

the colony was well established.

No matter in which part of the new country they landed—whether they saw the symmetrical Mount Egmont, the snow-clad Southern Alps, or the rocky capes of Cook Strait as their first landfall—it was an unforgettable and welcome sight to see again the green land. The actual task of landing was not always easy. One did not merely walk down a gangway on to a solid wharf. In some cases, passengers and their property had to be ferried ashore in ship's boats, and, even in the sheltered harbours, rough weather would often interrupt disembarkation for several days. It was a case of so near and yet so far, as the passengers on their rolling ships gazed longingly at the land.

Usually, accommodation in barracks or in rough houses built for the Company by Maoris awaited the immigrants. It is interesting to note that many ships carried "prefabricated" houses which were quickly erected to accommodate the women and children. In no time, dwellings sprang up in the settlements. Some were but reed huts with thatched roofs; others were of logs or clay; some of the wealthier arrivals even brought bricks, windows, and doors with them and were soon established in comparatively elegant dwellings.

But whatever their home was, however meagre their possessions, the immigrants had become New Zealanders. They had a new life opening up before them. They had a nation to build. . . .



DUST JACKETS OFF!

BEFORE you read a book, do you want to be sure that nobody else's fingers have turned the pages, nobody else's eyes scanned the print? That is the Frenchman's attitude, which explains why French books are put on the market with the pages uncut, and often a cellophane cover or a gummed paper ribbon as seal. It explains, too, why they are so roughly produced and so cheap.

If you were to adopt the Frenchmen's attitude and, if you read as much as most New Zealanders, you would either indulge your taste and go hungry, or deprive yourself of most of your reading because you could not afford it.

For every person, there are some books that he likes to own—maybe a

dictionary, the Bible, a guide to the turf or a gardening manual, depending on his tastes. But it does not disgust New Zealanders to use books on a communal basis, as they use roads, schools and films. If a book is reasonably clean, they are not worried by the knowledge that others have read it before them and most people take good care of it because they know that it is going to be passed on to somebody else.

The books that are used communally are not always the property of the community. Many of them, especially the lighter books that all like to read for relaxation, are owned by private individuals who rent them to the public through a "Book Club". The Book Club performs a service for which