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"How do you manage to keep sheep in leopard country?"

"We don't run sheep ourselves, but some of our neighbours do. Leopards are certainly a menace. A lion kills when he is hungry, a leopard for the love of killing. The dangerous time for all wild animals is usually the winter, when the grass has dried up and the game has moved away. But last Christmas, when we don't expect to see lions at all, 18 cattle were killed in 10 days only six miles away from our home. That, however, is unusual with lions. Leopards on the other hand will kill 30 or 40 sheep in a night."

"You maintain a constant war against wild animals?"

"The men shoot them when they see them, but they also try to poison them. Poison is fairly effective against lions which usually return to their kills. When lions are really troublesome the Government sends game control boys, who patrol any threatened area all night, but that is not often necessary."

We had been talking for an hour, and that was twice as long as I had asked for, but I had one or two questions left. Was Northern Rhodesia fully settled, or was there room still for further development? What did land cost there, and how much capital should a prospective farmer have? What was going to happen there politically?

The answers to these questions I must give in a sentence. There is still, Mrs. Macfarlane thinks, plenty of land left, but it is no longer possible to buy the freehold from the Government. It is possible to buy properties that have already been alienated, and the price of these would be from £1 to three or four pounds an acre according to their distance from the railway and their state of development. Anyone thinking of a venture of that kind would need at least £10,000. The only political change likely is amalgamation with Southern Rhodesia—and for that most of the settlers of Northern Rhodesia are actively working.

—Staff Reporter

Miss New Zealand Welcomed Home



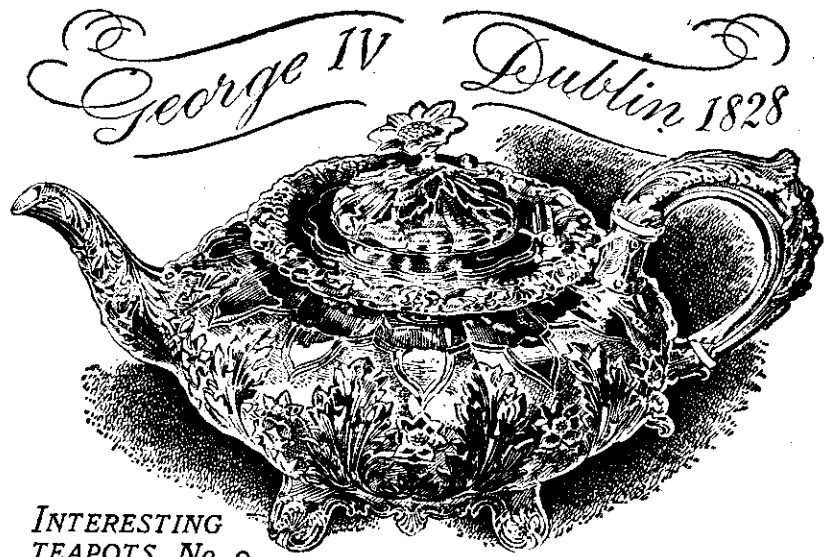
MARY WOOTTON, with G. C. Sherwood, president of the Royal Society of St. George, at the Prime Minister's reception to Miss New Zealand

MISS WOOTTON, after we had sung "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow" for the second time, said that "it was rather like a wedding reception." The remark was perceptive and apt, and explained why, although one was not in the habit of taking morning tea with Mr. Fraser and Miss New Zealand, there was an echo of familiarity about the proceedings. However distinguished the guests may be, a wedding reception is a family affair, and the State reception to Mary Wootton was above all a family affair. From the moment when you lost yourself in the crowd moving patiently and politely along the corridor—Aunt Daisy to the left talking about sago custard, a group from some women's organisation holding an extempore committee meeting in front, a whisper of "That's her young man over there" from behind, and everybody so preoccupied that the host and the guest of honour slipped through with scarcely a glance—you felt that these people were not here out of curiosity, or to do a formal duty, but to let someone they were proud and fond

of know how they felt. The conviction was confirmed when it came to the speeches—they were essentially the same speeches that are made whenever a girl marries or a boy graduates. There were the family jokes about the North and South, the Empire Games, the fact that as an ambassador Miss Wootton takes precedence over Sir Patrick Duff who is merely a High Commissioner. And the Important People making the speeches were as genuinely affectionate, as possessively proud and as thoroughly unoriginal as the uncles and godparents who usually make speeches on such occasions usually are.

Then there was Miss Wootton herself (her parents in the background, self-effacing, smiling when somebody said, as somebody often said, "You must be very proud of her") replying in the same tone, thanking everyone simply and gracefully returning the compliments. It was all as personal, as friendly, as transparently sincere as that, and it left one with a nice feeling—about Miss New Zealand and the people she represents.

—S.P.McL.



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