

that is the attitude of the great mass. In their proud self-confidence they are rather stubborn, and argument won't get them very far unless it is backed by some very visible proof. Thus their socialism is more a matter of L.S.D. than of high-spirited hopes of a millenium to come; thus they have been able to build a society where every one can live in reasonable comfort, but where all those who have a longing for the more untouchable things in human life are frustrated and dissatisfied.

In all, whoever loves the soil, the sun and the sea, the mountains and the good earth generally, whoever believes in the things that make the life of the body pleasant—plain food, good climate, lots of outdoor work—whoever is interested more in the direct thoughts that spring from living in Nature and with people, he

will find that the New Zealand character has to give him everything he wants.

But if you are fundamentally interested in the intellectual pleasures of life, in social thought, in art and culture, New Zealand's national character leaves a lot to wish for, and it may well take another hundred years for it to develop to the stage of the most backward European community.

We haven't given you all of this writer's comments on New-Zealanders. We haven't space to do that. Nor have we space here to quote other opinions. A book has recently been written on the subject. It's called "We New-Zealanders," and is by A. R. D. Fairburn. If you're interested, you might have a look at that and tell us what you think. In any case, let us know your opinions on the comments we have quoted here.



PONAPE: A NUT TO CRACK

By WILLARD PRICE in *Asia and the Americas*

In the days before Pearl Harbour, Willard Price spent several months in the Japanese mandated islands, then jealously guarded from outsiders.

ONE MORNING, shortly before these lines were in print a radio voice announced, "American planes have bombed Ponape."

Ponape, not far from Truk, attacked three days later by strong American forces, is as little known to-day as Guadalcanal or Bataan before we collaborated with the Japanese to make them famous.

But even before the war Ponape was less known than perhaps any other island of equal size in the Pacific, because it lay within the forbidden waters of the Japanese mandate.

Ponape is the largest single island of the 1,400 fragments of land composing Japanese Micronesia. It is in some ways, not all, the most important. It is the most prolific. The Spaniards called it

"the garden of the Pacific" and made it their Micronesian headquarters. It is a strong defensive base, perhaps fully the equal of the more publicized Truk, which lies 400 miles to the west; and far superior to Kusaie, 400 miles east, bombed by American planes in January. But in all probability it will not, like the Gilberts, be a brief meteor in the newspaper-reader's sky. The fight for this rain-soaked, bug-infested, canyon-cut confusion of cliffs and jungle may be long.

Few foreigners have seen Ponape since Japan rang down the curtain a quarter of a century ago. Foreign ships were then barred. Foreigners could not be forbidden passage on Japanese ships, for the terms of the mandate required free access, but they could be, and