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better judgment— and take carpenters away from military work to build another large internment camp? The logic of the situation triumphed; to their credit the authorities defied reactionary opinion, and sent the reliable able-bodied refugees to the Army, the Home Guard, the E.P.S. and essential industry. The new policy of treating refugees as potential New Zealanders has been successful. Most refugees are now subject to manpower direction, and acceptances for the armed forces have greatly increased. It may be said that the refugee who enlists at this stage of the war has at least one eye on his own future. But it must be remembered that in many cases he has enlisted before, or knew that he would not be accepted earlier.

#### After the War

The above suggests that refugees have got along much better with officialdom than with the general public. It is true that they have resented being called enemy aliens, because the term associates them unjustly with pro-Nazi elements; they would have preferred an official "refugee" status as in other countries. But the majority of them are sensible enough to realise that no country at war could accept a miscellany of fugitives from enemy territory without inquiries and precautions. Most refugees have learned to regard the detective as their friend, simply because the detective knows a great deal about them, whereas the man in the street does not. Their comfortable but inglorious segregation from a community at war has ended; most of them can now claim to be doing something for the war effort; they are on the way to becoming New Zealanders. But by now many of them doubt whether they want to be New Zealanders. For one thing, the intellectuals feel starved in our pragmatist, materialist atmosphere; they miss the music, the conversation, the causes of Europe. More widespread are the family worries. If one has parents penniless in Shanghai, a sister or two in Lublin ghetto, a brother or two in the Allied forces somewhere, and a father-in-law trying to build a business in Ecuador, one finds it hard to concentrate on the immediate task of becoming a New Zealander.

At least one refugee in five will move elsewhere after the war; in fact, the number has been set as high as one in two. "And a good thing too," you may (or may not) say. Only, if you say it, ask yourself these questions: Am I one of the people who shouted against "Pommies," our own kith and kin, twenty years ago? Have I considered that if this little experiment fails, New Zealand will have been without any effective scheme of immigration for just on thirty years? How can the country be held without (at the very least) a fourfold growth of population? Is there something wrong with all these nine hundred people, or is the trouble not partly in me too, in my intolerance, my lack of human sympathy, my reticence, my expecting too much of those who have the misfortune not to be British born, my desire to sit pretty, dog-in-the-manger or not, falling birthrate and all? Are not all immigration policies always unpopular, and is it not nevertheless the duty of a good New Zealander to make room for the outsider with a good grace, for the good of his country?



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