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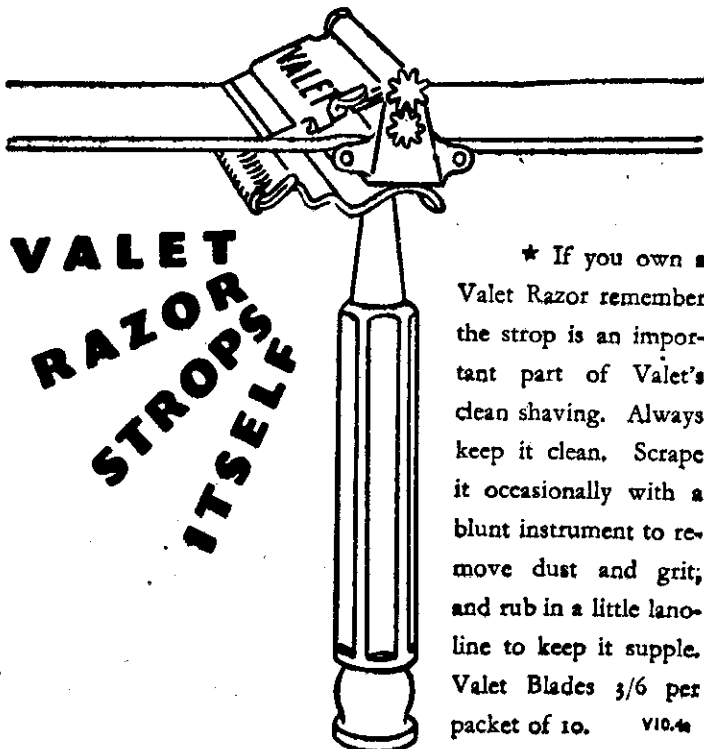
YOUR OWN NATIONAL INSTITUTION

THE

GOVERNMENT LIFE Insurance Dept.

merits the support of every New Zealander

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★ If you own a Valet Razor remember the strop is an important part of Valet's clean shaving. Always keep it clean. Scrape it occasionally with a blunt instrument to remove dust and grit; and rub in a little lanoline to keep it supple. Valet Blades 3/6 per packet of 10. **VIO.4**

Available at all Chemists, Tobacconists, Hardware and Department Stores.

N.Z. HOUSE BESIEGED

(continued from previous page)

We thought of "cows and things" on a Taranaki farm before breakfast and winter in the Waikato and gravely advised that he go out "when shipping is available and try your hand as a farm-labourer. The best way of all to learn farming." Gravely he agreed: "I'll bring out my nephew later. He's a big, strong boy, as I told you, and very keen. Later, when I've got a little place."

Maybe, uncle's enthusiasm will wane, but if you do see a dainty little chap in Harris tweeds prancing along a road near Pungarehu towing a "big, strong boy" with that "keen" look about him, you'll know that the "cows and things" are in for something of a surprise.

Blame the Kiwis!

Why do they come? Blame a little on our "unofficial ambassadors-at-large," the Kiwis. Undoubtedly our servicemen are the most popular of the "occupying" troops in England. A soldier cynic offers the explanation: "Not many of us and we haven't been here too long." But the Air Force have. Whatever the reasons—and the quiet, courteous conduct of all our men, as well as the trim smartness and pleasant voices of our girls, are, I think, the main ones—English, Irish, Scots and Welsh all like us. So they develop an interest in our country. And what Kiwi doesn't enjoy painting a picture of the home-town to a good listener? Often the rose-coloured glasses that are part of the mental kit of every exiled serviceman encourage a picture that glows with goodness, and convinces the audience that we are even too modest when we talk about "God's Own Country." Blame a bit on Social Security. And on the Merchant Navy and Royal Navy men who have been well treated in New Zealand during the war.

But, baldly, the majority just want to leave England: Demobbed servicemen, unsettled by the war, uncertain of civvy street; married couples who want to "give the kids a better chance"; qualified men doubtful about the prospects in their profession; men with money who distrust investments here in Britain and find our income-tax more attractive; retired people who want a better climate; tradesmen who say "We've good prospects, but money's not everything"; bombed-out people who have to start again, anyhow—all dissatisfied with continuing austerity, 'doubtful if England will ever be the same pleasant place that it was before the war.

Escapism is not the whole story. The urge to try one's hand and luck in another country, the courage to "make a break" that sent our forefathers across the width of the world is still alive in these English emigrants.

"I've Got Hands"

Study the list I've just given and you'll realise that these people are not men without jobs, money or prospects. Some have capital, some are in the professions, some have trades. Nearly 60 per cent. can pay their own passages and would go to-morrow, they say, if shipping were available. The majority are under forty, a large proportion are married with young families—one railwayman had seven children—all are enthusiastic.

Naturally they want to continue in the jobs for which they are trained, but if

told that prospects in some fields are, as yet, indefinite, the answer often is: "Oh, I don't mind having a go at something else—farm work, or something. I'm young. I've got hands. Farm work or something." Especially is that true of servicemen. Vague but healthy enthusiasm. Very few expect to find gold in the streets.

What are they told?—Come over to the counter.

"I'm just demobbed and I'd like to find out about going to New Zealand. Met your men in Africa and they told me about your country. Thought I'd like to emigrate." He's about 25, wears a "demob." suit and is a bit nervous.

"What did you do before going into the Army?"

"Well, I was a clerk for a couple of years—then the War."

You explain that clerical positions are normally filled by New Zealanders and that, with our own demobilisation in progress, it's a little early to say what chances he'd have. Not as good as in the trades, anyhow.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind trying something else—labouring even."

"By the way, are you married?"

"Yes."

"Any family?"

"One."

"Well, there's a place to live to consider. We are very short of houses and will be for some years. It's almost impossible to find even a flat at the moment. And it's an expensive business getting there. There is no assisted immigration as yet, and when it starts the papers will tell you all about it. But we can't say when. We have to solve our own demobilisation and housing problems first."

"Oh, I wouldn't want assistance. I've a little money saved."

"Well, I should say it would cost about £250 for the three of you and then you'd need a little capital to live on until you got a flat or a house and a job. Besides the shipping companies tell us that there won't be any passages for at least a year, even for those who can pay their own fares. I suggest you take this little book which tells you about New Zealand, and this leaflet that gives you the story of immigration. Read them over and if you've any questions, come back and see us."

"Thanks very much; I will."

"Next please! Yes, sir?"

"I'm an engineer and I wondered about going to New Zealand. You see —." So it goes on, over 50 times a day.

The Leaflet Explains

The leaflet tells them that there's no assisted immigration scheme at the moment. Maybe in a year or two when we have our own men settled and our housing problem in hand. That's only fair. We do want immigrants and place no restriction on people of British birth and parentage (and of European race) who have a passport, are in good health and can pay their own passage. People outside this class must apply for a permit to enter and these are hard to get. Thus all other European nationals require permits. But those who do qualify, and they are legion, have already begun to put their names on the advance booking-lists of tourist agencies, even though it will be at least a year before they can hope for a passage. One small agency could fill the Dominion Monarch to-morrow.