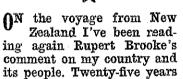


WON'T pretend that I'm getting much en-joyment out of writing PASSING PAGEANT this week. I'm trying to put this down in those disturbing days between Christmas and New Year when the whole world seems to be holidaying and there's an air of irresponsibility abroad. (And, what's more, I'd much rather be indulging in fun and games, too.)

Anyway, rather than foist any old nonsense on you—and because it saves me a lot of trouble—I'm going to give you a talk that I broadcast from the BBC when I was in London. The hero of this little story I've called Nathan Westwood for reasons best known to myself.

ence...



THE WAVERLEY
City's most modern hotel and
cloud's headquarters for commercial
Its situation in Queen Street,
to C.P.O., overseas wharves,
termini, and principal shopping
gives the Waverley a preent position in the heart of the
120 coms. Tariff: Bed and
kfast from 12/6 day.
Telegrams: "Waverland,"

Auckland.

HOTEL AUCKLAND

egroms: "Hoteland," Auckland.

ago he found New Zealand a sort of Fabian England, very upper-middle-class and gentle and happy. All the women smoke and dress very badly and nobody drinks. . . . They've got all the things in the Liberal or mild Fabian programme-eight-hour day (and less), bigger old-age pensions, access to the land, minimum wage and insur-ance, and yet it's not para-



quicker than wages.'

Cost of living is rising

asons best known to mylf.

Anyway, here goes—read a book written nearly a and remember it was writ- quarter of a century after and ten for an English audi- expressing almost the identical words about the New Zealand of England's well-known to-day. England's well-kno Tom Clarke was the writer.

Everywhere on the route . Australia, Ceylon, Egypt, Malta I found a vivid interest in the bold Socialist experiment that is being played out in our little Dominion "down under."

Opposite Railway Station, within 3 minutes of Queen Street. Glorious view of horbour. Artistically oppointed, completely new throughout. Offers a toriff univalled in any part of the world. Bed and Breakfast from 11/6 day.

Telegrams: "Stationel," Auckland

Hetel Anckie

SECULIAR INIS LIST FUN PUTURE. REPERENCE.

STORY OF THE SECULIAR STREET OF THE SECULIAR STR

RETAIN THIS LIST FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

I found myself involved in arguments for and against the methods of New Zealand's Government.

大

BUT whatever the colour or creed of her politics, New Zealand is home to me as it was to my father and to his

father before him.
It was in the 'forties that the spirit of Empire-building spread from a few explorers and statesmen to the rank and file of Great Britain. The Dutch had had a look at Aotea-Roa—the Land of the Long White Cloud, as the native Maoris called it-in the seventeenth century. To them New Zealand owes its name. Captain Cook had come along in the next century and left names that remain to-day . . Poverty Bay, in the north where the Natives would give him nothing to eat, the Bay of Plenty where he was regaled by friendly Maoris on kumeras—Maori potatoes— and wild birds, Cape Kidnappers, where some of his men were kidnapped, and many more.



FOR the most part Crown and Parliament weren't enthusiastic about New Zealand. Think of the trouble America had been! Think of the lives laid down in India! Convicts had turned bushrangers in Australia and were no end of a nuisance to her Majesty's Government there!

But there were men who believed that great good could come from the proper colonising of hills and plains of New Zealand, men who were ready to back their beliefs with their fortunes. There were John Robert Godley and Bishop Selwyn and Lord Lyttelton and Sir George Grev and Hobson, fine figures, all of them.



T was the prospectus of the newly-formed Canterbury Association that attracted Nathan Westwood, who was an eighteen-year-old medical student at Edinburgh University at the time. His father had died a year before, his mother six months. later and the young York-shire orphan decided to put the few hundred pounds he had into this colonial adven-

There were stormy interviews with the trustees of the estate, hard-headed Halifax men who thought of the colonies as places of robbery, hardship and sudden death. But Westwood was a York-shireman, too, and when his mind was made up, well—it stayed made up. He took a long farewell of his friends

at Edinburgh—their admira-tion for his decision was probably tempered by the private thought that he was just a little mad.



N 1850—I can't remember the month—he set out, with several hundred other English men and women, in a little vessel called the Charlotte Jane. Five months the journey There were storms when unfortunate passengers battened down in the were darkness below the There was sickness, \mathbf{smelly} decks. when the little medicine West-wood had acquired at Edinburgh stood him in good stead as the doctor's assistant.

Eventually they reached the harbour of Lyttelton in the South Island. So this was the promised land! On the beach were a few tents belonging to whalers and to the few soldiers who had preceded the colonists. On three sides were tall, gaunt

hills.



THE women cried a little, the men found this so-called Utopia a little disconcerting. It must be remembered that these Canterbury colonists were no tough-asleather immigrants. Godley and Lyttelton, the men behind the Canterbury Association, had chosen their flock carefully. There were men



from Oxford and Cambridge, women whose lives had been lived in sheltered vicarages with carriages to drive in and servants to look after them. One man had even brought his carriage . . . a handsome affair with silver mountings that fell into Lyttelton Harbour when it was being un-loaded and was never seen again!

"WHICH way lies Canter-bury?" asked one of the new arrivals of the soldiers on

the beach.
"Over that track there," they said, with a laconic jerk of the

And so the men in their handsome trousers and tall hats and

the women in their billowing skirts and early Victorian bonnets set out to climb the nowfamous Bridle Track. After nearly two hours walking they reached the summit . . . and there was Canterbury!

Mile upon mile of plain, unmarked by house or fence except where the blue smoke curled upward from the cottage belonging to the Deans brothers, the first settlers in Canterbury, who had arrived a year or two before. Immediately below was a big swamp where wild birds chattered among the huge clumps of native raupo.



NATHAN WESTWOOD, who was really little more than a youngster, had fallen in with a widow and her two daughters. He climbed the Bridle Track with them, helping the elderly woman over the stonier parts. But as the Canterbury Plains burst upon them with the majestic fringe of the snowy Southern Alps in the far distance, the widow fell back on the rough grass and died, poor soul, before anything could be done for her. There's a stone and an inscription there to-day to mark the spot.



OHN ROBERT GODLEY had sent a Captain Thomas with the pilgrims to set as

He found New Zealand very upper-middle-class and gentle and happy
... Rupert Brooke, the
famous young poet who
was a victim of the Great War.

surveyor. And so it was Cap-tain Thomas who, beside the sluggish little stream that wandered across the swamp, said, "Here will we build a town."

And a pretty depressing prospect it was. There was swamp and desolation and the lonely cries of a few birds as they wheeled about the incongruous little company gathered on the newly-named Canterbury Plains.

BUT there was work to be done . . . plenty of work.
The men laid aside their tall

hats and their grand coats, the women tied aprons over dresses that had probably graced some squire's garden party in old England. Soon there was the buzz of the saw and the crash of the axe, as homes were hewn from native

