

(Continued from previous page)

buying for a man who, because he had made twenty million cars run where none had been before, thought he could make anything—whether it was peace in Europe or plantations in Brazil. And anyhow the five years that Ford had already spent on this scheme proved him a hopeless failure. Eight million dollars he had poured into his two and a-half million acre Tapajos estate, and had to show for it just what? Item: A collection of circular saws burnt up on Amazonian hardwood. Item: The Model Town of Fordlandia, brick built on Dearborn and Detroit models by Dearborn and Detroit engineers—but empty, since local labour insisted on living in shacks on stilts. Item: A plenteous labour supply, here 700 miles up the river, attracted by wages and hours such as previously only tenors and matadors dreamed of—but each man doing only the immemorial twenty-cent loaf for the new dollar-a-day, and each having brought, according to Latin American tropical custom, all his friends and relations with him to live on the *hacienda*, and on its mad Gringo *haciendado*. Item: Scores of square miles cleared and planted with wild Hevea seedlings—but the flat miles flooded, the hillside ones washed bare.

Success From Failure

Nevertheless the Rubber Cartel soon slammed its stable door. For Ford's two million pounds' worth of sad experience applied to those first-class plants that Weir had brought from Malaya was producing by 1937 a success as striking as his previous failure. His first year's crop, 1941, looked like being a million pounds. In five more years it might be fifteen million. Meanwhile in Nicaragua, another company was planting *guayale* rubber. And in Liberia Harvey Firestone had invested on such a scale as to

have become in effect white dictator of Africa's sole remaining black and independent state.

Fate's wheel has swung full-circle. Rubber's home Continent, assisted under war's pressure by the world's brains seeking substitute process, may yet again be meeting its own needs. And Mr. Ford, near-pacifist and ardent anti-Imperialist, whose mighty mass-production plant has now, for the second time, become the industrial main-sheet of a British American war drive, may last longer in history as Henry Ford, farmer, than as Ford the prime product and perfect symbol of an industrial age.

Meanwhile such New Zealanders as have been used to taking nightly refuge under a hot water bottle are shivering themselves off to sleep—or into a state fit to receive the medical certificate that alone can conjure up a bottle. Farmers are thinking dolefully of a possible return to hand milking, and watching the smoke of trains on branch lines long ago permanently closed. Women find their natural contours breaking through fashion's decrees and whatever else it was that restrained them. A power stronger and more adamant than even Plunket Nurses is rapidly liquidating the last lingering dummied and bottle-fed babies.

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Malvern And After

"FROM my own contacts, I know how profoundly the Malvern Conference findings have affected Christian opinion, both in the Church of England and in the Free Churches," writes Sidney Dark, ex-editor of the English "Church Times," in a recent issue of "The New Statesman." "If that opinion can be organised into clear-cut action to reach the goal that Malvern has suggested, there will be a real chance that the new society, to be built on the society now crumbling into ruins, may be Christian in the finest sense of the term. But . . . there is the danger that the influence may be dissipated, partly through fear, and partly through sheer crankiness, into the pursuit of the fantastic and the impossible. And there is a further danger . . . that religious people will be content, as they so often have been, with repeating and enjoying amiable platitudes."

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