



**"They make Buses
like frocks..."**

I was amazed"

Mrs. Smith travelled in a bus every time she went to the city but hadn't given a moment's thought to how that bus was made, until one day, she and her husband went through the Petone plant of the New Zealand Motor Bodies Ltd.

The first thing that attracted and amazed Mrs. Smith was, that, they used patterns to cut out the steel frames and panels, just like Mrs. Smith uses a pattern to cut out her frocks, and she laughed when she heard buses had waists and skirts.

As Mrs. Smith went from department to department, she saw the steel cut and bent and pressed into a hundred and one pieces. She saw these pieces placed into position on jigs and welded together, then the completed sides, top, and ends built on to the frame

of the bus chassis, the panels fitted to the amazingly strong all-steel framework — the seats and inside accessories fitted, then from the paintshop comes a beautiful new bus, ready for the road.

In the three assembly plants of New Zealand Motor Bodies Ltd. (Petone, Auckland, and Christchurch) nearly 300 men work, involving around 12 different trades. They are proud of their work, knowing that every bus they turn out is the strongest and safest type that can be made—

Look for the New Zealand Motor Bodies Ltd. trademark, usually above the head of the driver, or over the door. If it's there, sit back and relax, knowing you are travelling in the most comfortable, safest bus on New Zealand roads.

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER

INCORPORATING N.Z. RADIO RECORD

Every Friday

Price Threepence

DECEMBER 30, 1949

Editorial and Business Offices: 115 Lambton Quay, Wellington, C.I.

G.P.O. Box 1707

Telegraphic Address: "Listener," Wellington.

Telephone 41-470

Next Year Will Be Different

WE have come now to the season of hopefulness, the time when we look back at the year from which we are escaping, and forwards into the year which presently will enclose us. It is, perhaps, an illusion to suppose that the flow of time can be divided neatly into segments. There is only the pulse of living: the systole and diastole of the heart, and the larger dilation in nature, where day and night, summer and winter, recur in the cosmic rhythm. We all know that time moves on without interruption and that its division into years is a device in measurement which the human race finds convenient. Yet we know also that it is a device sanctioned by the movement of the earth around the sun. Every time the planet completes a revolution in the orbit fixed by the pull of the star which gives us life we pass through changes of many kinds—changes in the body, in personal and social circumstance, and in the corporate affairs which are materials of history. A year is important to us individually because it makes us older. The importance varies in accordance with our age and condition. Children are not disturbed if summer is over, because they expect to live indefinitely; but their elders may be thoughtful when the leaves are blown away on the wind. The thought of time is coloured by personal experience. One man looks back upon 1949 with satisfaction because while he was passing through it he achieved something notable, or fell in love (with happy results), or went abroad into the world outside. For him, therefore, the year will have warmth in his memory. Another will see it in greyness if he has been ill or unhappy, or frustrated in his work; and he will turn from it thankfully. Sometimes, too, the people have passed together through some crisis, so that we speak later of the "war years" or the "years of depression," and there can be few who would want to live them again. Indeed, most of us come to realise that it would be better not to return, if that were possible, to any parts of our lives; for the good times have to be taken from the bad, and even in the best of years there is much that is painful to remember. Nevertheless, at year's end the stubborn hopefulness reasserts itself. Before us once again are the unspoiled seasons. This time, perhaps, they will bring us something of great value: we shall be fortunate or successful; or we shall move from sickness into health. We tend to look ahead as if all our delights and troubles were travelling towards us from an open future, whereas in sober fact they are already formed for us by interlocking thoughts and actions and events which are in the past. Even then, however, there is justification for hope. It may be now that we shall be rewarded in a splendid way for efforts that seem to have been unnoticed or unfruitful. Therefore we look expectantly at 1950, a year with figures so rounded and decisive — cutting across a century — that it must surely be portentous. Changes are interesting and surprising when they are brought together in retrospect, as Alan Mulgan has assembled them in his review of the past 50 years in New Zealand; but in our lives we feel most of them gradually: they creep upon us, and even when we have planned them they are never quite what we expected them to be. On Saturday next, when we take part in midnight celebrations, or hear them broadcast from the cities, we shall be hoping for various reasons that 1950 will be "better" than 1949. If we are learning from experience, however, we shall be sure of only one thing: that it will be different.

N.Z. LISTENER, DECEMBER 30, 1949.