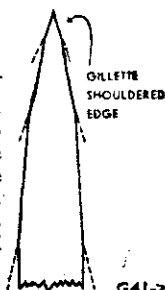
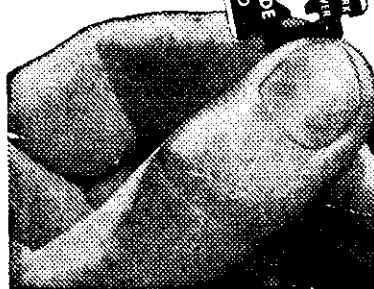


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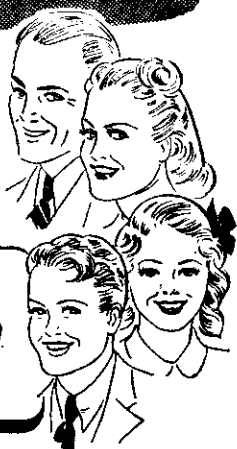
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HOW 1YA'S GARDEN GROWS *Beauty Built Out Of A Rubbish Heap*

MOST city buildings—even in places like Wellington—have backyards. The majority of these backyards are small, they are usually concreted or asphalted, they usually contain rubbish-bins, old packing-cases and such odds and ends. And usually they are depressing places. When the present 1YA building was first erected the eighth-of-an-acre space left over by the architect could hardly have been dignified by the name backyard. It was not concreted, in fact it was little more than a heap of rubble and clay thrown out from the excavations which the site necessitated.

But in spite of its unprepossessing appearance the small strip of vacant ground aroused the interest of the station manager, A. F. O'Donoghue, an enthusiastic gardener.

He rolled up his sleeves and got to work. He added topsoil to the sterile clay and made a lawn. Wherever he

went he collected plants and cuttings, propagated them and with his surplus traded for more among his friends and acquaintances and 1YA's garden grew in density if not in extent, until to-day the rectangle of lawn is surrounded by a concentrated belt of flower and foliage. Everything is there in its season and there is always a show of blossom. At present the summer flowers are still in possession. Among them there are fifteen different geraniums showing, collected from all parts of the Dominion, one coming from as far south as Ross. From various parts of the Auckland province have come eleven varieties of pelargonium and within twenty yards of the traffic of Shortland Street bloom a purple clematis, a fine double purple fuchsia and a tiger lily, all from Westland. From the garden (which lies well below street-level) almost up to the gate stretches a steep terrace border of hydrangeas and around the lawn below are serried ranks of carnations.



A CORNER of the station garden at 1YA, showing the rich growth which has blossomed from a desolate strip of city soil. From near the right foreground the hydrangea terrace runs almost fifty feet up toward the front gate

LISTENINGS

Perpetrated and illustrated by
KEN ALEXANDER

WAR is grim and terrible but it has its moments of light relief. If sharp contrast is one phase of humour we have it in the present conduct of the previous blowhards of Europe. There is Musso the Moulder. What a change war has wrought in this balcony blatherer, this claptrap clown of the Roman Circus, this sawdust simp with his truncheon and bladder, falling on his face over every obstacle in his path! What a change in the pasteboard panjandrum of a lost empire who once called even Hitler names! Now he fuddles while Rome burns. He has rolled up his motley in moth balls and slammed the lid of his make-up box. But he looks a bigger clown without paint than he did with it.

Then there is Adolf the Demented—not broken but badly twisted on all fronts. Adolf who said *such* things! What is he saying now? Only Goering and Goebbels know and they're too shrewd to tell. Adolf saw visions; now



he is just seeing things. Adolf strutted across the stage clanking things and declaiming the pronoun "I" with a background of tin thunder. Now the thunder is not so tinny and "O.U." has been added to the "I". Adolf used to call Joe Stalin "The scum of the earth". Now he has experienced the strong adhesive properties of scum. He used to

(Continued on next page)