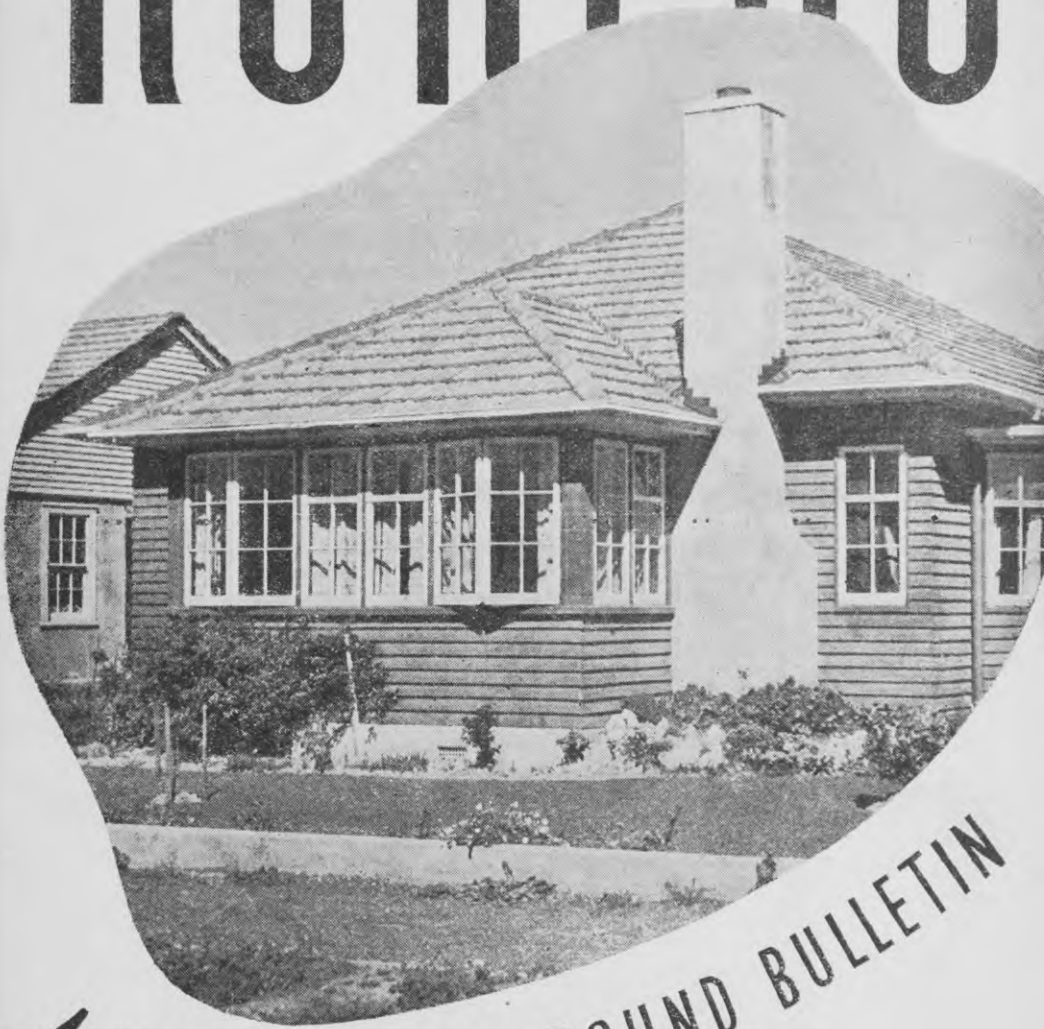
KORERO



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KORERO

IN THIS ISSUE

Contributions to Korero

You are reminded that a maximum sum of £3, payable in canteen orders where there are canteens under New Zealand control and in cash where there are not, will be divided among contributors in each issue. It is necessary, therefore, that all contributors should send us number, name, and full address. Remember, too, that articles are not the only contributions we are looking for. We would like to see also short paragraphs, black and white drawings, and verse. There is space, too, for your comments and inquiries, provided you keep them short. The address is: "D.A.E.W.S., Army H.Q., Wellington." Mark your envelopes *Korero* in the corner.

EVERY SEAT in the bus running from Alexandra to Roxburgh was occupied. The low roof made standing uncomfortable, and I was glad when the driver, forgiving us for the wetting he received when he had to clamber to the roof of his bus in the pouring rain, unstrap the tarpaulin, and secure our two heavy, oily, army bicycles, suggested I could sit, on a box of blackberries, on the step below his seat. The narrow road (metalled with the fine gravel, first class for roadmaking, of which there are large deposits in the district) had the contortions, the precipitous rise and fall of a scenic railway. Down we would roar like a skier gathering speed for a jump; then the bottom—would we get round the turn? Yes. Breathe relief—up the next slope we would crawl, roaring louder, the driver changing even lower. Engine temperature was high, the water nearly boiling.

The bus, we were told, was one of those which had been built in the United States especially for the Burma Road. When the order was ready to be filled, the Japanese had erected a "Road Closed" notice, and some of the vehicles were brought to New Zealand, to Otago Central. They had not a bus, but a truck chassis. We jumped and bumped about in our seats and on our blackberry-boxes. It was about as comfortable as a journey on a truck along the Burma Road.

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This place is a paradise for small boys, some one said to us across the table. He was talking of Roxburgh and its chief means of support, its orchards. He should have known: he was a small boy.

Otago Central is important to New Zealand for its fruit; and of the fruit-growing districts Roxburgh is the most extensive. There are in the neighbourhood of that small, clean, progressive town between seventy and eighty registered orchards, covering about 4,000 acres, and varying in size from 1 acre to 45 acres. To offset possible crop failure, which these days is caused mainly by unseasonable weather, many of the orchards are combined with sheep-runs: nearly thirty of the Roxburgh orchards have sheep country running from behind the blocks of trees into the hills. About 3,000 tons of fruit is produced each year. One jam-canning factory operates outside the town.

Gold-miners were the first to plant fruit-trees. As soon as the rushes of the early days had steadied, the diggers, realizing their fortunes were not to be made in a day or a week, either returned to the trades and professions they had forsaken earlier with wild abandon or settled down to hard work, not giving up hope of a rich strike, but, until it came, content to make a living. From the hills they quarried stone to build houses, and round these dwellings they laid down gardens to provide food for thin times and work for the summer months when the rivers, swollen with melted snow, were often too high for panning. In some of the gardens fruit-trees were planted. They flourished. More seedlings were obtained; and as

the trees reached maturity more and more gold-seekers, dredgemasters, and hands, as well as diggers, began to give more time to orchard work.

Difficulties were many. No system of marketing was in operation ; prices were unstable ; transport, by wagon over rough roads, was irregular, costly, and unsatisfactory ; few, if any, of the orchardists were experienced, their methods were primitive, and, for instance, the introduction (in second-hand packing-cases) of codling-moth left growers bewildered and unable to combat the pest except by rooting out the affected trees. Early marketing schemes were unsuccessful, and a co-operative packing venture led only to trouble. In one direction alone was progress quickly and surely made. Irrigation laid the foundation of success.

Typical of the larger orchards was the 45-acre property hardly more than an apricot stone's throw from the outskirts of the town. We went to see it. Trees were first planted there more than sixty years ago by a man who is now an Old Identity, with a beard. His son is now in charge. He has lived more than forty years in Roxburgh ; he considers that, even without a beard, he is getting into the Old Identity class in his own right. The 7,000 trees on the property are made up of 500 cherry, 2,500 apricot, 500 plum, 2,000 peach, 1,000 apple and pear, and 300 nectarine ; each year, in a normal season, they produce about 30,000 cases of fruit.

Six hundred sheep are run on a further 900 acres. In the early days this country was overrun with rabbits, which razed feed so close that the sheep were often without strength to stand up for shearing. Since then the pest has been poisoned out, and now more than twice the number of sheep can be run—and fattened.

" They're up among the Santa Rosas," we were told. It took us some time to eat our way to the Santa Rosas. We heard the pickers through leafy trees five minutes before we could find them ; the sounds they made—voices, buckets jangling, ladders creaking, whistle of " Lay that Pistol Down, Babe "—seemed to come from every direction. At last, in the track between the trees, was one of the wagons—a converted model T Ford chassis drawn by Daisy, a seventeen-year-old draught very fond of fruit. She is the mother of a ten-year-old daughter, Daisy. Daughter Daisy, in her turn, is the mother of a four-year-old son, Daisy.

Five pickers, chattering like a flock of birds and working with incredible speed, were filling their tins with the plums. One tree at a time is picked ; it takes only minutes to strip it, then on to the next. Plums, apples, and peaches were all ripening and ready for picking. Usually there would be apricots, too, but a late frost last year had ruined the crop throughout Otago Central ; at this orchard not one good apricot had been picked from the 2,500 trees. Between the avenues of trees (which are planted 18 ft. apart, " Should be 24 ft.," says the boss) are irrigation channels, the water used in the ripening period improving the size and the colour of the fruit, reducing withering, and helping to form the buds for the next year's fruit.

From overhead and roundabout was the jingle-jangle of the bird-scarers—two old chaffcutters, one driven by water, the other by electricity, have been geared down, and every minute and a half they give a tug to the network of jangling tins, the resulting racket terrifying the birds so much that they eat for only one minute of every minute and a half. In addition, about 3,000 gun-cartridges are used a year. Blackbirds and starlings do the most damage, but sparrows, which once left the fruit alone entirely, are developing a taste that grows stronger every season. Cherries are the fruit to suffer the most.

Seedlings in the early days of orchards were imported from Australia. An apricot named Early Red was renamed Roxburgh Red when it was introduced to Otago Central. Since then there have been many inquiries from Australia for this " new New Zealand variety."

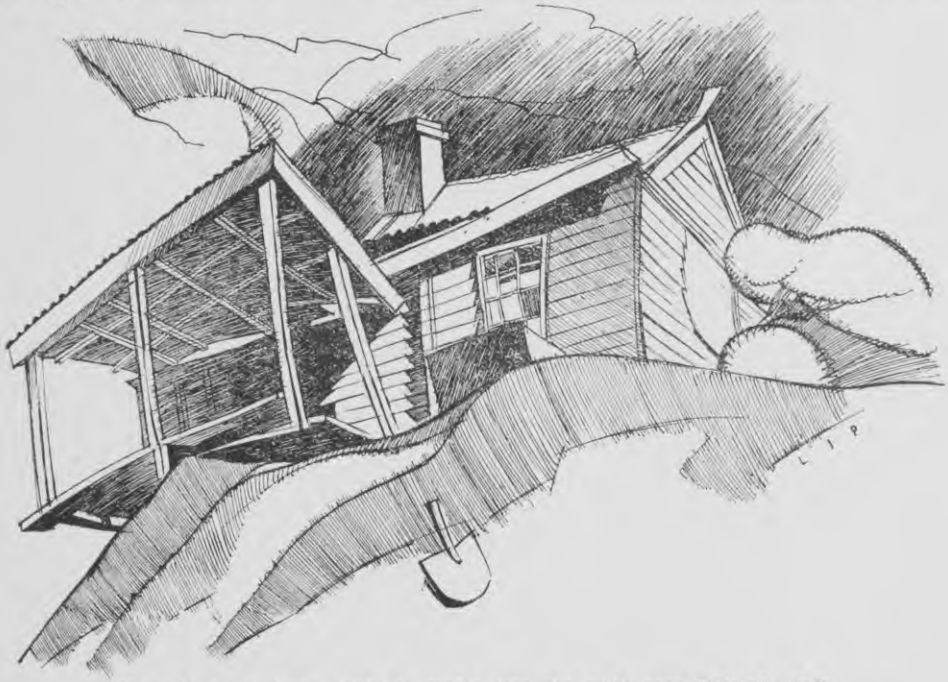
We left the Santa Rosas, which the boss described as wonderful dessert plums but shy croppers, for the Red Gravenstein, always the first cooking apples to be ready. Accustomed to the manœuvre, Daisy and Daisy turned their vehicles in the narrow lane without a hand having to touch their reins. They know their

job. The older Daisy stops for a second to snatch an apple, misses, so contents herself with a mouthful of tree. Every night in the picking season she is given a feed of reject fruit— " and once," the boss said, " she wandered into the packing-shed in the lunch hour and ate fifteen cases of extra-fancy dessert peaches."

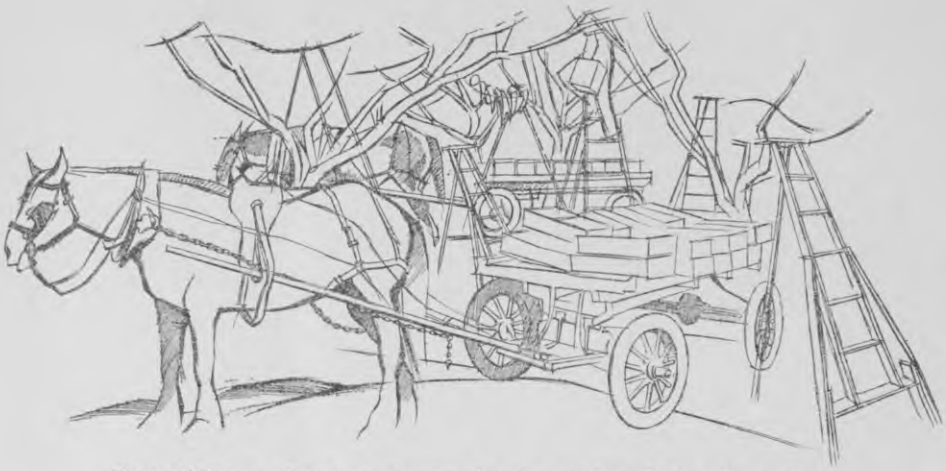
Picking is from early in November to the end of April, with January and February the busiest months. In spite of seasonal busyness and the urgent need to pick and to pack fruit as it becomes ready, the orchard is run to factory routine. No overtime is worked, the men finish in the packing-shed sharp at five o'clock—with the work finished. No one knows this better than the older Daisy : she's a quiet biddable old horse generally, but it's an impossibility to make her do another trip from the shed into the orchard after four o'clock ; she knows as well as the boss that by that hour if work is to finish on time picking for the day should be complete. She just won't go. And as soon as the last load is brought in, without word from or a beg-pardon to any one, she trundles herself, her cart, and her daughter round to the stable.

One thousand cases of fruit a day can be handled in the packing-shed ; with twenty packers 1,000 cases can be handled in four hours. The grader, powered by an electric motor, grades to eight (adjustable) sizes, reduces work to a minimum. Packing is by hand, a job only for the expert if the fruit is to arrive at the market in good condition. When picking is ended, when the trees are bare-branched, there is pruning, top-dressing, replanting, and spraying to be done—work in a large orchard is by no means seasonal. A peach-tree needs about four years to reach full bearing, and plums and apricots a year or more longer. Trees will fruit for as long as forty years, but usually crops begin to decrease after twenty-five years ; best practice is to get about fifteen years' heavy cropping from a tree and then replant.

" It's all for the best, but don't talk to me about marketing regulations," said the boss. Here is one of the paragraphs



This old house looks ready to topple into the gulch near Gabriel's Gully.



About 3,000 tons of fruit are consigned each year from Roxburgh's orchards.

from the regulations about apples: "Apples of these grades (Extra Fancy, Fancy, and Good) shall be mature, sound, smooth, clean, well-formed, carefully hand-picked from tree, properly wrapped, true to name, free from disease, visible bitter pit, skin puncture, or skin broken at the stem, and other defects which cause fruit to decay or which are likely to make the fruit unattractive to the consumer. Individual apples of either grade shall carry not less than the percentage of colour and not more than the percentage of blemish and unnatural russet indicated on the appended list." For instance, Extra Fancy grade must have no more than one sting or bite, and Fancy and Good no more than two stings or bites.

"No," the boss answered, "we have no frost-fighting equipment; it will be one of the first things I'll have to do something about after the war." Several of the orchards in the district have fire-pots to fight the frost, and it was on these properties only that apricot crops were saved last season. Prices higher than ever before rewarded the enterprise of those orchardists who had the equipment. But it's not only enterprise: there are two sides of the matter to be considered. Each tree has to be surrounded by five fire-pots, each holding one gallon and a half of oil fuel; and in one night it is not unusual for the pots to be filled three times. Pots and the fuel are costly; and, especially important these days, large gangs of men have to be available to tend the pots. Sometimes the pots have to be lighted many times in one season.

Fumes from the oil fuel are foul; buildings and animals suffer; and once in Roxburgh an invalid woman sleeping on a sun-porch nearly suffocated and had to be rushed to hospital in the middle of the night. Recently a hospital in the United States surrounded by orchards had to spend £400 cleaning from its buildings the filth caused by fumes from fire-pots; the authorities sued the fruit-growers, but it was ruled that the orchardists were doing no more than their livelihood demanded, and judgment was given for the defendants.

If smokeless oil could be used this method of frost-fighting would be much more successful. Some orchards overseas have installed systems of central heating, with piping led beneath the trees from a main furnace, but high cost is the great disadvantage. Better methods of frost-fighting, pre-cooling at the orchard so that fruit will reach the market in better condition, and carriage of fruit by aeroplane to the main centres, especially in the North Island, are some of the things the boss hopes will come soon after the war.

Light rain started to roll into the dust. Picking finished at once; the men came, buckets jangling, to hurry with the

packing for the Sunday night fruit train. We left the orchard. Roxburgh, we agreed, was a paradise—and not only for small boys.

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The hotel at which we stayed in Roxburgh was called the Commercial. Possibly it once had a more romantic name, because, although it might not have given service in the times of the gold rushes, it must have been built before the end of the coaching days ; the entrance to its yard is under a portal built high enough for the old-time coaches to pass beneath. In the town several of the buildings, most of them built of blocks of stone quarried from the neighbourhood, have similar portals.

Many are the stories told of the coaches, the drivers, and their passengers. Stories of drivers with such names as Cabbage Tree Ned. Of the coach horses stopping one night from habit outside a changing station with the driver unconscious with cold, his hair and beard frozen stiff—he continued his journey next morning. Of the common practice of a coach and four zigzagging downhill between rocks and boulders, the driver with his foot hard on the brake, the passengers helping to keep the coach in control by straining on a long rope trailing behind. Of a passenger who woke late one freezing morning to find the water in the glass in which he had left his artificial teeth for the night had frozen solid ; the coach was waiting to leave, there was no time for a thaw, the passenger had to rush out to his seat with his teeth still frozen in the glass. And, more unpleasant, stories of bolting horses, capsizes, and accidents.

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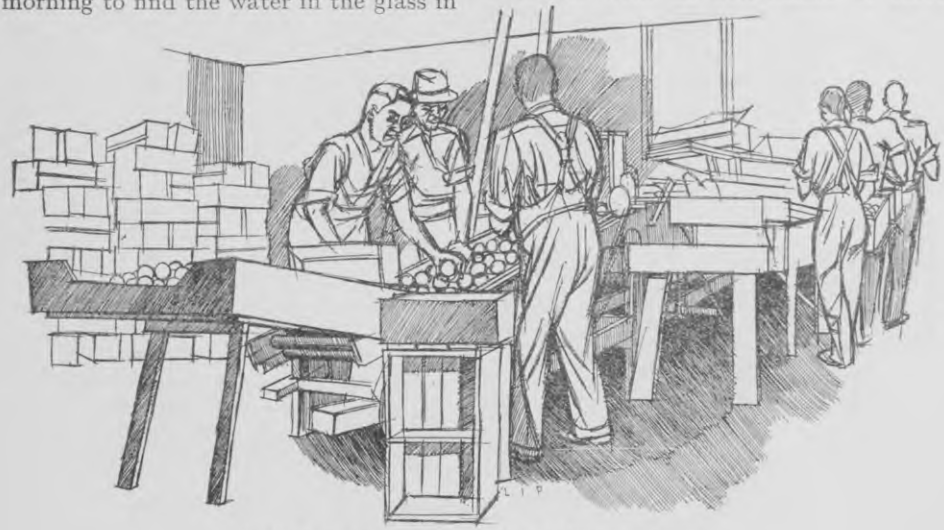
In May, 1861, Gabriel Read, near what is now the town of Lawrence, first found gold in large quantities. To commemorate the discovery a pick and shovel has been erected on the site of Read's first claim. A few yards away a mountain stream runs fresh (and, these days, clean) over rocks and boulders. A narrow, dusty road flickers through broom and gorse in bloom, the ground to the sides is boggy; Scotch thistles and yellow-centred daisies brightly colour the green rushes. High hills rise behind. The sound of a sheep-dog yapping comes on the wind. Where once were thousands of men and frenzied activity is now deserted and desolate.

Originally level ground, a little farther on from the site of the first claim, has been scooped by man into a deep valley, the two sides of which are estimated to be 1,000 ft. high. To the left of the road leading to this gulch were once a hotel, a post-office, many offices and buildings, and a school with an attendance of three



In the packing-room of an Otago Central orchard.

hundred children. Nothing remains standing. Now only five families live in the whole valley.

Water-pipes, old huts and shelters, timber, rusted equipment, and machinery lie abandoned over the gulch. We climbed through the window-frame of an old three-roomed house perched on a hillock of shingle. On the charred wall was a 1910 calendar. Heaped over the sunken floor were gum boots, shovels, forks, a weighing-scale, a saw, bottles (methylated spirits and whiskey), spanners, soap, nails, pans, and tangled balls of twine. Trousers, muddy and rotting, hung from rusting nails. In one corner was a large old-fashioned iron safe, the door locked.

This old house was evidently the field office of a mining company, for on a bench was a thick log-book in which were recorded, in neat, faded, back-hand writing, the day-to-day activities and the work done (or, it seemed, often not done) from 1896 to 1925. The first entry, on January 2, 1896, read "men still keeping up holiday, anyhow watter short." Hours of work, progress made, and weather conditions were always faithfully noted. Typical entries were "watter went off at 9 o'clock—hard frost"; "now a flow of watter, men woorking on races"; "races frozen, started ellevattion." Charley, evidently one of the employees, must have given a lot of trouble; right through the years are such entries, often made, as "Charley not at woork"; "haven't seen Charley for a week"; "Charley arrived drunk, went away quick"; "Charley still not at woork."

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In Lawrence's main street.

According to the copy we saw of the by-laws of Lawrence, inhabitants and vistors are prohibited, among other things, from entering or being in the town with " . . . any sword, dirk, or dagger, discharging any firearm or letting off fireworks unless actually in pursuit of any felon or offender." There is to be no " throwing or discharging of any stone "; and a person "rolling any cask, beating any carpet, flying any kite, using any bows and arrows, or playing at any game to the annoyance of or danger to any person in a public place " will surely be fined. How it has been possible for so many windows to have been broken in the town without infringing these by-laws is a mystery.

Most of the towns of Otago Central sprang up almost overnight with the gold-rushes. Most of them also progressed in other ways when the mining days came to an end. Lawrence is different. Gabriel Read, with his famous discovery, started, among other things, a boom that resulted in the building of a large town in short time. It seems to a visitor that it must have been the only building ever to have been done in that town. Shops, offices, and houses once occupied are now empty; walls gape, floors and foundations have sunk, windows are without glass, and chimneys are at all angles—but they still stand, they have not been pulled down. One Sunday morning we were in the main street for an hour without seeing one person or one vehicle. Several of the shops and offices still in use have weeds sprouting from the roofs and over the doorsteps and entrances; they lean uncomfortably against each other at all angles. Many of the houses in the residential area are more modern and in good condition, with neat well-kept gardens, but the main street is dismal and depressing. As we walked down the footpath that Sunday morning we heard a gramophone playing the Broadway Melody of 1926. In many ways Lawrence is even further behind the times.

ORGANISATION FOR NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

A KORERO Report

WHEN A serviceman hands in his uniform and rummages round the wardrobe to see if his civvy suit still fits he is ready for rehabilitation. For some the main concern will be to get back to the old job; others will be seeking more congenial, more profitable, employment. Loans, farms, houses, furniture, study, trade training will each play their part in settling the serviceman back in Civvy Street, but the personal side of rehabilitation will remain paramount for the individual. He will be naturally and rightly concerned with finding his own niche in civilian life as speedily and smoothly as possible.

To help him find that niche the Rehabilitation Department was established. The success of its work depended on careful planning, so that, where possible, the personal problems of rehabilitation could be foreseen and solutions provided.

When a country steps out of battledress the situation is similar, though the problems are a thousand times more numerous and more complicated. The country itself needs rehabilitation, needs assistance in the change-over from war to peace. Not only a section of the community, but the nation as a whole must now be considered, and this means planning on a grand scale. To meet the situation England has established a Ministry of Reconstruction. So has Australia. The United States has a special Senate Committee concentrating on these problems, Canada has organized them under three Government Departments, and India, South Africa, Sweden, and other countries have all established departments to plan their post-war affairs. In New Zealand the Organization for National Development has been set up and given the job of co-ordinating our post-war plans.

The organization is one of "development" not "reconstruction," because, when compared with other countries, New Zealand is in a very fortunate position. We have no devastated cities and ravaged countrysides to rebuild and resettle. Nor have we huge armament industries to convert to peacetime uses. Our main post-war effort will be concentrated on the production of food, an effort intensified during the war which will need to be further intensified if we are to play our part in feeding starving Europe. But it is an effort geared with our normal economy. No upheaval of national life will be necessary for us to continue it. Thus the work of the Organization for National Development is one of development rather than of reconstruction; of addition to the present structure rather than restoration of a shattered one.

We also have a policy of economic stabilization, a Rehabilitation Department and a social security scheme, all of which are considered necessary adjuncts of national rehabilitation in countries now planning for the transition from war to peace.

Yet we are faced with problems which need careful consideration and co-ordinated planning if they are not to upset post-war conditions. As yet demobilization and rehabilitation of the forces has covered only some of the men and women involved. Full-scale demobilization has yet to begin. Then, with the termination of war contracts and the conversion of industry to peacetime production (both of which present their own problems), there will be the associated problem of rehabilitating war-workers thrown out of work by the re-employment of returning servicemen and the cutting-back of war production. Many women workers will also lose their war jobs.

Already we have not enough houses. As men return from overseas and marry a new peak in the demand for houses will be reached. Furnishings, fittings, linen, gardening implements, and all the supplies that go with the establishment of a home will be required in quantity, and there will be further demands on electricity, fuel, water, and drainage services. Skilled workers in the building and allied trades will be wanted in record numbers.

Coupled with these demands will be a shortage of consumer goods such as clothing, cutlery, prams, radios, and an increase in spending-power. People with war savings will want to spend them. So will industrialists with capital reserves. Servicemen will have their deferred pay and rehabilitation loans ready to use for clothes, tools, homes, businesses, furniture. By the end of the war the potential spending-power of New Zealand is estimated to be two hundred million pounds, three times the pre-war figure. Let loose on the market it would cause prices to sky-rocket high above their war-time levels.

These are a few of the problems. Others will be the overload on transport facilities, the disposal of war materials and the relaxation or removal of wartime controls and restrictions. New Zealand will also be asked to play her part in the solution of international problems.

Without organization national chaos might well result. Possible supply-jams, delays, unemployment, action by pressure groups, motor-cars instead of houses, liquidation of overseas assets in luxuries instead of the provisions of key machinery, all point to the need for co-ordinated planning. No organization could guarantee a completely smooth passage through this period, but a measure of alleviation and improvement could certainly be achieved.

But for work of such national importance it is obvious that national co-operation is required and that agreement among all sections of the community is the best guarantee of the success of any attempt at organization. Thus the job of the Organization for National Development is to gain the co-operation of all Government departments and all organizations of workers, manufacturers, employers, farmers, servicemen, local authorities, &c. It also aims to keep in close contact with similar departments in other countries and so fulfil its major role of clearing-house for plans on post-war matters as affecting the Dominion. It is under the control of the Prime Minister.

The general aims of the Organization for National Development may be summarized as—

(*a*) Maximum use of the whole resources of the Dominion.

(*b*) Full employment of the labour force.

(*c*) Progressive improvements in living standards.

The war has shown that, whatever the defects of the pre-war economic arrangements of the countries of the world, they all possessed a latent capacity to produce. With a common goal under conditions of planned production and with a fluid labour force they got down to producing as never before.

But their produce, instead of remaining to enrich the national life, was partially blown up or sunk. Still the lesson can be learned that what can be done in wartime can also be done in peacetime provided the basic principle of positively studying, organizing, conserving, and fully developing the national resources is applied.

The practical realization of these post-war aims involves much exploratory work

and detailed planning and investigation. In the meantime the best use must be made of the knowledge at our disposal.

The general policy is to foster our primary industries as well as those processing industries dependent on raw material available in the Dominion. Encouragement should also be given to industries employing a substantial labour force, and which produce or finally process articles used within New Zealand. Land utilization, development of timber resources, including possible wood-pulp and paper industries, development of electric-power resources, organization of transport are examples of other important problems which need planning on a national scale. Manufacturing industries at present under investigation include the iron and steel, rubber tyre, flax, rayon, axminster carpet, and sugar-beet industries.

A general policy of decentralization of industry is also favoured, thus discouraging concentration of population in the cities. The tourist traffic is another sphere where planning will be necessary.

Regional Planning

The problems will differ from region to region—*e.g.*, in the re-employment of servicemen and war workers. Some regions may need land drained or forests planted. Others might be suitable for the establishment of new industries. Others might need public works. Almost all will have jobs to be done to houses, buildings, and land.

Some of this will be short-term work, such as " deferred maintenance " of land and buildings. Some will affect the long-term development of the region's resources—*e.g.*, land-development. But, before it can be organized and commenced, surveys of the natural resources of the region will be necessary. In this category are the soil and the forests. The artificial resources include the towns, the transport, the power. Most important of all are the human resources—the people, their will and ability to work. Surveys of all these factors are essential for long-term and co-ordinated planning, and it will be part of the work of Regional Committees, now being set up, to supply them.

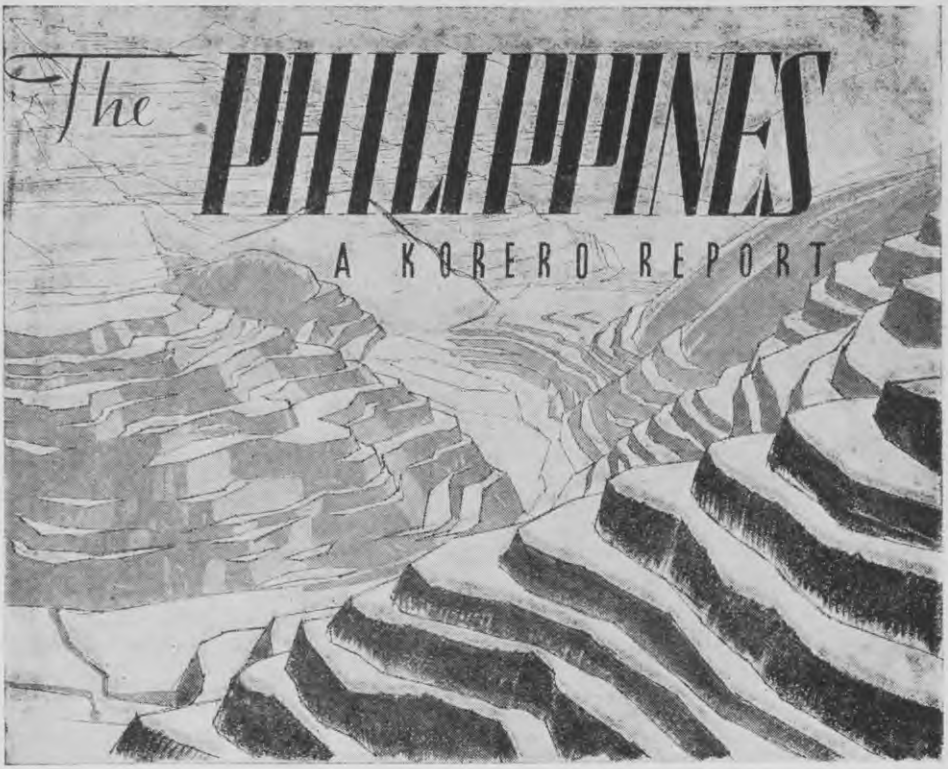
These committees will plan the development of their regions. The Organization for National Development will co-ordinate the plans. Much of this survey and planning work will fall to the lot of local bodies and other local institutions assisted by the local officers of the Government departments and by technical committees. Completed long-range plans will in due course be translated into actual highways, industries, &c.

Works Programme

Already a survey of local-body and departmental building and works programmes has been taken and now requires sifting as to priority and conformity with probable developments in the particular areas. The intention is to have everything ready for the appropriate time in the post-war period.

The Organization for National Development is not another Department conflicting with the functions of existing departments. " It acts rather as a clearing-house for post-war planning affecting private interests, local authorities, and State Departments, setting up committees on subjects that are broader than the scope of any particular department and stimulating post-war thinking in all departments and all sections of the community without seeking to do what can be done as well elsewhere."

There are now eight National Planning Committees (Agriculture, Industrial, Transport, Tourist, Trade and Shipping, Immigration, Personnel, and Power and Fuel ; the Ministry of Works also acts as a Planning Committee) representing various Government departments and outside interests. Twenty-four Regional Planning Councils are being set up composed of representatives of local organizations. The work of Regional and National Committees is co-ordinated by a central Secretariat, which submits final schemes and proposals to the Executive Committee. This Committee makes recommendations to the Government and supervises the general progress of post-war planning.



IN less than nine months United States Forces of General MacArthur's Command regained the Philippines from Japan. Their task was not easy. From the fall of the island fortress of Corregidor in Manila Bay, and with the end of organized American and Filipino resistance on May 7, 1942, until the American landing in October of 1944, the islands were in Japanese hands. The enemy had therefore almost two and a half years in which to dig in. Still, the Americans made good progress. The campaign on Leyte Island, begun in October, ended in December, and in February of this year, Manila, capital of the islands, was recaptured. On July 4 General MacArthur was able to report: "The Philippines are now liberated and the campaign can be regarded as virtually closed."

This is an important gain. The Philippines are the geographical centre of the Far East. From them more conveniently than from any other one place the Allies may thrust towards the Japanese-held China coast, the Netherlands East Indies, or Japan. The most northerly island is 65 miles from the most southern island in the Japanese group; northern Luzon is only 225 miles from Formosa; and the Philippines contain nearly two hundred airfields, two naval bases, and several natural harbours. The islands have, in fact, often been described as a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan. It is easy to understand why the Japanese kept in them an army of about 250,000 men.

The 7,000 islands of the Philippines lie sprawling between Japan and the Netherlands East Indies for 1,150 miles from north to south, as far as from Auckland to Invercargill. From east to west they stretch over 682 miles. But the fact that the group contains 7,091 islands is more important to navigators than to the 16,000,000 Filipinos who live on them,

since any piece of rock that projects above water at high tide is called an island. Indeed, only 462 of the islands have an area of one square mile or more, and two of them—Luzon in the north and Mindanao in the south—contain 77,000 square miles of the total Philippines area of 114,000 square miles, a few thousand square miles larger than New Zealand. Another nine islands—Samar, Negros, Palawan, Panay, Mindoro, Leyte, Cebu, Bohol, and Masbate—account for a further 33,000 square miles.

Through the islands there runs brokenly from north to south a volcanic mountain range in which about twenty volcanoes are active at intervals. Neither earthquakes, which are comparatively frequent, nor eruptions greatly disturb the life of the Filipinos, however, since most of the houses are bamboo and rattan and the reinforced-concrete buildings in Manila are built to withstand earthquakes. Trade winds bring heavy rain to the lands east of the range for eight months of the year, and the monsoon rains drench the lands to the west for three months, but the rains seldom last for long periods at a time. The climate is pleasant, with cool nights and few oppressively hot days.

The Philippines are a commonwealth linked with the United States. They were acquired after the Spanish-American War of 1898 in which America engaged to free Cuba where the people were in revolt against Spanish rule. In declaring war the United States Congress announced that it wanted no territory and would take none in the event of victory. During the war, which lasted only from the end of April to the beginning of August, Admiral Dewey destroyed a Spanish squadron in Manila Bay in one afternoon without losing a single man, and the Americans, when peace came, thus found themselves with an unexpected problem. In the face of their statement that they wanted no territory, what were they to do about the Philippines?

President McKinley wrestled with his conscience, and, after walking the White House "night after night until midnight" and praying for "light and guidance," late one night reached, in his own words, this decision:—

"(1) That we could not give them back to Spain—that would be cowardly and dishonourable:

(2) That we could not turn them over to France and Germany—that would be bad business and discreditable:

(3) That we could not leave them to themselves—they were unfit for self-government, and they would soon have anarchy and misrule there worse than Spain's was:

(4) That there was nothing left for us to do but to take all the islands and to educate the Filipinos and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could for them as our fellow-men for whom Christ also died.

"And then I went to bed and went to sleep and slept soundly."

The President's decision was not quickly accepted by Spain, by the United States Senate, or by the Filipinos. Spain gave up the islands only after the payment of £4,000,000 for the public works built during her four hundred years of occupation from their discovery by Magellan in 1521. The Senate ratified the treaty by the necessary two-thirds majority after a long and heated debate. And the Filipinos, who had begun their struggle for freedom before America intervened, set up their own republic, and for three years carried on the fight. Even

A Carabao, the patient work animal for all Filipinos, lacks sweat glands and must rest every few hours in the warm smelly ooze of a water-hole or he would go berserk from the intense heat.

after their defeat they continued to demand "Complete, Absolute, and Immediate Independence."

And so, more by accident than design, America gained an overseas possession of 7,000 islands with 10,000,000 people. These Filipino people are of two main races—the great majority of Malay stock with typical mongoloid features, straight, coarse, black hair, a smooth brown skin and with no beard. The second group is very small; it consists of the Negritos, pygmies under 4 ft. 9 in. in height with black skin and fuzzy hair. There are

Pirate ships of the Moros (Mohammedans) used to range the seas, raiding Christian towns. These, however, are peaceful trading vessels.

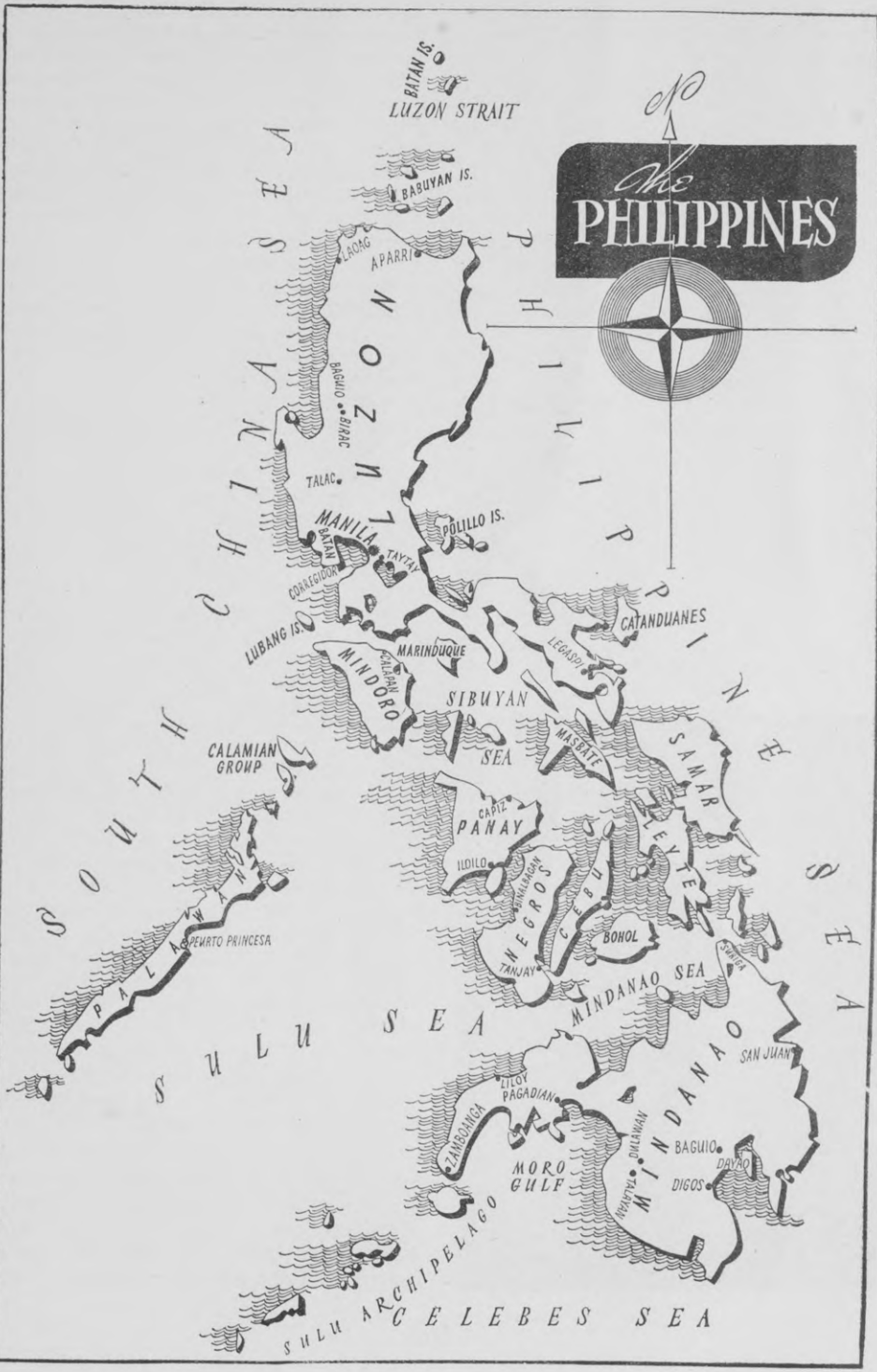
also a good number of Filipinos with mixed blood, the Mestizos, who have provided many political leaders. The first President of the Commonwealth, Manuel Quezon, who died in the United States in 1944, was a Spanish-Filipino; his successor, President Osmena, is a Chinese-Filipino. Of the total population of the islands in 1940, which by then had reached nearly 16,500,000, only 170,000 were foreigners, including 118,000 Chinese holding key positions in the wholesale and retail trades, 30,000 Japanese settled in Davao and engaged in the hemp and fishing industries, and, excluding the members of the American Services and their wives, 9,000 Americans.

Although there are only two main racial types, eighty-seven different languages and dialects are used, but this problem is likely soon to disappear since the Filipinos recently adopted Tagalog, the language of an important group, as the language of the future. In a country where half the people are literate in the sense that they can read and write in one language, the change-over should not take very long. One result of Spanish rule is that nine out of ten Filipinos are Christians, the great majority Roman Catholics. The Moros, who live on Mindanao and on the Sulu Islands, form a Mohammedan minority of 4 per cent., while the Pagaus, another minority of 4 per cent., live in the mountains of Luzon.

Under American rule the condition of the Filipinos improved greatly. Epidemics of cholera, bubonic plague, and small-pox, once frequent and severe almost disappeared. Infant deaths were reduced. In 1900 four out of five babies died; in 1940 fourteen out of fifteen babies lived.

Commerce flourished. Free trade with the United States brought a market for the main crops—sugar, coconuts, tobacco, and abaca hemp for ropemaking. About four-fifths of all exports—£23,000,000 out of £29,000,000 in 1938—went to America; the rest to Japan. They brought the Filipino worker a wage of about 3s. a day in our money, much higher than the ordinary level in the Far East. This meant more rice for his family than ever before, a few American-made shirts for himself, and, perhaps, on easy terms, a sewing-machine for his wife. The resources of the islands were not however, fully developed; even by 1940 only £56,000,000 of American money was invested in them.

Nor did agriculture prosper, although in 1940 it still provided £57 in every £100 of the national income. The Filipinos, as a result of concentrating on the crops which gave them profitable exports, were forced, even in good times, to import much food from South East Asia. The old vicious system of landholding continued. Political and economic power


The PHILIPPINES
N
BATAN IS.
LUZON STRAIT
BABUYAN IS.
SOUTH CHINA SEA
LUZON
PHILIPPINE SEA
APARRI
LOAG
BAGUIO
BIAAC
TALAC
MANILA
BATAAN
TAYTAY
CORREGIDOR
POLILLO IS.
LUBANG IS.
MARINDUQUE
MINDORO
PUERTO PRINCESA
CALAMIAN GROUP
SIBUYAN SEA
CATANDUANES
LEGASPI
MASBATE
SAMAR
LEYTE
CAPIZ
PANAY
ILOILO
GUIMARAS
NEGROS
CEBU
BOHOL
TANJAY
SURIGAO
MINDANAO SEA
SULU SEA
SAN JUAN
ZILOY
PAGADIAN
LAMBOANGA
MORO GULF
DILAWAN
BAGUIO
DAVAO
DIGOS
MINDANAO
SULU ARCHIPELAGO
CELEBES SEA

remained largely with the great estate owners, who rely mainly on share-croppers, tenants who share the crops. In many cases the big landowners let small leaseholds to individuals, who lease them again to peasant farmers so that the owner, the leaseholder, and the farmer must all share the proceeds of the crop from one piece of land. Even the small peasant holdings become split up amongst families. A man and his wife begin by farming 20 acres; in time the same area is perhaps farmed by four sons in four holdings of 5 acres; four families live where one lived before. As a result, share-croppers are usually heavily in debt to their landlords. They are lucky, according to some authorities, if £10 in cash passes through their hands in a year.

The uneven distribution of the population does not help the position. The big southern island of Mindanao contains nearly a third of the area of the whole 7,000 islands, but holds only one-tenth of the population. Its valleys are rich and fertile—and nearly empty. Other islands are crowded. It is however, hardly possible to expect a peasant in Luzon, bound by debt to his landlord, to know that there is rich land for him in Mindanao. And even if he knew, how could he break away from his landlord, and where could he get the money to move his family and pay the small homesteaders fee? Some reforms have been made. To remedy the position of a few thousand share-croppers the Quezon Government, following the example of the American Administration in 1900, bought from the Roman Catholic Church in 1938 its 67,000 acre Buenavista Estate. The Government also entered into negotiations with the Church, a very large property-owner, to purchase other properties and began a resettlement policy, but it has been estimated that, at the existing rate, it will take the Filipinos two hundred years to take up the available land.

With agriculture in this position, compelled to import food even in good times, and with their resources still not largely developed, the Filipinos will face another problem when they are given the complete independence for which they have so long agitated and which has been promised to them by the United States. So long as the islands were part of the same political system as the United States—as they were until 1935—goods passed freely between the two countries. Many Americans were opposed to this. The growers of cane-sugar in Cuba and beet-sugar in the United States found it hard to compete in the American market with the duty-free Philippine sugar. Other groups opposed the importation of coconut products lest they should compete in certain manufactures with dairy products. It was the same with ropemakers, and so on. Labour unions claimed that it was difficult for them to maintain standards against cheap Filipino labour. All supported independence for the Philippines because it would enable America to impose the same duties against goods from the Philippines as against goods from any other foreign country. This agitation in the United States, as well as in the Philippines, frightened investors, who did not care to put their money into enterprises in the islands because of the uncertainty about how long the free American market would be available. For this reason the resources of the islands were never fully

developed, and the Philippines are not well equipped to compete in other markets if the American market is closed to them.

By 1940 the Filipinos had by successive stages received much of the independence they had demanded. From control in 1901 by an American Governor-General assisted by eight Commissioners—five Americans and three Filipinos—they had advanced to almost full control of local affairs in 1925. Progress was not smooth. In 1916, for instance, the administration was changed abruptly under the Jones Act from a Government by Americans with Filipinos in the minority to a Government by Filipinos advised by Americans. The Governor-General had the power of veto, but avoided interference. In 1920 the results were investigated, and it was reported that "the Government was top-heavy in personnel and enmeshed in red-tape," that the Civil Service was being demoralized, that hospital and health measures had been relaxed, and that the Philippine National Bank had been mismanaged. Still the cry for independence persisted, and in 1934 the United States Congress passed the Act by which in 1935 the Philippines became a commonwealth and the Filipinos took full control of their own affairs at home. The Act provided that after ten years the Commonwealth of the Philippines should become the completely independent Republic of the Philippines, and that the United States should keep only the naval bases needed for defence. The Filipinos adopted a constitution giving equal civil and political rights to all.

The real difficulty facing the Filipinos, lies in the parts of the 1934 Act which provided that during the ten years between the creation of the Commonwealth and the creation of the Republic the amount of Philippine goods imported into the United States should each year grow less and that the taxes on these goods should each year become higher, so

A Filipino woman winnows rice with skilfull, precise motions.

that in 1946 when full independence was granted the Philippines should lose all the advantages of free trade with America. Even by 1940 the Filipinos were not so sure that they wanted independence—at that price—and a "realistic examination" of the Act was suggested. Since then amendments to cushion the shock to trade and to give the United States air as well as naval bases have been made to the act, but America still promises independence as soon as possible.

Meanwhile the Philippines have suffered severely under Japanese rule. Their industries have been ruined and their people have been starved. Yet as they begin to rebuild they must face new difficulties of trade and old difficulties of agriculture.

The future holds many problems for the 16,000,000 people of the 7,000 islands.

INFORMAL EDUCATION

A South African Experiment

By Cpl. V. J. WILSON, R.N.Z.A.F.

"COMPLEX COUNTRY" is the apt title of an officially sponsored booklet introducing the Union of South Africa to overseas visitors. In the other dominions, the war and its accompanying problems of rehabilitation have overshadowed domestic difficulties, but in South Africa the ever-present questions of colour, race, and language have by no means been eclipsed; indeed, they have been brought into sharper focus by the war emergency. With an economy built largely on mineral wealth plus cheap Native labour, the Union, before the war, had few industries, so is more likely to be affected by the recent industrial developments than the other dominions.

A realization that education is the most effective weapon against political and economic chaos has focused attention on the educational facilities available in the Army, with a view to extending them into the wider field of adult education.

The education service in the South African forces is similar to the A.E.W.S. on the formal side, but, in addition to the Education Officers assigned to each unit, there is a separate body, the Information Service, with Officers attached to each unit, where all personnel are given at least an hour a week during working-hours for lectures and discussions on current affairs. The unit officer maintains an "Information Centre," provided with war maps, posters, and bulletin boards for news in the political and rehabilitation fields. Periodicals, ranging from local newspapers to *Esquire*, are available, and, in addition to comfortable lounge furniture, desks are provided for serious study. A generous grant is made for library facilities, and where a library is already in existence the Information Officer takes on the job of modernizing it. He may be approached for advice on any subject, and perhaps could best be described as a "secular chaplain."

This Information Service is of fairly recent origin, and it was found difficult to assess results, as it would take some time to cover even a few of the desired subjects in the available hour-a-week. So a novel plan was adopted. Interested personnel of all ranks were released from units to attend a course similar to those arranged for training Information Officers.

As a R.N.Z.A.F. Radar Mechanic, attached R.A.F., attached Union Defence Forces, I was fortunate in being able to attend the third of these courses, and for a fortnight I lived in the N.C.O.'s mess at Durban Fortress, and attended lectures in a class-room situated on the beach. The subjects covered by the course made a formidable list, but, although both temperature and humidity approached the hundred mark and the surf was inviting, the closure always had to be applied to discussion to enable us to break up at 1500 hours daily.

Lectures were given by Information Officers on such subjects as "The Isms'," "Economic Security versus Individual Freedom," "South African Agriculture," and "The Housing Problem," and outside lecturers from University and public life covered "Economics for the Layman," "South African Industrial Resources," "The U.S.S.R.," &c. A journalist criticized "The Press," a non-European soldier was permitted to put the case of the coloured people with frankness, and the Native problem was dealt with by a schoolmaster, himself a Bantu.

The course was opened with a general knowledge quiz, and on the final day a quiz on the subjects covered by the course served as an informal examination. Two parliamentary debates on the subjects of "Socialism" and "The Colour Bar" were a great success, but a visit to a municipal housing settlement for Natives proved the most enlightening item to the South Africans, as it was demonstrated to many of them for the first time that the African prefers to live as a human being.

(Continued at foot of page 19.)

QUESTION AND ANSWER

SOME REHABILITATION INFORMATION

Question : Could you please enlighten me as to the eligibility of demobilized personnel for educational facilities under the Rehabilitation Department's scheme? Also as to details of facilities.

Answer : The primary qualification for educational assistance is that the applicant must be discharged, and evidence of discharge is necessary. If the applicant is on I.L.W.O.P., a distinction is made according to his medical grading. If he is Grade I, all forms of assistance, except full-time assistance, are available to him; if he is Grade II or lower, all forms of assistance are available. In considering applications from I.L.W.O.P. personnel, tests of eligibility on service or through special circumstances are applied.

Apart from full-time assistance (which is granted subject to certain considerations regarding nature and period of service, man-power obligations, &c.), educational assistance is available for those who have had at least twelve months' service.

The types of assistance available are two-fold, viz. :—

(*a*) *Class I Facilities.*—These are authorized by District Rehabilitation officers. These facilities include :—

(i) Tuition at secondary or technical schools under the control of the Education Department.

(ii) Ordinary University bursaries, comprising a grant for the purchase of books, and payment of college, examination, and tuition fees. (N.B.—These bursaries are granted only in cases where the applicant has passed the University Entrance Examination *or* has had his Provisional Matriculation confirmed.)

(iii) Courses through the Education Department's Correspondence School, where the applicant is unable to attend a post-primary school or University.

(*b*) *Class II Facilities.*—These facilities are granted by the Education Committee of the Rehabilitation Board. The facilities include—

(i) Ordinary bursaries (as in Class I) where the applicant has not passed the University Entrance Examination, and where Provisional Matriculation is necessary for degree study.

(ii) Special University Bursaries. These are similar to the Ordinary bursaries, but in addition they provide for the payment of subsistance allowance during the college year. Full-time study is essential for these bursaries.

(iii) Post-graduate bursaries. These are available both in New Zealand and overseas. The provisions include payment of passage-moneys in the case of overseas bursaries, and the payment of subsistence allowances, college, tuition fees, &c.

(iv) Correspondence tuition through private colleges for approved courses not available through the Education Department's Correspondence School.

Arrangements are now being made by which ex-servicemen and women who are given grants to obtain University textbooks may use this grant to hire books from the Army Education Welfare Service at an annual rental of 20 per cent. of the cost of the books. By this means an applicant with a grant of £5 could obtain on loan books to the value of £25. Details of this scheme will be announced in due course, and ex-servicemen and ex-servicewomen should then apply to their District Rehabilitation Officer for assistance in this field.

(Continued from page 18.)

Discipline was relaxed almost to vanishing-point, yet absenteeism did not occur. The only obligatory duty was the writing of a précis of a book on South African civics. This was "Let's go into Politics," a popular treatise by Colonel Marquard, the Chief Information Officer, and typified the spirit of the Service, which is directed towards creating an intelligent electorate, fully conversant with the ideals of democracy, both political and economic.

HOUSES IN THE HUTT VALLEY

A KORERO Report

IN THE Housing Survey of 115 local districts in 1935, nearly 7,000 buildings used as dwellings in various parts of New Zealand were pronounced totally unsatisfactory. The equipment of more than 20,000 was considered inadequate, while 27,200 were found to be providing accommodation below the minimum standard. To crown these figures, it was estimated that more than 68,000 people could be regarded as surplus persons living in dwellings below the minimum desirable standard.

These were startling figures when considered in relation to the population density of the Dominion. The explanation of the housing shortage lay partly in the fact that in the depression years building fell off considerably; then when better times came, marriages increased and many people were unwilling to continue sharing a dwelling with other families as they had done during the years of hardship.

To cope with the situation a programme of housing construction by the Government was begun in March, 1937. This programme has since been prosecuted as vigorously as the war has permitted. The outbreak of the war made it necessary to transfer certain plant and machinery to the urgent work of constructing aerodromes, military camps, and installations. It also meant the release of a large number of workers for the Forces. The situation became yet more urgent with the entry of Japan into the war. This practically stopped the scheme, and for two years only a few houses were completed. For the last year, however, the Government has pressed on with the preparation of building sections and housing construction in most of the main centres in the Dominion to the limit of man-power and materials available.

Since the beginning of the State Housing Scheme till April 30, 1945, the Construction Department had completed nearly 18,000 homes throughout the Dominion. There were at this date, in addition, some 3,500 homes under construction, and about 1,700 let to contracting organizations, but upon which work had not begun. Houses are being handed over to the State Advances Corporation at a rate of about 2,100 a year, a rate which is increasing. Many houses have been built in the Hutt Valley, within the boundaries of Lower Hutt City. Building is still going on there, and it is estimated that some 7,400 house units will have been erected in this area when the full scheme is completed. Other State housing projects, which are part of the same plan, have already been completed in the Woburn and Waterloo areas, where about 1,800 houses are now occupied. Attention is now concentrated on the area north of Waterloo, stretching as far as the Taita Gorge.

Between these two limits houses are being built in areas known as Epuni, Nae Nae, Waddington, and Taita. The Epuni scheme is nearing completion, and considerable progress has been made in the three other districts, where many homes are already tenanted. Epuni, Nae Nae, and Waddington lie approximately adjacent, but the Taita block is half to three-quarters of a mile to the north and west, on the opposite side of the main road running to the Wairarapa. The four blocks total in area about 1,200 acres, and were previously occupied mostly by small farms and market gardens.

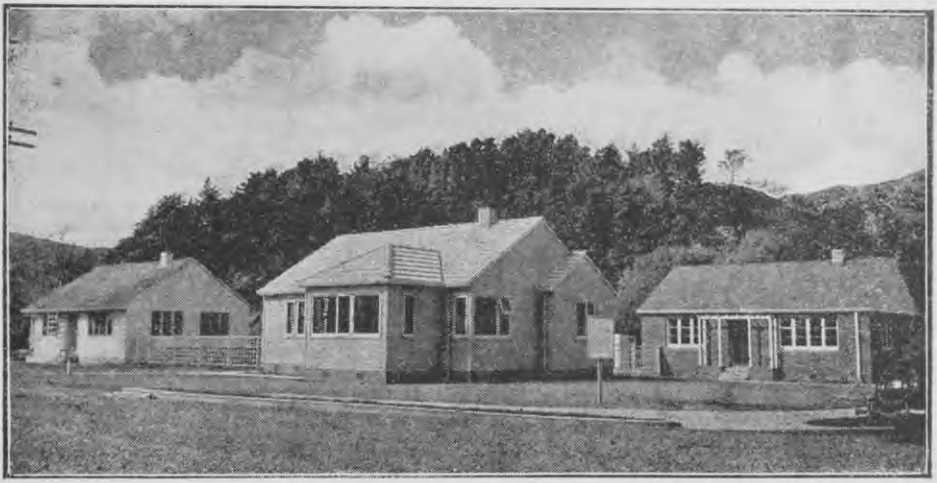
Much of the hillside section of the Waddington block was cleared of gorse and scrub by the Department before building was begun. This area had previously caused anxiety to its tenants owing to flooding and uncontrolled storm-water. The streams have been tapped where they issue from the hills and led by a system of artificial courses through green belt reserves to the head of the Waiwhetu Stream. On the floor of the valley a swamp area which was regularly

flooded to a depth of several feet has been successfully drained, and will form part of the main sports ground for this section of the Hutt City. The open drains used for this will be treated as artificial streams. It is intended to plant avenues of trees along their banks, creating a reserve from 70 ft. to over 100ft. wide, with paths following the water-courses. The planting of grass and shrubs will transform the area into a small but pleasant park.

Approximately 1,000 homes have been constructed or are being built in the Nae Nae - Waddington blocks. About 200 houses are already occupied. The Taita block is somewhat less developed. Although the general land surface is almost at one common level, housing construction is greatly complicated by a maze of old water-courses which intersect the site. In one place stop-banks are necessary to avoid flooding. Every effort is being made to construct roads along existing channels. This serves the triple purpose of siting the houses above road-level, saving the cost of filling up the channels, and avoiding the building of homes upon filled land—usually an unsatisfactory business.

The Epuni block was the earliest in this part of the Hutt Valley, and the buildings, except a comparatively small block of about 100 houses and the commercial zone opposite the site of the future Epuni Station, are completed. In the Epuni area can be seen at least two streets which are particularly pleasing to the eye. Here it has been found possible to lay electrical and telephone services underground, so abolishing at one blow two typical New Zealand eyesores—the power and the telegraph poles. The footpaths are unencumbered except for an occasional tall, tapered concrete lamp-standard crowned with a white-frosted globe. These standards are simple in design and add to the appearance of the streets they serve.

A shopping centre is planned in each of the blocks, but that at Nae Nae will be the largest. Here the central block, containing the shopping area, will enclose a large courtyard laid out in lawn and flower-beds, with paths connecting the two sides. Provision has also been made at Nae Nae for a light industrial area of some 30 acres, sited very close to the commercial centre. Business firms which lease sites here must agree to lay out and maintain the vacant space about their buildings, and must provide ample space between their buildings and those of their neighbours. The size and position of advertising hoardings and trade signs will be strictly controlled. The type of undertaking to be started will also be critically reviewed, so that residents will be spared the more undesirable sights,



Almost ready for occupation. Some of the houses in the Hutt Valley.

sounds and smells of industry. Prospective householders may therefore rest assured that there is no chance of their finding themselves living cheek by jowl with a glue-factory or a gas works.

Turning now from the general layout of these housing blocks to the houses themselves, it must be stated at the outset that these homes bear none of the sheep-like similarity of some of the large-scale housing schemes of the past. The Housing Department architects have drawn up a large number of variations in design from relatively few basic types. To quote an example—there are at least forty widely differing house designs evolved from only three basic plan types. These are not all the variation possible, but it will easily be seen that ample scope has been assured for individuality of design among the houses of any one block. You may look along a street lined with newly erected houses without seeing any two that are strikingly similar. When the houses have been occupied for some time and the occupiers have cultivated their gardens to their own taste, the dissimilarity is even more marked.

Most of the homes are completely detached, though here and there, to make more economical use of the land, they may be of the twin or triple unit type. They have two, three, or four bedrooms, and rents vary from approximately 25s. a week for a two-bedroom house to about 32s. a week for a four-bedroom one. The larger homes have separate dining-rooms, but the smaller houses, as a rule, have a dining recess off the kitchen, for those who are reluctant to have meals in the living-room.

Houses are sited to ensure that the rooms most often occupied will have as much sunlight as possible. And so although the front door of a house may face the street, the real front may be on the side away from the street. This arrangement has been used in several houses on the higher ground of the Waddington block. It gives the main rooms sunlight for most of the day and a fine view across the Hutt Valley.

The interior walls of houses are not left as white or cream plaster, but are almost invariably papered. It has been found that the plain white walls can be so easily marked that it is not worth while to leave them in this state. Although it is plainly not possible for tenants to choose their own wallpapers before moving into a house, very careful consideration has been given to the choice of suitable papers. A wide range of colour is used—most are pale shades which reflect the light well—and in no houses are the old dark and heavy designs to be found.

Kitchens are painted in an enamel finish, so that walls and cupboard doors can be easily washed down. Electric cookers are standard equipment, and very ample cupboard space is provided. The kitchens are free from superfluous obstructions, and it should be very simple to keep them clean and tidy. An electric hot-water service is also part of the standard equipment, a linen cupboard being built round the boiler. Bathrooms are compactly designed and are equipped with up-to-date accessories. All baths are built-in, and the bathrooms are enamelled throughout.

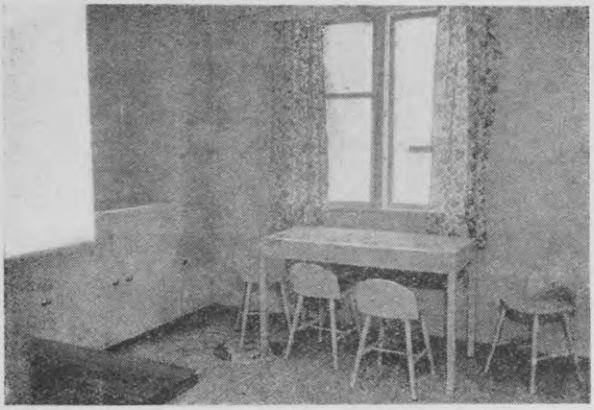
Most of the houses are built of timber with weather-boards or brick veneer exterior walls.

But to-day's shortages of men and material are forcing new methods and materials to be tried out. In an attempt to speed up housing construction, extensive experiments have been made with prefabrication. In the Nae Nae block several hundred houses have been built by this method and have proved very satisfactory. However, shortages of material have prevented the full and most efficient development of prefabrication.

Because of the timber shortage, experiments are being made by the Housing Department in the use of various types of concrete construction. It is a shortage of timber in the first case, but an overall shortage of material and fittings that is the principal worry of the Department to-day. Labour also is scarce, but it is hoped that the return of many men from overseas may help to improve this.

To end this article, here are answers to some of the questions sometimes asked about State houses :—

1. *Does the State actually build the houses?*



The kitchens are free from superfluous obstructions. Walls and cupboards are painted in an enamel finish, making them easy to wash down.

The main living room. Large double windows ensure the maximum of sunshine.

One of the bedrooms. Careful consideration is given to the choice of wallpapers in all rooms.

All the houses are built by private contractors except those erected by men being trained in house building by the Rehabilitation Department. Building contracts are let by tender to contractors, who employ their own men on the job. The size of each contract depends upon the capacity of the contractor. A small business may undertake the building of three or five houses, the large concern may easily contract to build fifty. The contractors will in turn call in the aid of sub-contractors, who will do the electrical, the plumbing, and the plastering work in the houses. The Government employs overseers whose duty it is to see that all goes well on each contract. One overseer will probably have many contracts to look after. The number depends upon the size of each individual contract. The town planning and subdivision is done by the town planners, engineers, and surveyors of the Housing Department, and all the designing of houses and community buildings and building construction is carried out under the control of the Housing Department Architects.

2. *Are the interior fittings of good quality, or does the Housing Department try to save money here?*

The Housing Construction Department has set out to build a moderate-sized house of low enough initial cost to enable it to be let at a very moderate rental to the lower and middle income groups. Judged by the standards required by the average man, the fittings and finish are of excellent quality. The interior finish of houses of the Housing Department is often identical with that found in homes costing a good deal more.

3. *Is it true you cannot hang pictures where you wish in a State house?*

Finished and occupied. Houses in the Epuni block—no power or telegraph poles here.

Partly true only. If you build a home of your own with plaster walls you do not, unless mentally defective, hammer nails into the plaster. You first put wooden plugs in the wall. In State houses a wood backing is inset between studs in the wall at a height of 6 ft. 6 in. from the floor. You may put nails or screws into this. The wooden backing is, of course, invisible when the interior finish is completed. Like any other landlord, the Housing Department has natural objections to tenants indiscriminately punching holes in the walls of its property.

4. *Is it true you may not keep domestic pets in your Government house?*

No, it is not true. You may keep a cat, a dog, a canary, or all three if you feel like it. Wherever you may live, you cannot keep a pet which your neighbours unanimously pronounce objectionable or dangerous. This has nothing to do with the Housing Department, but is a universal by-law.

5. *Can you keep a car if you live in a State house?*

Yes. Provision has been made for the building of garages on most sections, and some have been built. At the moment the Housing Department regards the building of houses as of more importance, but many garages will be built when times are easier. On certain hillside sites where there is no space for individual garages or where there is difficulty of access, communal garages are to be built.

6. *Is it true that you cannot have your garden as you like it, but must do as the neighbours do?*

No. A tenant may cultivate his garden as he wishes. The State provides concrete paths, a tool-shed, clothes-lines, and fencing, and in other ways, such as providing shrubs and advising on layout, actively encourages its tenants to take a pride in their gardens. A rebate on rent is given to those tenants who try to improve their homes by tending the garden. Conversely, any one lazy enough to allow his surroundings to go to wrack and ruin will probably find himself penalized in the matter of rent, to the tune of perhaps 2s. 6d. a week. Any one who has seen a well-established housing scheme is struck by the obvious pride taken by tenants in their gardens. A householder finds public opinion heavily against him if he neglects to do his small part in keeping the appearance of the neighbourhood colourful and attractive. To this extent there is pressure to do as the neighbours do, but most people make a pleasure of the duty.

So large a housing plan as that being put into operation in the Hutt Valley opens up an entirely new transport problem. The additional population housed when the programme is completed will be nearly 21,000. The passenger transport service is in the hands of the Railway Department, and at present is mainly by motor-bus connecting with the train to Wellington at Petone. At rush hours additional through buses are run to cope with the load. The Eastern Hutt railway is being extended to serve the new areas, and it is expected that it will soon be in service. It is planned that this will eventually be the main line to Upper Hutt and beyond, and it will without doubt be electrified as soon as the necessary equipment can be obtained. This with a feeder bus service will provide rapid and convenient transport into Wellington and within the area.

The Housing Construction Department has yet more ambitious plans to be carried out at Tamaki, Auckland. Here it is intended to build what amounts to a city of about 8,000 homes and 30,000 people. The work done by the department is everybody's business, and this article may help to let you know what is going on.

KORERO INFORMATION SERVICE

For the benefit of Servicemen and women in New Zealand and the Pacific the *Korero* Information Service page has been reprinted in this issue. Space is provided for any question, on Rehabilitation or other matters, which you cannot solve for yourself.

REMEMBER—when addressing the envelope mark it "*Korero*" in one corner.

HOW THEY GOT THERE

A KORERO Report

THE ROOMS are empty, now. The trestle tables have been stacked away. The crates, the piles of timber, the cans of food have gone. The women who worked there — skillfully, voluntarily, gladly—have gone back to their homes. Their work is over.

For the war in Europe is ended. The Kiwi captives have left their cages. They can come home, now. So there is a silence over the gaunt, brick building, 96 Tory Street, Wellington, parcel-packing centre for the Joint Council of the Red Cross and St. John.

"Parcel-packin' mommas, send those parcels on," sang fifty women, working shift after shift, assembling food-parcels at the rate of 7 a minute, so that our countrymen in *stalags and campos* would not starve. They sang that song for the last time on Friday, May 18. The last food-parcel number 1,139,624, was assembled. Then packing ceased.

Whether repatriated or liberated, every prisoner had said, "We owe our lives to the Red Cross and St. John food-parcels."

How was it possible to send New Zealand food into the heart of enemy lands with frontiers closed, with men and machines in bitter combat upon the land, on and under the sea, and in the air?

The story goes back to June 24, 1859, when Jean Henry Ducant, Swiss banker, chanced upon the battlefield of Solferino. French, Sardinian, and Austrian ambulances and medical stores, with no common distinguishing-marks, had been shelled to splinters. Sickened by the appalling condition of the neglected wounded (two doctors helpless amongst 6,000 casualties) Ducant organized indiscriminate aid to the stricken soldiers, and returned to Switzerland, pledging himself to obtain internationally recognized medical services for all future wars.

Passionately demanding respect and protection for all war-wounded in his book "Recollections of Solferino," Ducant organized a lawyer, a veteran general, and two doctors into a Swiss committee of action, which sponsored "An International Conference in Geneva of International and Permanent Relief Societies for Wounded Military Personnel in time of War." So strong was their resolve to work for humanity, so great was their enthusiasm, that on October 26, 1863, delegates representing sixteen Governments assembled in Geneva.

They agreed:

1. Every nation should possess a voluntary society, with highest Government patronage and encouragement, for the relief of suffering in war.

2. Those caring for the sick and wounded should be considered neutral.

As a distinguishing-mark, a red cross on a white background (the reverse colours of the Swiss flag) was chosen for all medical services. On religious grounds, however, the red cross is replaced by the red crescent in Turkey, Egypt, Iraq, and part of the U.S.S.R., and by the red lion and sun in Iran. The Red Cross emblem was first used and respected in the Austro-Prussian war against Denmark, in the beginning of 1846.

But no binding convention yet had been prepared. So in Geneva, on August 22, a diplomatic conference of sixteen Govern-

ments' representatives signed the great Convention of 1864 which for all time, laid down that it is the duty of warring nations to collect and care for sick and wounded soldiers, irrespective of nationality.

In five years the horrors of the battle of Solferino had been outlawed by the first modern treaty to stand even when the signing powers went to war against one another.

From the days of the original committee of five, the International Red Cross Committee in Switzerland has continued to guide the Red Cross movement. It is called international, not because it has sixty-two national societies, with over 20,000,000 members throughout the world, but because it acts as an intermediary between the nations. It is independent of all Governments. It has no standing in international law. Yet this committee of twenty-five Swiss citizens is the only existing body which attempts to keep Governments up to their Red Cross pledges. And it is through this vigilance that the Red Cross symbol continues to protect not only the surgeons, nurses, orderlies, drivers, and clerical and administrative staffs, but also all buildings, camps, ships, trains, and vehicles connected with humane medical work.

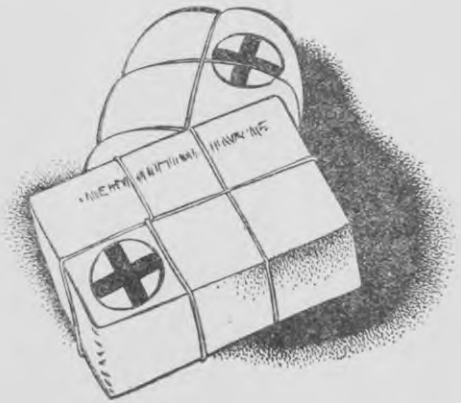
This is a privilege without which Florence Nightingale and her first band of thirty-eight nurses (half of them nuns) set out for the Crimean War. It is an extension of the ideals of the Order of the Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem—militant monks who tended and protected pilgrims to the Holy City in the twelfth century. The English Order of St. John (in wartime working in partnership with the British Red Cross as the Joint War Organisation) values these ancient traditions more highly than its title deeds contained in the charter granted in 1888, by Queen Victoria. But it is the Red Cross which has given the medical services a place and a mission apart from the armies in which they serve.

Although its first great concern is for the wounded, International Red Cross aid at once becomes available the moment a man officially is listed prisoner of war. Delegates regularly inspect and report upon camps by authority of the Hague (1899) and Geneva (1929) Conventions, which, while providing international laws for the treatment of prisoners, also place them under the protection of the International Red Cross.

This, alone, made it possible for a vast supply of food and medical parcels to reach prisoners, who otherwise would have had to exist on a meagre diet supposedly equal to that of the captor's second-line troops.

From Great Britain (which sent out more than 12,000,000 parcels to the end of 1943), the Empire and the United States of America, parcels were shipped to the neutral port of Lisbon. From there specially chartered neutral vessels, paid for from the Joint War Organization funds, but sailing under the supervision of the International Red Cross, carried the parcels to Marseilles. Still under the same supervision, the stores were either sent in sealed trucks to bulk distributing centres in Germany, or to the main store at Geneva, from where the Red Cross guaranteed their delivery to the camps themselves.

That's the way New Zealand's food parcels went. That's how our countrymen, in enemy European cages, still managed, now and again, to make a stew of New Zealand lamb, to spread a little New Zealand honey on their bread.



A BONED INTERVIEW

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

"WELL," SAID the man in the uniform of blue, "what can I do for you?"

"Ha," I said. "Well—er—as a matter of fact—um—I've been sent out here to interview the *Sphenodon Punctatum*, or tuatara."

He composed himself somewhat after two minutes. The one at the zoo had died. But he thought a chap at the Dominion Museum could help.

*

So I went to the Dominion Museum. "Have you a live tuatara?" I asked. "Too right," they said (in effect), and took me down in a lift to an open-air basement. They led me over to a straw-strewn case with a glass front.

"It's in there—sleeping. It sleeps all winter, and a good deal of the summer, too."

"Go on. What do you feed it?"

"Little squares of cow-beef. It doesn't eat in the winter. But when it's on it's tucker, it'll eat 2 oz. of raw meat a fortnight."

"Water?"

"It likes water. Swims in it. Lies under it. Changes its skin in it, too, once a year, starting from the top of its back and peeling down."

"Where did you trap him?"

"On the Chickens Islands in 1934. Only 10 in. long then, but now 1 ft. 8 in. And it's not a him, she's a her. She laid ten eggs once, and that's the only way you can find out their sex. We preserved the eggs." (I hoped the tuatara wasn't listening.)

But I needn't have worried. A lot of straw had to be pulled away before they found the tuatara. A dusty brown, not the usual olive-green, she resembled a very fierce and dangerous lizard, or a diminutive dragon. A ridge of skin, planted with small, muddy-white quills, ran from the back of a V-shaped head to where the tail began. This tail, almost as long as the body, looked just as if it had been cut from a miniature crocodile and gummed into place. Four stubby legs, each with five fingers ending in pointed claws, were planted firmly in the straw. The eyes were large, and round, and cold. They seldom blinked, and when they did a sort of film passed across the pupils, which were vertical—like those of a cat.

I didn't like her eyes. Still, that interview . . .

"Do you mind leaving us alone for a minute?" I asked. We've got something rather personal to discuss."

"As you wish," they said. But she's never spoken to us, ever. Still, you can try. If you want help, just bawl out." And off they went.

*

Without a blink she watched me bring out paper and a pencil. I leaned forward, carefully, and saw something approaching a gleam come into the cold mysterious eyes. At the same time I believe an almost benign expression passed over that crinkled countenance.

"Oh, tuatara," I said, "what do you know?"

And then she spoke. It was an old, tired voice. A voice of long-rotted leaves. A voice with old, decayed moa bones in it. A faded voice whispering:

"The game's crook. Can't you let a joker alone?"

"Well," I said, "I was expecting something much better from you, the oldest living creature and New-Zealander. Something like: 'Things aren't what they used to be in Two Million B.C.'"

"I was only trying to be modern," said the tuatara, "and that's a mighty effort for a person who comes out of the Triassic Period, three hundred million years ago."

" Our readers will be most interested."

" Yes," said the tuatara, " we can trace our ancestors as far back as that. Some of our family degenerated into common reptiles—there's the turtle and tortoise family, the alligator and crocodile crowd, and the snakes and lizards, but we tuataras, in a class of our own, we are the oldest of them all."

" Your eyes seemed very, very old I thought."

The tuatara looked pleased. " Once upon a time we had four eyes," she said, " two more at the back of our head. But our ancestors grew tired of the two back ones and began to use only one. Time passed, and from three eyes we went down to these two you see in front. Under my skin, at the back of my neck, you could find a little lump, like a tiny pine cone. That's what remains of my third eye. But very few people know you can find traces of my fourth eye. Another thing, too, you might like to know is that we have two sets of ribs."

" You look as if you've got no teeth."

" That's right. Just hard jawbones, with good rough edges like a fine saw."

" How can you tell the difference between a headache and toothache ? "

keeps them dormant until spring. Then they start growing again, and hatch out in January. Simple, eh ? "

" Thanks," I said, " but what about this ? I have in my pocket a copy of the Lyttelton *Times* of 1903. Listen : ' The tuatara lizards at Opawa fisheries seem to be susceptible to music. They will come out of their holes in the rocks to hear a song when nothing else will induce them to appear. They prefer a good rousing chorus rather than a solo.' "

" Tell that to the mutton birds who live with us on the Chickens Islands," said the tuatara sourly.

" Where else do you live ? "

" Karewa, Motiti, East Cape, and The Brothers Islands. And, ah, yes, Stephen's Island, where there's a queer little chap, the Stephen's Island frog, who hatches out of his egg a complete frog."

" Is it true you live up to three hundred years ? "

" Time means nothing to us, and the *pakeha* race has not lived long enough in New Zealand to find out. But the Maori say we do. They gave us our name, tuatara, meaning ' spikey-back.' "

" But how did you get to New Zealand ? "

The tuatara ignored this flippancy, so I went on hurriedly : " Er—forgive me, but how do you breed ? "

" A reasonable question," said the tuatara grandly. " In November or December, we female tuataras lay from ten to seventeen eggs, about 1½ in. long and with very thin white shells. We scratch earth over 'em. The yolks begin to develop until March, when the cold

" Millions of years ago," began the tuatara, ever so wisely, " New Zealand was part of a great southern continent. And this great continent was linked by land right up to Southern Asia. I have heard old tuataras say there was a time when New Zealand went far away west to South America, and even down to the South Pole. That was before the Great Snow and the Great Ice came. Then in

the period of the Great Unsettlement the seas reached out, the land went down, and only a few islands were left."

"And you lived through all this?"

"We did." She paused. Her voice became stern. "We tuataras survived the heat and the cold, the rising and falling of the earth beneath the sea, the coming and going of glaciers, the passing of millions of years and hundreds of forms of life—and then you—you blundering blind things in a mere breath of 50 years—you very nearly killed us all."

"I'm sorry," I said, humbly and inadequately.

"You *pakehas* came with your fires and your great hungry pigs, your dogs and your heavy-footed animals, and you burnt and you ate, you killed and you crushed, until only our skeletons remained amongst the lonely sand-dunes upon the mainland. That, oh biped, is only one of the sad stories told just before dawn by the sighing wind."

"Look," I said, "for more than fifty years you've been protected by Act of Parliament—which is far more than can be said for the human race. Come now——"

But the cold look had returned to the eyes again. I knew the tuatara would say nothing more. The museum men came back saying:

"We bet you didn't get a darned thing."

"That's all you know," I said.

I'LL HAVE MY DESSERT

By CHARLES FRANCIS

ONCE UPON a time I revelled at the sight of a green field where sheep idly grazed or wandered in slow follow-the-leader fashion to nowhere in particular. There was a time when juicy chops sizzling over a slow fire made a beautiful picture to my hungry eyes. But now it is not so. The sight of either brings tears to my eyes for the one only conjures visions of the other. How come that I should be so sentimental? I will tell you.

In the days before yesterday the red and white carcasses hung on hooks round a city butcher's shop were accepted by me as the original ancestors of a juicy grilled chop. Raw chops spluttering (over a red fire) as drops of fat made little spurts of flame leap from the embers, were sweet music to my ears. And when they were black on the outside and nice and pink on the inside and flavoured with Worcestershire sauce, with these before me little cared I what lay behind them.

But after yesterday it will never be the same again.

It was a beautiful morning, with thin streams sparkling in the sun as they ran down the side of the mountain, whose rugged top cut sharply into the blue of the sky. The air was crystal clear and faintly smelt of the wet earth and drying blue-gum leaves. And there was I gaily singing—"Sierra Sue" was the song—to a flock of sheep that I was driving to fresh grazing. As I said, it was a beautiful morning, and I felt a glorious exhilaration; I was as one with the birds and the trees and the mountain and the sheep; it was good to feel myself a part of the wonderful world about me; and maybe I sang for the same reason as the birds in the trees—life was good.

Then the boss appeared from nowhere, and, coming up to me, he pointed his walking-stick at four old stragglers of my flock and said, "I reckon they could do with their throats cut." Paradise slipped from under my feet, and I came down to earth with a jolt.

As I walked on ahead to get the knife from the tool-shed, the eyes of the sheep that I'd just been singing to railed me with bitter stares; I could see the trees nudging each other with their branches, some of which were pointing at me, and I wondered what they were sullenly whispering about; and the birds discreetly flew away.

I found the knife, so wandered back, hoping that while I'd been away the fellow who usually does the killing had come on the scene. But no, I was to be the sole, or soulless, performer in the act.

Having caught one of the old ewes, I pulled her to the ground then sat squat-legged on her chest. I felt the blade of the knife with my thumb, and I think I was more on edge than the blade, though, admittedly, not so keen. Then with one hand I forced her head back, trying not to return her hopeless stare, and with the other hand I murdered in warm blood. And the last to die had gazed at the awful sight of the last weak kicks of those who had gone before him; had shuddered at the sound of their last stertorous gurgles.

As I wiped the blood from the knife with a tuft of grass, and the sweat from my forehead with the back of my hand, I looked on what I had just done, and a chill shiver ran down my spine. The eyes of the live sheep fixed solemnly on their dead, and the trees were reverently quiet. Through the silence I heard a soft lap-lapping—it was our mongrel dog lapping at a dark patch in the grass.

"Grilled chops? No, thank you, I'll have my dessert."

SO LONG A-DYING

"There can be few substances which have not, at some time, been used as drugs," said the RADIO DOCTOR recently. "The early Hindus, the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Romans, all knew a lot of drugs. We borrowed their drug lists and added a lot more. People were drug-minded. Even the potato was first introduced into Europe not as a food, but as a love philtre. Gold, pearls, musk, crocodile's dung, sarsaparilla, and even Egyptian mummy have been used to heal the sick. How about a teaspoon of Egyptian mummy three times a day? Then there was a phase for disgusting substances, such as crushed body lice, incinerated toads and old shoes—yes, all had their adherents, their sworn supporters, as have many no less useless if more respectable remedies to-day.

"Listen to what they did to King Charles II when he had a bad stroke. First they bled him. They gave him an emetic and a purge. Then he was delighted with an enema containing antimony, rock salt, violets, beetroot, linseed, cinnamon, cochineal, and aloes. Then his head was shaved and his scalp was blistered. Then a sneezing-powder and a powder of cowslip flowers to strengthen his brain. For drinks he had barley water, licorice and sweet almond, and white wine and absinthe, with extracts of thistle leaves, mint, and angelica. On his feet they put a plaster of Burgundy pitch and pigeon dung. They gave him medicines of melon seeds, slippery elm, cherry water, lily-of-the-valley, lavender, and dissolved pearls. Then came nutmeg, quinine, and cloves. As he didn't seem to get better they gave him forty drops of a mixture of human skull. Yes, they left no stone unturned in his treatment. By the way, he died."—*The Listener*, England.

KORERO
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for servicemen and women in New Zealand and the Pacific

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