



AUNT DAISY

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WEEKLY CHEER BUDGET

NEW ZEALAND'S PAVILION AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION

I SUPPOSE I had better soon leave off telling you about the Glasgow Exhibition, and pass on to other incidents of my holiday. But our own forthcoming New Zealand Centennial Exhibition has roused so much interest in the subject, that I've been trying, in these articles, to answer many questions which have come to me in letters.

The display hall for East Africa was very fascinating—there is so much to find out about Kenya Colony, and Uganda, with their railways and harbours; and about Tanganyika and Zanzibar.

There was a free cinema attached to this hall, in which were shown films in colour, depicting the life and work on coffee plantations, and also the clove plantations of Zanzibar; besides native life on the coral island of Mombassa.

We were charmed with these films, especially one which took us through the fertile highlands of Kenya to that vast inland sea—Victoria Nyanza—which is 2700 square miles in area, and on which big steamers ply to and from ports in Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika.

These places are now real to me, instead of being just names; and it was very pleasant to sit down and look at the pictures! Several of the big industrial halls had free cinemas, and gave good continuous programmes dealing with their productions, showing that almost every country in the world helps to provide some form of raw material.

THE West African pavilion taught us about the Gold Coast, with an especially interesting exhibit showing the great cocoa industry; besides beautiful polished panelling of native timber, and of course, plenty of gold, both gleaming in quartz and also in heaps of loose dust. Diamonds were there too, and manganese, a dull and black mineral, but of vital importance to Britain in constructing guns and battle-ships.

IT may have been fancy, but there seemed to me a real "atmosphere" about the big, popular Australian pavilion. It was always full, and seemed less conventional somehow, and everyone seemed "free and easy," and many reunions and meetings appeared to be taking place all round, all the time. You heard scraps of conversation like this: "Hullo, Bill, when did you get here?" "Did you come via Vancouver?" "Have you seen the model of THE BRIDGE?"

There is only one bridge in the world to an Australian, and indeed, the working model of this famous Sydney structure was really grand,

and always surrounded by interested crowds. It took up a big corner, with a great tank of water for Sydney Harbour; and there you saw all the suburbs and Pinchgut Island and everything.

Ferry boats and big liners were bustling about the harbour and passing under the bridge (and just missing collision with each other), while trains and trams dashed across it at fine speed. At night, the whole thing was lighted up with tiny electric lamps about as big as peas. It was an exciting sight.

ON one of the outside walls of the pavilion was a huge coloured panoramic view of part of Sydney (including the harbour), which attracted much attention. They told me it was a photographic enlargement—thirty feet long!

Of course, the main exhibit was wool—there was a great display of fleeces in their greasy natural state, and of all grades and breeds; besides every kind of woollen garments and rugs, shown in every stage of manufacture from the raw wool to the finished article.

A unique attraction was a bit of Australian bush, with real trees and bushes, and filled with dozens of Australian birds flying about, chirping and singing—budgies and parakeets and all kinds of bright-plumaged birds—it made a most charming display; and the scent of the bushes and tree-ferns, and the singing of the birds, gave the pavilion a distinction all its own.

Another very interesting exhibit was a collection of opals. There was one there supposed to be the largest in the world, and worth a thousand pounds. Some were in the rough and many more were cut and polished and set into necklaces and rings, and as a mosaic in silver for vases.

Australian fruits—fresh, canned and dried—were very cleverly displayed; as were many beautiful kinds of timber. The coral was interesting, too—there were heliotrope pieces, and pink, and green, and shaded; and in curious formations. It came from the Great Barrier Reef. Then there were pearls from Thursday Island.

Nor was agriculture forgotten—cereals and wheat, and also the tropical products of Queensland; besides dairy produce and meat, both fresh (in glass-fronted refrigerators) and also canned. Altogether, Australia had a very comprehensive and fine display.

ALTHOUGH I have left the N.Z. pavilion to the last in these articles, I can assure you we went there first when we got to the exhibition! We just paused a while to look at the cascades and staircases, for they faced us as we entered through the big gates, and held us spell-bound for a little; then

we consulted the exhibition map and made all speed for New Zealand!

We were rather taken aback when we met an English friend who said, "Have you seen your lovely Maori TOTEM POLES?"—and when we reached the pavilion, two tall posts outside, painted with all the spirals and typical designs of Maori carving, certainly did not strike a responsive chord in our hearts, for I have never seen posts like that in any Maori village. Of course, there is often a carved post supporting a store-house; and carved posts at the entrance to a pa; but these were just tall square pillars, and painted instead of carved!

However, it was explained to us afterwards that these were not intended to be thought of as Maori work, but just decorative and illustrative of Maori designs. I don't suppose the thought of "totem poles" ever entered the heads of those in charge of the building; and in every other way our pavilion was very good, indeed, and most comprehensive.

I HAVE heard some New Zealand people say that it was too small, and that there was not enough Maori carving; but I really think that was due to the natural feeling of pride in our country, and not really justified.

Every possible product and industry, as well as tourist attraction, was to be found represented in the pavilion; in fact, there were some products I hardly knew of myself, such as women's handbags made from New Zealand pelts from Westfield and Tomoana, and tanned in England; also wash-leather and gloving leather made in London from New Zealand pelts.

The approach to the pavilion was planted with cabbage-trees and tree-ferns and New Zealand flax; and over the entrance was the New Zealand Coat-of-Arms with our motto, "Onward." A bronze weather-vane on the roof was attractive—it was cut in the shape of New Zealand!

The door posts were real Maori carvings; and immediately inside was the Tourist Department section, with big photographs of all the chief places of interest, both for sports and for beauty—mountain climbing, skiing, fishing, the fiords, everything—even estimates of the cost of tours were given, and itineraries, and bookings were actually made.

Also, all round the sides of the pavilion were coloured dioramas of beauty spots—the Whangarei Heads, with blue sea and pohutukawas in bloom; the Bowen Falls; the Waikato at Hamilton; the Waitomo Caves with the glow worms; Milford Sound, and so on. There was also a model of the Spiral, and one of the Otira Tunnel—all under the title, "New Zealand, the World's Scenic Wonderland."

DOWN the middle of the hall were big displays of the wool industry, with wool in all stages; I heard many comments upon the beautiful travelling rugs from Petone woollen mills, as well as exhibits marked Mosgiel and Roslyn and Kaiapoi and Onehunga.

Very interesting, too, was a large model of Taranaki, with Mount Egmont and the ranges, and many rivers, with farm-houses, and cows grazing on green pastures, and a couple of dairy factories, all complete.

The stand of New Zealand apples enjoyed a tremendous popularity; it was beautifully arranged, and the sixpenny sample bagfuls sold at an embarrassing rate. The flax industry, too, attracted much interest—with raw material, rope, string, sacks, bags, and so on.

So did the minerals—copper, pyrites, gold, iron, granite (from Coromandel), agate (from Canterbury), iron ore—and also Taranaki iron sand, which brought back to me memories of the enthusiasm and passionate hopes of Mr. E. M. Smith. Many of you will remember him.

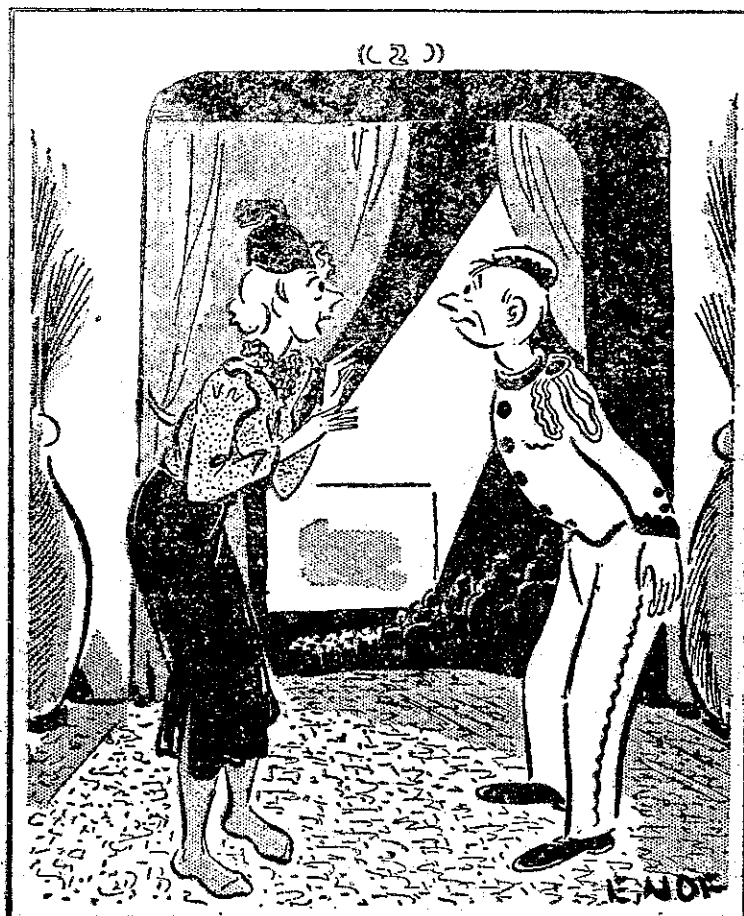
All our canned goods were on display, including ichereas and whitebait, and up the staircase were beautiful specimens of New Zealand woods—rewarewa, totara (knot, wavy and figured), and, of course, kauri. The manager's office

was upstairs, too, and it was very pleasant to sit and talk to him about home, over a cup of tea. He used to belong to one of our Wellington newspapers.

Quite a big mail was waiting in his office for "Aunt Daisy" from English and Scottish relations of our New Zealand Daisy Chain, who were waiting to meet me, and get news of their dear ones. There was a branch of the Bank of New Zealand upstairs, too, ready to give all kinds of information.

A FINE series of mural paintings gave a pictured outline of our history, showing the coming of the Maoris about 1350, and the arrival of Tasman, and then later, Captain Cook; and so on, through the whaling days, and Samuel Marsden's Christmas Day service, in 1814; the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, the first gold rush to Gabriel's Gully in 1862; the first consignment of lamb and mutton loading for England; and a settler's home in the bush.

The New Zealand pavilion really gave a very complete display of everything we do and have; and a spirit of friendliness and even intimacy was very noticeable there at all times.



—Los Angeles "Examiner."
"Could I have the house lights on a minute? I can't find my shoes."