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Yet if they manufactured boots or assembled motor-trucks, instead of writing articles, they would have little difficulty in obtaining such protection.

No journalist would, of course, be so foolish or self-seeking as to support such a proposal. But the fact remains that the journalist, almost alone among the workers of all sorts in New Zealand, is compelled (in circumstances that place him at an initial disadvantage) to compete on an international market, without getting any compensatory aid or privilege.

Some weeks ago, in a footnote to a letter in the correspondence columns, the Editor of *The Listener* stated that his journal paid the highest rates in New Zealand: he was in favour of higher rates, but "old customs die hard." The custom of paying journalists anything from a third to a twentieth as much as any other professional man would receive is one that should not be allowed merely to die: it ought to be clubbed to death. The newspapers and the established journals make very substantial profits, which have increased during the past few years. They can very well afford to pay higher rates to contributors.

THE organising of some form of Equity to protect free-lance journalists is badly needed. It is my own view that free-lancers would be doing a service to themselves and to their fellow-drudges if they resolutely refused to accept less than two guineas a thousand words for any article printed. I don't mean that that should be the standard rate for everything. Most articles, on any fair basis of reckoning, are worth considerably more than that. I mean that anything at all that's worth printing, even if it's by Little Fanny, is worth at least two guineas a thousand words.

I haven't got as far as discussing literature. No man in his right mind would expect to make a living in New Zealand by writing short stories, essays, or poetry for the home market. But journalism and literature are, for practical purposes, tied up closely together in New Zealand. And if the public wants good writing (of any kind) to be done, there's only one way to get it, and that is by paying for it.

Please pass the jam down the bottom end of the table.



## SIMPLE STORY

### Under or Over?

THE Head Office of the National Broadcasting Service in Wellington is approached, for those coming along Lambton Quay, by an alley-way and a flight of concrete steps. You go up the alley-way and then turn sharp right up the steps to the Terrace above.

I went up the alley-way. When I got near the steps (but still had my view of them blocked by the building on the corner) a man stopped me. He said: "Are you superstitious?" I asked him to repeat his question. He did. Of course I wondered what he was getting at, but I told him I wasn't, and went on my way.

The explanation awaited my eyes round the corner. Two men were mending a window high above the steps. A



tall ladder stretched from the extreme left, with its foot against the wall, to the window on the right. There was practically no alternative. To negotiate according to the rules of superstition would involve a considerable loss of poise, and also an altercation with the young man holding the ladder steady, who filled the space on the left, and who snarled, when I appeared to veer towards him, "Nah, go on."

Chipped putty in your hat was probably the worst that might follow if you took the risk. So I took it. But at the top, I wondered about The Man in the Street. What does he do?

I lounged there in the sun. The young man climbed the ladder and went to assist in putting the new glass in. An airman went down, as an elderly woman came up. The airman clambered round the end. The woman came under. She saw me smiling. She said: "That was funny, wasn't it?" Then four or five people came at intervals. They all went under without apparent hesitation. Another watcher joined me. "How many go round, that's what I want to know," I said. An old man staggered up from below. "Old Jock, he'll go under," said the man beside me. "He doesn't give a damn. He's the caretaker over in our building." Then I was alone again.

I called out to the man at the top of the ladder: "How many go round?"

"Not too b— many," he said. "Because I won't let 'em."

More people came by. A soldier from a visiting ship with two bottles of beer paused. But he took the risk. A woman with two children didn't even seem to notice anything. One or two looked the ladder up and down, and smiled a little to themselves. But the airman was still the only one who had bothered to go round, out of I suppose 15 or 20 people. It is disappointing to have to report that no well-known broadcasting personalities happened to pass by at that time.

—Old Moore.

ISSUED BY THE



DEPT. OF HEALTH

# STOP!



## 'WASTE NOT - WANT NOT' HOW TO USE ALL LEFT-OVER BREAD!

Rationing and food shortages remind us that the world is still short of food. Usable food thrown into the rubbish tin is no credit to the housewife. The world wants food—don't waste yours. Use your left-over bread these ways:

### MOIST BREAD CRUMBS:

Crumble stale bread and use to lighten steam puddings; to eke out the meat in shepherd's pie; to stretch scrambled egg and Welsh rarebit; in baked puddings like queen pudding; for stuffing rabbit or for stuffed heart.

### DRIED BREAD CRUMBS:

Break up stale bread and dry in the oven when it is in use. Run the rolling pin over it and store the crumbs in an airtight tin for use for topping baked dishes like macaroni cheese, and for coating potato cakes and rissoles. Try parboiling carrots and parsnips, rolling them in bread-crumbs and baking round the joint. Try Fruit Betty, with layers of sweetened fruit such as apple and crumbs baked in a pie dish—dotting the top layers of crumbs with small dabs of butter.

### SIPPETS FOR SOUP:

Dice odd slices of bread. Dry them in

the oven and store for adding to soups; or fry them in fat for adding at once to pea soup.

### LEFT-OVER TOAST:

Use to thicken thin soups. Put the slice of toast into the simmering soup or break it up first. Blend into soup with fork.

### STALE SANDWICHES:

Toast under griller or fry left-over sandwiches for breakfast or tea.

### SWEET OR SAVOURY BREAD BISCUITS:

These can be used for spreading with sweet or savoury mixtures. Cut bread into fancy shapes. For sweet biscuits, brush with milk and sprinkle with sugar or mixed sugar and cocoa. For savoury biscuits, brush with milk and sprinkle with grated cheese or celery salt or just plain salt. Bake both kinds in the oven until crisp.

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