

of Russia and that the weather in wartime is generally worse than in peacetime. With a lot of common sense, the average New-Zealander has a silent, or sometimes even a rather vociferous, love for the unexplainable and mystic. He prefers no explanation of any physical event to a rational and realistic one.

There is only one form of religion which is fairly generally accepted in New Zealand, and that is the cult of Rugby football. Rugby replaces the "Old School Tie" in this country, and in private conversation you simply mustn't be critical of this divine sport, but you must say: "It does make men of them"—even if they now and then get a kick in the kidneys, or get rheumatism for life, or concussions and broken limbs. New-Zealanders are tough and they are proud of it, and their unreserved approval of Rugby is only their unreserved approval of toughness and the fighting spirit . . .

The average New-Zealander is very well educated—that is, he can read and write and has a fair knowledge of technical matters and is mostly able to get through all sorts of adversities under his own steam. There are only very few things a New-Zealander will not do himself. In the house he is his own gardener, his carpenter, his paperhanger, his electrician—not to talk of dish-washer and cook, of course. With his children he is often their hairdresser and his wife their dressmaker.

New-Zealanders read an awful lot. Three library books a week is nothing extraordinary. But if you asked them, after a fortnight, what they have been reading, the answer would be fairly unsatisfactory. I have a feeling that the answer wouldn't be more satisfactory if you asked them while they were reading. I don't know if their education is merely technical, but this seems to be their outstanding characteristic: they are mastering everything mechanical and mechanically. They can repair a watch, although they may be unable to make one; they can repair a radio set—even if they don't know the principles of radio-physics. They can build a house—if they have no sense of beauty. They can read a novel—but they might not

understand it. And being the sort of people who don't pass their time sitting in the sun and having folk dances and sing-songs, they expand on their chesterfield suite at home, put on their slippers, and enjoy the joys of family life, reading "Blondie's Third Lover" and similar tripe. Father doesn't talk to mother,



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and the children are probably at the pictures or are reading their library books—if they are sufficiently grown up and the essence of family life is there. Thus family life is another of the pillars of New Zealand society . . .

If you accept physical standards, New-Zealanders are probably amongst the most mechanically minded, the most handy, the most practical people in the world. They are strong, well built, like their rather monotonous food consisting of mutton or beef and apple-pie and perhaps a sponge cake on Sunday . . .

On the other hand, if you accept intellectual standards, you will find that in most cases when a problem escapes their immediate grip they are unable to tackle it. They may not be unable, but they certainly are not interested. "Talk to me about what I can see and don't talk all sorts of theoretical nonsense"—