

So even if the geysers were to stop playing to-morrow and the Green and Blue Lakes were to turn grey, Rotorua would still have a fairly sound economic background in farming and forestry. It has been upon these more secure sources of income that the business section of the town has had to depend during the war years, and some few boardinghouses are the only places that have shut up shop. Rotorua is thus discovering that there are solidier, if less rapid, roads to prosperity than the tourist traffic.



However, the war has publicized Rotorua amongst the Americans in a way that paper publicity could never do, and residents expect a boom in overseas visitors after the show is over. Even if you are making a fortune out of early tomatoes, there's no sense in ignoring the fruit on other trees.

One large section of the community, the Maoris, can be certain to appreciate whatever the post-war boom brings their way. It was very interesting to discover the effect of the tourist depression upon the Maoris. As one of the chief tourist at-

tractions in themselves, the Maoris have shared in the boost to business. There was guiding for a few, curio and souvenir work for many, and even for the children a share in the profits recovered from the stream at Whaka.

No one, not even the Natives themselves, would agree that this curiosity interest has benefited the people. As proud a people as the Maoris resent the feeling that they are a museum piece. And tourists are notoriously ill-mannered in their questions and interests.

One guide told us that some of the overseas visitors are annoyed if they are not allowed to pry into the homes of the people at Whaka. "Does she speak English?" they ask. "How many children have you?" "Do you sleep in a bed?" They are a little bewildered and embarrassed to find that Rangi and Helen and the others speak better English, perhaps, than they do, that questions about their families are liable to rebound on the questioner, and that the guides' homes are modern, contain beds, and are, indeed, well furnished. Helen told us with a chuckle of the party who, before engaging her, wondered amongst themselves whether they would be safe in her company. They were a little embarrassed when she asked whether she would be safe in their's.

Very natural, if naive, this search for knowledge, but the witty answers of a proud and intelligent people have confounded more than a few questioners. It is a truism that tourists can be told (and sold) anything. In the old coaching days the driver at the foot of a steep hill would tell his passengers to get out and look at the iron springs. These were to be found underneath the coach. The lightened vehicle would then go up the hill followed by a trail of deflated tourists.

But the loss of the tourist traffic has not impoverished the people, even if money is a little harder to come by. There is work on the land schemes and in the forests for the men, and congenial and useful work in the box-factory at Waipa for the girls. These are harder ways of earning a living than catering for the tourists, but from the point of view of both Native and national welfare, some will say they are better ways. In the