



THE WOOL INDUSTRY IN PLEASANT PASTURES

T. S. Collins, Maungaturoto

There is one consolation. It might have been worse. What? The weather, of course. Three weeks of moist, steamy days, when Auckland lifted a face of mute appeal to the leaden sky. There was neither justice nor mercy in the sky's answering frown, and the rain came down in sharp showers, just like raps on the knuckles. It reminded one of Somerset Maugham's play, "Rain," in which a group of tourists are marooned on a South Sea island during the wet season. The everlasting rain plays havoc with their nerves, and makes them do all sorts of dreadful things which they would never dream of doing in a sensible climate. There seems to be a run of "weather" plays at the moment. "Damp Rod" was the cause of all the unpleasant behaviour and monotonous shouting in "White Cargo." Certainly if this weather continues in Auckland, we may expect a local outburst of indignation in some form or other. However it seems to suit the complexions of the oak trees admirably, and adds freshness to their bloom. The Domain and Government House grounds have never looked so beautiful. I wonder who planted all those oaks? They bear the dignity and fullness of age, for all their youthful Spring colour. What finer monument could anyone have? Government House, in fresh white paint, peeps out between the branches, as if determined to rival its gay "white sister," the University.

Chaperones are said to be out of date, but not in Auckland. We admitted reluctantly that it might be wise to have searchlights directed on Albert Park. (Even Hyde Park has its women police.) Now all the streets in the vicinity of the Park have these watchful chaperones. Several times lately I have run to the window to look at what appeared to be dazzling white moonlight, only to find Mrs. Grundy in a new form, peering in. The poor old moon will soon be out of business in Auckland. Poets will no longer make rhymes about the pale moonbeams, nor will the moon be able to cast its silver web of romance about a workaday world.

## Echoes of the North



S. P. Ambrose Studio, Auckland

Mrs. T. F. Lacey, nee Miss McFarland, of Epsom

Two interesting women travellers visited Auckland this month. One hailed from London's Street of Adventure, Fleet Street, where she was on the staff of *The Daily Telegraph*. New Zealand delighted her, and she said that it was the one place that would call her back. It reminded her of England, although she thought that everything seemed more vivid and more definite, the colours sharper, and the people certainly more British. (*Entre nous*, she found the men "bolder" but perhaps that was why she wanted to come back!) For the last few years, most of her time has been spent in the occupied territory in Germany. She was full of indignation at the treatment of German women by the French Scavenging troops. One day she was mistaken for a German housewife, and spat upon by one of these black soldiers. Of French cleanliness she had a very poor opinion, and said that wherever the French troops had been quartered the buildings had to be fumigated. Needless to say, this measure was unnecessary in connection with British troops. I took her to the top of Mount Eden one evening, and she was charmed with the lights of Auckland, and said that it reminded her of Buda Pesth, one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. The shores of our harbour, beaded with lights, looked like the Danube, with Buda on one side and Pesth on the other. One of the objects of her visit was to get facts about the film business in New Zealand for the *Daily Telegraph*. At last England realises the urgent need of British pictures in the Dominions.

Madame Huda Weersma, from Java, was the other interesting visitor. She is a tall blonde, with small, round features and speaks volubly in broken English. Her object in travelling is to encourage the interchange of ideas and to improve the women's status in Java. From her accounts, there is need of improvement. Javanese girls marry at the age of 13, or thereabouts, and are toothless and seraggy at 25. It

Continued on page 10