

known story of Tutanekai's flute. The tohunga who had declared the child Tutanekai tapu, or holy, as being of royal rank, broke the strict convention that he must not for some days handle the food he ate. In retribution he was drowned by Tutanekai's father in Lake Rotorua and the bone from his right forearm was used to make the flute. They told us with pride that the flute was now in the Auckland Museum.

We met Mere, who told us the story of how the Maoris came to Rotorua and the legend of how the thermal activity started. She told it in Maori sitting at the head of the table in her parlour. It was a strange, almost theatrical, performance, but her charm and the art of her story-telling impelled that concentration and feeling of intimacy which a great actor can impose. Her clothes were unremarkable—a black dress and a black shawl hooded over her head and shoulders. What caught your attention were her gestures and the intensity of the changing expressions on her lined face.



Unhurried, she made the story live; brought Ngatoroirangi to the table to plead for warmth as he had done by the snows of Tongariro; was herself his sister sending across the sea the fire he needed; drew from the ground before us the steaming pools.

Mere had been to the San Francisco Exhibition with the Rotorua Concert Party, so we asked her how she liked America. "Ai," she shook her head, "too far from home; too far from family." "But," reminiscently, "You could buy beer everywhere."

Don't form your own opinion of Rotorua when you get off the afternoon express. Wait until you are on the station at the end of your holiday. But remember those first impressions, or otherwise you'll let the steam from the geysers obscure, as it never does, the town.

Oh, yes! about the geysers. If any one tells you the thermal activity is slackening off, don't believe him. Down at the end of Arawa Street, Pohutu's playing better than it has done in years.

PREPARING FOR THE PEACE

Employment of the War Generation

By REX NEWTON

In *Korero* No. 15 we published an article "Preparing for the Peace: Employment of the War Generation," by Pilot Officer J. A. McBride, R.N.Z.A.F. Rex Newton, another serviceman overseas, writes the article we print below "in startled outcry" against the propositions which Pilot Officer McBride set out. He submits his criticisms and opinions as "another serviceman's outcry for his, and posterity's, children."

I AM A serviceman overseas, claiming to be neither a writer nor a politically deep thinker. But no man who has served overseas, no man who has seen blood flow in the pursuit of peace, could possibly believe in the world governed by a conglomeration of warlike Boy Scouts that has been conceived by P/O. McBride. It would appear that Mr. McBride is a young man with

romantically childish ideas struggling to emerge from a labyrinth of official red tape, tradition, and hereditary political cautiousness.

Before I set forth my conception of the word "peace" and how it may be ensured, let me strip Mr. McBride's high-sounding propositions to the bone and demonstrate the actual ridiculousness of his claims.