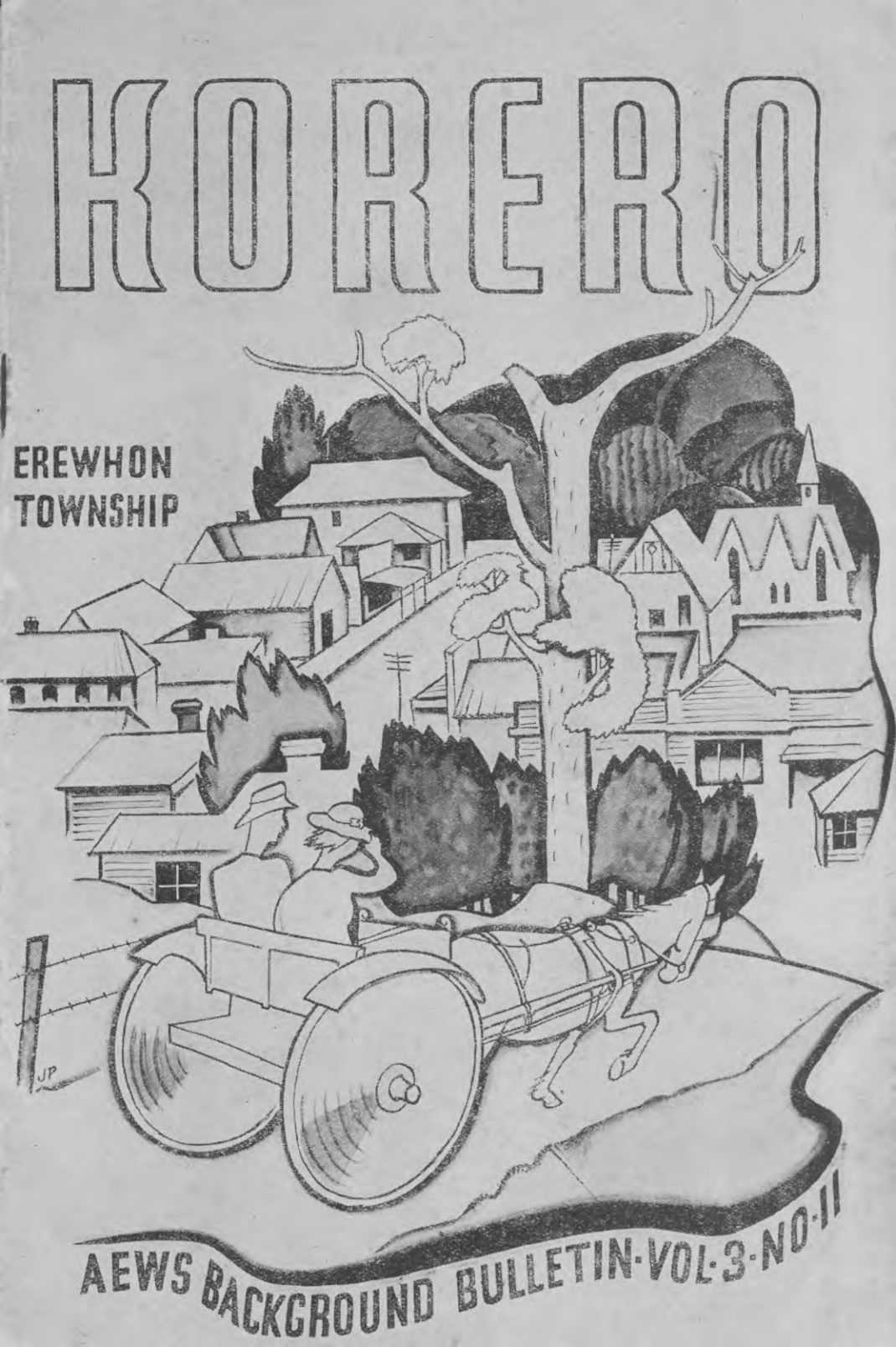
KORERO



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KORERO

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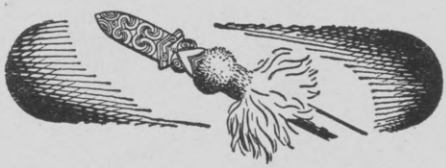


in the WAIKATO

A Kotero Report

NINE MILES from Ngaruawahia, among the low, rounded hills of the Waikato, is the Paerangi Soldiers' Settlement. Here the 2,530 acre Paerangi Estate has been divided into five farms which are being taken over by the settlers on favourable terms and in very good order.

In part, at least, the servicemen owe their exceptional opportunity to a number of Hamilton business men, in particular to the former owners, Messrs. A. Miller and G. W. Vercoe, who accepted for the property a good deal less than the market price, and to Mr. D. V. Bryant, who financed the purchase through the Bryant House Trustees.

There have been other similar ventures in the district. Through the Waikato Land Settlement Society, during the slump of the " thirties," unemployed men were placed on once derelict land in three areas—near Whatawhata, close to Cambridge, and near Te Awamutu. The Maoris have been helped through by Princess Te Puea, who has a well-ordered farm at Ngaruawahia. And the farms of the Bryant Trust, established twenty years ago by Mr. Bryant, maintain Bryant House in which thousands of convalescent children have spent health-giving holidays.

All have arisen from the same impulse—that those who have received their wealth from the country must give something in return or the present system cannot continue. As Mr. Bryant puts it : " Under our present laws a man may possess 100,000 acres or £10,000,000, or both. This is bad. After my study of the continental countries I am convinced that we must alter all this or even the heads of the very rich will fall."

Similar views are held by Mr. Harry Valder, who has been associated with Mr. Bryant in some of his enterprises. Mr. Valder has interested himself in the relations between employer and employee. To bring about better relations he has admitted employees into partnership in the Waikato Times Company, of which he was managing director, and has given £7,500 to the University of New Zealand to enable an investigation to be made into social relations in industry.

The proposals of both men have been written into the laws of this country in legislation which allows land to be held under the Bryant tenure, neither freehold nor leasehold but usehold, and allowing shares to be given to employees without a cash payment for them as in the case of the Waikato Times Company.

What these men have done in the past is important to-day because in the settlement of the Paerangi Estate, an interesting experiment in rehabilitation, the same principles have been followed. The basis of the scheme is that if men are to be placed on the land, particularly servicemen, they must be established on terms that will give them a chance to be successful. In the process some contribution may have to be made—as in this case—by well-to-do private individuals, but that contribution, in the opinion of Mr. Bryant and his associates is an obligation placed on the wealthy because of their position. In return for it they receive an indirect benefit as members of a prosperous community, since if the men were to be settled on less favourable terms they would probably fail, the State would lose the capital it had risked, and, with hundreds of bankrupt settlers needing assistance, the country as a whole would suffer. " It is not philanthropy," says Mr. Bryant. " I hate the word. It is good business."

The Waikato is a suitable district in which to demonstrate this theory of good business. The southern half of the Auckland Province contains one-sixth of the farmers of the whole Dominion. In climate, soil, and configuration it is ideal for closer settlement, and its farms, most of which range from 50 acres to 100 acres, are highly productive. The dairy output of the Auckland Province in one year has reached four million boxes of butter and three hundred thousand crates of cheese, the largest proportion of it from the Waikato.

Yet, although much money has been made here, fortunes have not been piled up without effort. Fifty years ago farmers were working hard and long to exchange two tons of carrots for a mackintosh, to sell six and a half tons of really fine potatoes for a profit of 13s. With the development of dairying, however, reward came. At the age of forty, for example, Mr. Bryant found himself a rich man engaged among other things, in exporting bobby-calf meat to Glasgow long before this industry became a national enterprise. He understood farming, he was a sound judge of stock, he knew the Waikato thoroughly. He was worth about £60,000. Half his fortune he set aside to provide for his family; with the other half, consisting of farm properties and stock, he established the Bryant Trust, and to the Trust he gave also as honorary manager his experience and his capabilities.

With that money Bryant House was built on Raglan Heads, and has since been maintained at a cost of £3,000 a year in wages alone. Here thousands of ailing children have enjoyed healthy holidays, 60 at a time, 300 in a season, which lasts from November to May. At first open only to children, Bryant House was later opened to mothers also between May and November; and from December, 1939, to February, 1943, it was used as a convalescent home for servicemen. Since then it has been opened again to women and children.

In spite of the cost of maintenance of Bryant House, the assets of the Trust, under the management of the founder, have grown to £120,000. It is this large fund which has enabled the Trust to provide another £3,000 a year to give holidays to the wives and children of men overseas. This work, which has been going on since December, 1942, is carried on through the Bryant House Hospitality Society, which is advised by a committee on which are represented the Plunket Society, the Women's War Services Auxiliary, the Returned Services' Association, and the Red Cross.

Outside Hamilton this work is being taken up by the Rehabilitation Civic League, which is also concerned with finding accommodation for returned servicemen who in the present conditions are unable to build, buy, or lease homes for themselves and their families. They are to be found temporary accommodation in large private homes where there is room to spare. These are not its only tasks. According to the official statement " in general the function of the League is to develop and sustain public interest in rehabilitation and in the welfare of the dependants of servicemen." Among the founders of the League is Mr. Bryant.

Perhaps most important of all to the returned serviceman is that, on the representation of Mr. Bryant, the Government offers to men settling on the land a choice of two forms of tenure—leasehold or the Bryant tenure.

The Bryant tenure, first used by the Waikato Land Settlement Society, involves two principles. The first concerns the purchase of the properties. Land, under this system, is not bought at the ruling market rate, which may have little relation to what may be taken off the land. It would, for instance, be

unwise simply because the market was high at the moment of buying to purchase 50 acres of land at £100 an acre, a total of £5,000, and stock it at a cost of another £5,000, £10,000 in all, when over ten years or so that land, in spite of sound farming, has on the average earned interest on only £7,000.

The second principle operates when land held under this tenure is to be sold. Once the land has been bought all the rights of freehold are given except the right of free sale. It is not possible under this system to buy 50 acres for £4,000 in one year and sell the same area on a rising market in the next twelve months for £6,000. The sale of the land is not absolutely forbidden, but any sale must have the approval of the proper authority. In the case of the Waikato Land Settlement Society, which was taken over by the Government in 1937, the basis for sales was that the purchase-price with an allowance for improvements, including pasture, should be returned to the settler and that the total price an acre should be assessed on the productivity of the land over a period of years. After ten years of farming the first of the thirty-five farms of the society was recently sold. The farmer, who had not a penny when he began, leaves his farm with £1,200 in cash and his motor-car. The butterfat cheque for another of the settlers last season was £1,135. Thus the Bryant tenure encourages farming and discourages speculation.

In the Government settlements the Bryant principle of purchase is not applied; the farms are bought on 1942 values. Soldier settlers may, however, take up their farms on the Bryant tenure—that is, with every right of freehold except unrestricted sale—or as leaseholds. In the Paerangi Settlement, a private venture in which the Bryant Trust bought the land from the owners and sold it to the settlers, the Bryant principle of purchase was applied and the tenure is a modified form of the Bryant system in that there can be no free sales for ten years.

This system of landholding was devised to meet the needs of the Waikato Land Settlement Society, which was founded in the depths of the slump about early 1932. Mr. Bryant then offered to raise £20,000 for land settlement to relieve unemployment. He was told that it could not be done. He raised £27,000—£10,000 from the Auckland Savings-bank, £1,000 from his own pocket. He also bought and gave to the society 703 acres of land, while Mr. Valder provided an interest-free loan for five years for the purchase of another 560 acres.

And so the Waikato Land Settlement Society began with 4,800 acres of land bought at a cost of £10,000. Later it extended its holdings to 7,000 acres. It was waste land covered with fern, scrub, gorse, ti-tree, and blackberry rising to 15 ft. It was infested with rabbits. Cleared, ploughed, and sown by unemployed labour subsidized by the Government, it was settled with registered unemployed, who bought the land at 4¼ per cent. repayable in thirty years. There were among them bank clerks, plumbers, bricklayers, carpenters, and motor salesmen—but they were all workers. In 1936 Mr. Bryant was able to report that if the society were to sell all its cattle and sheep at current values it would clear off its liabilities and still have 6,000 acres of land, thirty-four homesteads and twelve cottages besides £3,000 worth of plant and horses. The land was all held on the Bryant tenure.

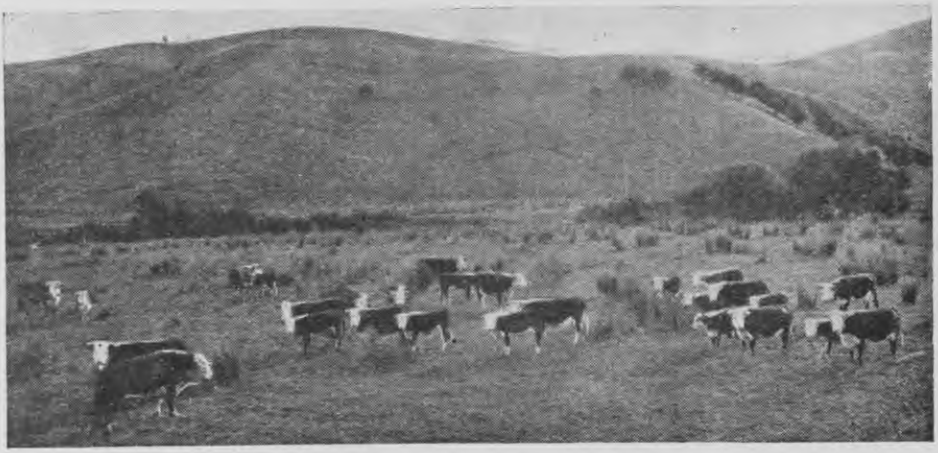
Through this scheme waste land was made productive, workless men were given not only work, but an opportunity to build a future for themselves, to contribute to the wealth of the country instead of being a drain upon it. What

this meant at that time the settlement at Karakariki illustrates. There were living there in 1936 fourteen permanent settlers and eighty children, fifty under five years of age. Upon the work of the society an agricultural expert in 1937 gave this opinion: "It must be admitted by every one taking the trouble thoroughly to investigate this scheme of what amounts to private settlement that it has so far been extraordinarily successful and that everything points to its developing into one of the outstanding examples of land settlement in New Zealand."

In the Paerangi Soldier Settlement, now being established, there may clearly be seen the influence of the Waikato Land Settlement Society. This 2,530-acre property, on which are being settled five men with long service overseas, was sold to the Bryant House Trustees. It was valued at £44,000—well below current values, and even below the value calculated on its productive capacity over the past ten years—but the owners made a further donation of £2,000 and the Bryant Trust another of £2,000. The settlers therefore get it for £40,000. It has been magnificently farmed by the former owners for thirty years, and last year there were sent off it 175 bales of wool. It carries 5,500 breeding ewes in lamb to Southdown rams and 420 breeding cows and 3,000 wethers which are sold in the winter. Calves from the cows sold recently brought up to £8 11s. and 580 wethers 37s. 6d. on the truck. It is still being administered by the former owners, and the profit until it is subdivided next April will go to the settlers; over the two seasons which this agreement covers this may amount to over £12,000. The settlers are buying the land from the Bryant Trust, which bought it on their behalf, at 4 per cent., plus sinking fund, so that they have been admitted on favourable terms. There is one restriction, echo of the Bryant tenure: no sale may be made without the permission of the trustees for the first ten years.

In the Awakino district another settler has been established on an 8,000-acre property, part leasehold and part freehold, given to the Rehabilitation Civic League by the Bank of New Zealand through Mr. Bryant for soldier settlement on the condition that live-stock and plant should be taken over at valuation.

Through all these activities runs the principle that New Zealand owes to all its people, and particularly to the men who have returned from overseas, at least an opportunity to succeed on the land and that those who are in a position to do so ought to make their contribution.



CONCERN OVER COMICS

A KORERO Report

"VARGO THE VANDAL" leapt from a black cloud in a green sky, narrowly missing a purple moon inscribed "6d." in yellow. A lavishly hatted and cloaked desperado, henna-hued, with a face resembling (if anything) a sad horse, held back a slavering Alsatian dog. From a distance not exceeding six yards, three sinister figures crouched. The right arm of one of these most evil men had disappeared in a white cloud, from which extended a thin, red line. Presumably, he was firing at the Cloaked Desperado. The outraged Alsatian snarled at a bilious yellow rectangle, one-quarter of an inch away from his nose. The rectangle read: "A 32-page Thrilling Adventure Picture Story."

Shuddering slightly, we turned the cover page of this quality production. Stone the crows! We were spared the glorious technicolour, but the anonymous artist, denied this medium to enliven his tale, had gone the limit in black and white. He'd prepared such a line-up of characters that war criminals seemed saints beside 'em.

Frog-eyed, hooked, battered- or bulbous-nosed, sour, sly and shifty of countenance, they sneered, leered, and jeered at one another—"Gorilla George," "Splayface," "Blackie the Dwarf," "Bentnose," "Jackdaw," and "Lockjaw" (twin brothers in Crime), and eight other atrocities, including the great Vargo himself, a cadaverous hidalgo with sweeping sideboards and moustachio.

The picture-story, in which violence is exceeded only by improbability, spreads over thirty-two pages. Vargo's victims are overcome by "a deadly spray," lured to a boat with a false bottom, delivered in a spiral lift to Vargo's hide-out beneath the river, suspended above a shark in a glass tank, handcuffed, attacked by an Alsatian, clutched by an octopus (in yet another glass tank), shot at, attacked with knives, and drowned.

Yet in spite of his infinite resources, Vargo, eventually trapped, is told by the law: "Keep moving, master mind. There's no stop until we get you behind the bars."

The drawings are deplorable. The paper is poor. Even the spelling is incorrect. "Vargo" and similar stuff is printed in Australia. Another sample of Australian work is "The Camouflaged Code," a Shado McGraw thriller, plus Red Steele's adventures with "The Assassins." In the thirty-two pages of blue and red illustrations, revolvers are flourished twenty-five times, but are fired only in three scenes, twelve uppercuts are delivered, there is one clubbing ("dong!"), one kick in the stomach, and three occasions where a prostrate man is jumped on.

Dialogue:—

"Sock him plenty, he's beating me!"

"Okaze."

"Pocket your pop guns in public, pals. You're Mary, and I'm the little lamb, and I'll follow you wherever you go."

"She says if we send him over the cliff it will be murder."

"Arrh! It's just her old-fashioned idea. Let's get busy."

"Get moving, Shado McGraw, we're going to practise the dead march."

Comics of this type are being read to-day by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of New Zealand school-children. In an investigation around Wellington booksellers and stationers were found to be fairly well supplied with matter closely resembling "Vargo" and the Shado McGraw thriller. They don't like selling it. But demand has to be met, and

A typical character line-up.

English comics are scarce these days. Booksellers have little, if any, opportunity for selection, and mostly they just have to take what they can get. That's how a good market sprang up for quickly produced, illustrated trash. But throughout New Zealand, as throughout the United States, a growing number of men and women, parents, and educationists is voicing resentment against poorly printed comics packed with violence.

"This is awful tripe and trash. There is nothing altruistic about it. It is nothing but murders, highway robberies, and shooting, which must be unsettling to young minds," declared G. A. Maddison, taking strong exception to one comic magazine sold throughout New Zealand. He was speaking at a meeting of the Hawke's Bay Education Board. One shop in Waipawa sold 216 copies of this and similar magazines every week. They should be stopped from entering New Zealand, it was suggested.

Every month thousands of copies of "yellow" comics such as *Danger Comics* ("Adventure," "Thrills," "Mystery," "Humour, 6d.") are distributed throughout New Zealand. Adventure, presumably, is the lot of Barty Malone, taxi-driver ("cab-driver" on the cover), and Karl Klaus, of the Secret Radio. Barty, by madly driving a blood-stained secret service man to a mined bridge, saves a troop train, while Karl, canoeing down a river, broadcasts: "People of Poland. This is the secret radio calling you once again. Rise at once and throw off the yoke of Nazi oppression. We will do all we can to help you in your fight for liberty. Down with the Nazis. So, once again, good-night listeners." Enter however, a suspicious Nazi, whereupon "Karl deals him a smashing blow!—and he *grashes* to the ground unconscious!"

Dale Marsh sinks ("to rise no more") a Jap submarine, flying dogs harass Captain Spadger in New Guinea, and "Nick Carver of the Circus" watches a lion and tiger "locked in mortal combat." "Erb and Zeb," red-nosed, bearded, and "Little Ossie" are the humorists:—

Zeb: "Dynamite, OO-ER!"

Erb: "Well, this'll fix him up fair dinkum, because next time he slaps my back the dynamite'll go off 'BOONG,' and he'll blow his arm off!"

And, finally, with strangled exclamations such as:

"UNGF!" "*Sniff, snuff, snaff. Sniff, snoff, snitch.*" "MIGOSH!"

"HRFF! PHNK! HOIK! GURGLE!

Professor McPhoo, Butch Grogan, Oscar the Scout, and Fortescue the talented hound search for the "GNU-GNAH," the dragon with the 18-carat diamond teeth.

We went to see the wholesale newsagents who distribute a great variety of comics, including those from Australia and the *Danger Comics* series. A representative told us how the war had "reduced considerably the supply of good [?] English comics such as *Chips, Comic Cuts, Playbox, Rainbow*, and so on. *Gem, Magnet, and Triumph* are dead, but *Champion* and *Scout* are still going."

"By how much has the supply been reduced?"

He wouldn't say. We couldn't find out, either, how many comics from Australia (where "Vargo the Vandal"

was born) came into New Zealand. We couldn't find out the circulation of *Danger Comics* or any other comics, for that matter. But we learned that *Danger Comics* is one of a large brotherhood of "spot" publications, either imported, or printed in New Zealand from overseas drawings. They are put on the market at no set intervals. They have no continuity or fixed names, although some sets of drawings are obviously serials.

"But I certainly wouldn't like my children to read some of the comics we handle," the wholesale agent admitted, as we were about to leave.

We spoke to a publisher whose firm turns out a 6d. edition every five weeks of "Radio Patrol," "Secret Agent," and "Katzenjammer Kids," all made from American sketches. He regretted he couldn't reveal the circulation figures, and quite frankly said the first two were "a bit gangsterish." He himself acted as censor. First of all, he did his best to get the rights to print and publish

1) Suddenly one of the huge birds rushes at a native warrior. He drops his spear and runs like the wind. "Run! Run for your life!" screams Molly in her excitement. "He'll never get away," cries Jack. "That moa will kill him, but lucky for him . . .

2. Joe had painted a life-size chop on that himself. "There's a nice juicy morsel with ... surpruzzlement when he found no tasty ... ha! I thought this little lot w...

From left to right: examples from New Zealand, Australian, and English comics.

But the cost, overcome in America by world-syndication, probably would be prohibitive in New Zealand.

So it would appear, judging by the history of the *Supreme Feature Comic*, containing New Zealand and (apparently) English contributions. Printed and published in Auckland, sold originally for 6d., this 20-page comic is now being given away with small purchases at chain stores. The *Supreme* also featured danger, Tiger Darrell in "The Island of Horror," A blood-chilling adventure, yet its captions, conversations, and general tone was not alien, and above the average. One page, "Its a Fact, by Quiz," was of some educational value, and a New Zealand artist, Harry Bennett, had made quite a pleasing job of Hiram S.Q. (Slightly Queer) Wintergreen, Our Crazy Inventor. But somehow, *Supreme Feature Comic* just didn't "click."

Meteor Comics, from the same firm, contains one New Zealand picture tale, "The Secret Valley," rearing prominent amongst futuristic adventure and foolish fantasy. The valley, somewhere in Fiordland, contains moas and Maoris, war canoes and warriors. It is an honest, yet not entirely convincing, attempt to bring a New Zealand story before our syndicate-stuffed children.

English comics in New Zealand. English agents either refused or named a prohibitive price. So he tried Australia and the U.S.A. He rejected the Australian offers point-blank—they were too tough—and, after turning down a good deal of violent American stuff, at length selected the three he now publishes quite successfully.

He would like to see a New Zealand comic. He believes our artists are sufficiently capable and imaginative.

We examined children's comics until we were dizzy. The Aussie efforts were awful. The New Zealand attempts didn't seem to get anywhere. English comics were as scarce as pork chops.

We concluded that the only reputable American ones came from the studios of Mr. W. Disney.

The Customs Department told us that for 1944, £677,536 (N.Z.) had been spent in importations under the common classification of "books, papers, magazines, and music, printed"; £450,520 was spent in the United Kingdom, £122,746 in Australia, and £102,079 in the U.S.A. But they had no idea (or record) of the quantity and cost of comics imported amongst that reading-matter last year.

Anyhow, we knew, out of the forty booksellers and stationers in Wellington, most of them were selling a minimum of 100 alien (or alien in thought and atmosphere) comics each week. One chap was selling 500 a week: "I could get rid of 400 on Friday alone if the stocks weren't limited. And for every 500 rough-stuff, cheap-jack comics, I get one, two, or three decent English comics. There's a racket in it somewhere."

Nobody seemed to know how many "yellow" comics were entering New Zealand. A lot of people didn't seem to care. Some were becoming perturbed, others thought something was wrong somewhere. Booksellers said they didn't like selling them, but——. Should children read, repeatedly, all about gangsters, gun-play, murder, and violence?

Next we questioned a regular subscriber.

He told us that people who called themselves grown-up made him tired. He and his schoolmates only read their comics for seven years. Grown-ups had forty-nine years of being grown-up—seven times longer than children—to read what they liked.

The child glanced round the playground where we were standing, selected a stone, threw it at a passing cat, missed it, then said that he understood there was a time when children read Grimm and Andersen and Beatrix Potter and liked and believed in the stories they told. Grown-ups, he said, with their newspapers, picture-papers, radios, and wars every twenty years, had knocked the bottom out of romance. "Then you turn round and growl at us and our comics. And you grown-ups, you read frightful murder books, too, about detectives and crooks, and magazines like *True Romance* and *True Detective* and *Wild West*, and most of the films you see are just plain awful." He then asked if we had seen a recent advertisement for a horror film: "If you like your mental beef-steak underdone, here it is . . . Gory, Ripe, and Red! In 'They Met in the Dark,' weird horrors and unspeakable terrors! A chilling thrill in every scene!" "Arr!" said the child, "you make me tired." He reached for another stone.

GOING THE PRINTING WAY

A KORERO Report

AT THREE o'clock in the afternoon of June 20, five men looked with pride upon a rectangle of paper measuring 4 in. by 6 in. Coloured in red and blue inks, it read:—

From—

THE DISABLED SERVICEMEN'S TRAINING CENTRE

M.....

.....

.....

Lloyd Street - Wellington E.1.
Telephones . . 51–506, 51–318.

Just ten words, ten figures, and three letters, yet they meant a great deal to those five men. Here was an achievement: the first step taken in a new career.

That blue and red parcel-sticker was the first piece of work produced by the Printing Department of Wellington's Training Centre, where war-disabled New Zealand sailors, soldiers, and airmen learn new trades before returning to civilian life.

Here's how the Printing Department began.

For quite a while New Zealand printers have been concerned over the small number of apprentices coming forward each year. When war broke out, and young men left their formes, make-up benches, and printing-presses to learn how to drill and to fight, the position became more serious. But the Master Printers' Association took this new shortage philosophically.

"They'll be back, one day," they said, and did their best to carry on with steadily diminishing staffs.

Then, in ones and twos, the apprentices began to return. Some were wounded. Some were in ill health. Some were not as strong as they used to be. And there were men who went to their old bosses and said:

"Look here, how can I come back? The little I did know I've practically forgotten. The boy who was sweeping the floor when I went away now knows more than I ever did. I'll just have to try something else, that's all."

In reply, one Wellington employer said:

"If I can get you a refresher course away from here, will you return to us afterwards?"

The returned soldier thought this a good idea.

So the master printers in Wellington discussed the establishment of a printing department with the Training Centre, the Disabled Soldiers' Re-establishment League agreed to supply the instructor, Rehabilitation came forward with a subsidy for six months, and the Director of Rehabilitation gave his support. Plans settled, they began fitting up a model workroom in the Training Centre building. The master printers gave tools, plant, and equipment, a linotype (used by the now extinct *Kiwi News* in the Pacific) was bought with National Patriotic money, disabled soldiers learning carpentry at the Centre used 750 ft. of timber in building an office for the instructor and making benches, cupboards, and frames for the compositors, and a warehouse in Wellington donated two complete series of Cheltenham and Gill types, worth £200.

Once the workroom was ready, a small staff of four ex-servicemen and an instructor took over, and on June 20 the first job was done—the designing, setting up, and printing of labels for parcels sent out from the Centre. Within a fortnight hundreds of letterheads, addressed envelopes, tag labels, invoice and account forms, an advertising folder, and job sheets were printed. As they become more proficient, the men will receive small contracts from the Government Printer. At the time of writing, four compositors (they arrange the type) and two machinists (men who print the job) were employed, but the instructor hoped shortly to increase his class to six compositors and three machinists.

Disabled trainees can go in for either refresher courses or for the complete course. The curriculum is divided into two classes—beginners and advanced courses, with a maximum training period of three years. Apart from routine work and instruction, regular lectures are given by experts on printing, types, machines, and the manufacture of paper and inks. Visits to nearby printing-offices, in addition to increasing knowledge, allow trainees to meet and to grow to know their future workmates. An advisory committee (representing printers and rehabilition officials) takes a personal interest in each man, watches his progress, and sees he has a job to go to once he is sufficiently confident and capable.

The four Middle Easters, the airman, and the home serviceman already seemed confident and capable enough as they went about their tasks in a well-lit room, 35 ft by 27 ft., with glass windows running the full length of the northern and southern walls. The machinists were stacking the last of 750 sheets of a two-colour printing for the Disabled Servicemen's Bowling Club, while the compositors were considering the layout of the next piece of work.

Soon you'll be seeing a three-colour, circular label on all articles sold at Disabled Servicemen's Shops. It will be printed by the boys. It reads:

> Made by those who helped put the V in Victory, and now in Value.

Watch out for it.

EREWHON TOWNSHIP—SLOW!

A KORERO Report

ON THE opposite page is a sketch plan of a small New Zealand township. Let us call it Erewhon. You have all seen it; some of you have lived in it.

Erewhon began about seventy years ago as a country store at a cross-roads. As the district developed and traffic increased (Erewhon is on the main road between two large towns), Erewhon acquired a public house, another store, a one-teacher school, and a handful of houses.

Erewhon's period of mushroom growth came with the motor-car, bitumen road surfacing, and petrol-pumps. The Erewhon you see in the sketch opposite has some six hundred inhabitants, a memorial hall, a newspaper (the bi-weekly *Erewhon Advertiser*), two public houses, two churches, a district high school, two garages with petrol-pumps, a dairy factory, a post-office, a branch bank, and a library. Erewhon has grown fast in the last twenty years, and will probably grow even faster in the next twenty because there is talk of a meat-canning works being started there.

But the Erewhonians, although proud of the way their township has grown (there is an Erewhon Progress League) are becoming aware that it leaves much to be desired as a place to live in.

Instead of growing round a centre, it has grown lengthwise like a tapeworm. The shops and public houses and garages were built on the main road to catch the through traffic. Houses were built along the main road because to build them off the road would have meant incurring the cost of subdivision.

This ribbon growth has many drawbacks. When the housewives of Erewhon go shopping, when their children go to school, and when they go visiting in the evening they use the main road. It is their shortest route, and it has a permanent surface. The few back roads are rough and usually muddy. But Erewhon's daily traffic mingles with the through traffic—fast-moving buses and motor-cars—between two large towns. Sometimes motorists heed the notice "Erewhon township—Slow." Sometimes they don't; and Erewhon already has an unenviable record of road accidents.

Erewhon also suffers because its buildings are not arranged in any sort of plan. Somewhat decrepit houses occupy valuable sites in the middle of the shopping area. The garages are built up to the street fronts, so that the petrol-pumps have to be put on the pavement. Motor-cars getting their tanks filled obstruct the roadway. Two public houses and a store, each built out to a right-angled corner, make visibility bad at the cross-roads. The war memorial is certainly visible, but it interferes with traffic.

The churches are badly placed, because church-goers must park their cars on the main road. The dairy factory is in a residential area, and surrounding householders are inconvenienced by the smoke and smell.

Erewhon has reached the stage where it needs a sewage system and a better water-supply; but to do so it would have to pull up half a mile or so of the main road, which would be expensive and inconvenient. The Council has done nothing and isn't likely to.

The countryside in which Erewhon is set is a beautiful countryside—rolling pastures backed by hills. But, as the Erewhonians have to admit, their township is an eyesore—a long straggle of wood and corrugated-iron buildings tailing off into hoarding advertisements for petrol and beer.

Erewhon is a township built on the principle that every property-owner should do just what suits his purse and his convenience. For a few individuals the principle has worked well. Two storekeepers and a pubkeeper have made tidy little fortunes out of Erewhon. For the three hundred people who have their homes in Erewhon the principle has not worked well. They had the chance to build a township that was safe, healthy, convenient, and beautiful. Erewhon is none of those things.

On page 14 is a picture of Erewhon as it might have been, as it probably would be if the township were destroyed by fire or earthquake and had to be rebuilt. Note these points about the Erewhon that might have been :—

(1) It is accessible and visible from the main road, but the main traffic stream passes it by. That will save lives, ease the worries of Erewhonian housewives with young children, and eliminate a delay to through traffic.

(2) It is grouped about a centre instead of being stretched out like a piece of string. The school, the church, the memorial hall, and the shops are within a few hundred yards of any house. Services, like water, sewage, and lighting, are cheaper to install.

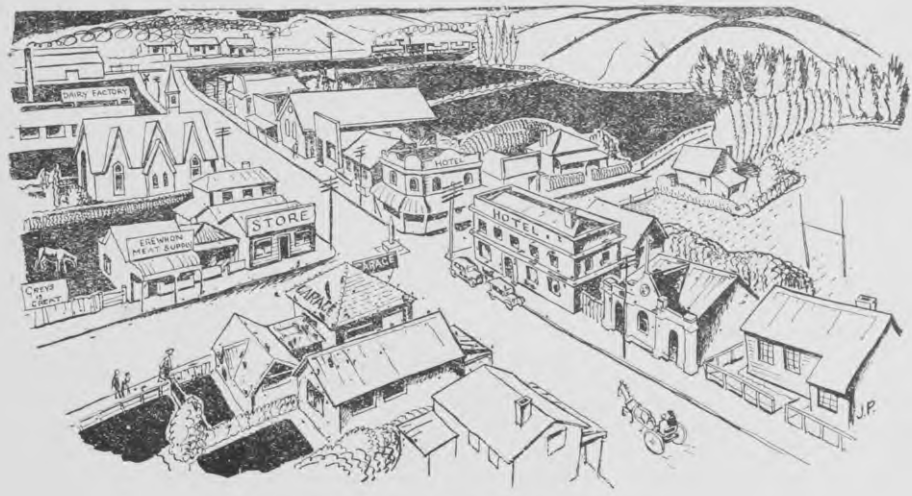
(3) It is good to look at, if only because it is arranged in a pattern instead of being an untidy sprawl of buildings.

If you had to choose between Erewhon that is and Erewhon that might have been as a place in which to live your life and bring up a family, you would choose Erewhon that might have been. You would probably agree that building towns like Erewhon of reality is as inefficient as it is unnecessary.

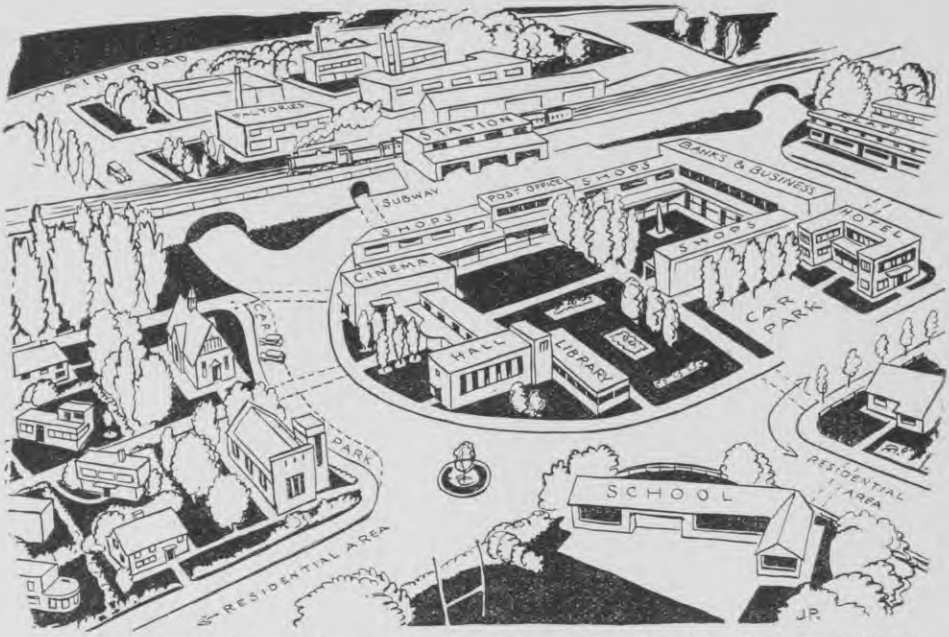
Ribbon development—the spread of housing along the main transport routes—is not confined to small country townships. It occurs in almost all the cities and towns of New Zealand. The main roads radiating out from the town's centre are built up ; and some distance from the centre you will often find open spaces in between the ribbons. The effects of ribbon development in towns are quite as bad as in country townships. Not only are traffic risks increased and traffic slowed down, but you get an inconvenient intermingling of urban and farm lands. Land used for farming cannot carry the rating charges carried by residential land. In most cases, therefore, the municipal council has to differentiate between urban farm lands and residential land in its rating system. To do so is expensive and complicated.

Ribboning in urban areas also increases the cost of municipal services very greatly. Some New Zealand tramway systems have been losing money for years because tram routes serve only a small population in proportion to their length. The cost of sewage, gas, and electricity services is increased for the same reason.

Let us take another example of what is liable to happen when the growth of towns conforms to no plan and is guided solely by the principle of individual



A plan of Erewhon Township as it is to-day.



With town-planning Erewhon Township might have been laid out like this. Or do you think the following of this plan would have meant more "expensive mistakes."

convenience. In one of the largest New Zealand cities there is a gasworks in the middle of a residential area. The neighbouring houses in the line of the prevailing wind are a grimy brownish colour; grit and smoke filter through doors and windows; gardens are blighted; washing on the line is often dirty again long before it is dry. The householders of the neighbourhood have held many protest meetings and appealed to the local authority to do away with the nuisance. But shifting a gasworks is no simple matter, particularly just now. The prospect is that the householders will have to wait years before anything is done.

Yet this situation could very simply have been avoided by the device known as "zoning"—that is, by regulating the types of building that can be erected in any given area. To allow gasworks, chemical works, tanneries, and other enterprises to be set up in residential areas is wasteful and a source of endless inconvenience. The sensible thing to do is to set aside special areas for such enterprises.

We have dealt with two examples of the inconvenience and waste which arise when development is unplanned. Probably you could give many more examples—traffic bottlenecks created because those who laid out the roads failed to look ahead, dangerous railway crossings which could have been avoided if the railway had been more sensibly placed, industries set down without sufficient attention to their transport needs, crowded suburbs without parks or playing-fields, shops erected far beyond the needs of a locality, and whole areas degenerating into unsightly and unhealthy slums because it would not pay the property owners to clear and rebuild.

The way to avoid these expensive mistakes is to plan the development of our towns. Unfortunately, town planning has made little progress in New Zealand; and the reason is that few New Zealanders have any clear idea what town planning is or what it seeks to bring about. Some people think of it as being primarily concerned with the ornamental, with laying out boulevards and roadside

garden flats. Others, again, are persuaded that it is concerned primarily with slum clearance; and they think there is not much need for it in a country where there are no slum areas comparable with those in the old world.

Town planning *is* concerned with the appearance of a town and it *is* concerned to prevent overcrowding, but these are only a small part of its purpose. Moreover, although it is not a problem in most New Zealand towns, under-population is a problem. Disperse a town too widely, and you make it difficult to provide, at reasonable cost, such services as transport, lighting, heating, and water. In addition, you add to the overhead costs of delivering commodities like meat, bread, and milk. Town planning is as much concerned to avoid this under-population as it is to prevent overcrowding.

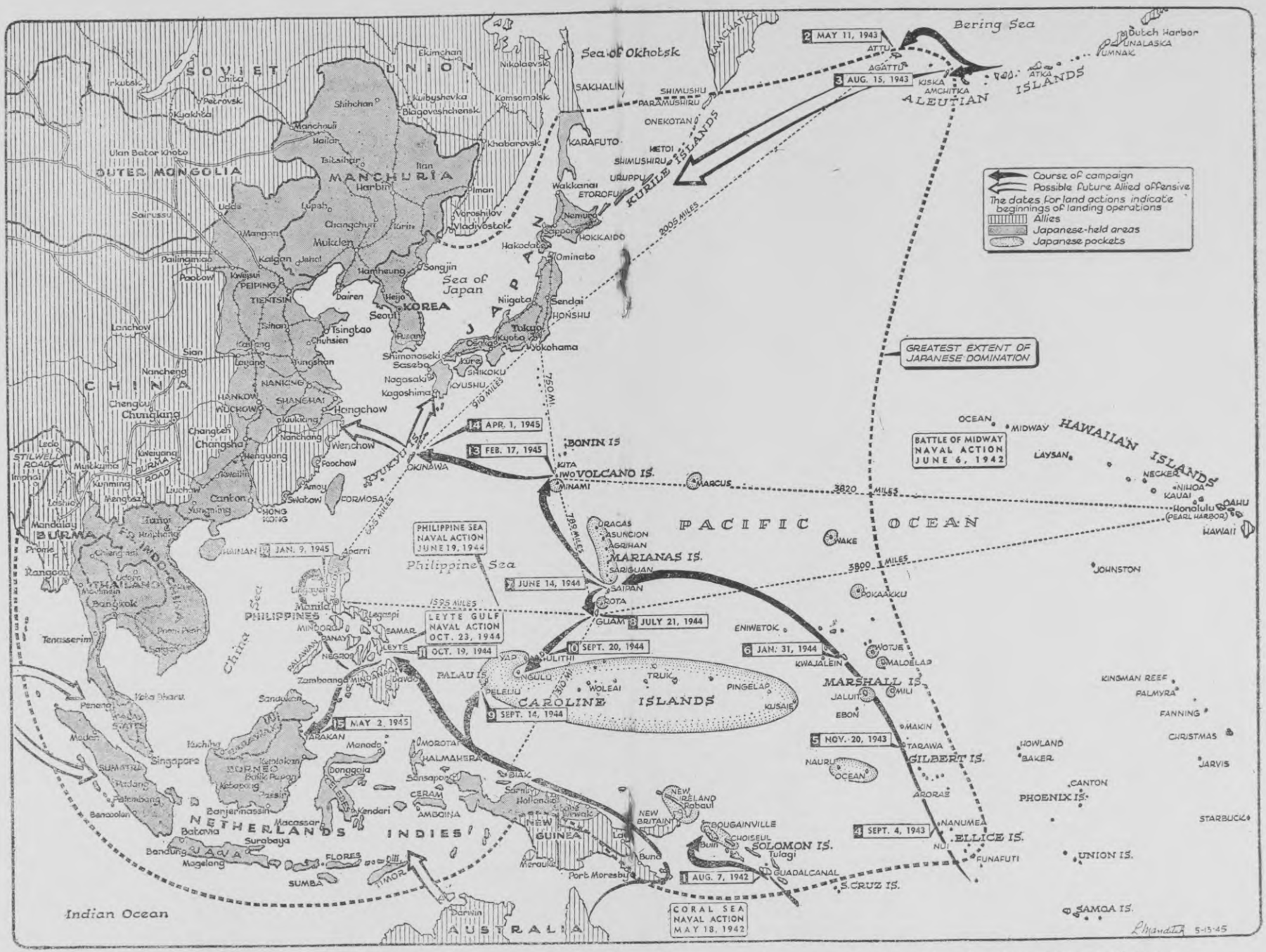
But to think of town planning in terms of garden plots or slum clearance is to think of it in terms of its incidentals. The central purpose of town planning is simple and practical; it is to ensure that towns are healthy and convenient places to live in. If you can get to work in a reasonably short time, if your children are near a school, if you have room for a garden, if your washing does not get fouled with factory smoke, if you are provided with gas, water, and electricity at a reasonable cost, if you are handy to a shopping centre, if your children do not risk being run over every time they stray out on to the road, and if your neighbours have also these conveniences, your town—or at any rate your own neighbourhood — is reasonably well planned.

We talk of " planning," but we really mean " replanning " because the New Zealand task will generally be the transformation of existing communities, rarely the building of completely new ones. Planning a new city is simple compared with the difficulties of replanning. The reason for this should be evident: a city, town, or village is not only buildings, streets, and sewers, but a tangle of ownerships, deeds, investments, mortgages, human hopes, and fears—in short, a bewildering complex of human relationships, mostly of a contractual kind.

Community replanning is therefore the most profoundly social of all human activities. It involves every one from the mayor to the messenger boy. No replanning scheme, no matter how perfect, is likely to get very far without the active and enthusiastic participation of the whole community.

This calls for simultaneous activity at both top and bottom of the civic pyramid. At the bottom, citizens' planning councils, voluntarily organized in each neighbourhood, could survey their local needs, make rough plans, and thus start a flow of suggestions and demands towards the City Planning Commission at the top. The latter group would, of course, have the last say. It would be responsible for the city as a whole and would therefore be the appropriate body to deal, for instance, with traffic problems. It would also have the technical competence to execute the work in detail and the continuity of authority to guide reconstruction over the long years such a job would inevitably require.

Organized public participation on these lines would be much more than a device for winning public support. It should be regarded as part of the actual process of planning, a process which may continue even in Erewhon for half a century.



This map, which was drawn to show allied progress in the Pacific to May of this year, should be referred to when reading the article on Singapore on the pages following.

SINGAPORE

Its loss was "Australia's Dunkirk"

A KORERO Report

WITH THE fall of France in 1940 Britain was placed in great peril. In many ways and at several widely separated points her position was endangered. Some results were immediate. Britain stood alone, the Dominions her only partners; the Soviet Union had not yet been attacked, the United States was still neutral. Lost to Britain were French naval and air bases in all parts of the world, the large French Navy, the substantial French forces which in North Africa and the Levant had guarded the flanks of the British position in the Middle East and all the industries of France. There was, too, the danger that these resources might be used by the enemy. How these problems were met and overcome is a matter of history. Other dangers lay in the future and were not at once apparent, notably the new threat to Singapore—"the chief British naval base and defended harbour in the Far East."

On the surrender of France, Japan was quick to demand the use of bases in French Indo-China, and soon was in virtual occupation of the whole country. Thus she gained control of the South China Sea, an area enclosed by the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, and the Malay Peninsula. And she obtained this advantage at a moment when the loss of the French Fleet had forced Britain to keep nearly all her naval strength in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean and to bare the Far East. In December of 1941 Japan used her opportunity. Secure in control of the South China Sea, she landed forces at various points round it, and within two months had seized Singapore.

Singapore, an island about 26 miles long and 14 miles wide, with an area of 220 square miles, lies at the southern end of the Malay Peninsula. A strait, three-quarters of a mile wide, separates it from the peninsula, with which it is connected by a causeway. It has been in British possession for 126 years since Sir Stamford Raffles, a servant of the British East India Company, in agreement with the Sultan of Johore and the Chief of Singapore, established a trading post there. Neither the company nor the British Foreign Office at first completely shared the views of Raffles about the importance of the East Indies. Thus, although when Napoleon took over the Dutch possessions in the East Indies, Raffles was able to persuade the Governor-General of India to annex Java, he was unable to prevent the return of the island to the Dutch in 1814. Five years later, however, after a difficult struggle with his superiors, he acquired Singapore, and he wrote then to a friend: "It gives us command of China and Japan, to say nothing of the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines." He added that Singapore would become "a great commercial emporium and fulcrum whence we may extend our influence politically as Empire circumstances may hereafter require." His reward was retirement, death at forty-five caused partly by worry connected with the threat of an unpleasant lawsuit by the company, and the perpetuation of his name in several public institutions in Singapore.

By the end of the last war Singapore Island, with a population of nearly 700,000, had become the great mercantile centre of Raffles' dream. With Province Wellesley and Malacca on the mainland, and Labuan, Penang, Christmas, and Cocos Islands, it formed the Straits Settlements, a Crown Colony with a total population of 1,500,000. Behind it, right up the peninsula to Thailand, lay the Malay States, in which British influence and control had finally been consolidated as late as 1909 — the federated states of Perak, Selangor, Negri, Sembilang, and Pahang, 27,000 square miles in area and with a population of 2,200,000, and the unfederated states

of Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan, and Trengganu, 22,000 square miles in area and with a population of nearly 2,000,000. Through Singapore flowed the trade of the rich peninsula—exports: rubber, tin, and oil, worth £132,000,000 sterling a year; imports: cotton goods, iron and steel manufactures, and tobacco worth £100,000,000 sterling a year. Every twelve months there passed through the port 16,000 ships, 20,000,000 tons of shipping.

"What Malta is in the West, that may Singapore become in the East," wrote Raffles in 1819. One hundred years later Britain began to prepare Singapore for the part in Empire defence which Raffles had foreseen. A combination of circumstances forced this decision. Faced about the turn of the century with growing German naval building, Britain had freed herself in the Far East by making a defensive pact with Japan which enabled her to assemble her navy in western seas. Under this pact Japan had during the war of 1914–18 declared war on Germany and accepted the task of patrolling the Pacific. At the same time, however, Japan had acquired strategic German islands in the Pacific and had begun in China a more open policy of expansion which threatened to bring her ultimately into conflict with British interests. By 1920, therefore, the situation was completely different from that of 1914. The German naval threat in the west no longer existed, but in the Pacific Japan and the United States had become strong sea powers. Moreover, although it had the support of India, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, the British alliance with Japan had become unpopular in the United States and Canada. In such circumstances, when it fell due for reconsideration in 1921, the alliance was not renewed, but was replaced by the Four Power Pact—signed by Britain, the United States, France, and Japan. While the old Anglo-Japanese Alliance had contained a guarantee of armed assistance in the event of war, the new pact provided only for consultation. Thus Britain found herself in 1921 with a dangerous and pushful neighbour in the Far East, with no ally to assist in guarding her territories, and with no base in this area capable of servicing a battle fleet.

Four sites for a base were considered—Colombo, in Ceylon; Port Darwin, in North Australia; Sydney, in South East Australia; and Singapore. Colombo, which gave too little protection to British interests in the Pacific, and Port Darwin, where resources in manpower were insufficient, were quickly ruled out, and the choice lay between Sydney and Singapore. It fell to Singapore as a base which could neutralize forces operating against Australia, guard the Malacca Straits gateway to India from the East, protect Burma and the Persian oilfields, and cover both the main trade routes and its own communications. In the light of the Pacific War it is interesting to consider whether Sydney might not after all have been the better choice in spite of the argument then advanced that, while Singapore could protect Sydney, Sydney could not protect Singapore.

It was not until January of 1924 that work on the base was begun. In England the proposal met at first with strong opposition. It was described as an insult to Japan, a provocative, costly, and totally unnecessary undertaking "inspired by the Admiralty mentality which, having been robbed of the German menace," had to find "a new menace somewhere and so gratefully discovered one in the Pacific." This opposition delayed adoption of the scheme, and even once it had been begun the work went on slowly. Indeed, before 1924 came to an end it had been stopped by the MacDonald Labour Government in conformity with the Labour policy of relying on collective security through the League of Nations. Begun again by the succeeding Conservative Administration, it was "slowed down as much as possible," when in 1929 Ramsay MacDonald once more led a Labour Government into office. Not until March of 1936 was the main contract completed, and it was February of 1938 before the naval station was officially opened. To the cost New Zealand had contributed £1,000,000, about one-eighth of the total.

At various times strong support for the proposal was expressed in the Dominion. The Right Hon. W. F. Massey, protesting against the suggestion that the plan be abandoned, declared: "It may turn out to have been a pity that the League of Nations was ever brought into being if the defence of the Empire is to depend upon the League of Nations only. I earnestly protest on behalf of New Zealand against the abandonment of the proposal to make Singapore a safe and strong naval station." The Hon. Walter Nash, then Secretary of the New Zealand Labour Party, said that the majority of his party favoured the base as a purely defensive measure on these grounds: "(1) That the British Fleet is one of the great securities for the peace of the world; (2) that this security can only be maintained by providing the fleet with a means to operate effectively; (3) that the naval base at Singapore is the one place from which a fleet can operate effectively in the Pacific area; (4) that if you exclude that area from the area in which the British Fleet is effective you exclude one of the greatest instruments for maintaining world peace." In Australia, too, the proposal was supported, but, having begun to build up a naval force of her own, Australia was unable to contribute to the cost.

As the base neared completion manœuvres were held to put it to the test. Air, land, and naval forces took part in manœuvres held between December 12 and 16, 1934, twenty-one ships from the China Station, as well as the full strength of the available air and land forces. According to the local authorities, the defending bombers made a landing by the attacking force "practically impossible."

Seven years later to a month the real test came. On December 7, 1941, Japan struck in the Far East. The moment was favourable to her design. With the resources of thirteen continental nations behind them, the German armies were flooding into Russia and threatening Britain in the Middle East. German planes and U-boats were blockading the British Isles and were ceaselessly attacking the sea life-lines to the United States, to the northern Russian ports, and through the Mediterranean to India and the Dominions. The United Kingdom, besieged from the air and the sea, still stood in imminent danger of invasion by land. The United States, although neutral, was heavily committed to supplying Britain with arms and food.

Carrier-borne aircraft crippled the United States Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbour and soon destroyed the United States Far Eastern Air Force. Relief from here for the Far East became impossible. Then the fall of the United States "stepping-stones" of Guam and Wake Islands on December 11 and December 24 cut the direct route between Hawaii, the Philippines, and Singapore. The surrender of Hong Kong on December 25 and of Manila and the Cavite naval base in the Philippines on January 2 cost the Allies positions from which the lines of communication between the Japanese homeland and the enemy forces overseas might have been attacked —if the Allies had had the necessary strength. The capture of Tarakan off the coast of Dutch Borneo gave the enemy control of the entrance to the Macassar Straits, the main passageway to Java from Davao in the Philippines. Another prong reached British New Guinea, New Britain, and the Solomon Islands flanking Torres Strait, one of the alternate routes from Hawaii and Sydney to Singapore. North-west of Malaya the capture of Moulmein menaced Rangoon and guarded the Japanese in Malaya from a possible British attack on their rear from Burma. Singapore was cut off. On February 15 the fortress surrendered. Mr. Curtin described its loss as "Australia's Dunkirk," and Mr. Churchill, in reporting the surrender of the island and the 70,000 British troops defending it, offered to the House of Commons "hard and heavy tidings of a great and far-reaching military disaster."

With the fall of Singapore the Indian Ocean was opened to Japanese raiders, India, East Africa, and the British position in the Middle East were threatened; Australia and New Zealand were placed in direct danger with their supply lines open to attack; China's chief supply route was cut. Outflanked

on the west, the Dutch East Indies fell, and the Japanese took possession of territories which would give them the oil, tin, rubber, rice, and iron they needed for a long war.

To the fall of Singapore many factors contributed, three at least with their roots in the events of 1940—the surrender of the French bases in Indo-China to Japan, the loss of the French Fleet which involved the stripping of the Far East naval forces, and the decision taken by Britain to use in the Middle East what little strength was left to her after Dunkirk. It needed then only the crippling of the United States Pacific Fleet —accomplished at Pearl Harbour—to lay the Far East bare to the enemy.

The story of the local campaign in Malaya, from the landing at Khota Baru near the top of the peninsula on December 8, to the abandonment of the mainland on January 31 and the fall of Singapore on February 15, is one of lacks. Warships which could have faced the enemy in the Pacific, bombers which could have destroyed their transports, small armed vessels which could have broken up their landings on the coast of Malaya, fighters and reconnaissance planes, guns, and tanks which could have broken their air and artillery attacks—all these had been sent to meet the enemy elsewhere.

Britain had done what she could to meet the danger. To Singapore she had sent one of her new battleships, Prince of Wales, and the battle cruiser, Repulse, with a few smaller craft—but she had not been able to send with them an aircraft carrier, and on December 10 both were sunk from the air in an attempt to break up the Japanese landings. It was a bold venture made with a full knowledge of the risks.

Defenceless at sea, the British forces were almost as helpless in the air. On the day of the attack there were not many more than 100 front-line planes in all Malaya, and most of these were obsolete. Heavy losses were inflicted on the enemy, but within a week the Japanese had full control of the air. Reinforcements were sent, but they arrived too late and not in sufficient numbers.

On land the British forces—at first 50,000 in number, but later increased to 70,000—had to fight without air support and without air reconnaissance. The country of the Malayan Peninsula favoured the enemy—a long coastline parallel with their advance and indented by many river estuaries, up which infiltrating forces could proceed. It was a hard struggle. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 800 strong, crossed to Singapore Island with fewer than 100 effectives. When the cease fire sounded there were not 100 alive, including wounded, of the 846 men in one battalion of Malayan levies.

There may have been other factors which contributed to the defeat, but it is not correct to say that the guns "pointed the wrong way"—out to sea. The heavy coastal artillery, designed for a specific purpose, did point out to sea, but mobile artillery was provided for the landward defences, and plans were made for defence of the island by land. A plan is one thing; the force with which to carry it out is another. Britain had in Malaya the plans and the men—but not the equipment.

Three months after the fall of Singapore, on June 4, 1942, at the Battle of Midway Island, the Japanese received their first check—the first real reverse in fifty years of expansion. Early in August the Americans launched an offensive in the Solomons and established themselves on Guadalcanal. The offensive then begun carried the Allies into the Philippines, into Borneo, on to Okinawa and Iwojima, through Burma to Rangoon, to the coasts and over the cities of Japan. It was the enemy offensive in reverse. The Japanese were pressed back into the China Sea, from which in December of 1941 they struck out, and British forces early this year began to close in on Singapore five years after the French surrender had smoothed the way for Japanese conquest and three years after the fall of the island.

HE WAS AN INSTITUTION

A KORERO Report

THERE WAS a person unlisted by name on any one establishment or daily state within the Second New Zealand Expeditionary Force; unknown in the ranks of any one platoon; unable to respond to a greeting, "Hey, there, Johnny!"; never seen around a Naafi table on beer issue night, nor sipping free tea from a cracked cup after Sunday evening services in the Y.M.C.A.; never seen tickling lizards on a Syrian roadside, nor brewing over a petrol fire in the rocky waste of the Western Desert. Yet he must have answered the roll in some platoon, swapped reminiscences in some Naafi, and brewed inevitable shai over many a desert fire, because week after week for years his thoughts and experiences were chronicled in *N.Z.E.F. Times*. These columns identified him beyond a doubt as a soldier among soldiers. His experiences were theirs, his language their own. His was the pen, inked with pungent humour, which expressed their discomforts, their impressions, their suspicions, their intolerances, their contentment, their biting, bickering, unshakeable camaraderie.

The illustrations for this article are by Neville Colvin. He knew Johnny Enzed very well from the time when he supplied the original drawing for the "Face Which Launched a Thousand Quips."

For some time Colvin was a regular contributor to *N.Z.E.F. Times* and achieved popularity with that sketch well known to all members of 2 N.Z.E.F., "That's not a Wog, son. That's a Thirty-Niner!" He joined the staff of the paper as illustrator, and such sketches as "Interval at the Opera" and his "Clueless" series were very popular. He illustrated "Johnny Enzed in the Middle East," from which these drawings are taken.

But if he could have been located, a greeting, "Hey, there Johnny!" would have brought response, because Johnny was his name—Johnny Enzed. He was an institution.

Johnny Enzed was a soldier, a soldier-observer, and an observer of soldiers with an omniscience for the deeds, thoughts, and words of all New Zealand soldiers. He saw humour in the commonplace, and with humour reduced to the commonplace those institutions and events which appeared exaggerated in the eyes of Dominion servicemen. He burnished everyday events with the outlook of a sardonic adventurer. Take, for example, these extracts from his description of that section of the Cairo-Maadi road along the Nile known to all as the "Mad Mile":

"The Mad Mile is bounded on one flank by what are known in M.E. as 'usines,' and what would be known anywhere else as something much less complimentary. Behind them runs the river Nile, which marks time at this point to provide an anchorage for the Royal Felucca Club of Egypt. Here the corn, the cotton, the bricks, the camel dung, the flower-pots, and the watermelons of Egypt are unloaded in all their rich luxuriance, loaded on to mule and donkey carts, wheel carts, camels, barrows, and heads of women to be carried out into the Mad Mile as course hazards.

"On the other flank the course is bounded by a length of Egyptian railway in all its pristine freshness, and here, sleeping in the noon-day sun and making no attempt whatever to get their day's work done, can be seen serried ranks of policemen, dogs, fellahin, wallads, donks, and heaps of rags camouflaged as human beings. From time to time, when aroused by the imperious toe of authority, these debouch on to the roadway from the rough, where they bounce lightly from bumper to bumper . . .

" No one has yet succeeded in computing the number of melons and pumpkins eaten and thrown away in Egypt, but practically all of them proceed in procession along the Mad Mile. Heaped upon carts, heads, camel humps, and other points of vantage, they move in a steady stream towards the city, while lines of trucks, staff cars, jeeps, and Don R's are dammed up behind them. A similar conglomeration of W.D. vehicles and drivers is damning in front of them. It is one of the great occasions when Mr. Kipling is proved utterly wrong and East and West meet head-on.

" To add variety to this colourful Eastern scene, a row of vehicles, loosely described in this part of the world as trams, set out into the Great Unknown from this point. Pursuing their way with majestic impartiality while the driver eats his breakfast over the front railing, they fend off melons and three-tonners alike, and go on their way rejoicing.

" In the maelstrom a General or a Brigadier is less than the merest pumpkin and a staff car a mere plaything of Fate. Red tabs and red faces may lower threateningly through unshatterable glass, but the men in the galabiehs and the ladies coiffed in tin cans are invariably colour blind. Occasionally Egyptian policemen, in their pure and incorruptible white, speed the passing guest, but more often they merely stand and think. Grim-faced men in red-topped caps loom through the dust clouds, but go down before the avalanche of perambulating vegetables. At intervals strident-voiced gentlemen in tarboushes organize auction sales, betting rings, and study circles which encroach further and further on to the road as the day goes on . . . "

Introducing the Bloke

After a year or so writing in this form Johnny Enzed decided that he required a companion with whom he could discuss matters : perhaps as a spur, perhaps a butt, but certainly in the interests of clearer expression. And so the bloke (never with a capital B) was introduced. The bloke was unknown except to Johnny Enzed, but he represented a composite of the grumbling, cheerful, disappointed, sergeant - hating and sergeant - baiting, happy, sand-happy, browned-off, average soldier.

If they did nothing else, Johnny and the bloke perpetuated in the New Zealand soldier's vocabulary the Arabic word "Aiwa" (meaning "Yes"). This was the bloke's invariable affirmative, and "'Aiwa,' said the bloke," became an affirmative phrase in general use. Throughout the scores of scattered units comprising Second New Zealand Expeditionary Force "Yes" was never used where the Arabic "Aiwa" was understood; and "Aiwa" was seldom used without the addition of "said the bloke."

Johnny and the bloke reviewed a great variety of subjects as time went on. The Q.M. store, flies, bed bugs, the money-borrowing habit, debits in pay-books (invariably quoted, according to Army form, as the "AB64"), furlough drafts, sergeants, Arabic, base camp institutions, Egyptian customs, war developments, Italian habits, Army discipline and routine, New Zealand news, the pronouncements of politicians, All were discussed by Johnny Enzed and the bloke when such subjects were topical.

It is difficult to quote extracts from the column with any great degree of justice. It may be said, however, that the conversations of Johnny Enzed and his provocative partner were on the whole representative of average discussions in tents, slit trenches, and rubbled casas. If they were not fully representative it was only because average language and, more particularly, satire were both of necessity tempered for publication in the official journal. Thus, in part, the two discuss the General Election of 1943:—

"Well, there's Peter Fraser and Bob Semple and Walter Nash and Sid Holland," I said.

"Alright! Alright!" said the bloke. "Skip it. What are the party planks in this election?"

"I don't know," I said, "except that they all love returned soldiers."

"ALL returned soldiers?" said the bloke.

"Aiwa," I said.

"They haven't returned yet," said the bloke.

"In the sweet by-and-by they may," I said.

"But will they still love them then?" said the bloke.

Across the Mediterranean

Towards the end of 1943 characteristics of Egypt, campaigning in the desert, leave in Palestine, Syria, or Alexandria, with its attendant adventures, sidelights on the Division's advance through Tunisia, &c., gave way to as great a field for customary complaints in the shape of Italian mud, mud, mud and rain. To sand-dried soldiers meeting the beginning of Italy's winter and the first of the heavy rains was too much of a contrast.

The bloke almost altered his standard affirmative ("Si—I mean, aiwa," said the bloke) and gradually the whole influence of the change in scene was marked by the use of more and yet more Italian words and phrases, generally used ungrammatically as only an impatient soldier-linguist will use them, until the dialogue at times assumed the character of a difference of opinion at an Esperanto Convention. It remained intelligible to soldiers who themselves were finding

difficulty at times in reconciling their practised Italian phrases with an Army Arabic hard to discard. The old favourite "Maleesh," which will die hard in the returned soldier's vocabulary, was not displaced and the familiar "Shwoya" (for small, or little) battled evenly with the newly-acquired "poco."

With red-caps continuing to hold high priority, the range of subjects for discussion increased tremendously in Italy. Vino, the average township street scene, lack of originality in nomenclature for Italian infants, suicidal American 6 x 6 truck-drivers, Carabinieri, Polish road signs which said "Ostry Zakret" and "Post Waski," and opera, were a few. Opera and stout prima donnas, having been seen by the duo, come in for criticism on the following lines :—

"What's this opera stuff got that boogie-woogie hasn't, anyway ?"

"Culcher," said the bloke. "Look at Lucy da Lam-er-more . . . "

"The one I saw made a quarter-bloke look like an advt. for Berlei," I said. "Just one big foundation garment."

"But she could sing," said the bloke.

"So can I," I said. "But it doesn't get me double rations."

"How do you know she gets double rations ?" said the bloke. "It's deep breathing that does it."

On rare occasions (when it was assumed the bloke was on leave or in hospital) Johnny Enzed reverted to his former style of essay writing. It was his ability to express what all saw and heard that made him so popular and in the following extracts from a column written in May, 1944, when we had seen only a third of the country, is demonstrated the ease with which he summed up first impressions of Italy :—

"There are more children to the square yard in Italy than any other country, and almost all of them are prospective Galli-Curcis or Carusos. Deep breathing and vocal exercises for the Italian young commence at birth and reach crescendo before they are (*a*) strangled, or (*b*) promoted to grand opera chorus. Almost all Italian small girls are called Maria, and almost all Italian small boys are called Nino. From time to time Italian mothers stand

in the street and cry out 'Ma . . . . ree . . . . . ee . . . . . a' and then commence a creche scramble to disentangle the assorted offspring who answer the roll-call. A popular diversion on the part of the rude foreign soldiery is also to cry out 'Ma . . . . ree . . . . .ee . . . . a' in the still watches of the night (when these can be found) and then await results. A well-delivered cry of this nature is guaranteed to populate every window and window-balcony in a block.

"The leading industry is growing vines and selling vino. This last may be had in all grades from multo multo buono to lousy. Rude foreign soldiery drinking the latter become even more rude. Those drinking the former become insensible . . . ."

Identified

Much as in the days of the French Revolution, when there was a very popular inquiry, "Who is Pimpernel?", so was indentification sought for Johnny Enzed's creator, anonymous to all but a few. Recently, however, a collection of the columns has been published in New Zealand under the title "Johnny Enzed in the Middle East," and the author is identified as E. G. Webber, of Rotorua, who recently returned to New Zealand after four years' service overseas.

Captain Webber wrote his first Johnny Enzed column in the sixth issue of *N.Z.E.F. Times* (August 4, 1941) and, in his own words, has "continued to beat out these belles-lettres on tom-toms, anvils, dixie lids, and Army typewriters ever since."

Johnny Enzed's creator makes no claims for the column other than hoping "that this collection of ill-assorted facts and observations may prove a not altogether depressing record of some aspects of life in the 2nd N.Z.E.F.," at the same time freely admitting that "any similarity between characters and persons wholly or partially living is intentional." For thousands of New Zealand servicemen, however, there was no question of retribution against the character, pictured with tilted hat and pendant cigarette, who spoke for the private soldier. To them there was no question of an outrage against the public weal. Johnny Enzed was a Dig among Digs, their representative and champion, and the greatest quality they saw in him was that he made them laugh at their own vexations, prejudices, and the constant trials of a rigorous campaigning life in the field.

REACTIONS FROM FIGHTING

"One got skilled in avoiding being hit, and as time went on our casualties became fewer, though we were desperately tired and thought less about personal danger. But we had acquired a kind of sixth sense and somehow did the right things automatically. In moments of half dozing, whilst manning my attic position, I felt terribly pleased and grateful for this newly discovered ability. No one can know or can influence his reactions to great personal danger beforehand. And this feeling of pride and pleasure compensated a little for the hatefulness of the whole bloody business. I hate war, I can't stop thinking of the friends and relatives of anyone who has been hit. I know the Germans. I have seen them do the most vile and frightful things. I know that they have destroyed millions of Jews and political opponents. But I do not enjoy killing or wounding any one. Once I'm forced to fight, however, the whole affair becomes a matter of skill and a job that needs all my powers of concentration. I no longer consider the effect it has on my opponent."—This paragraph is reprinted from *Arnhem Lift, Diary of a Glider Pilot*, an eye-witness account of the famous landing of the 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem in September, 1944. The author is anonymous.

A KORERO Report

This is Part I of an article on the Japanese character and some of the influences that determine it. Part II will appear in the next issue.

"KNOW YOUR ENEMY" is sound advice. The successful application of it to the Japanese is difficult enough to be of absorbing interest. We are presented with a people whose character appears to be a mass of contradictions. In this war they have shown qualities which arouse both horror and admiration. They are fanatically brave, careless of their own and any other lives, and filled with the will to conquer. We are given daily evidence of contrasting elements in their character so unnatural as to be almost past belief.

We already knew, for example, the Japanese sense of beauty, their love of natural scenery, of flowers, birds, and butterflies, of running streams and waterfalls. Yet the Japanese have contributed almost nothing to the thought and spiritual progress of the world. This may well be so, for the same gentle Nature lovers will in a moment become savage barbarians, taking to any outrage and cruelty with both gusto and enthusiasm, completely convinced of their divine mission to lead and rule the world. The Japanese truly regard sincerity as one of the cardinal virtues, and yet by word and deed have proved capable of the most incredible chicanery. But it is certain that they are not hypocrites. The mood of the moment is utterly genuine. In the face of these contradictions, there is the temptation to dismiss the Japanese as incomprehensible to the western world. This is not enough. Upon the soundness of our understanding of them will depend the treatment in store for the Japanese not only at the hands of the Allied Governments, but also by those men and women who may be called upon to assist in Japanese reconstruction.

To further this understanding of the Japanese character we must go back into history to discover the conditions which shaped it. The relevant facts we should find suggested in the racial origin of the people, in the history of their national beliefs, and of those social institutions derived from and developed by religion.

The people of Japan are of mixed racial origin, but it is impossible to determine with accuracy the time and source of the different early migrations. The original inhabitants of Japan, the Ainu, came from North and East Asia, and were probably living when Japan formed a part of the Asiatic continent. Their remains are found in all three islands of present Japan. Then from South-east Asia and the Pacific Islands came a more virile Malayan migration. The invaders seem to have divided into two columns, one of which came straight to Kyushu, the southern island of Japan, while the other settled on the Korean peninsula. Those who settled in the Japanese islands had no difficulty subduing the rather timid Ainu, and made slaves of those who did not escape northwards. The newcomers, therefore, acquired a character of strong aristocratic tendency, with all the arrogance of the conqueror. The Korean settlers, however, found themselves among a culture far superior to their own—that of China. Though sufficiently aggressive to establish themselves in security, the settlers were profoundly influenced by Chinese

civilization and customs. With the passing of the centuries, the fierce Malayan characteristics, which had been emphasized among the migrants to Japan, became more and more weakened in Korea. Inter-marriage also played a large part in the subjection of the Malayan strain to the Mongolian.

Then occurred an event of far-reaching consequence. From the Korean peninsula another large migration entered Japan, landing on the coast of Idzumo province, just opposite Korea. After centuries of separation, the two branches of the original Malayan migration were reunited. But by now they were almost different peoples. Those who had come direct to Japan (known as the Kumaso groups), although superior in the arts of warfare, were quick to recognize the superior culture of the Idzumo, the new arrivals from Japan. The combination of Kumaso and Idzumo, each supplying what was lacking in the other, proved irresistible. Together they pushed northwards, until the whole of the central island of Honshu as far north as Sendai was completely over-run. The Ainu aboriginals took refuge in the northern island of Hokkaido, where their remnants, fast dying out, are still to be found.

The merging of the two groups form the Japanese as we know them. The two distinct types are still to be seen—the aristocratic type with long thin face, aquiline nose, refined and sensitive, traditionally held to be of Kumaso origin, and the pudding-faced peasant with sunken nose, wide nostrils, thick lips and protruding teeth, the relic of the Mongolian migration of the Idzumo.

But whatever their differences in appearance or habit, all Japanese are bound together by the same religious beliefs. It is this religion which has formed, and still conditions, Japanese national character. The real religion of Japan, fundamentally unchanged by impact with Buddhist and Chinese influence through the centuries, is still Ancestor Worship. In the Japanese form of the Ancestor Worship cult are three distinct rites—the Domestic Cult, the Communal Cult, and the State Cult—concentrating respectively on the worship of the Family Ancestors, the Clan or Tribal Ancestors, and the Imperial Ancestors. The first is the religion of the home, the second is the religion of the local divinity, while the third is the national religion.

Ancestor Worship is the religion of ghosts, rising from primitive man's speculation about the mystery of death. The ghosts of the departed are imagined as constant presences, able in some way to share the pleasures and pains of the living. If pleased they can confer benefits, if angered cause grievious injury. Though their bodies have melted into earth, their spirits fill the air around. By death they have acquired mysterious power; they have become Kami—"Superior Ones." It is important to remember that this word misleadingly translated into English as "gods," carries no moral qualification whatever. The potentiality of each individual for good or for evil is hampered by the burden of his physical body. Freed by death, those potentialities have full play.

The fundamental beliefs underlying Ancestor Worship are five in number :—

(1) The dead remain in this world. They haunt their former homes and share in the life of their descendants.

(2) All the dead become " Superior Ones "—Kami—but retain the character they had in life.

(3) Their happiness depends on the attention given them by the living, and, conversely, the happiness of the latter depends on their giving that attention.

(4) Every event, good or evil, fair season or foul, typhoon or earthquake, abundance or famine, is the work of the dead.

(5) All human actions are finally controlled by the dead.

So powerful are these beliefs that we may fairly say that in all matters it is the dead rather than the living who have been the rulers or Japan. It is they who have controlled the lives of her people in matters both great and small, and who have thus been the shapers of the national destinies.

The domestic rite of the home affects most intimately the life of the people and is the most kindly in character. The departed are regarded as being part of the household, still in need of the affection and respect of their kindred. In return they guard the home and watch over the welfare of its inmates. But the departed also observe and hear all that happens in the home. They can read thoughts. Any infringement of the law or tradition of the past is a sin against the dead, and, if persisted in, is the supreme crime. From this conception rose the intricate code of " Filial Piety." This code applies not only to the behaviour of children to their parents, but also to the conduct of the individual in relation to the entire household.

Though this rite, no doubt, has its charming and domestic side, it cannot help but restrict the development of the character of the individual. He must always regard his own conduct in relation not only to those about him, but also to the vast cloud of ancestors stretching far back into the past. His every action is dictated by tradition and by family

desires. He can make no individual decision lest it adversely affect those about him. Nor is this the full range of his inhibitions. These can only be fully realized by consideration of the further restrictions on individual thought and action exercised by the Communal and State cults of Shinto.

When speaking of the Japanese " family " do not think of the term as being limited to a man's wife and children, as it is in the West. It is a large group, more nearly approximate to the Scottish clan, and all united by a common devotion to the founder ancestor, known as " Uji-no-kami." The shrine of the "Uji-no-kami " became a separate building, round which the different households would be gathered. It became, in fact, the " Parish Church." In old days the authority of the head of the family was absolute, extending even to life and death. In the modified form of to-day, implicit obedience is expected, and given, by younger to elder, by female to male throughout the group. Thus, in the intimate circle of the home, the Japanese

learns his first duty—the subordinating of his own personality to the interests of his group. He forms the habit of group thinking and acting, of utter obedience to authority, and, above all, the reference of all his activities to the Kami upon whose favour everything pertaining to his welfare must finally depend.

As the individual is ruled by the religion of the home in his every act, so is his family ruled by the religion of the district in all its relations with the outer world. The centre of this religion, as mentioned above, is the "parish shrine." The days in which the worshippers included only the descendants of the founder of the clan are now over. It is most unlikely that the deity of each Japanese district should in these days represent the common ancestor of its inhabitants. But to the community he is still the Kami in whose power lies the communal well-being. The "parish shrine," therefore, from which the "Ujigami" oversees his children—Ujiko—is the centre of the communal life. The office of priest to the shrine is normally hereditary. His power in the community as representing the religious sentiment of the district, is great—and can at times be irresistible. For just as an offence within the family circle is regarded as an impiety towards the family ancestor, so any breach of village or district custom, any act that might be thought unusual or eccentric would be considered disrespectful to the village code of behaviour. Every member of the community, therefore, is held accountable for his conduct to the rest. Add to this that in Japan generally, but especially in the villages, privacy is unknown. Everybody lives "in public." The home must always be open to visitors: to close its doors would be an insult to the community. And, furthermore, social regulations do not, as with us, emphasize only what must *not* be done. What one *must* do is still more important. Let us see now what restraints are imposed on the young Japanese in the course of his life.

First, the communal will reinforces that of the household. As soon as they have passed young childhood, boys and girls will be watched in case they become slack in the observance of filial piety. Any act contrary to that duty would be rebuked by all. The more the growing boy begins to feel the pressure of the household law, the more he is conscious of public opinion. As to marriage, the community would not tolerate the least insubordination to the family will. That would be too dangerous a precedent. When married, he may not do what he thinks best with regard to his wife and children; that would be grossly selfish. In all matters he must serve the community, and the higher he rises in the social scale the more tightly is he bound by custom and tradition. Modern conditions, particularly in the towns and cities, may have loosened these restrictions to some extent, but in the villages they still function as of old. Communal sentiment and archaic customs exert a numbing pressure on the development of the individual.

If some individual, wilfully or by mistake, offends the communal conscience he will in a moment find himself most effectively ostracized. The silence, and the very softness of the hostility, is its most terrible character. This is the usual punishment for anything that is "not done."

In feudal days, which lasted until 1867, banishment was the worst fate that could befall a man. Cut off and driven away from his own clan he was indeed alone. There existed in Japan no concept of the brotherhood of man, and the *stranger was everywhere the enemy*. It seems certain that this conception must have had its effect upon the Japanese attitude towards foreigners in general. It is equally certain that it tended to encourage feelings of antagonism and dislike towards them.

While banishment now rarely occurs, the punishment of ostracism is still regularly applied in all educational establishments from middle school upwards. There the class is the community, and the student may endure weeks or months of polite but utterly frigid silence. This will continue until he has publicly apologized to his class mates. But the effect of this ostracism may extend beyond the school grounds.

By incurring it the boy has offended against his family ancestors as well as against his village community, if he has one. The error may affect the whole of the boy's subsequent career—a disgrace never wholly forgotten or forgiven. This cult of Ancestor Worship explains many peculiarities of the Japanese character, their committee-mindedness, their fear of being alone, their terror of making a mistake, their feeling of security only when acting as a group. We can understand why their education is designed to turn out citizens according to pattern, the discouragement of individuality going as far as to crush unusual talent, lest the possessor be tempted to think himself different from the rest. We can see why a child will ruin his health to pass an examination, for to fail would be a reflection on the dead. Above all, it explains those terrible outbursts of cruelty, and sadistic madness. The Japanese racial background presupposes an unusually strong and fierce emotional nature daily subjected to constant supervision from without — not from within. Under unusual circumstances—war, earthquake, or plague—the normal inhibitions are lessened or removed.

DEER TAILS WANTED

A KORERO Report

IF YOU are feeling " run-down, depressed, nervy," as the patent medicine advertisements have it, and retailed chemical compounds have failed to remedy your deplorable state, do not despair. Try, instead, a potion tested by millions of the run-down, depressed, and nervy over thousands of years and, according to the testimony offered in the form of to-day's keen, world-wide demand, found infallable. The method of manufacturing this elixir is simple: it does not require extensive apprenticeship in sooth-saying or other wizardry, and both ingredients and utensils are limited. In fact, you will require only two saucepans (or urns), one fowl, one very thin slice from a dried deer's tail, and perhaps, a certain amount of faith. But the whole secret lies in the dried deer's tail and, as faith in the remedy could come only through legends and history of its efficacy, you would need to be Chinese.

It was an advertisement in a Wellington newspaper that first aroused curiosity and led to the story of an ancient Chinese body-building medicine still used by Chinese communities all over the world. " *Deer tails wanted,*" said the advertisement. " *We pay 1s. 6d.–3s. 6d. each, according to the size.*" With a complete ignorance on the subject of uses of deer tails, suggested as varying from whip handles to paint-brushes, though there was a vague memory of a childhood impression upon learning that the Chinese ate birds' nests and shark fins, and maybe deer tails could form an equally appetising dish. Thus did the advertisement lead to conjecture and the trail of the tail.

The deer tails, for which there is a large market and a mounting export trade lacking the standing of a quotation in the Year-Book, are purchased by Chinese operating laundries and greengrocer shops in Wellington. A surprising number are bought as the result of just such advertisements as that quoted above, but more often than not due care has not been exercised by the vendor, and the tails have deteriorated in condition by the time they reach Wellington; on one occasion, at least, the Post Office complained of the strength of a parcel. So that only a percentage of consignments reaching Wellington are suitable for elevation to the first stage in the treatment.

The tails are dried, much as the Boers sun-dry their beef into strips of *biltong*. But a Wellington winter makes for improvization and selected tails have usually to be dried by hanging near the coke fires of the laundries. (Next to your shirt?) The dehydrated version,

ranging in size up to about 5 in. long and ½in. to ¾ in. in width, are then packed and mailed to distributors—usually Chinese wholesale herbalists—in the United States, Canada, Fiji, and, in fact, almost anywhere in the world where there is a Chinese community large enough to sustain the trade. In pre-war years, of course, the largest market was China. But then the years have also brought a shortage in young deer horns, the real luxury, forcing the substitution of tails.

So far as is known there is only the one method of using the tail (or horn when it may be obtained) to derive the medicinal value claimed for it by thousands of years of Chinese apothecaric history, and that is as the central, though minimal, ingredient in a preparation used strictly as a tonic. Unlike the remarkable and universal healing qualities so extravagantly credited by their manufacturers to certain of our better-known coal-derivative sedatives, it is not claimed for the deer-tail compound that it cures almost all ills. To recover lost weight and pick up condition generally, yes, a deer-tail broth is just the thing.

In preparation the normal steaming method is used. Into one urn, or saucepan, is placed a fowl—not a mere chicken—and with the poultry goes a wafer of dried deer tail. This wafer is cut from the 4 in. or 5 in. length of hard, shiny, ebony, reptilian substance by a special machine originally designed to cut the horn, much the same as bacon is sliced in the grocer's shop. The saucepan is then placed within a larger vessel containing water, and the combination is steamed steadily for six or seven hours. The resultant (without the addition of this peculiar venison we would call it chicken broth) is taken as a medicine, and then for three or four weeks the patient is compelled to regard his diet with care (!). As part of the treatment he abstains from rich foods and condiments, concentrating on simple, wholesome foods.

It is reported that the effects of the chicken-deer-tail broth are near-magical. All the properties said to be contained in the most fabulously billed of our patent medicines are available through this Chinese recipe at a much cheaper rate. Weight is restored, vitality returns; in sum, a complete debility corrective springs from the use of, and faith in, a little stumpy thing that wagged its way through many a forest glade. It is, of course, extremely doubtful that there is even remote remedial quality other than normal nutritive value in a paper-thin fragment of dried deer tail. But there is undoubtedly a value in the chicken's contribution to the medicine, in quantity at least. It must also be observed that abstinence from rich foods and the substitution of a wholly plain diet plays a major part in the magical cure. It may be, though, that suggestion contributes even more to the efficacy of the brew. The origin of the practice is lost in Chinese history, and centuries of belief can give a curative strength to such a concoction entirely independent of chemical content.

The same may be said concerning shark's fin and edible birds' nests. Our search for information on the use of deer's tails also produced assurance that the Chinese *do* eat birds' nests and that the story is not, as we had long ago begun to suspect, a myth propagated for the interest and amusement of credulous childhood. The treatment of these unusual culinary attractions is similar to that described in the case of Deer Tail *v.* Debility, except that the proportion of the two ingredients is more even: one bird's nest to one bird. The proportion of faith, it is thought, remains about the same. It must be added that the mixture (bird and nest and steam) is described as being in appearance "something like sago" and not unpalatable, particularly when garnished with chopped ham or beef.

But deer's tails or, greatly preferred, the luxurious "horn in the velvet," have preference over sharks' fins at the laundry receiving depots in Wellington, and if you go out in the deer-country with any success some portion of your expenses may be recouped by selling the tails of your kills for "1s. 6d.–3s. 6d. each, according to the size."

E. V. PAUL, GOVERNMENT PRINTER, WELLINGTON.