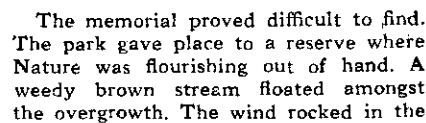


March was turning to April when I visited Manaia. It was a windswept Sunday, and Egmont was fugitive in cloud. Straight as a die, three macadam roads converge on the town between breakwind hedges of boxthorn: from Hawera, from Opunake, from Kaponga. They arrive in Manaia broadside on to the band rotunda, whose red patch of roof can be seen from a long way off. The rotunda stands in the Octagon with the press of commerce around it. Manaia is the Octagon; and at four o'clock of a windswept Sunday it was a place without charm. Cows were browsing on the broad green borders of Main Street. John Mills was showing "Saturday Saturday" in *Scott of the Antarctic*. The

From the town I moved out a block or two into the suburbs, and found the local Domain. As I entered the gate a decrepit Maori in a football jersey came lurching out. "Giddyay," he said. I gave it back to him, and he added: "Don't look too good for the trots tomorrow, eh?" Clearly this particular de-



I climbed the tower. I had not expected to see in Hawera's water-tower, ten miles away, anything resembling the spires of Canterbury Cathedral, but when at length I reached the Manaia tower-top there was nothing to see but the pines which have grown higher around it. The whole expanse of the Waimate Plains is excluded; and if a ghostly horde of Hauhaus came storming down from Te-Ngutu-o-te-Manu, Manaia residents would be all unawares.

I slept well in a bedroom with flowered paper peeling from the walls, and woke to broad sunlight. Manaia had

(continued on next page)

1. Part of the Suicide Regulations.
4. There is plenty in the middle of these specimens.
8. Ban, inter alia.
9. It is seen back to front in the Niagara Falls.
10. It's nice, Pat (anag.).
13. This man doesn't sound at all frivolous.
15. Part of the design, or even all of it.
17. The crime of Cain.

1. Hard case (anag.).
2. Deliberating in a giant bed.
3. "— on her fingers, and bells on her toes."
4. A talk on New Zealand ones was scheduled from 2YA on July 17.
5. Men gain from his intention.
6. Half a one is proverbially better than no bread.
7. "I can suck melancholy out of a — as a weasel sucks eggs" ("As Yot Like It," Act 2, Scene 5).

N.Z. LISTENER, JULY 27, 1951.