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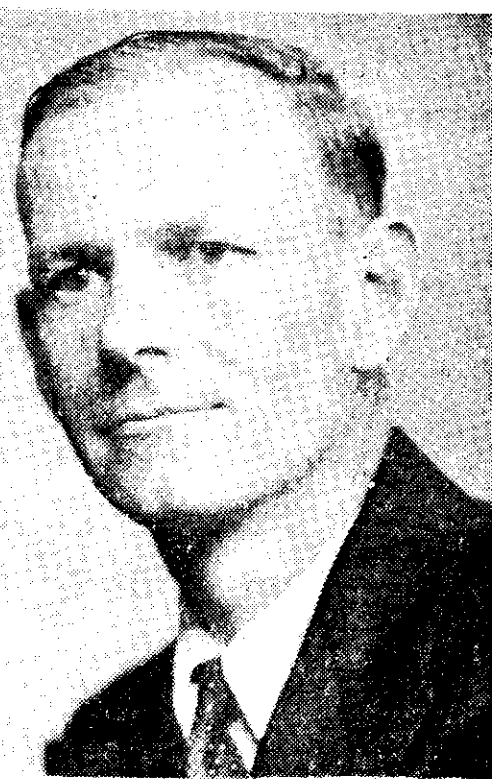
# HE LIKES NEW ZEALAND

To see ourselves as others see  
us may not always be a  
flattering experience, but  
when a man who has been a  
trained observer all his life so falls  
in love with a country that he  
finds himself irresistibly drawn to it  
and is unhappy anywhere else, there  
must be a sound reason why. It was  
with this thought in mind that *The  
Listener* interviewed Peter Llewellyn,  
an Englishman who came here before  
the war, served six years with the 2nd  
N.Z.E.F. overseas, wrote a brilliant  
account of his unit (*Journey Towards  
Christmas*) for the War Histories  
Branch of the Internal Affairs Depart-  
ment, and after going back to England  
for a year, has just returned to New  
Zealand again, this time to stay.

"There's a type of living going on  
here that doesn't exist anywhere else in  
the world," he said, "and I like it. I  
like the tempo of New Zealand life,  
where people are not falling all over  
each other and breaking their necks to  
get something all the time. And I like  
the New Zealander as a person—and  
there is a definite New Zealand type  
emerging who's absolutely unlike any-  
one else in the world. He seems to me  
to be an extraordinarily humane chap,  
helpful, easy to get on with, encouraging  
to a newcomer, not hypercritical. Some  
people say it's dull here, but your towns  
are no duller than most English provin-  
cial towns. You get your films earlier  
here, and the cinemas are better and  
cheaper. English towns may have their  
Little Theatres, but most of them are  
collapsing now through lack of support."

Llewellyn was not  
speaking without due  
consideration, for he is  
a trained journalist and  
observer of human  
affairs. A tall, rugged,  
looking individual, but  
shy, he was born in  
Somerset, in the village  
of Limpley-Stoke in the  
Avon Valley. (It once  
won a prize, he says, as  
the most beautiful vil-  
lage in England.) He  
was educated at an Eng-  
lish public school—Fel-  
sted—and worked for  
three and a-half years  
on the *Bath Chronicle*  
and *Herald*, which was  
established before the  
time of Beau Nash, and  
is one of England's old-  
est provincial papers.  
After that he was for a  
year a journalist on the  
*London Daily Express*,  
where he was a crime  
reporter, dealing with  
"minor events like post  
office hold-ups."

He first came to New  
Zealand in 1938, and  
during the years when he was not in the  
army he worked most of the time at  
outdoor jobs—house-painting in Roto-  
rua, in a sawmill in the King Country,  
on a public works project near the  
Southern Alps. Wherever he went, he  
says, the country fascinated him, in  
much the same way as he imagined  
some people are fascinated by America.



Spencer Digby photograph

PETER LLEWELLYN

He sees us with a fresh eye

He found he liked everything about us  
—the scenery, the climate, the people.  
He liked the softness of our women's  
voices which seemed to him warm,  
charming, and unaffected after the  
"blah-blah and pseudo-Mayfair accents"  
of most of the Englishwomen he had  
known.

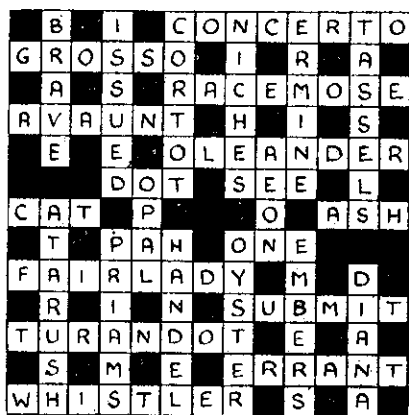
And because he worked, generally  
speaking, in the out-of-doors, at trades-  
men's jobs, he obtained a fresh and un-  
biased insight into the lot of the New  
Zealand working man, whom he con-  
siders "better educated, better man-  
nered, and more cultured" than the  
working people he has encountered else-  
where in the world. He thinks the New  
Zealand worker has all the characteris-  
tics of what people would call the  
middle classes in England. He thinks he  
has middle class ideals, for instance, like  
wanting to settle down with his family  
in some pleasant suburb, which in a sur-  
prising number of cases he does. He  
feels, too, that New Zealand is a coun-  
try where one's children would be as-  
sured of a decent future and a good  
education, no matter what their back-  
ground was.

One of these days Llewellyn's views  
on New Zealand may be incorporated in  
a novel that he says he is writing about  
us. That long-imagined work is one of  
the reasons why he has been wandering  
about the country at different jobs. He  
is trying to get down to the fundamen-  
tals of our existence, to discover things  
like "how the houses are run, and how  
the people talk." And already some of  
the discoveries he has made have been  
incorporated in short stories and verse  
(some of them published in *The  
Listener*). Some people think he has  
already captured what critics call "the  
New Zealand atmosphere," partly, in  
his own opinion, because he sees us with

(continued on next page)

## "THE LISTENER" CROSSWORD

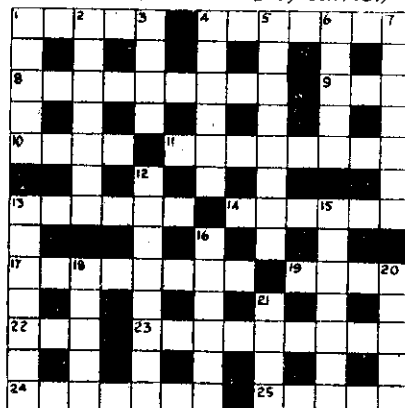
(Solution to No. 483)



### Clues Down

- Hardy shows us a mythical snake.
- A girl has one fewer than her brothers.
- Young hawk.
- Search (anag.) for a drink.
- A strange thing to find . . . amid lies!
- Boredom.
- It's a strain to find a mechanic.
- Keep your breath to cool your.
- Bar code (anag.).
- Without Frank the gift of one of the Magi  
will make angry.
- Certify.
- Re-arrange the end of 12 down to give a  
mournful song.
- A stew should not be this.
- It takes a lot to produce this voice.

No. 484 (Constructed by R.W.C.)



### Clues Across

- Heats in order to produce speed.
- Hi! cream! This is a wild, impossible  
scheme, even if rationing has ended.
- A pig dares to run down.
- The reverse of half a score may catch the  
poor fish.
- Animals hidden in 8 across.
- A broken éclair followed by an abbreviated  
manuscript.
- Wet sob (anag.).
- Allot.
- A doubter becomes hardened.
- Cows upset in a boat.
- There is a song about the lass with a deli-  
cate one.
- Wild glens don't make the best ones,  
nevertheless.
- The first woman, followed by the remain-  
der, come to a high mountain.
- Corpulent.