

(continued from previous page)

ordained priests) must visit and inspect four times a year.

Another feature is the hospital and particularly the children's clinic, where physically disabled children are treated. Incidentally, it is a fundamental policy that mothers can visit their children any time, and facilities are provided for mothers to stay in or near the clinic. Similarly, in the maternity ward, no one would dream of separating the babies from the mothers.

The whites on the farm have a simple way of living which the Africans are readily adopting. Some give their earnings back into the common pool. Some do not, but contribute generously in other ways. The head stockman, a white man and an expert at his job, refuses anything more than £3 a month and food. "He is a cross between a Franciscan friar and a Quaker," said Mr. Stowell. The African farm manager, on the other hand, got £15 a month wage and earned £100 from his own plot this season.

A community hall for adult education, a co-operative store well supplied with stock, plans for electricity, and so on, are all part of the life these people are building for themselves. Occasionally neighbouring white farmers accept invitations to sit down in discussions with the Africans, but there were not many who would do so. "We are often called Communists—of all things," said Mr. Stowell.

And what hope is there that black and white of Southern Rhodesia will be able to work out an amicable "partnership," as Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister of the Federation, calls it? Mr. Stowell is not optimistic.

The colour bar is strong, and bound to cause resentment, especially among the educated Africans. In a way, it is the African's own fault, for if only he would, or could, say, "Don't call me boy—I'm a man now," the master-servant relationship to educated and independent Africans could never be maintained. But he hasn't yet sufficient education or the maturity.

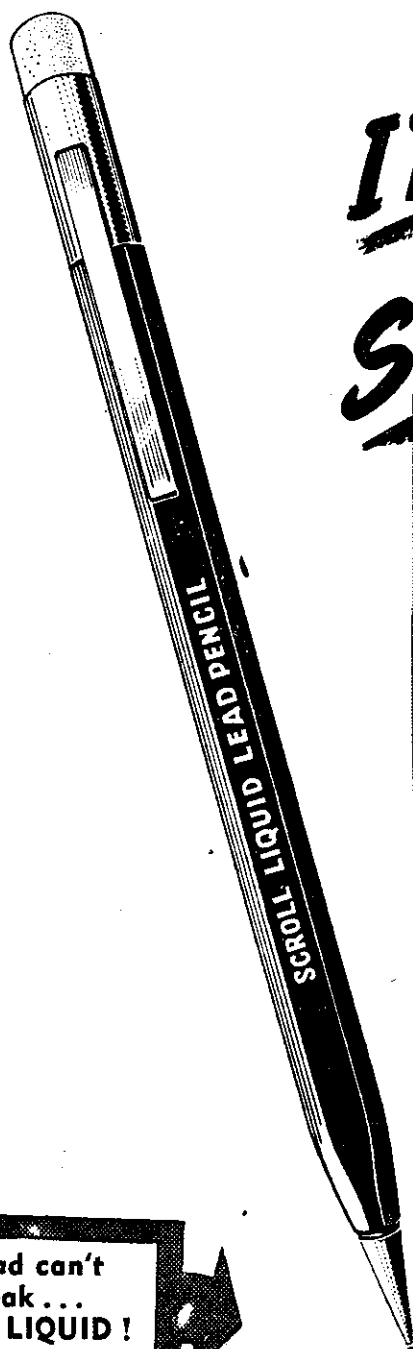
"A little is being done along the right lines," said Mr. Stowell. "There are many signs for the better—it's hard to say how much. But I fear it is too little and too late." He drew squares on a bit of paper, then filled them in. "Too little and too late," he repeated sadly.

All the same, Mr. Stowell, who has been visiting his sister in Christchurch, Dr. Enid Cook, will return to the 6000-acre farm on the Southern Rhodesian veldt with its 70 African families, its children's clinic, its adult education and the white stockman—"cross between a Franciscan friar and a Quaker." In a way, that persistence seemed typical of the whole venture, and it is remarkable what determined minorities can achieve.

Oysters and "Shandy"

I'M a confirmed public reader myself, especially at lunchtime, and I feel bitterly anti-social towards well-meaning people who come and sit down at my table and distract me from my book. The Reverend Sidney Smith used to say that in his idea heaven must be very like eating caviare to the sound of trumpets. That, of course, would be very pleasant; but my own idea of heaven is eating two dozen Stewart Island oysters—raw, with lemon juice—and reading *Tristram Shandy* at the same time.—From an NZBS Book Shop programme.

N.Z. LISTENER, APRIL 13, 1956.



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