 1, 1943.

The morning we talked to the station-master at Gisborne he was arranging the carriage to Wellington of 4 tons of cabbages and other vegetables. In a year, he said, about 66,000 sheep, cattle, and pigs are railed from the district; after one large stock sale, held after a drought when feed was short, 470 of the 694 stock wagons in the North Island were used in one week to avoid losses. Inward revenue amounts to about £50,000 a year.

The East Coast railway has opened new markets in the south. North from Gisborne, however, the line goes only as far as Motuhora, with a gap of about 40 miles of rugged country to Taneatua, which is connected by rail to Auckland. Railway construction would be both difficult and costly. But Gisborne businessmen, farmers, and growers agree that the difficulties must be overcome, the project finished; the line north, making Auckland markets and the Westfield freezing-works more readily available, will be no less valuable to the district than the line south. The present rail route to Westfield, Auckland, through Palmerston North and Frankton Junction, covers 575 miles, wagon charges for sheep are £14, for cattle £12 4s. 6d. The proposed route, through Opotiki and Taneatua, would be 372 miles, wagon charges for sheep would be £9 17s., for cattle £8 12s. The time of the journey would be reduced from 49 hours to 26 hours.



Awaiting cargo.

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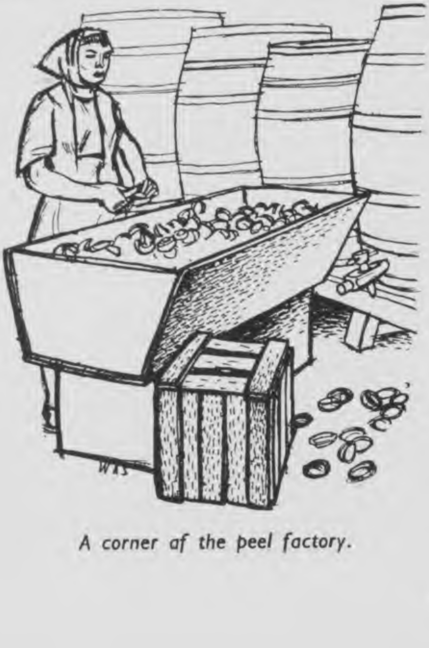
"Ten years ago in this ground were apple and fruit trees that reached into the sky; the 16 ft. ladders just took you to the bottom branches and then, man, you started to climb. Ten years ago I had a crop of apricots that should have packed twenty-six cases, brown-rot left me two—my wife and I had one each. Ten years ago the price of apples went to pigs and whistles—three shillings a case and all that sort of thing. I rooted out all of those trees—three years later I was selling oranges at a shilling a dozen and making pounds." The Irishman who owned the citrus orchard told us how he began to grow oranges and lemons. We had travelled to his property, six miles from Gisborne, in a bus with so many windows that it seemed more like a glasshouse on wheels. Each year 6,000 cases of lemons and 3,000 cases of oranges, of several varieties, are consigned from round Gisborne. Grown extensively, too, are New Zealand Poorman oranges and grapefruit and Weeney grapefruit, a variety imported from Australia, similar to the Californian grapefruit in size, inside appearance, and flavour, which does especially well in this district.

Oranges and lemons flared from the dark foliage of the trees like lanterns at a Chinese festival. Planted in blocks in warm, rich soil which doesn't hold moisture, the trees were neat and shaped. Here were some young Ruby Bloods, the flesh of the fruit a deep, dark red, and juicy. To the side of them were Island Orange trees which had been grown from seedlings ; they hadn't cropped yet, but they do well in the district, and there is no difference between the locally grown and the imported fruit either in appearance or quality. Farther back is a block of Late Valencia trees, the fruit from which does not compare favourably with some of the other varieties, but is useful because of ripening later in the season. There are several varieties of St. Michael's and Washington and Groverley navels, the trees rising seven years old and cropping well.



A corner of the peel factory.

The Irishman makes every effort to keep his types pure and true ; seedlings are budded when they have grown to pencil thickness, and the many varieties are kept separately in blocks to reduce risk of cross-pollination. Trees fruit after about three years, but need several years longer to reach full maturity ; their fruiting life is long—much longer than with the usual fruit-tree—and one tree in the front garden was fifty years old and looked almost to be on fire with oranges. Also in the front garden, looking like orange prodigies, were Golden Nugget dwarf trees ; they grow no higher than 2 ft. 6 in., but the fruit they bear is full size.

Sixty hundredweight of lemon-peel is preserved each week in a small but busy little factory which is combined with a cordial works in the town of Gisborne. It's a new industry, popular with fruit-cake bakers. Orange-peel, too, will soon be processed. Quantities of lemons needed are greater than the district can supply, large consignments have to be brought from Tauranga. The fruit is squeezed (the juice used for the cordials), and the skins softened in a soft brine, cleaned of inner skins, boiled, dried in an oven, and treated with sugar.

*

On his 15 acres the Irishman grows what he calls " murphies," tomatoes, and strawberries for the early markets, passion fruit, and maize for winter feeding for his pigs ; he also milks a small herd of cows. " Yes, you tell the boys—and don't forget the girls—I'm growing oranges," he said. " But also tell them this : if they want to buy a bit of land, get a good bit. Otherwise they'll be bit ; it'll ruin the bank."

*

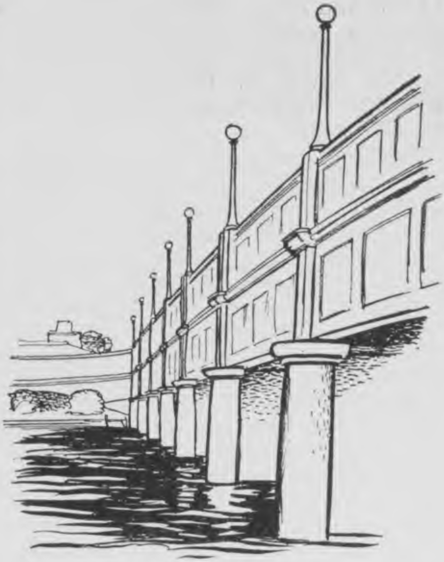
The glasshouse on wheels just beat us to the corner ; we had a long walk in the sunshine before a woman in a strangely shaped car stopped and offered us a lift.

She was one of the district nurses from "further back"; her work was among the Maoris, except for emergency pakeha cases. Health of her patients was no worse than that of the Maori people in other districts in New Zealand. It was also no better. Crowded houses, some with dirt floors on which stood polished modern furniture, were too often unhygienic. Tuberculosis, against which this Native people had not as yet developed the pakeha's immunity, was her greatest worry. But the Maoris were good patients and were interesting, loveable people. Her car had been converted from a Bren gun carrier—in the back was room enough for a stretcher. "But sometimes," she said smiling, "I think I could do more for the health of this country if they had not taken away the Bren gun."

*

The port of Gisborne has cost well over £1,000,000. Although not as extensive in scope as was originally planned, the harbour is able to work most of the coastal ships on all sides and in all weathers. Depth of water is not now reduced by silting so as to be unnavigable. Ships drawing up to 16 ft. 6 in. can be worked at full tide; larger vessels are loaded and unloaded by lighters. The port, lying on the north-west of Poverty Bay at the mouth of the Turanganui River, which is formed by the meeting about half a mile inland of the Taruheru and Waimate Rivers, has a history of a continual fight against silting. Heavy rain and floods at times have deposited so much silt and sand that the river channel has been reduced from 16 ft. to 4 ft. 6 in.—the dredge has been specially lightened to give her flotation to cut a channel, but further floods have made the work in vain. Finally, after several schemes had been tried, a training wall was constructed to divert the whole of the river into a new course to the sea in 1930, and definite improvement was able to be made in the channel without fear of subsequent loss through floods.

A steel hopper barge was converted and fitted with two Priestman oil-fired grab cranes suitable for dredging the hard sand in the entrance channel and fully equipped to keep the channel free from mud and silt. Last year the dredge removed 88,865 tons of spoil from the entrance channel and the inner basin. Centralization of shipping to the main ports during the war because of the need to load overseas vessels expeditiously and to get them away in the shortest possible time, and the losses in refrigerated ships since 1939, have meant a serious reduction in the Gisborne Harbour Board's revenue. Taking all revenue into account and excluding rates and the Government subsidy of £5,000 (made to compensate for loss in revenue), the revenue in 1939 was £45,746, against £35,301 in 1944—a decrease of £10,445. The Gisborne Harbour Board, with the Boards of other secondary ports, are now anxiously waiting for a return to the system of loading and discharging in existence before the war.



Traffic bridge.

Across the river from Gisborne town and built in brick alongside the wharves are the freezing works. Here in the busy season more than four hundred men are employed—for the rest of the year about two hundred. Last season killings were lower than usual because of a drought and shortage of food; the number of carcasses handled was 403,635 (434,823 the previous season), comprising: cattle, 11,532, and lambs, 250,461. The differences in seasonal conditions between Hawke's Bay and Poverty Bay is shown by the figures of the killings at the Whakatu works (near Napier), which were a record.

*

Barnet Burns, an English sailor, is believed to have been the first white settler in the Gisborne district. On his return to Great Britain more than one hundred years ago he published a booklet, which, with two illustrations of himself tattooed from head to foot, and with a fantastic account of his life among the Maoris, could not fail to create the impression that life in those early days was nothing if not perilous. The title page of the booklet read :— "A Brief Narrative of a New Zealand Chief, being the Remarkable History of Barnet Burns, an English Sailor, with a Faithful Account of the Way in which he Became A Chief of one of the Tribes of New Zealand, together with a Few Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the People, and other Interesting Matter. Written by Himself . . . "

The text of the booklet opens with an "Address" as follows : Address. Multitudinous as are the ills "which flesh and blood is heir to," and multifarious as are the miseries of human life, they become, from their frequency, commonplace subjects of remark, and merely excite a transient sympathy in the mind. There are, however, incidents in the pilgrimage of some which force themselves upon our observation with a power which at once arouses our attention—startles our imagination—excites our surprise, and calls forth our admiration ; such is the history about to be narrated. Happily, "recording with fidelity," he adopts a lively style to tell of the hardships he endured, "perils unheard of in modern times, sufferings almost beyond human endurance, in a country of professed cannibals."

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It was not until after the inter-tribal wars in the district, the rise and fall of the terrible Hau hau i nu and the bloody massacre by Te Kooti and his fanatical followers of nearly forty settlers, and after the reign of Captain Read, a trader, who ran his own fleet of schooners and who issued his own paper currency in exchange for gold—it was not until after this, in 1868, that the present site of Gisborne was bought by the Crown from the Maoris for £2,000. In those days, because of the uncertainty of the ownership of the land, many of the houses and huts were built on sleds so that if a new owner should appear friends could pull the dwelling to a new section.

The township, which was named Gisborne in 1870 after the Hon. W. Gisborne, Colonial Secretary in the Fox Ministry, from 1869 to 1872, was surveyed and laid out in 1870, and sections were auctioned. By 1874 great progress had been made ; houses, buildings, and hotels were being erected and a public board had been formed. In 1877 the first mayor and council were elected ; the borough, as now it was, had a population of between 400 and 500. Less than ten years later it was 2,000. Now it is more than 14,000, including the urban area more than 16,000.

To a visitor to Gisborne the sun appears to rise in the north and to spend the rest of the day travelling slowly to its bed in the south—probably because, although Gisborne is on the coast, there is a spit of land between the town and the ocean. But at least that sun shines. The town is clean, busy for its size ; the streets are colourful with Maoris. With its shops, hotels, and business premises, its post-office, library, banks, fire station, theatres, and dance halls it is little different from other farming centres. But it also has a pie-cart. The narrow, rich flat rolls into hills, until all round are hills with their wealth, not of gold or oil or coal, but of pasture land for sheep and cattle. Goats—billies, nannies, and kids—are on those hills to keep back the blackberry. There are few rabbits ; a vigorous "killer" policy has seen to that. It's a pity the erosion couldn't be stopped as effectively. On that Gisborne country are horses, too. Because of few main highways, and the difficulty of travelling in a district that even now is not properly opened with roads, horses are used more extensively than in most parts of New Zealand. There are many horses round Gisborne. One of the better class won the Grand National Steeplechase the day we left.

CONCERN OVER COMICS

A KORERO Report

Concluded from *Korero* Vol. 3, No. 11

IN 1897 comics, or "funnies," began to appear in United States newspapers. Now, forty-eight years later, Americans can point with pride to the following achievements :—

A monument to Popeye has been erected in the spinach-growing area of Texas.

When Little Orphan Annie's dog was lost, Annie's creator received a telegram from Henry Ford.

The Captain Marvel Club has 573,119 members, of whom more than 30,000 fans write to the Captain each year.

The death of Raven in "Terry and the Pirates" brought 14,000 letters of sympathy, as well as wreaths.

In more than 2,500 class-rooms children learn to read from "Superman" work books.

Every month 20,000,000 copies of comic books are sold to American boys and girls. Comic books are read regularly by 70,000,000 children and adults, and comic personalities sell breakfast foods and bonds, and recruit blood donors.

That's what happened in the United States, original home of the comics. From small newspaper strips, the comic concern swiftly developed into a great industry employing hundreds of artists working in shifts, hammering out cartoon after cartoon, mass producing wistful orphans, funny bunnies, gunmen, supermen, pirates, precocious children, crazy cats, monsters, robbers, vandals, rogues, highwaymen. Of these creations, few, indeed, fail to emphasize fist fights, quarrels, despair, deception, fright, thefts, torture, death, and murder.

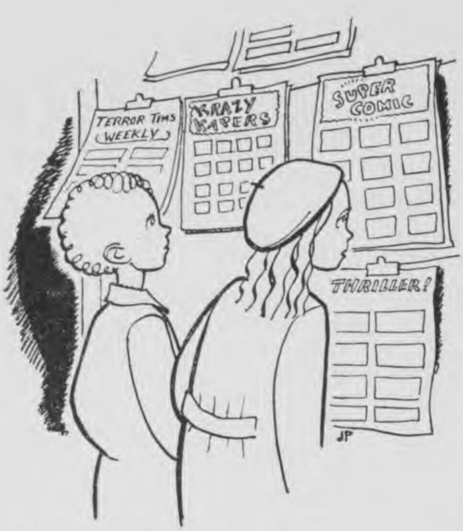
It wasn't long before Uncle Sam's syndicate salesmen succeeded in establishing overseas markets, first in England, then in Germany, next in France, and, for a brief period, in Italy until the Fascists banned these "foreign strips," and insisted upon features of "an all-Italian variety."

Maybe some years ago you could have said to yourself, well that suits me, that's their business. But now go to any New Zealand bookstall, examine any child's treasured pile of comics, and you'll find predominating over all others is the American comic, with American slang, with American slants on life and living (no matter how remote), and the plodding, old theme of fist-fights, quarrels, death, murder, &c.

These comics appear to have no political chopper to grind, no message (either sinister or constructive) to convey to children. But their absolute unreality gives a child no encouragement to think for himself, to learn about the world and its problems, to form any outlook on life except that adventure, thrills, and causes worth dying for happen at the ends of the earth, in deserts and on the moon—in fact, anywhere except where real life itself is to be found.

What can we do about it ?

To begin with, no trained investigator yet has determined scientifically the effect, either for good or for evil, of comics upon the children of our country. Observations and surveys by the Education Department show the New Zealand youth generally belongs to the vigorous, outdoor group of children who spend comparatively little leisure time in cinemas. They read more than any other children in the world. The standard of their reading matter is higher than that of English children, and probably far superior to that of similar age-groups in the U.S.A. Yet in the field of "yellow" comics, the concern is not how much the child believes at the time of reading, but how much belief *remains* in his mind.



Educationists feel that by becoming enthralled with "yellow" comics, the child unknowingly lowers his guard, and gradually passes on, with the years, to reading avidly trashy pulp publications such as *Film Parade*, shoddy magazines about the Wild West, "true" shootin' cowboys, "true" romances, and "true" detectives. One beneficial feature of import restrictions, from the viewpoint of educationists, is the banning of pulp magazines, which before the war arrived in New Zealand at the estimated rate of 2,000,000 copies each year.

"We have the answer to the comics in the School Library Service," officials at the Schools Publications Branch of the Education Department told us. "We can challenge comics by flooding the country with well-illustrated children's books, just as the School Library Service has been endeavouring to do since April, 1942."

"Ah, yes," we said, "but don't children want pictures, action, and excitement? Aren't comics distinct from picture-books?"

They didn't agree. In recent years ever-increasing numbers of picture-books with excellent illustrations and letterpress have been turned out by man-and-wife combinations such as the Petershams, the d'Aulairés and the Haders. The Oxford University Press, Faber Popular Books, and the Frederick A. Stokes Company in New York were producing a wide variety of richly illustrated books. Just two of these, *Picture Folk Tales* and *Legends of the United Nations*, would satisfy a child's imagination, while vocational stories gave elder boys and girls realistic ideas about their possible post-school careers.

There was another point to consider.

They quoted us the opinion of W. H. Auden, English poet, writing in the *New York Times* in praise of the Brothers Grimm.

"Comics, and what to-day passes for popular art, is not the work of simple 'low-brow' men and women, but a degenerate 'middle-brow' horror, mass produced for profit by fully conscious, well-educated young men," was Auden's verdict.

He said Grimm's heroes are not supermen with exceptional natural gifts. They are humble, in that they admit they cannot succeed without Divine asistance. From the dreadful fate of stepmothers and witches the reader will learn that retribution becomes law to those who, because they envy, cannot forgive. From tale after tale the child (or adult) learns wishing is not a substitute for action, but that wishes for good and for evil are terribly real, have positive results, and are not to be indulged in lightly.

"Once a reader comes to know and love Grimm's Fairy Tales, he will never be able again to endure the insipid rubbish of contemporary entertainment."

Still another point to consider.

Eye specialists had declared no child's book should be set up in a type below 10-point, yet comics repeatedly use 6-point, and seldom go above 8-point. School readers and the school journal never went below 10-point, and used good-quality paper. The atrocious small type used in comic stories must have a detrimental effect on children's eyes.

Summing up, they suggested :—

(1) Quietly reducing or cutting off the supply of "yellow" comics.

(2) Outbid the comic with an abundance of better books, obtained free through libraries.

(3) Produce the New Zealand comic as a national publication. It would have to be informative, essentially rich in the

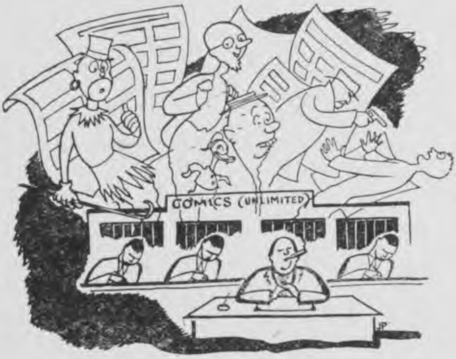
human element, treat history in illustrated strips, be characteristic of New Zealand children, cover travel and foreign countries, cater for hero worship (" Bill Stone—All Black "), and boost hobbies.

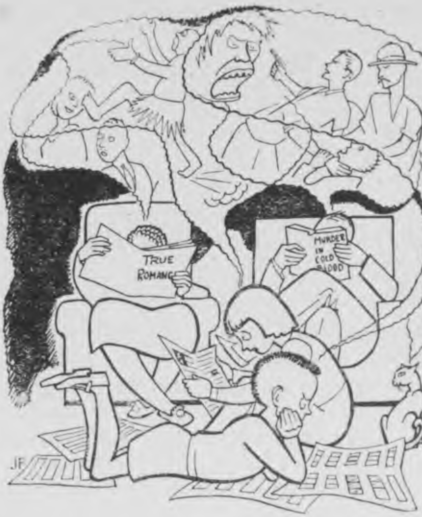
This sounded as if we were getting somewhere at last, so we went to see the head of the School Library Service, a librarian who for a year studied children's librarianship at a library school in the U.S.A.

We were told that " this poisonous mushroom growth " tends not only to threaten the children of New Zealand, but the young people and adults also.

America is deeply concerned with this growing interest in comics. The librarian showed us an editorial in the *Chicago Daily News*, written by Sterling North, author of children's books.

" Badly drawn, badly written, and badly printed—a strain on young eyes and young nervous systems—the effect of these paper-pulp nightmares is that of a violent stimulant," ran the article. " Their crude blacks and reds spoil the child's natural sense of colour, their hypodermic injections of sex and murder make the child impatient with better though quieter stories." Further, North writes, " that the shame lies largely with the parents who don't know and don't care what their children are reading. It is with the unimaginative teachers who force stupid, dull twaddle down eager young throats, and, of course, it lies with the completely immoral publishers of the ' comics '—guilty of a cultural slaughter of the innocents. But the antidote to the ' comic ' magazine poison can be found in any library or good book-store. The parent who does not acquire that antidote for his child is guilty of criminal negligence."





The librarian said : " New Zealand children need more and better books—books showing a literary taste, having artistic value and meeting up with their vital needs and interests. There is published overseas a wide, rich field of children's literature, but this literature is available only in limited quantities in New Zealand. This literature must be made available to *all* children through the schools and free public libraries, the selection must be wide, so that the children may choose freely according to individual tastes.

" Large doses of ' paper-pulp nightmares ' will not in anyway help, but rather hinder the outlook of the next generation."

Finally, we searched for an English opinion on comics.

" In all boys' papers " [published in England] " it is assumed not only that foreigners are comics who are put there for us to laugh at, but that they can be classified in much the same way as insects," wrote George Orwell in *Inside the Whale and other Essays*.

He prepared this list :

Frenchman : Excitable. Wears beard, gesticulates wildly.

Spaniard, Mexican, &c. : Sinister, treacherous.

Arab, Afghan, &c. : Sinister treacherous.

Chinaman : Sinister, treacherous. Wears pigtail.

Italian : Excitable. Grinds barrel-organ or carries stiletto.

Swede, Dane, &c. : Kind-hearted, stupid.

Negro : Comic, very faithful.

In a detailed survey covering boys' weeklies, Orwell found the working classes only enter into *Gem* and *Magnet* as comics and semi-villains (racecourse touts, &c.). Class friction, trade-unionism, strikes, slumps, unemployment, Fascism, and civil war were not mentioned. In more up-to-date papers founded after the Great War (*Triumph, Champion, Modern Boy*, &c.) he noticed that, school stories aside, the favourite subjects are Wild West, Frozen North, Foreign Legion, crime (always from the detective's angle), the Tarzan motif in varying forms, professional football, tropical exploration, historical romance (Robin Hood, Cavaliers, and Roundheads), and scientific invention.

In post Great War papers he detected a marked advance in intellectual curiosity, bully-worship, and the cult of violence. In these (as it is to-day), the schoolboy reader is led to identify himself with "a G-man, with a Foreign Legionary, with some variant of Tarzan, with an air ace, a master spy, an explorer, a pugilist —at any rate with some single all-powerful character who dominates every one about him and whose usual method of solving any problem is a sock on the jaw."

Orwell deplored the lack of political development, the exclusion of contemporaneous history, the persistent distrust of foreigners, and no facing of the facts about *working* life of any description. Girls' papers have the same faults, " except that there are orange-blossoms instead of machine-guns."

Orwell concluded that such papers are successful because boys find it necessary to read about adventure and excitement. He argued, however, that these stories are wrapped up in illusions and the conviction that the major problems of our times do not exist.

" The fact is only unimportant if one believes that what is read in childhood leaves no impression behind."

GERMAN CASUALTIES

Secret German casualty figures have been discovered by our Intelligence. They are extremely interesting, though it is perhaps too early to take them as accurate ; they were found in the house of the chief of the German High Command's propaganda department. From the beginning of the war until November, 1944, German Army casualties on all fronts came to 1,911,300 killed and 1,435,853 missing. These are large figures. They may be compared with the total number of German killed in the last war of two million and our Imperial dead in this war of just over half a million. But at the same time they are far below what we should have expected, particularly on the Eastern Front. The German figures for this front until November, 1944, are 1,419,000 killed and 907,000 missing. Yet on June 22, 1943, at the end of two years of war, an official Russian statement was issued estimating German killed at 6,400,000. Far more striking was the admission in that same document that the Russians themselves had already suffered 4,200,000 killed and missing—more by then than the German figures for the whole course of the war. This too was before Stalingrad and the great Russian counter-offensives. It has always been assumed that Russia's losses to the German tank armies in the early years were extremely heavy, but it is a shock to find that they were, according to these enemy figures, so out of proportion to the German. Our Intelligence must put some faith in the document to publish it at all, but it will need careful checking against figures from other sources as they come into our hands.—*The Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

REMEMBERING TIMES PAST

By Sgt. J. A. EVANS

YES !—IT was Jim all right, hurrying towards me along the pavement in the rain. I had time to size him up before he reached me. He was in civvies, and it was queer how different he looked in the small, smart hat. I'd often wondered whether I'd ever see any of the boys again, of course, but it was still a surprise to run across one. " What d'ya say now, Jim ? " I asked as he got up to me. " Why, hullo ! " Jim said with a start, and we shook hands. " Fancy seeing your ugly mug after all this time ! How the hell are you, anyway ? " It was midday, and we found we were both due for a binder, so we hopped into a Quick Lunch.

We grabbed a plate and some tools, and joined the queue which was filing past the eats. " The old southerly is a bit of a change from the weather in the Solomons," Jim remarked over his shoulder. " Too right—but don't we like the change ! " Jim laughed at this, and we made for a vacant table. " I see you got out all right," I said, as we settled down. " Yes—over-age, you know." That was a funny thing—I hadn't ever realized Jim's age until then, but I suppose all of us always thought ourselves much of an age up there. Jim had been known as a bit of a goer, and a pretty impulsive chap, but he looked quiet enough now in his neat city clothes. " Tough about Bill, wasn't it ? " Bill had been our platoon commander, and every one liked him. After we got back to New Zealand and the Div. was broken up he had gone away again with the mob, and was killed almost straight away, in Italy.

" I wonder how the others are getting on over there. Old Mac, for instance—I bet he's still as excitable as ever. Remember those solos he insisted on singing every time he got tight ? What happened to George, did you ever hear ? " " Oh, he got back to the farm. He won't be having those deep, undisturbed sleeps any longer if I know farming hours. I bet he's told the folks at home some whoppers about the islands, but I guarantee he hasn't let on that he held the sack-drill record."

The conversation lagged as we dealt with our plates. " Things all right at home, Jim ? Folks all OK ? " " Right as rain, thanks. It's great to be back." As we ate on, I felt that we were both probably thinking along much the same lines. We mostly came from different places and different kinds of life, and out of the army there was a lot to keep us apart. Perhaps it was because we had been cut off from so much when we were away that we had made such a good thing out of our friendships. There wasn't much show of running across a chap like " Dargaville " again—he'd get back to North Auckland, if he wasn't there already, and would stay up there for the rest of his life, probably. My thoughts led me to remark : " I wonder about " Dargaville." Either he'll still be skiting about his home town in foreign parts, or he'll be blowing about his travels at home." Jim gave a grunt of appreciation, and we continued to chat spasmodically about other old cobbers and happenings in which we had shared.

Then it was time to settle up and move on. "Must see some more of you," said Jim after we had paid our way out, as we stood in the doorway buttoning our coats and looking out at the driving rain. "Yes," I said, "you never know, we might be able to have a real get-together with several of the boys some day." All the same, when we parted and went our separate ways down the street, I don't think either of us really felt it would come about. However, meeting Jim had been very pleasant, and it started a lot of thoughts again. The incidents that stand out from those tedious months of mud and heat are trivial enough, I suppose. It seems as though the things that stick in the mind most are little happenings associated with particular chaps. The facts and figures will probably get written down somewhere, but the little human facts that really matter more are only carried in the memories of the few fellows concerned.

BETWEEN TWO FLAGS

This small sandy cove was hemmed in with bush and overhung with palms, and from the sea one would never know that hundreds of men had passed through there. Most of these chaps had now gone well up the coast, and the Japs were still falling back before them. Our platoon had been one of the first to go up, and now we were back for a short rest. A little in from the beach supply people, the dressing-station, headquarters, and others were toiling flat out. There were also a few native guides about, and we found them intelligent boys, who sometimes spoke good English. However, the figure which attracted most attention was a Nisei—that is, a Yank of Jap extraction. He was a sergeant, and his appearance contrasted oddly with his camouflage suit and other familiar equipment. When Mac said, "Good day!" to him, he smiled and replied in the very best American, "What d'ya say now?" He was on good terms with every one, and laughed and joked with the natives, who thought he was fine. He was our interpreter, and an important man, because no one else had a hope of reading our enemy's perverse language.

The morning after we arrived back we were loafing about and looking forward to an easy day, when the Sergeant came up with that look in his eye. "Got a job for you," he said, and we groaned. "You two Corporals are to take your sections on a patrol up this valley which runs in from here. There's nothing to it, as the show should be clear of Japs, but the Boss wants to be certain. There's just a chance some of them may have doubled back. Now here's what you've got to do . . . " His instructions were simple: a section would go up each ridge, and the two would meet about four miles in, on the saddle at the head of the valley, and then they'd come back together down the stream. If contact were made with the enemy at any point, we were to fall back here and report.

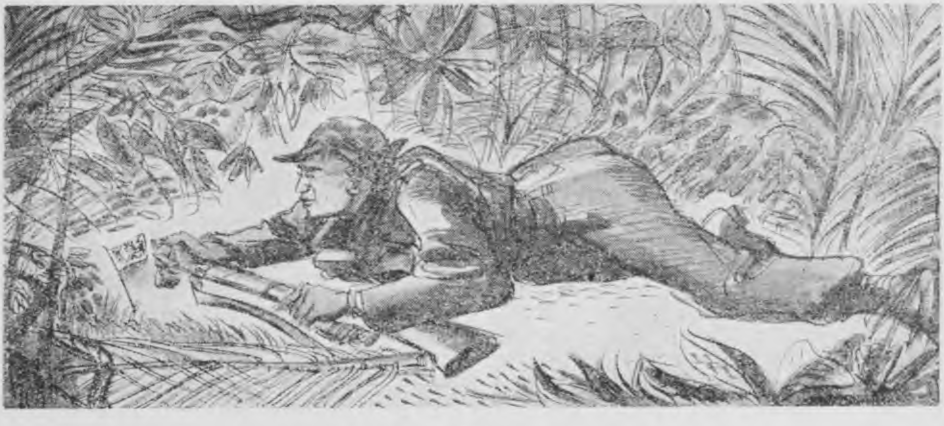
We were soon underway in the heavy going up the ridge, which carried the usual faint native track. The valley was full of bush, like a steep New Zealand gully, though there were few sounds of bird life. We knew that natives could slip like shadows anywhere across this country, which was criss-crossed with pathways. We saw faint sidetracks branch down the hillsides here and there, but to our untrained eyes they quickly petered out. We stumbled up over slippery roots, while bush lawyer tangled us, and we tried to avoid stinging leaves. We took it quietly, but were soon reduced to greasespots, and were glad of our ten-minute rests. Mac and Jim were ahead, and two others made up the rearguard. We were between, and kept well out to each side of the track, though all in the patrol had to keep contact, so we were not spread out far. We must have gone a couple of miles inland when I saw Mac wave us down with an urgent hand. We hit the mud, and lay still. The sun was shining high in the trees, and there was a noisy hum of insects, but nothing else. After a while Mac beckoned me up, and I went, carefully. He pointed up the trail, and I looked through some fern, and saw a small flag stuck squarely in a clear space in the path.

It was white parchment, only a few inches square, and was scrawled stylishly with elegant Jap characters. "I think it means 'Out of Bounds,'" Mac whispered. "Hold on, Corp., I'll get it." He wriggled forward, while we watched anxiously, fingers on the trigger. The half-expected bark of a shot never came, though, and we had a good look at the notice when Mac brought it back. It was double dutch, and the only thing we knew was that it was Jap. It was quite dry, so could only have been there for an hour or two. "Right, chaps, they're here after all. Back to the beach, so something can be organized!" All the time we withdrew from that place we felt that we were observed by many hostile eyes. There was not a sign of life.

We were about a quarter of a mile down, in the same formation, when we had to throw ourselves flat again. In the middle of the path was an identical flag cutting us off this time! We felt trapped, and the silence was unnerving. We imagined the Japs sniggering at our bewilderment, and felt helpless rage at being their butt. It was now most urgent that we get back immediately, and after a hurried consultation in whispers we split our number in two. Each half of the patrol made a wide and cautious detour, and to our great surprise we were not molested, and met half a mile down the track. "The plot thickens!" Jim said; "I wonder why they let us off when they had us taped?" We didn't waste time on speculation, and made fast time downhill to the beach.

We went over with the Platoon Commander and the Sergeant to the Nisei boy. The Lieutenant handed him the flag and asked: "What do you think of this?" He grinned, and said without surprise: "I don't think they'll do much good." "Why, what does it say?" "Oh, it tells the soldiers of the Emperor that it is useless for them to resist us. It advises them to surrender and get good food." He opened his shallow steel case, and we could see many more parchment flags like it. "We distributed them to the natives this morning, and they've taken out quite a number already." He looked at a native who was listening. "Joel here can sneak through the bush and plant them on tracks so that no-one would know where they came from. Eh?" He poked the boy in the ribs, and received a toothy smile in reply. The Lieutenant looked hard at us, and said "Er hm! Quite an idea."

However, we never could explain to the other section why we didn't meet on the saddle.



THE VOYAGE HOME

From "Letter to a Soldier" by H. L. HEATLEY. (Part I.)

FRIDAY THREATENED to be something exceptional in the way of irritating, boring, tiring days. Breakfast was at 0600 hours, rather early considering that we were not to embus until 0815. We were scheduled to leave Maadi at 0830 for the short road journey to the Tura railway siding, where the train would leave (according to schedule) at 0945 hours.

Again the wonder at an army movement, any of which appeared to be spent in just waiting. This practice of parading men hours before necessary, whether for leave or a unit move into a forward area, at first amazed me, but later became irritating. Perhaps one should have become accustomed to it, but whenever such a practice affected me (and that, praise be, was nowhere near as often as it might have been) I always thought that in the execution of a movement order, as in so many military institutions, the common sense factor could have been introduced with benefit.

But we were to witness one of those rare exceptions to the general rule, both of the Army and Egyptian State Railways, as, amazingly, the train pulled out of Tura ahead of time and rolled slowly past the British signals camp and across the road that leads from tree-shaded Maadi township, cool in summer, up past the oasis of that wonderfully hospitable Maadi Tent, to our old sandy, hutted and tented camp—N.Z. Maadi Camp, as it was known officially, home of *base wallahs*, home for the Division, wholly or in part, for more than five years; cursed and loathed, welcomed and liked, its lay-out printed indelibly in every soldier's mind.

The movement of the wheels and the slow passing of that familiar landscape seemed to give fragmentary significance to the words we had been speaking to ourselves and to each other for so long. "We are going home. *I* am going home." It was as though we were closely associated with some fantasy; something delightful happening to some one, pleasant to watch, but something, of course, that could not possibly include us. "This train journey is yet another stage in a comprehensive movement taking me nearer to New Zealand," one thought, and might as easily have said, "The *khamseen* will be here in a few days." It seemed illusory, this knowledge—this dream coming true. To travel down through Italy should have initiated a solid character into this dream of so many hundreds of waking and sleeping hours; but this series of journeys was completely devoid of drama. Perhaps it was that one had been away so long; that one had been governed by routine so much for the last four years; that HOME was still so many weeks distant—perhaps any, or all, or more of such factors accounted for the lack of intense emotion one had imagined present in so many previews of the actual movement. To leave Taranto should, I know, have been an occasion calling for rows of wildly cheering men lining the ship's rails, flinging hats in the air, whirling in extreme excitement. Instead, one or two quietly observed the obvious with "Well, we are on our way," and many rather hastily and untruthfully agreed that the coast disappearing over the starboard quarter formed their most favourable impression of Italy. Perhaps because we were disembarking in Egypt, with the prospect of spending weeks there, accounted for this attitude of an almost resigned acceptance. Perhaps in the case of so many the magnet of Home had decreased in attraction against the powerful, indefinable pull of a comradeship in the hazards of war; it had been so completely a separate life. But, in the main, I think it was that years of discipline, routine, and restraints, both physical and mental, had formed a shell too strong to be cracked by the significance of fact. It was to most of us just another army movement, continuing years of army movements, and even though one knew that one was starting on the long voyage home it did not seem, in army parlance, to " ring a bell."

But the train wheels as we ground slowly through the graveyards of the Dead City, along the line that runs under the towering escarpment; while we rolled backwards and forwards through the main Cairo network, were steadily clicking the message through, " You're going home. You're going home." And acceleration came with the long, flat stretches of rocky desert so that, detraining for a night in a transit camp a few miles short of Port Tewfikh (Suez), the trance of four war-hypnotic years had started to fade a little and one could say with less mesmeric bewilderment, " I am going home."

There is nothing spectacular in the actual movement of large bodies of men. A group is collected at one point by a series of sub-collections and eventually transferred to another point, but there is little to indicate the intricate, detailed administrative work behind such a movement. The organization needed to transfer several thousand men from Italy to a point of embarkation in the Middle East is tremendous. Beginning many months ago, when first the order was given for the repatriation of this particular group of long-service men, there had been a colossal sea of detail and calculation. Apart from such major issues as the availability of shipping, rolls had to be prepared, men withdrawn from units, replacements found for key personnel; men had to be assembled from many points and then the whole roster of military procedure involved—medical inspections, kit inspections, inoculations, dental inspections, withdrawal of equipment, issue of clothing, balancing of paybooks; parades, parades, parades—had to be carried out, first in Italy and again in Egypt. One had little time, then, to realize more than remotely the purpose of it all. One knew, but it still meant next to nothing. Reflexes were still those of a soldier, an automaton used for military purposes. There seemed not to be anything personal in it all.

Waiting!

It was this vast, intricate network of administration that brought us at its peak to the small piers of Port Tewfikh, to a sight of dirty grey hulls in the roadstead, and from the last roll check to embarkation lighters. A warming spring sun shone beneficently over Suez waters, blue as publicity posters ever made them, kitbag and suitcase-laden, men clumsily negotiated steps and rails to the lighters' decks. And it was in sober fashion that the men chaffed the garrulous, dirty-galabiehed *rais*, master of the lighter. He was " George " almost with affection. He was the representative of all " Georges," and, through him, in the chaffing that was almost affection, there was a farewell to the character of the galabieh, for so long kicked, cursed, caricatured—and liked.

We go aboard. There is a general settling into quarters. There is a general investigation of the ship, with the two vital questions, " Where do we eat ? " and " Where do we wash ? " quickly answered.

The bow points towards the desert, and it takes all afternoon to bring the luggage aboard.

We have exchanged tents pitched in whirling sand for cramped sleeping-quarters between steel walls. " This is to be home for the next four or five weeks," one says.

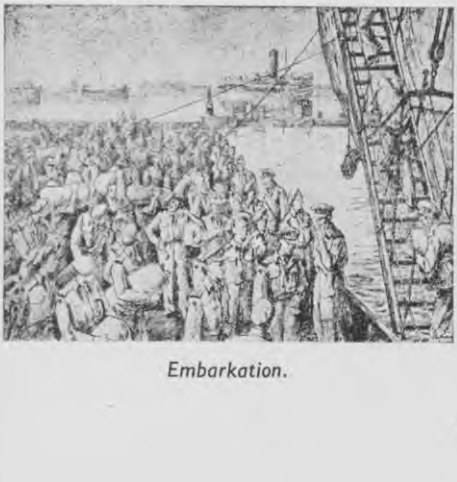
A torrid Red Sea day gives way to sultry night. The air is filled with the threat of the *khamseen*, old terror acquaintance of desert days, reminder of sand-gritted teeth, hair, tea, bread, blankets, eyes ; of dust-filled, hot, choking winds and nights when sleep was impossible.

All is calm. There is no sense of motion. The funnel and masts are still against the sky. Over the starboard quarter a shining golden path leads to a half moon riding low among the stars.

Seven bells sounds faintly.

It is our first night at sea.

Rumours abound aboard this ship. They do on any troopship. In fact, rumours form a distinct part of army life anywhere. Many times some one heard of the Division's move from some one who knew as a hard fact that some one had heard that the colonel's batman had overheard a conversation. The majority of rumours, right from the time of mobilization in the long, long ago, bore what was supposed to be a more or less official stamp—" This came straight from the orderly-room "—but the genuine hallmark of the class rumour was " Keep this to yourself, Dig, but I've just heard . . ." Some one had " just heard " something at almost any time on subjects ranging from the contents of despised M. and V. stew to the Division's role in the Far East war.


Embarkation.

Lacking an enthusiasm for statistics, and being somewhat intolerant of rumours since being compelled to listen to such a crop during our voyage so far, I have not kept a record of the constant variations in imaginative dinkum oils. But plenty have circulated.

We were to stop at Aden.

We were not stopping at Aden.

We stopped at Aden, there joining the other vessels of the convoy, together with our escort.

We were not calling at Colombo ; just the escort, for refuelling, while we marked time in the vicinity.

We were calling into Colombo because (*a*) this ship was short of fresh water, (*b*) one of the other vessels was short of fuel and had engine trouble, and (*c*) one of the vessels had to put ashore a patient requiring an abdominal operation and this could not be done aboard.

We tied up in Colombo, but were not permitted shore leave.

However, this provided the rumour-circulating concerns with an excellent field-day.

We were next calling at Fremantle.

We were not calling at Fremantle, but heading straight for Melbourne.

The presence of Australian air and naval personnel aboard these ships, together with the fact that the repatriation scheme was assumed to require direction from experienced Government officials who must join the ships somewhere, made a call at some Australian port a certainty. The rumours went on and on and on.

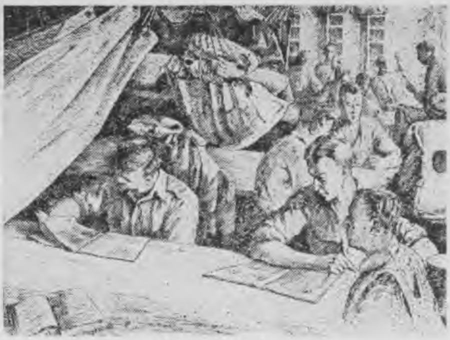
" This ship is now bound for Melbourne," said the voice of officialdom over the ship's loud-speaker half an hour after clearing Colombo's breakwater, and thus settled all doubts, at least for a time. A very good thing, that laconic speech.

Bound for Melbourne ! All doubts settled. Melbourne is very near home. How pleasing to contemplate ! How pleasant now to calculate. A ship's officer had said ten days to Fremantle (or the rumours said so). Ten days of Indian Ocean, crossing the equator again, through the tropics.

I forget calculations and recall the voyage of four years ago, crossing this same stretch of ocean with the world's two largest liners and three other trans-Atlantic leviathans forming the convoy. What a wonderful sight ; we on the great grey *Mauretania* to look across to where, steaming in line abreast, her big sister ships, the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* lanced blue waters with prows and stream-lined bulks. They were days of hot, calm weather with a flat sea tilting first to one horizon and then the other as the great ships rolled evenly on a miles-long, imperceptible swell. Day after hot day with vagrant breezes welcomed on sun-burned perspiring bodies. Day after day with the wet-brown, glistening bodies of porpoises playing follow-the-leader in a seemingly endless chain. Nights of pleasant cooling calm, with a hard deck the mattress. Night after night when the convoy glided on in a majestic silhouette of great decks, funnels and masts, its course traced by snow-white bow waves and creaming wakes which cut the ocean in broad, even swathes. And lying on the deck, drowsy with the rip of water along the giant steel sides and the drone of the ventilation system, to see the stars, the Southern Cross dropping further towards the horizon every night until it no longer appeared—the last familiar sight before the strange world ahead and the adventure of war.

It will be the same again—only the course is reversed. We are coming away from those four years.

So I count the ten days to Fremantle. It may possibly take five days to Melbourne from the west and five days across the Bight means probably the roughest weather of the trip, with wet decks heaving in the mist. It was not so bad when we crossed in 1941. The first day on a truly troubled Tasman had inoculated me against sea-sickness, and the rolling, tumbling mountains and valleys of the Bight had not affected me. But sea legs do not come with weeks of calm in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, and I face the prospect of some discretionary fasting and resting, even though the atmosphere in " B Deck Dormitory—20 Officers " will not be the best for resting when everybody is doing it. But that is anticipating with gloom. There is a much better way of looking at it. Those five days will race by because the adjustment in time as we travel east has the satisfying illusion of making the journey quicker, and clocks move on some hours across the Bight.



'Tween decks.

So there is a total of fifteen days to Melbourne. Without stretching our legs ashore since leaving Suez we hopefully expect one day's shore leave at Melbourne while the convoy refuels. So far there has not been a rumour on the question of leave. But, assuming the convoy, leave or no leave, stays two days at Melbourne, I can count, so far, seventeen days.

Seventeen days. Then the Tasman. Four days to cross the Tasman. That makes twenty-one days. It is unlikely that we will go ashore and entrain the day we arrive in Wellington, especially if it is late afternoon or evening. So it will be the twenty-second day. Twenty-two days ! The fog of unreality begins to clear a little more. Twenty-two days from now I should arrive at Napier railway station.

Is it twenty-two days to heaven ?

Perhaps.

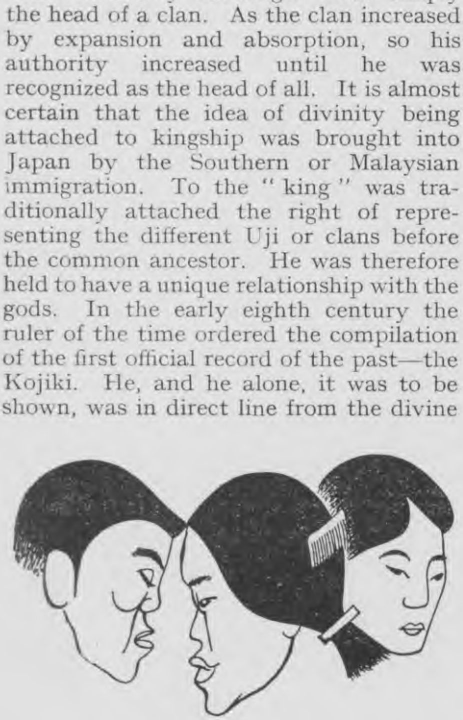
(To be continued.)

know your enemy

A KORERO Report

Continued from *Korero* Vol. 3, No. 11

SO MUCH has been written and spoken about the position of the Japanese Emperor in the life and thoughts of his people that there is danger of our picture of Japanese psychology being out of perspective. The Imperial cult, though it can truly be called the national religion, is of comparatively recent growth. It has influenced the Japanese people far less than either the domestic or communal cults. In very early days Japanese society was a collection of clan families. The " heavenly sovereign " was simply the head of a clan. As the clan increased by expansion and absorption, so his authority increased until he was recognized as the head of all. It is almost certain that the idea of divinity being attached to kingship was brought into Japan by the Southern or Malaysian immigration. To the " king " was traditionally attached the right of representing the different Uji or clans before the common ancestor. He was therefore held to have a unique relationship with the gods. In the early eighth century the ruler of the time ordered the compilation of the first official record of the past—the Kojiki. He, and he alone, it was to be shown, was in direct line from the divine ancestors, and so forestalled any rival claimant. Two other functions also rested by tradition in the " king "—that of commander-in-chief of all forces in the field, should united action be necessary, and of deciding when a war involving such forces was to be declared, and when peace was to be made.



The eighth century also saw a marked intensification of Chinese influence, which had made its first strong impression 100 years before. The Japanese were so struck by the splendid culture of China that Chinese manners and customs, methods of admininstration, and ceremonial were taken over completely without regard for the existing differences in background and circumstances. As could be expected, many breakdowns occurred, particularly in matters of administration. So by trial and error the Japanese learned the art of adaptation rather than of slavish imitation—an art of which they are now past masters.

It was Chinese influence in the court that led directly to the eventual seclusion of the Emperor. The Japanese were fascinated by the stately and complicated ceremonial of the Chinese court. Constantly added to and modified by succeeding Emperors, it became so burdensome that is was impossible for one man to perform both administrative and religious duties. The ruler could appoint a deputy for the former, but he alone could fulfil the latter. So arose the dual role in Japanese government—the Emperor with all the prestige and reverence attached to the office, and a regent or Shogun holding the real authority.

We have seen that the basis of the Shinto religion was the conception of loyalty, with its duties of absolute obedience and wholehearted service. But the circle of duty for each individual did not extend beyond the clan group to which he belonged. A retainer was, for example, ready to die for his feudal lord, the head of the clan group, but not for the Shogun, unless he belonged to his special military following. Thus the religion of loyalty, until the Restoration of 1868, was limited by the constitution of Japanese society. Under such conditions that larger loyalty—the love of king and country—could not fully evolve. Any duty to the nation, outside of that to his chief, had no place in the mind of the vassal.

This limited conception of loyalty the Shogun found politically valuable. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we find orders forbidding the Daimyo (feudal district overlords) to approach the Imperial palace on their way to the Shogun's court at Yedo (Tokyo). They were also forbidden to make any direct appeal to the Emperor. There were additional regulations designed to stop communication between the Emperor and the Daimyate. This policy, by paralysing intrigue, kept the country at peace for more than 200 years, but it also stopped the growth of real patriotism.

With the arrival of Admiral Perry, the closed doors were forced open, and after two centuries of seclusion Japan was suddenly exposed to Western civilization. At the same time the centralized military government of the Shogunate was tottering, its authority recognized less, its administration more despised. If the clan Daimyos were to cause trouble, civil war would rend the country. Such danger needed the union of all social units. Clan and tribal groupings must be dissolved, and all authority centred in the one representative of the national religion. The feudal duty of loyalty and obedience to the territorial lord must be replaced by the duty of loyalty and obedience to the divine Emperor. This religion of loyalty, evolved through one thousand years of the ancestral cult, must be diverted and transformed. It could, if properly utilized, prove itself to be a national heritage of incalculable worth.

It is impossible to give details of that great event in Japanese history known as the Restoration of the Emperor Meiji (1867). It is enough to say that the Daimyos were induced to return to the Emperor their governing powers and authority. Gradually the new conception permeated the ranks of the people. The different loyalties were united; the former limited sense of duty expanded into the new national sentiment of trust in, and obedience to, the Emperor and the country. The modern conception of patriotism came into being. The domestic and communal cults did not suffer. Such cults now became lesser circles, contained in the vast circumference of the national religion, but each in its limited sphere exerted as powerful an influence as before. This is the chief influence that has formed the Japanese of to-day. This great religion of loyalty, so vast in its potentialities for good or evil, is the parent soil in which are embedded the roots from which the Japanese character has sprung.

HAROLD WILLIAMS

A KORERO Report

HAROLD WILLIAMS was born in Christchurch in 1877, the eldest son of the Reverend W. J. Williams, an early leader of the Methodist Church in New Zealand. As the son of a Minister constantly passing from one circuit to another, the boy changed his school every three years. Learning was difficult at first. Arithmetic was a bugbear. Figures were incomprehensible and almost hostile. Many years later he reproached his teachers: "I wasn't altogether a fool; why couldn't they have made mathematics clear to me?"

Even grammar was not easy at first but suddenly, when he was seven years old, there came something like an explosion in his brain. Languages, grammar, and all the ramifications of philology opened to him as if by magic. The tortuous paths of foreign languages, so steep and stony for most of us, were full of colour and harmony for him. He always remembered this sudden sense of inner revolution as one of the happiest moments of his life.

His father was his only help in his reading, but he had a real intuition for finding the right things on his father's bookshelves. With the exception of Russian, languages entered his brain of their own accord. He did not so much learn as assimilate them. At the age of eleven he knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Maori, and Italian. The key to his language studies was the New Testament, which he knew almost by heart. His pocket-money was spent on the purchase of the Gospels translated into many languages. In his teens he found a copy of St. Mark's Gospel translated into Dobuan, a language of New Guinea, by the Rev. Dr. George Brown. Out of that he constructed a Dobuan grammar and vocabulary. His father, finding the loose sheets of the boy's grammar lying about, sent them to Dr. Brown, whose reply showed that "There was in the South Pacific no more astonished man" than the doctor. It was incredible that a lad who had never seen Dobu and had never even heard the language spoken should have constructed such a vocabulary on so slender a basis.

From the time when he won his first scholarship, his education cost his parents nothing. When he was about to try for a University scholarship, an accident on the playing field of the Timaru Boys' High School endangered his sight. His parents opposed his taking the examination as his eyes were bandaged. But he took it entirely on languages—English, French, German, Latin, and Greek—and won his scholarship brilliantly.

He never completed his course at the University of New Zealand, and never regretted it. It had always been his father's wish that he should become a Methodist minister, and in March, 1898, when he was little more than twenty, Harold Williams was accepted as a probationer for the Ministry, and was appointed for two years to the St. Albans circuit, Christchurch. After two years he was moved to Inglewood, in the Waitara circuit. Here he must have been a puzzle to the quiet country people. A Methodist minister, a Tolstoyan, a philosopher, philologist, socialist, vegetarian, dreamer with a stammer. The people liked him, but could not understand a young man with such a torrent of strange ideas flowing through his head. Small wonder, perhaps, that when the probationary period came to an end, his superiors seized upon his stammer as a reason for refusing to give him a parish. This decision both hurt and disheartened him, and it was plain that his career as a Methodist minister was coming to an end.

As a preliminary to finding another opening Harold Williams decided to make his way to a German university to study languages. Hearing of his intention, Mr. William Wilson, one of the proprietors of the *New Zealand Herald* made a contribution towards his expenses and early in 1900 the young New-Zealander set out to discover the world. One of his great ambitions was to see Tolstoy, but otherwise his prospects were vague. In his pockets were a few sovereigns, and some letters to German professors. In his brain he carried a knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Russian, Polish, Maori, Dobuan, Fijian, Samoan, Tongan, the tongue of Niue, some of the Philippine dialects, and some others. He was just twenty-three.

In the next few years Williams studied at the Universities of Berlin and Munich, eking out his scanty means by literary work and by teaching English. In his vacations he contrived to travel in many European countries. In 1905 he took his Ph.D. degree at the University of Munich. Williams now took up the study of the Slav languages, and was thus led to interest himself still further in Russian affairs. His letters show that at this time he was also toying with the notion of a possible career in journalism, having already done some correspondent's work for newspapers.

Harold Williams' first contact with *The Times* of London was in 1903. In that year D. D. Braham, correspondent of *The Times* in St Petersburg, was expelled from Russia. *The Times* decided not to fill his place, but Braham organized a remarkable news service, the threads of which linked the Russian liberals with M. Peter Struve, one of their exiled leaders, who edited a Russian paper at Stuttgart. Braham, who had a high opinion of Williams' literary abilities, appointed him a special correspondent of *The Times* to obtain information from the exiled Liberals. This experience led to further journalistic work, first on the foreign staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, then as special correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Russia and Turkey in 1911–12, and in 1914 as correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* in Russia.

Here Williams' remarkable knowledge and receptivity speedily established his reputation as an authority on Russian affairs. This reputation was confirmed by his study, " Russia of the Russians," published in 1914. His sympathies were with the Constitutional Democrats, " The Cadets," and he married Madame Ariadna Tyrkova, a well-known political writer, the first woman to be elected to the Duma, and a prominent member of the " Cadet " party. When the war broke out in 1914 Williams supplied his newspaper with a series of extremely interesting and authoritative messages on military and political conditions, and contrived to accompany the Russian armies, taking part in one of the raids of Cossack cavalry which actually penetrated Hungary by the Wyszkow Pass. His knowledge enabled him to render valuable service to the British Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, and together with Mr. (later Sir) Hugh Walpole, organized and managed a British bureau of information which co-operated with the Russian press.

In the first stages of the Russian Revolution, Harold Williams, who knew the fanatical strength of the extremist minority, and the weakness of Kerensky, was frequently consulted by M. Rodzianko, the President of the Duma, and gave great assistance to the British Labour delegates, led by Mr. Arthur Henderson, on their visit to Russia in the spring of 1917. The overthrow of the Kerensky regime grieved but did not surprise him.

Williams' marriage, as well as his criticisms, earned him the hostility of the revolutionaries, to whom his views appeared as dangerously moderate, and he and his wife were at last obliged to leave Russia. With the formation of the White Russian front in Southern Russia Williams returned and followed the civil war for *The Times* and the *Daily Chronicle*, with General Denikin's Army. Here he saw the fatal military and political mistakes at its headquarters, and he left Novorossisk, in March, 1920, just before the town fell. This experience, his last in the service of the *Daily Chronicle*, was particularly painful for one who had so many friends on the losing side.

In June, 1921, Williams, who had travelled in the Balkan Peninsula and in the Succession States after his return from Russia, joined the staff of *The Times* as a leader-writer. In May, 1922, he was appointed Director of the Foreign Department, where his literary ability and political judgment were abundantly shown in the numerous leading articles he contributed to *The Times* in the following years. Not only was his knowledge of international affairs both extensive and accurate, but he had a remarkable gift of sympathy which enabled him to write of them definitely but without offence, while his origin as a New-Zealander preserved him from too narrow a regard for the politics of Europe.

As a natural corollary to his character, his travels, and his official position, Williams had many friends in the diplomatic world. In all circles, however, his essential kindliness and modesty won friendship as much as his erudition won respect. His home at Chelsea was constantly thronged with friends and acquaintances of many different nationalities. So far as his work for *The Times* permitted, Williams kept up an active interest in the work of the School for Slavonic Studies in the University of London. He was also one of the editors of the Slavonic Review. He never abandoned his linguistic studies, and his friends were from time to time surprised to find that he was conversant with the latest theory as to the affinities of Hittite, or had learnt to read and converse fluently in Turkish and Arabic.

Williams was always far too modest to admit how many languages he knew, and always gave an evasive answer if questioned on the matter. His wife's biography of him says that he knew twenty-six, but that philology by no means exhausted his interests. He was amazingly well and widely read, and his familiarity with current political, national, and social movements was encyclopædic. Even Lord Northcliffe, at that time proprietor of *The Times*, who rarely said anything pleasant to anybody, showed his respect for Williams' knowledge and ability. When they met, which was not often, Northcliffe was always cordial; he never attempted to impose his views on Williams, nor did he try to influence his leading articles.

Little by little, also, Continental readers of *The Times* felt the presence and personality of a new foreign editor: the extent of his erudition, the balance and discretion of his judgment, his intuitive goodwill towards all peoples. Personal meetings with Ministers and diplomats strengthened his authority. He had the gift of inspiring confidence, and deserved it.

By 1928 Williams' health was beginning to fail. He was examined by Harley Street specialists, but nothing beyond overwork, it was said, was wrong with him. Here the doctors made a mistake, taking the effect for the cause. He was suffering from a gastric ulcer, an exhausting complaint, but one which might have been cured if taken in time. On Monday, November 5, almost on the eve of his departure for a holiday in Egypt, he wrote a leader, spent some time in the office, and wound up all sorts of business. Next day he collapsed. An operation was performed which failed to save his life, and he died on Sunday, November 18, 1928. The day after the funeral a close friend, Robert Vansittart, wrote in *The Times*: "We have to-day returned from seeing, but not from feeling, our last of Harold Williams. Of his gifts of thought and knowledge I will say nothing; they spoke for themselves to all who knew him and to many who did not. But if ever in a long and loving friendship I had been able for a day to believe that I had a character like his, it would have been a happy day for me; and if many of us could have or had that illusion, even for a day, the world would be a happier place."

YOUTH HOSTELS

By Lieut.-Commander R. R. BEAUCHAMP.

If the Army could be asked collectively at the end of five years of war what it would think of a little walking and camping it would probably reply collectively, promptly, and blasphemously that there was nothing doing. But wait a bit. When you have exchanged the corns on your feet for corns somewhere else, acquired from sitting in your armchair, when the elbow that now quivers at the thought of raising a foaming beaker has wearied of that expensive and transitory pleasure—in fact, when the old gratuity has gone west and you settle down to your peacetime occupation with a five-day week and a neat suburban home—then you may think differently. So, when the wanderlust gets you again, you should know that there is an organization whose business is to set your feet on the road on a fine spring morning and to provide good and cheap lodging at the end of each day. This organization is the Youth Hostels Association of New Zealand.

The name "Youth Hostels" does not imply any age-limit. In fact, while the association is re-forming and building again the activities which have lapsed during the war, it is to the more experienced and mature tramper and camper that we must appeal. That's where you old soldiers come in. Boys and girls should always form the bulk of our membership, and they will be the ones who will benefit most. But the organization of a chain of hostels and the setting-up of standards of road courtesy and hostel behaviour will depend on the older members. Briefly, the objective is to make it possible for open-air-minded people all over New Zealand to get about their country on foot (or horseback or cycle) knowing there will be suitable accommodation at the end of every day—and all within the means of the lightest pocket. This is not easy; but it is important. It is an alternative to the cinema and dance hall.

There is a wider aspect, too—that of international fellowship. Our association will be closely tied to similar bodies which have long worked in Australia, England, Scotland, and America, and on the Continent. Cheap international travel facilities for our members is one of our main objectives. Our Government now gives a rail concession of one-fourth the fare to members—no small consideration if you live in Auckland and wish to explore the Ruahine Ranges or Banks Peninsula.

The work now being done by the central committee of the Youth Hostels Association is—first, the previous hostel chains on Banks Peninsula, the West Coast, and the Oxford district are being re-established and other openings explored; second, public opinion is being mobilized, and tramping clubs and keen individuals up and down the country are being brought together so that we can have the numerical and financial backing without which our work can only be local and spasmodic. Returned servicemen who are keen on tramping for themselves or their children or for other people's children can help the movement. You may live in the country and have huts or shearers' quarters that could be used as a hostel for most of the year. Above all, your experience of getting about the world on your own resources, and your knowledge of the fellowship of desert and road and camp can help the young people of this country.

War Memorial Hostels may interest you. You may think, as we do, that the stone obelisks and fancy gateways which perpetuate the memory of so many who fell in the last war are not the best that could be done. You may think youth hostels may be more suitable.

So keep that army pack and that handy sleeping-bag or tent that the Yanks left behind, and, when you come back, get in touch with the Youth Hostels Association, whose secretary (address, 14 Fleming Street, North Beach, Christchurch) will give you all information.

is Swing FOLK MUSIC?

By Bruce Mason.

" Swing music is the music of the people to-day : Folk music is the music of the people yesterday : Therefore, swing music is folk music." So goes the current logic. How far is it true ?

To swing fans, hep cats, and jivers it will seem an academic and fruitless question. If one enjoys swing, why bother to talk or write about it ? True enough ; but many are bothering, particularly the more sober musicians who are beginning to admit grudgingly that if there is a folk element in our music, it must be swing. When pressed, they will even concede that since the great composers of the past have made folk music the ground for their work, then the basis for the great music of the future will undoubtedly be swing. This view is gaining ground. It therefore merits closer scrutiny.

One must work from data, and so I assume two things. First, that music is in our race. It is part of the universal will to self-expression, older than recorded history. No culture, people, tribe, or sect has done without it, nor could have done without it. It is a fundamental human need. Second, that just as language has grown from a few basic noises into the complex structure we use now, so music has developed from a primitive germ, a few elementary themes loosely linked, growing in thousands of years of variation and refinement into the sophisticated structure we call modern music. This primitive germ is known as Folk Song.

But this does not define it. What is a Folk Song ? This has been discovered in the only way possible—at the source. Until the eighteenth century it was an unexplored field. But with Bishop Percy's " Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," a new vista opened in England, and, with the work of the Grimm brothers, in Europe. The world suddenly discovered its past. It was the day of the old, the antique, the aboriginal, the return to Nature and the simple life. The structure of society was collapsing slowly and tiredly and the last snap of the French Revolution was only a few years away. The present would not do—the future did not exist ; people turned eagerly to the past. A further impetus was provided by Darwin. The *Origin of Species* seemed the origin of all things, and what had been in the eighteenth century a tentative probing into the literature and song of the folk, became in the next century firmly grounded in fact, until, now, the picture is almost complete. From the massive research of two centuries a few broad principles have crystallized :—

(1) Folk Song is the music of the common people. But who are the common people ? They are the unlettered, the untravelled—those whose mental life has been due not to any formal schooling, but has grown from the touch and feel of their own immediate world, from the çommunal life, and from direct experience. They are the " primitives "—either the founders of a civilization, or small isolated groups left behind by a maturing, literate

culture ; the European peasantry, say, or the cowboy of the American Middle West in the nineteenth century. Their music springs spontaneously from an unconscious need, and, because of this, must be completely genuine and sincere.

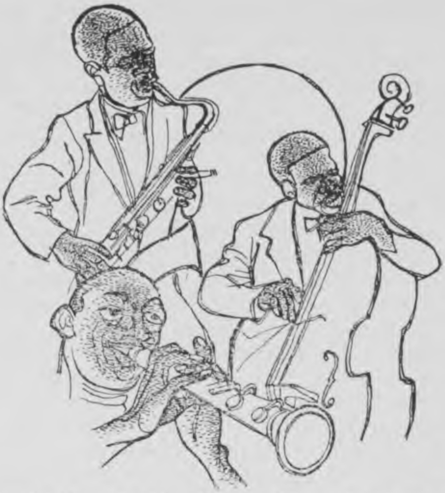
(2) Folk Music is limited by its function. Listening for its own sake was unknown to the folk singer. He declaimed his ballad, danced his ballet to a musical accompaniment. Hence form was bound by the structure of a stanza or dance figure and music did not exist outside these limits. Yet within them it attained a high standard. Most folk tunes lasted only eight bars, and for dance or ballad might have had thirty repeats. This presupposes a certain quality. A trivial melody would soon turn wearisome. The best folk tunes show their true quality after several repetitions.

(3) The folk song grows, develops, and survives by purely oral tradition. From our hypothesis, folk singers are unlettered, and cannot stereotype their songs in script or notation. This is crucial. It means that there is no " original," no authoritative version, but the one they are singing now. This allows limitless variation and improvement. The genuine folk song is fluid, always in solution, ever assuming a new character, never finished. This process may sound rambling or diffuse, but, in fact, it is highly disciplined. The folk singers add only what they need, discarding what is superfluous, and, therefore, at any given moment, the folk song is a perfect and sincere expression of their time. But this sincerity is fragile, and lasts only so long as the music is free and artless. With the invention of printing in the late fifteenth century, the folk song became commercial. The words were printed on " broadsheets " and hawked all over England and Europe. The artless becomes artful, the motive debased, and the rot begins.

(4) The folk song grows and develops in the communal mind. This brings up the vexed question of origin. Who composed it ? One or many ? An individual, or the community ? Neither is true alone ; together, they both are. A man sings a song, then others sing it after him, changing what they do not like, adding, improving, shaping, moulding. The tune is handed from mouth to mouth, father to son, passing through thousands of minds, through hundreds of years of evolution, representing the united imaginations of whole generations. But this is important only to the research worker. Neither age nor authorship matter to the folk-singer—only the beauty and freshness of the song he is singing now.

These will serve as criteria. How does swing stand the tests ? This can best be shown by an historical approach.

The germ of modern swing took root on the cotton plantations of America in the early nineteenth century. The negro slave of the time was a complex of many only partly digested influences. The deep-seated rhythmical sense in his race was African, his language English, his home American. Further, he was a slave with little hope of liberation. This conditioned him to a profound melancholy. The soulless industrialism of Europe and America in the nineteenth century was also a slavery without hope of liberation, and this produced its own all-pervasive melancholy. The churches reflected it in a vein of unctuous sorrow ; a theme of escape from this vale of woe into the sweet by and by, a better and brighter world. This awoke an exact echo in the Negro mind. Hence the harmonies of the early Negro songs are those of Anglo-Saxon church music. So far, it is a folk idiom. They are the common people; uncultivated, unlettered, expressing themselves freely, unconsciously, and communally in song. The songs were of two kinds—roughly, religious and secular, the first vocal only, and reflecting the deep nostalgia of a race without a home. These are the spirituals, perhaps the best known of all Folk Songs. The second had discovered the banjo, and to a barbaric, twanging ground bass, the nigger minstrel told of work, play, love, and the sun. So far they are purely local in origin, character, and influence. But the world was too much with them; others began to sing the spirituals and dance to the banjo. Negro music was soon less Negro than American, less American than international. By 1900 the spirituals had become the "blues" and the banjo songs had become ragtime, the barbaric, sophisticated. The elements which made up these early blues and ragtime were now diverse. It was far less negroid than Jewish. For the Negro melancholy was a Jewish melancholy also. Both were exiles, though what was relatively recent for the Negros was a deeply ingrained pattern for the Jews. After centuries of dispossession from the land, and enforced urban life, they are now the most cosmopolitan of all peoples. Their sophisticated urban melancholy grafted on to the Negro elements in ragtime gives us modern jazz.



At this point the movement acquires status, and splits into two schools. First, the "sweet" school maintains and develops the Jewish tradition and becomes the "blues" music of the late "'twenties" and "'thirties," with its Debussy harmonies, crooners, and ever-recurring laments of poverty, depression, and lost babies. Second, the "hot" school preserved the Negro spirit. It stemmed mainly from Memphis and New Orleans, each developing an authentic style. The Memphis style was similar to the old air and variations. A chorus would be played simply, then each man in turn would play a solo variation, the others improvising an accompaniment. In New Orleans it was similar, except that everybody improvised at once, giving essays in spontaneous orchestrations never written out as a score. This was a reversion to something of the folk spirit. The 1920's restored improvising as an art, and while much of it had little value, some, in the hands of Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong, was of a remarkable quality, brilliantly alert, poignant, and simple. The attempt to bring something of this quality into polite tea-dance music resulted in swing.

But is it folk music? I think not. Because, first, it is popular art music. When "popular" means "of the common people" it is easy to equate popular music with folk music. But the real distinction is between folk music and art music—between music which is spontaneous, untrained, and intuitive, and that which is cultivated, conscious and intentional. For example, immediately the spirituals passed from the unconscious life of the Negro into the conscious American mind, they became popular art music.

Second, art music brings with it composer and audience. In folk music neither exists. All are composers, and music is common property. The split between musical and unmusical, composer and audience, implicit in all art music, comes with civilization.

Third, modern dance music is international. Folk music is local only. Swing is a world form—its " hits " are "hits" everywhere. American dance music stands to the twentieth century as Italian music stood to the eighteenth, universally comprehensible. But music then was a perquisite of the aristocratic and landed classes. The focus has shifted since, and with democracy in politics we have democracy in music also. The minuet was the dance of the aristocracy, the waltz the dance of the middle classes, but jive is for every one.

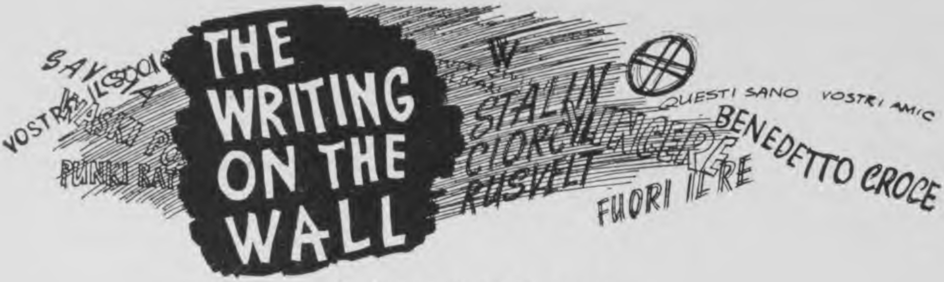
Fourth, that if the Folk Song is dynamic—that is, continually growing and taking on new life—swing is static. Springing from an individual mind, it can go no further. Gramophone, radio, and film have sent swing to every part of the earth, but, once recorded, whether on disk, sound track, or sheet music, it is at an end, and no further growth is possible. In Folk Song, you are able not only to accept or reject a tune, but to leave on it an impress of your own, however slight. Swing you either accept or reject, nothing more. Even the tunes you enjoy become tedious, because you cannot vary them or bring to them anything of your own, and in time you reject them also, and so the tunesmiths are kept busy. Dance music now is as impersonal as it is universal.

Fifth, in folk music, technique is unimportant. The only intrument was the unaccompanied human voice and it had no value in itself except as an instrument, a means. In swing, technique is all-important, the instrument paramount. It is Benny Goodman's clarinet, Harry James' trumpet, Tommy Dorsey's trombone—ever faster, hotter, dirtier rhythms. This points to a preoccupation with virtuosity, which in turn points to a lack of content. To fill this gap they are drawing more and more on the classics, and straining their technical resources. This is always symptomatic of a lack of genuine inspiration.

Last, swing has two sets of standards, musical and commercial, which are hard to reconcile. There is often a split, and the balance is upset. When this happens, some sort of debasement usually results. The decay of the folk song began as soon as it was commercialized.

Swing, then, is not folk music. Does it matter? I doubt if it does. Folk music is almost extinct—with the universal education promised, it will be dead in another century. But I do not think swing is very important either. It is the popular music of our time, and all popular music is short-lived. It will attach itself more and more directly to the radio, and particularly the films, which will soon be the meeting-place of all the popular arts. Serious music will be the specialized enjoyment of a relatively small clique, as poetry is to-day, and will find its inspiration elsewhere.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL



By Lieut. O. P. Gabites

Our guide at Pompeii showed us some faded and almost illegible lettering, now preserved under glass, and explained that here were the names of the candidates for elections. We also saw a notice saying " It is wonder, oh Wall, that thou hast not collapsed under the weight of so much nonsense."

To-day mural inscriptions fall into four broad groups—those by Italians for Italians, by Italians for the Allies, by the Allies for troops, and by the Allies for the Italians.

The first group is by far the biggest, and a large part of it remains from the Fascist period—everywhere the party sign-writer conscientiously plastered his DUCE or the classical DUX, but most of those within reach have now been erased, painted over, or defaced. The tags and uplift motives for the most part remain, the most common being VINCERE, sometimes it is VEDERE, VIVERE, VINCERE, sometimes COMBATTERE, and in suitable spots there are longer injunctions.

The rest give some indication of the mixed and always articulate political feeling resulting from years of suppression. The most common is the hammer and sickle, usually stencilled, but occasionally in a bold freehand. Sometimes this is surmounted by a good stencil of Lenin, and generally in red. I have seen these from Taranto to Trieste and from Ancona to Rome.

Then there is the host of VIVAs, abbreviated in the sign W which a dissenter inverts — M — so you have M BENEDETTO CROCE, and the same goes for BADOGLIO, SAVOIA, and IL RE who had some same initial popularity which has since waned, and FUORI IL RE is not uncommon.

In the north round Monfalcone I encountered a batch which puzzled me at first— W IL 1925 or IL 1921, which is a graphic stencil of a dive-bomber, motor-cyclist, or a battleship. Later I decided it was the class of the year.

The farther north we went, the more marked became the partisan activity. From somewhere they had armed themselves with German equipment, which by this time was pretty plentiful—rifle, pistol, machine gun, or grenades—a red scarf was essential, and so was the Communist salute with the clenched fist. We were a little self-conscious at first returning it in kind as we did in returning the greeting " CIAOU " or " e viva," but it came with practice. A good many of the *partigiani* were opportunists, I fear, though some did excellent work, and at the end even the most bogus of them was willing to round up stray Germans who, however, always showed a marked disinclination to give themselves up to any other than Allied troops.

Round Trieste the W changed to ZIVEL, and the second word was always TITO. The adherents of different parties are by no means inarticulate, and the VIVAs are many for the Social Democrats, Christian Democrats, Action Party, and the rest.

Nor have the people been sparing in notices for Allied consumption, which range from laundry notices to ecstatic shouts of welcome, generally spelt phonetically, with VIVAs for the Allied leaders, STALIN (always correct), CHURCHILL

(CHURCHIL or CIORCIL, which is puzzling), and ROOSEVELT (RUSVELT). I should enjoy Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's VIVA. Some others are of the formal WELCOME TO THE LIBERATORS type and odd ones—LONG LIVE DEAR OLD ENGLAND; LONG LIFE TO THE USA; HURRAH! BOYS! HURRAH! I was nearly thrust from the cab of my truck by one enthusiast who had tacked on the end of a long pole a piece of cardboard saying, YOU ARE WELL COMMING.

Good CLEAN BARBERS and VERY BEST LAUNDRIES abound, the jewellers are apparent without peer, and there is at least one FAST WASHWOMAN.

Allied signs for troops are terse and frequently trilingual—English, Polish, and Italian—and sometimes in Hindustani, Greek, French, and lately in Hebrew as well. We shall miss such engaging directions as WASKI POST and PUNKT RAT, though no one can ever tell what they mean.

The sign ⊗ means "Out of Bounds" to us and "Off Limits" to Americans, and grows mushroom-like in all newly taken towns. Notices about dust and mud vary with the season, we know when verges are cleared of mines, and when Bailey bridges or diversions are ahead. We are told to take our Mepacrine daily and defeat malaria. Most of the notices about V.D. disappeared when servicewomen came to stay. They were, like the complaints of Aquarius, "Many and various," and probably too out-spoken to appear in print.

For the Italians the Allies periodically posted up proclamations and posters. The proclamations were in Italian and English, and always there was a knot of people round them. Posters were generally good. The first I saw was a strong picture of Garibaldi, and below it, his "Questi sono i vostri amici," and there was another of an old peasant woman's head with *finalmente* written across the top and below:

VOSTRO IL SUOLO
VOSTRO IL RACCOLTO

Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels featured, and were usually either gibbering over a microphone or suffering some unpleasant but obviously effective treatment from a soldier or a shell.

Then there is the group all Italians know:—

"Vietato entrare"
"Proibita al tutti civili"
"Zona Proibita"
"Solo per i Militari"

The Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory advertised its presence by the obvious abbreviation AMGOT, which changed overnight to AMG when it was discovered that AMGOT is, I think, Persian for something unpleasant a dog has finished with.

I am sorry now that I didn't make notes on the way north; it would have been a fruitful study and a not too distorted mirror of local opinion, but now I must rely on my failing memory.

Curiously, I have never seen a **W** HITLER.

The Horse Objects.—It is not at all surprising that the Crown Equerry should have appealed to the public not to throw paper from the windows of buildings on the route when the King and Queen with mounted escort drove to St. Paul's for the VJ Day Thanksgiving Service. That American form of rejoicing is not one that would inspire any confidence in the heart of the average horse. For some reason deep buried in past history and equine psychology horses are exceedingly timorous of white objects on the ground; they will shy with great vehemence from even a fallen newspaper. One has seen a leader of a troop of Dragoon Guards break right out of line as the horses trotted in file from the parade ring of the Royal Lancashire Show after an exhibition ride that had included jumping on to and from a platform flanked by burning paper hoops; the reason was that the horse had been startled by the white-coated form of an attendant stooping to knock a little guide-flag into the ground. That Army charger had been elaborately schooled to resist its own instincts and to jump between flames, but the unexpected white coat near ground-level when the display was over was too much for its equanimity.—*The Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

New Zealand Medical Services Eye-witness Story Competition

(Navy, Army, and Air Force)

1. An eye-witness story competition has been organized by Army Medical Headquarters. The competition is open to New Zealand servicemen and servicewomen of all branches of the Forces who are serving in New Zealand or overseas, or who have been discharged after service.

2. The competition will close on 31st January, 1946.

3. Prizes are as follows—

First Prize £15 Second Prize £10 Third Prize £5

Five prizes of £1 each £5 Total prize money £35

4. Entries addressed to D.G.M.S., Army Medical Headquarters, Wellington C. I, must be submitted by registered mail. The envelope should be clearly marked "Eye-witness Competition (Medical)" and should reach the D.G.M.S. by the closing date, 31st January, 1946. Competitors MUST use a *nom de plume*, and enclose a SEALED envelope containing their names and addresses (private and service), with the *nom de plume* on the OUTSIDE of the envelope. The name of the writer must NOT appear on the manuscript. In the case of demobilized personnel who have served overseas, their regimental number and last unit must be given.

5. CONDITIONS

(1) The right is reserved to withhold the award of any of the prizes, or to divide them in any way, should the judges consider that the standard of the entries justifies such procedure.

(2) The Army Education and Welfare Service reserves the right to publish entries in *Korero* or any war souvenir which is published, at contributors' rates.

(3) Medical Archives Section, Army Medical Headquarters, has the right to retain copies of entries for reference. Should the Archives Section publish the whole or the greater part of any entry, it will be paid for at current rates out of the expenses of publication.

(4) The decision of the judges in this competition is final.

6. SUBJECT-MATTER

(a) This eye-witness competition is arranged in order to obtain material of historical value from eye-witness accounts of experiences with the New Zealand Medical Services, either overseas with the 2nd N.Z.E.F. in the Middle East and Italy, with the 2nd N.Z.E.F. in the Pacific, with the Medical Services in New Zealand, or with the Naval or Air Medical Services overseas or in New Zealand.

(b) Entrants need not be members of the Medical Corps, but their entries must deal with some aspect of the Medical Services, either in the field, or at base. Moreover, they must be recorded from first-hand knowledge. This includes the work of regimental stretcher bearers in the field, and experiences of patients in hospitals or field dressing stations.

(c) As the material obtained through this competition will be used for historical purposes, absolute accuracy is essential. Incidents should be described only from first-hand knowledge, and as the writer saw them—not as he imagines they might have been. However, as the main object of the competition is to collect facts for the Official History, there will be no objection to an entry by an interviewer of an eye-witness provided accuracy is assured.

(d) Although, in judging the competition, the value of the historical material provided will be considered more important, the literary standard of the various entries will be taken into account.

(e) Entries must not exceed 3,000 words.

7. SUGGESTIONS

The following are a few suggested subjects for the competition :—

(1) The work of stretcher bearers in a front line unit (such as Infantry, Engineers, Artillery, &c.).

(2) Description of treatment received by patients, especially in evacuation from front line.

(3) Observance or otherwise of Geneva Convention rules by the enemy.

(4) Incidents in the life of a motor-ambulance driver.

(5) Experiences in various types of air and army medical units.

(6) Medical treatment in a naval sick bay during action.

(7) Stories of medical care and treatment received by New Zealand Prisoners of War in Europe, Africa, and the Pacific.

E. V. PAUL, GOVERNMENT PRINTER,
WELLINGTON.