

snow lies deeply over nearly the whole island and icy winds from Siberia drag the temperatures down to sub-zero. On the north coast the intensity of cold is enough to freeze over several open harbours. Even in the summer although the days are warm enough the nights are cold and damp.

This winter bitterness and the short summer growing season explain the past reluctance of the Japanese to develop and settle in Hokkaido. Since towards the end of last century, when the first serious efforts were made to exploit the undoubtedly rich resources, there have been several schemes for development that have been pushed with varying energy and eventually abandoned. As one prefectural Government report stated . . . "moreover, Manchurian troubles unfortunately broken out at that time aroused more interest in Manchuria as a finer reclamation country than Hokkaido, where cold is intense." Certainly Manchuria, however unfortunate the "troubles," was more pleasant than the desolation of a winter that snowed you in and a spring that flooded you out.

It Could Be Canterbury

Our first sight of Hokkaido countryside at once brought an exclamation of "Canterbury": from the carriage window we could see a wide plain, green with growing crops, rolling into blue foothills with white smudges of mountains behind. Scattered over the plain were clumps of heavy pines grown as windbreaks for the farmhouses. Erosion scars showed up from the hills and what looked like the flame of gorse. Along a white dusty road a man cycled, and although it was probably Fujitomis-san off to see Yoshikosan it could easily have been George on his way to see Mary. And so much of the countryside not only looks like New Zealand, but the soil profiles are also similar. There are, for instance, large areas of volcanic ash country similar to that of the North Island, and the problems of development and cropping that we once had to study and solve are the same problems that are worrying the farmers of Hokkaido to-day.

Sapporo, where we left the train, was completely different from any of the hundred of cities and towns that we had seen in Japan. Here in place of the confusing and sun-hidden maze of narrow streets and criss-crossing alleys that characterise even the largest of the cities, where you may be only a few yards from a neighbourhood you know well and yet be hopelessly lost, was a metropolis of broad avenues planted with trees and running north to south and east to west. This city was laid out in 1871 to an American plan with the help of American experts who were brought to Hokkaido at that time to further the first serious effort to develop the country.

Not only did these Americans, headed by General Capron, a veteran of the Civil War and a former United States Secretary of Agriculture, plan cities and design buildings but they also promoted large-scale public works and introduced the American way of farming—even to the farm buildings that are found in the United States. In the 60 or 70 years since the demand for their services ended (for the plan was abandoned within 10 years) those methods of farming have neither changed nor been modified, and in spite of intensive research in the many agricultural colleges and experimental stations the

local farmers, no less conservative than their colleagues the world over, are still struggling confidently along with practices that are at least 50 years behind the times.

"Land of Horses"

Hokkaido is a land of horses, bred sturdy, yet light enough for work in the paddy fields of Honshu and Kyushu, where they are sold by the thousand each year. The main street of Sapporo, along which we walked to the Imperial University, was crowded with horse-drawn vehicles, and the morning was loud with the jingling of bells, for no matter how decrepit the cart or mundane its use there are always five or six shining bells attached to the horse's halter. It was midsummer, and with about every second cart or wagon, trotting along beside its mother in the shafts, was a long-legged foal, it, too, with a circle of bells. For the whole of our stay in Hokkaido we were never without that sound of bells, and at any time of night we could wake to hear that clear bell-song and imagine a cart-load of timber or produce swinging along to a distant but profitable black market.

The Imperial University of Hokkaido, attached to which is a large experimental farm, is the foremost agricultural college of Japan, with students (including women) from all over the country. Not only does it conduct agricultural courses, but also specialises in research, with emphasis on conditions in Hokkaido. Its success with cold-weather farming, including the development of such crops as rye-wheat hybrids, and uplands farming is recognised by agriculturists the world over, and before the war classes there were attended by many students from overseas.

Torao Teshima, one of the professors, told us in hesitant English that the university had been founded about 1870 by Dr. W. H. Clarke, dean of a Massachusetts University, who had spent more than a year in Sapporo. He had never been forgotten, and many years ago a large bronze bust of Dr. Clarke had been erected in a place of honour in the university grounds. During the war, however, Professor Teshima continued wryly, feeling toward anything American changed, and it had been insisted that the bust of Dr. Clarke be melted down for scrap metal.

Gladsome Sight

Late in the afternoon when we were returning through the fine grounds of the university we saw a sight that gladdened our hearts after more than a year in a country which has adopted baseball as its national sport. There in front of us was a Rugby match. This match, which was hard fought and cleanly played, was between two of the faculties, and was watched by an excited crowd of students—and public excitement is rare in Japan (their race crowds, for instance, sit or stand without even a murmur or a jostle while the race is run). Strictly controlled by the referee, the match could easily have been between two of our own university teams, and the only change from play as we know it was the throwing in of the ball from the line-outs by the first five-eighths instead of the wing-three-quarters. At the end of the game the two teams lined up facing each other and bowed deeply and ceremoniously. But the best of that game was that it was not played with baseball bats. (To be Continued.)

Why SERVICE is something necessary

after treatment

If Boracure treatment is any good why does borer sometimes re-appear? Hear is the answer:

1 Broadly speaking, a Boracure treatment usually consists of (a) flood spraying and injecting the entire understructure (which is very vulnerable to attack) and (b) injecting and otherwise treating infected parts elsewhere. However, there are obviously hundreds of places in a house which show no signs of borer and which do not receive treatment (for instance the skirting board shown alongside.)

2 But in some of these 'sound' looking places it is possible for borer grubs to be busy beneath the surface without there being any outward signs of their presence.

3 Eventually these borer grubs change to beetles and emerge from flight holes, this being the first sign of their presence. Because of the extended life cycle of the borer, these flight holes may not appear for some years.

It is always difficult to treat surfaces that are varnished, painted, papered or otherwise covered.

Apart from ripping out boards and thoroughly spraying the cavities the best way is to pressure inject through flight holes as they appear. That is why Boracure recommend their Insulation Contract which guarantees periodic inspection and treatment for 5 years (or longer if desired). Boracure is the largest, oldest-established borer treating concern in New Zealand. It has its own research laboratory. It has the best treating equipment. Its men are thoroughly trained. Insist on genuine Boracure.

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NOTE CRACK AT JOIN

SAME BOARD CUT OPEN TO SHOW HOW BORER CAN BE BUSY UNDERNEATH VARNISHED SURFACE FROM EGGS LAID IN CRACKS

Eggs laid in unprotected crack hatch into grubs which burrow in all directions

Grubs spreading to wall timbers

Grub has changed to beetle just below surface and is ready to gnaw its way out

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