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choirs where late the sweet birds sang." The air is clearer; distances become incredibly long; and a livelier iris changes on the blue breast of the bush.

A Word for Wellington

My preferences? With the admission I have made, that I haven't seen the grandest, I should say certain views in and about Auckland—say from the top of Mt. Eden and One Tree Hill and Rangitoto. Wellington from certain positions; the Canterbury Plains from the Port Hills; Lake Wakatipu from the Earnslaw as she goes up and down the lake above Queenstown—all these on the right day. For Wellington I would put in a strong word. Sir Charles Fergusson said it was the most beautiful city in the Empire. He was thinking of the whole scene—city, harbour, and hills. In patches Wellington can be drab and ugly (like every other New Zealand city), but viewed as a panorama it can be absolutely entrancing. Comparison with Auckland is invidious, the two are so different. Auckland is spread out widely—the scene stretches from Whangaparaoa in the north to the Waikato frontier in the south, from the Coromandel Ranges in the east to the Waitakeres in the west. Wellington is compact—a lake-like harbour ringed with high hills. Auckland is gracious; Wellington is strong. I have seen it in many moods over a period of years, and the more I see of it the more I love it. There seems to be no end to the variety of its beauty. It is a question which is the best view — from Kelburn or Mt. Victoria or other points on the hills or the eastern bays, but I have one supreme memory. We were out one afternoon among the northern approaches, and returned by Onslow Road, which drops sharply from Johnsonville to the Hutt

The Secret Life of Joe Pazandak

THOSE who see Joe Pazandak in action in the New Zealand wrestling ring this season are probably unaware that this solidly-built young American is a keen student of agronomy and took an arts degree and a B.Sc. at the University of Minnesota. Indeed those who see him in action may not be greatly interested in his academic qualifications, but this secret life of his is of considerable importance to Joe himself and in between bouts he has been putting much of his time into the study of New Zealand farming methods and into visits of inspection to agricultural colleges and research stations.

As *The Listener* discovered when it interviewed him in Wellington the other day, his study of farming methods and production problems has made him as fervent an advocate of the "closed cycle" of production as Sir Stanton Hicks proved to be at the last Science Congress held in Wellington.

According to Mr. Pazandak, the world of agriculture will have to turn to large-scale composting of the soil within the

next ten years if soil fertility and present production-levels are to be maintained. And composting, as he understands the term, means putting back into the soil everything that came out of it.

"You include in that city garbage, sewage, and similar waste materials?" he was asked.

"I hate to hear the word 'waste' applied to sewage," he replied. "It's the most valuable fertilising material you could have, and to put it back into the ground is simply the logical process. When a farmer markets milk, or beef, or mutton, he is actually selling calcium, phosphorus, and various other soil constituents and natural nutrients, and these must be replaced if the fertility of the land is to be maintained. The farmer who tries to make do with synthetic fertilisers is not only burdened with an additional cash outlay against his crop, but is not putting back into his land all that he takes out of it. To have good soil there must be plenty of organic matter."

As evidence of the damaging effect of what he called "cash-cropping" on soil and soil-fertility, he said that in the last 50 years the average depth of topsoil over the United States had receded from

Look now where Colour, the soul's bride-groom makes

The house of heaven splendid for the bride.

Let us be duly grateful that these lines apply with such splendid force to so much of our country.

Road. From the top the view burst upon us like a revelation. There had been a storm from the south, and the sky had cleared. Rain is the most magical of colour makers, and the hills round the sunlit "lake" were washed in the most wonderful blue I have ever seen.



Spencer Digby photograph

JOE PAZANDAK
50,000 foot-pounds an hour

10 inches to six. If the country were to continue feeding herself and exporting grain and other food to Europe those six inches of soil had to be increased somehow. Soil productivity had also dropped during the same period, he went on, but that loss was not so obvious to the superficial observer, since the fall in yield had been offset by improved farming methods and the development of new types of food plant, notably improved varieties of wheat.

In his own state of Minnesota the use of purely chemical fertilisers has become intensified to a degree which he finds disturbing. Ten years ago, he said, they were hardly heard of; to-day 90 per cent. of the farmers are using them, and in his opinion they are the wrong diet for the land, or at least a very unbalanced one.

I Must Have Meat

"You hear a lot about vegetarianism," he explained, "but meat is man's natural food—when I'm wrestling I may exert up to 50,000 foot-pounds in an hour, so I must have meat. Similarly, plants do best on the natural food of organic fertilisers." Where the addition of some chemicals to the soil was necessary, many United States farmers were feeding such chemicals to their animals and getting them on to the land indirectly and in a form more readily assimilated by the plant-life.

Whatever the farmer did from his own resources, however, was hardly likely to stop the impoverishment of the land so long as most of the produce of the farm went to the cities, and the cities continued to destroy their garbage and sewage instead of conserve it.

"Has the composting of city sewage and garbage been carried out in the United States?" he was asked.

"Not generally, so far, but it will be shortly. They are just beginning to realise its value now, and in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the city refuse is already being processed, bagged, and sold on the market at a price which is returning about £20 (N.Z.) a ton to the city authorities." Other cities, he thinks, will have to change their ways and do likewise before it is too late and the land impoverished beyond hope of redemption.



LAKE TAUPO—"James Cowan put it in the top flight of New Zealand views"