

that our informant had not made it plain in which direction we had to travel. So carefully memorizing, and often repeating, all our instructions, the number of corners we had to pass before turning left, and later right, and not forgetting the landmarks we had to look for—"to miss the way is impossible"—we carefully set off south instead of north—with the wind behind us. We arrived at the dance at 10.30. The orchestra was playing a slow fox-trot; six couples were on the floor, three of them girls dancing together.

. Round the walls were about fifty or sixty girls, their mothers, and sometimes younger brothers and sisters. There was hardly a man, father, son, or partner, in the hall; they were all outside. Dancing doesn't seem very popular at Otago Central dances, we thought. Next on the programme was a Palmer Waltz, followed by an everybody-hold-hands-and-jump sort of thing. In three minutes fifty couples were dancing, and there was no doubting their enjoyment. It's not that they're not fond of dancing, we concluded, but just modern dancing that they can't see the fun of. Even the old-time dances of the cities don't yet seem to have arrived in Otago Central; any step

devised after the turn of the century just doesn't get a show. The three-piece orchestra struck up with a modern waltz, but the steps done to it were not a modern waltz, but something old-time. We talked to a farmer about irrigation in the district.

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Next morning before catching the bus for Roxburgh, we went to look over his farm. It was an example of what irrigation has done for the country. No longer uncomfortable in a starched collar and dark suit, unshaven, pipe smoking noisily, he came from the house his father had built sixty years ago from stone blocks (packed with clay) quarried from a hillside on the property; the outbuildings were of the same material, and all were standing as solidly, as picturesquely, as cool in summer and warm in winter, as watertight all the year, as when they first sheltered this pioneer family.

Under thirteen schemes, 55,000 acres are irrigated in Otago Central; for more than fifteen years now the country has been surveyed, and after the war further development schemes will be put into operation. It is expected that it will be possible to water artificially about 400,000 acres. In the early days



An Old Identity who planted fruit-trees in Roxburgh more than sixty years ago.