

# The Most Typical and Brightest Annual of All

That description aptly fits the current number of "Tui's Annual," as the special Christmas number of the "Exporter and Farm Home Journal" is popularly known. In its 160 pages are presented over £300 worth of literary and artistic skill, all secured on the competition system from New Zealand talent. The result is surprising—at once original and vital and eminently impressive. Now available from booksellers, this number is assured of a popular welcome.

"Gain in Loss" voices splendid acquiescence and courage in the face of bereavement. This is a very beautiful poem, and worthy of a place in any anthology of New Zealand verse, being calculated to bring heart and hope to those who grieve endlessly for the sound of a voice that is stilled.

*You are with God indeed, for God is here,  
Amongst the flowers and grasses in this quiet place.  
And I shall feel no heart-break, knowing you are near,  
For in all loved things I shall see your face.  
So dear it is to you, that you will come again  
In murmuring trees and in dry rustling grass. . . .*

Una Currie is represented by "Rainbow's End," a poem of finished beauty in conception and treatment, and there are many lovely cameo-like verses scattered throughout, the pen-and-ink sketches interspersed displaying notable verve and ability.

In the realm of the short story, that difficult art, a veritable success is achieved in "Conquered." There is true pathos in this story of the Maori Hori, son of a rangatira, sitting on the sandhills in his dim old age, and musing of the days that are dead, stirring days of valorous strife, with gentle memories of a blonde, sweet pakeha maid. A beaten man, one of the conquered, his thoughts go back to the old tumult and fighting, and wild galloping rescue of a blue-eyed girl. This is an excellent story in its genre, and eminently acceptable in a magazine so essentially of our own Dominion.

On the humorous side there is a wealth of amusing song and story. "No Cows, Please," is a gay jibe at that useful and obliging animal which is, so to speak, the backbone of the nation. "Her Revolt" is very funny, extremely human, and will win many encomiums; while the short story "Percy—A Portent" is chock-full of uproarious situations, quite in the Wodehouse tradition, the effect being accentuated by pen sketches of the persevering porker, whose "tastes were catholic and always expensive, as he preferred asparagus and early tomatoes, in the flower garden his favourites being the choicer dahlia bulbs and the buds from John's pet roses."

In the Travel Section glimpses are afforded of the wider world that lies beyond our little islands; and in the Character sketches there is a masterly study of "Rock," a black-and-tan

sheep-dog, who, through stress and heat, a staunch friend of "Peter's Woman," who the stonyhearted will read unmoved. Of the Nature notes, vivid vignettes of thrushes, black shags and kingfishers, and to their haunts, and their ways and woe those who love them. Of man's trust and adherent, it is written in "Semper Fide"

*Black an' white an' tan noses poking  
my dreams,  
Steady eyes, wavin' tails, as the gleams,  
Seem ter say, "Hello, Boss, here's to you;  
Where the Boss goes, life or death too!"*

Practical and entirely helpful hints in "Profitable Farm Home Hobbies." The magazine will be of intense interest to dwellers in the country, but also to "townies" as being desirous of turning talent to difficult days is concerned, why, to quote, "Aren't We All?" Many ingenious and alluring trifles, calculated to cash from the most hermetically sealed are described in detail; exact quantities of materials and methods given with precision. Poultry-keeping on a small scale is eulogised; "My Raspberry Patch" and "Cane Work" simplified, with full illustrations; soft-toy making made practical advice is given on photographing the making of brooches from fish-bone, an amazing amount of information and industry that will ensure satisfactory results.

Mr. Burnard, Fields Editor of the "Exporter," contributes an article on Seasons from a Weather Viewpoint, the writer sets forth his argument in a fashion that his conclusions appear unassailable; and another article on "Grass" by the same writer is an able exposition of an extremely important subject. The magazine also illuminating contributions on Insular Agricultural Education, and Radio, will be appreciated by all thinking of the future, and much interest will be aroused by a series of "Useful Tips" on better farm management sent in by practical farmers, cover a wide field, ranging from Urea Fertiliser to Waste Oil to Winter Shelter for Pigs.

The Illustrated Section is undoubtedly the most successful, and provides a series of exceptionally beautiful studies of characteristic New Zealand scenery. These comprise a comprehensive collection of original and delightful portrayals of the country in all phases of peaceful beauty and industry; the Garden Beautiful, with photographs of home, sweet home, the cottage and otherwise; and numerous interesting presentments of lovely girls and boys, many of them "pretty pictures," and all, without exception, vigorous, and of an infectious abandon.

For the Tinks there are stories, in a fascinating fairy scene; a handful of verses, with a very charming contribution by a 15-year-old contributor; puzzles, some Cautionary Tales which, it is hoped, will amuse an audience more than the juvenile one for which they are intended; and some truly delightful beginning "I went a-running over the hills."

Much good work appears in the miscellaneous section of the magazine; in the wistful pathos of "Clarence's Last Leave" tugs at the heartstrings. The drollery "Number Thirteen" rambles and will create endless chuckles, the mirth-provoking "Misunderstood" is sent with a sense of fun and management of dialogue that are irre-



## THE EXPORTER ANNUAL

(inc. Tui's Annual), just published, is a provocative and delightful publication, in that it mirrors faithfully, humorously, poignantly, and with abiding sincerity, the lives, aspirations, and achievements of men and women who, in the hinterland of civilisation, live, move and have their being, and in their sturdy courage, probity, and industry provide the backbone of our young civilisation. From grave to gay, from lively to severe, their ideals and experience, wit and humour, are set forth in the Annual, so essentially the mouthpiece of those who live far from the madding crowd; and in the expression of life as they see it there is apparent a freshness of fancy, naivete of expression, and stimulating originality that cannot fail to intrigue the interest of even the most blasé dweller in cities or the most modern of the younger set.

For it is life that is depicted, without fear or favour. The wind blows on the heath, the cows come home, the laughter of children rings in the freshness of morning; and there is unconscious revelation of Eve, eternal mother of men, facing life selflessly with a laugh as she takes a hand with the milking, knits a jumper for Joan, mends Father's dungarees, or writes an unpremeditated paragraph for the Home Page of the "Exporter."

The Annual is catholic in its scope, and calculated to appeal to diverse tastes. Here is collated much that is of high quality from the human, and oftentimes the artistic, point of view. The poetry is vivid, occasionally immature, but of a high courage and humour, and now and again of a wistful poignancy:

*Let me go hence before my coward fears  
Become realities I dread too well.  
So, ere old Time has laid chill hands on me  
And I can work no more for those I love,  
I crave, oh Lord, this precious gift of Thee,  
A place, before I'm old, in Heaven above.*

