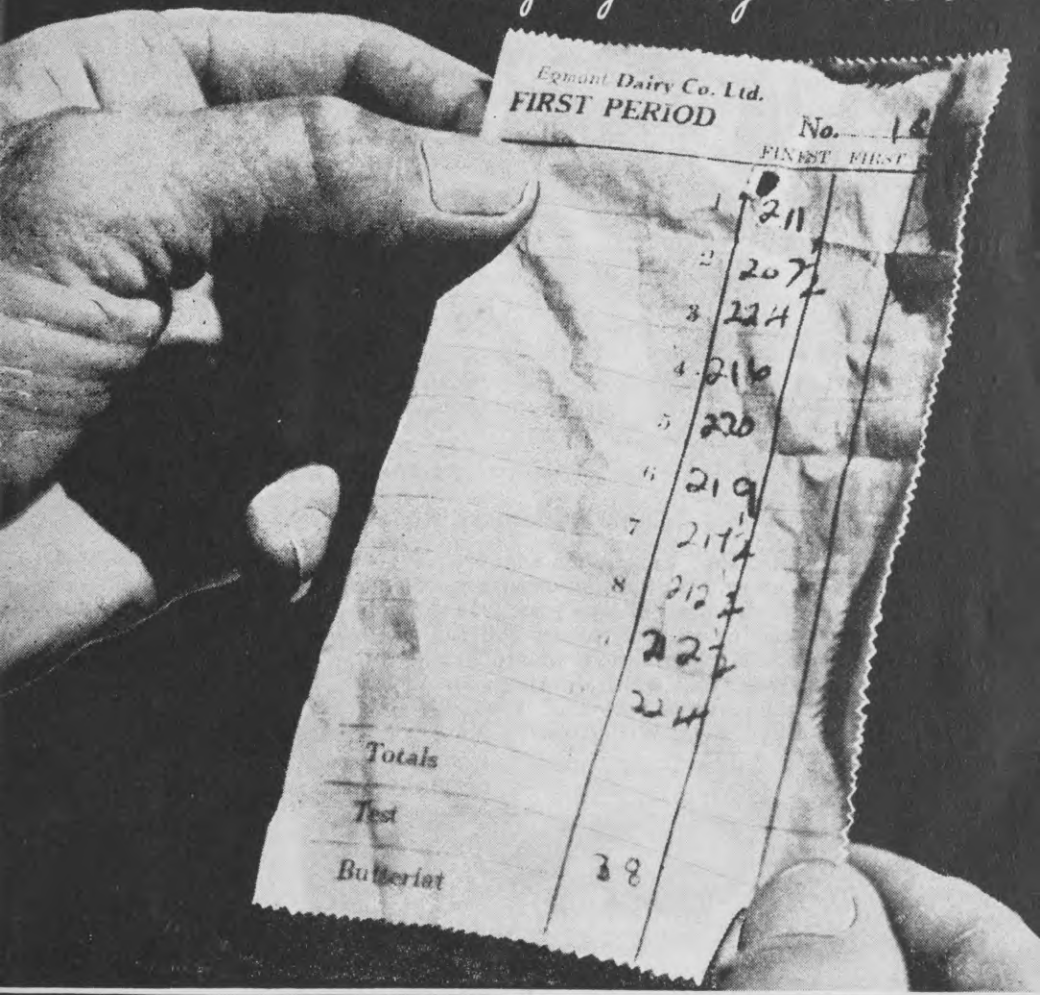
KORERO

★ *dairying day* PAGE 3



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KORERO

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Contributions to Korero

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

A KORERO Report

IT IS true in a sense that a dairy-farmer's day is never done. Like policemen, doctors, and soldiers, he is on duty twenty-four hours a day, if he has a conscientious interest in his farm, but in practice the keyword is organization and planning. Though his responsibility is always with him, foresight and system gradually lessen the actual demand on his time, until the improved farm is eventually almost running itself.

There is, of course, a multiplicity of jobs throughout the year, especially on an unimproved property, and even after improvement there is a periodical round of maintenance-work, but there are many compensations, particularly for a family man, and for about two months in the year work tapers off sufficiently to enable the farmer to think of time off and holidays. Even milking-time, highlight of the dairying day, need not hold the terrors of drudgery usually associated with it by townsfolk. For medium-sized and large herds, milking-machines are well within the reach of competent men, and few parts of New Zealand's dairy-farming country are inaccessible to electric power.

Consider the case of a well-established and proficient dairy-farmer in New Zealand's best-known butter and milk province—Taranaki. This man has a 90-acre property near Inglewood, on the sunny side of Egmont. He took it up a few years after returning from the last war, and though hard work was demanded to get it into shape, he had set to with a will, and, having bought wisely in the first place, soon had the satisfaction of seeing his labours bear fruit. The farm is in the heart of Taranaki's beautiful rolling downs, rich in soil, and well watered with clear streams.

Like most farmers in the district, this man early appreciated the value of trees, and now his cows have ample shelter from cold winds and shade from the heat of summer. Moreover, not content with bare fences or intractable gorse, he hedged his fields with barberry—a close-knit, sturdy shrub, also popular in Marlborough and other parts of the South Island—that provides shelter against the wind.

Perhaps his most strenuous task in the early days was the clearing of stumps, and fencing, with little outside help, and no family to lighten his labours, but it was a job worth doing, and well accomplished, the land now bearing no trace of its original rugged appearance.

Cows—and Joey the bull—are by no means all the domestic animals on the farm. This farmer runs quite a profitable side-line in pigs, and has his own chickens and ducks. For haulage and similar work he has three draught horses, and, of course, the indispensable dogs complete the picture. Add to these a large and nutritious vegetable garden and flower plots, and you are well on the way towards self-support, in foodstuffs at least.

A Day's Round

As it is the season of most work, take a day's round in summer for an idea of what a dairy-farmer's life entails. "Reveille" is at 5.30 a.m., when the farmer and his family—he has four young sons helping him now—rise, and, after a cup of tea, milk the cows and feed the pigs. The whole herd of fifty-odd cows can be put through with the machine in about two hours, and, after cleaning out the shed, the family breakfasts at about 8 o'clock. During the morning and afternoon the workers have many

Dairying country.

tasks, mainly maintenance, such as harrowing and weeding; harvesting of hay; wood-cutting; sundry repairs to fencing, gates, outhouses, and so on; carting shingle for muddy gateways; gardening; digging and clearing of drains; top-dressing; and many other odd jobs that crop up on such a place. The midday meal is taken at 12 o'clock, and the evening milking is begun at 4.30 p.m., so that normally the days' round should end by 6.30 or 7 p.m.

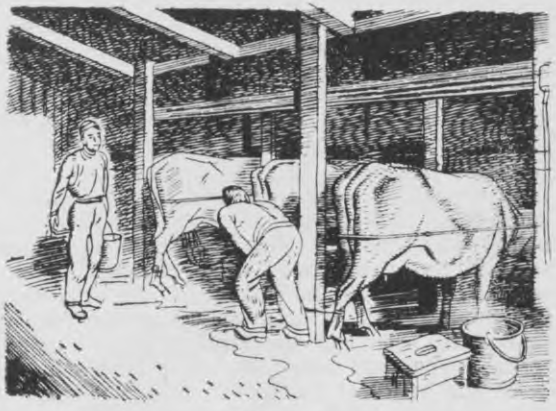
Hay is harvested during the months of December and January, and the farmers of the neighbourhood usually co-operate in this work, both in labour and in the use of equipment, keeping down what would be otherwise high costs. This spirit of co-operation, shown in harvesting, is also seen in many other ways among country folk, especially in times of sickness or hardship.

The most important task, is of course, that of getting the cows milked, but the whole herd need only be milked twice a day for about ten months of the year. Various cows are brought in late in the year, and some early, so that for about two months during the "dry" period enough cows—from eight to ten—are in milk to carry the farm over until spring.

Winter is used for general maintenance-work and preparation for spring and calving. Even the concreting work around the farm, such as in the milking-sheds and sties, can be done by an industrious and enterprising farmer, and, of course, during the cold weather one of the boons of afforestation is a plentiful supply of firewood.

Planning the Day

It can be appreciated that a day on a dairy-farm could be an exhausting round of drudgery, but looking ahead and planning against the unlooked-for can reduce it to a fairly predictable routine. Sound workmanship right at the beginning is all important, of course, and pays



Milking time.

The farmer's son.

dividends in lightened labour in later days, but the competent farmer must be watchful—looking for that rickety gate, that growing gap in the hedge, the loose boards in the milking-shed, the blocked drain, and a dozen other potential sources of irritation and inefficiency. A 90-acre farm such as this Inglewood farmer owns covers a fair tract of country, and its upkeep can entail a great amount of walking in all weathers, but here again planning can ensure that a man need cover no more ground than absolutely necessary on his rounds.

There is a well-meaning, if unfortunately worded, advertisement which says " Don't kill your wife with drudgery —let electricity do the dirty work ! " The intended meaning is clear, however, and the slogan has a real meaning for the dairy-farmer as well as his wife. In the homestead there is usually found most of the boons of the busy housewife—and no housewife is busier than the farmer's wife—including refrigerator, vacuum-cleaner, range, and the necessary luxury of a radio. As for the farmer himself, electricity works his milking-machine, provides a reliable supply of hot water, and drives his pressure pump if he has a source of water on the property. All these installations serve to lighten the labour of life on a farm, and—war-time perhaps excepted—are in reach of a prudent and progressive farmer.

A Family Man

For a family man the life has much to commend it, in spite of the lack of many conveniences found in towns. It is the healthiest life in the world, and most boys find the work congenial, with a mixture of grown-upness and healthy play that appeals to them. The life gives children a sounder scale of values, and an appreciation of the simpler things that town children often lack.

A wife with similar interests and ideals is all-important in the life of a dairy-farmer, and it would be hard to find a more perfect partnership anywhere than that between a well-suited farming couple. The work is hard for the wife, no less than for the man, but in the home, too, planning and foresight can accomplish much. It is not a life for every couple—even every happily married hard-working couple—but it would be hard to beat for the right people.

The end of the day.

Many a returned soldier will consider dairy-farming as a career after the war, but he would do well to think the whole matter over first, to know his own capabilities and shortcomings, and to be careful in buying his land. Many a failing farm could be run successfully by the right man, and, on the other hand, a prosperous place could be a poor proposition in the hands of an incompetent or easy-going farmer. It may not be a get-rich-quick career, but it can provide a happy, healthy life for a man who wants an open-air existence.

The farmer and his family.

DESERT SAWS

Newsletter of the 6th Brigade in the Alamein Line

A KORERO Report

MOST SOLDIERS have heard of *N.Z.E.F. Times* and *Kiwi News*, and a good many know the *Eighth Army News*, *Parade*, and other Army newspapers produced, some in the field, to cater for troops away from their home countries. In the Pacific, at any rate, there have also been several more circumscribed publications, or unit news-sheets, serving isolated garrisons on various lonely islands, and there has hardly been a troopship that left New Zealand without yielding a ship's magazine by the end of the voyage.

Perhaps one of the least known but most interesting news-sheets produced in the field, often actually under shell-fire, was *Desert Saws*, or the 6th N.Z. Infantry Brigade's Newsletter, published daily in the Alamein Line for about six weeks during August and the first half of September, 1942.

Second only to the flies, boredom and uncertainty were the main bugbears of life in the Alamein Line during that period between the stabilization of the line towards the end of July and Rommel's last vain attempt to smash through to his goal. Both sides spent those searing summer days improving their defences, building up their offensive power, and continually probing the other's lines to keep *au fait* with probable intentions. Rumours, always at a premium among soldiers in the field, flew thick and fast, for the fog of war is always thickest in the most forward areas. Intelligence summaries were issued as often as the information merited, of course, down to Divisional H.Q., but these contained fairly technical information, not always available or of particular interest to the ordinary soldier.

Sponsored by Brigadier G. H. Clifton, Commander of the 6th Brigade, and produced on the orderly-room duplicator, the first number of the *Brigade Newsletter*, as it was at first called, was published on the last day of July. It consisted of a half-sheet of foolscap, distributed down to infantry companies and equivalent sub-units, and contained a brief summary of local news, comprising mainly reports of the previous night's patrols. The third number, produced on August 2, was more ambitious, being typed on both sides of a full sheet, and containing news of local operations,

enemy dispositions, extracts from captured diaries, and the morning's B.B.C. news.

Issue number four, however, saw the newsletter reach full-blown maturity. It was headed "*Desert Saws*," carried as house motto Shakespeare's " . . . slippered age, Full of wise saws and modern instances." The title, of course, was a pun on "desert sores"—the prevailing affliction among the troops. Another innovation that came to stay was a daily "latrinogram," the universal army term for any imaginative rumour. The origin of "latrinograms" was thus described, in verse, in one number :—

Actual evidence have I none,
But my officer's batman's friend's son
Heard a picquet on his beat
Say to a cook in a desert street,
That he had a brother who had a friend
Who knew when our duty was going to end.

A typical item ran as follows :—

The Story : That 2 N.Z. Div. is to be relieved to-day by an Indian Brigade.

The Proof : Indian transport was seen moving up in our rear.

Currency Grading : Two Gold Stars.

The Truth : An Indian unit composed almost entirely of untried recruits is now digging a defensive position in rear of 2 N.Z. Div.

Another new feature, designed to be practical in operations, took the form of lessons in German, and contained useful phrases such as "Hands up!", "Quickly!", "Shut up!" in the enemy's language. There were other items of general interest, and also a few "fill-up" jokes—of the "men only" flavour.

Household hints, such as methods of making fly-traps, also occasionally made their appearance, and during the second week a limerick competition was run, a sample of the entries being "The Machine-gunner's Lay" :—

Our widely assorted establishment caters
For giving a bash to various Dictators,
And all the best pickers
Believe in the Vickers
The quickest and nastiest Jerry-rotators.

Next day the signallers chimed in with the following :—

The signallers, too, have a feud with old Herman,
Not only friend Hitler, but every damn German,
The Emperor "Hito,"
And bandy Benito,
Including the rest of their low crawly vermin.

Not of high literary merit perhaps but certainly of high morale value.

Another competition, sponsored by Brigadier Clifton, who offered a prize of six cans of beer, was for the best suggestion on how to annoy "Jerry." The line was static, but that was considered no reason at all for letting the enemy have a quiet life, and ideas were called for on night raids, camouflage and deception, booby-traps, and so on. The first idea to come in was a suggestion to line dummy trenches with sand-bags containing anti-tank mines, as the panzers had shown a predilection for running over our pits.

There were other suggestions, including the following whimsical thought :—

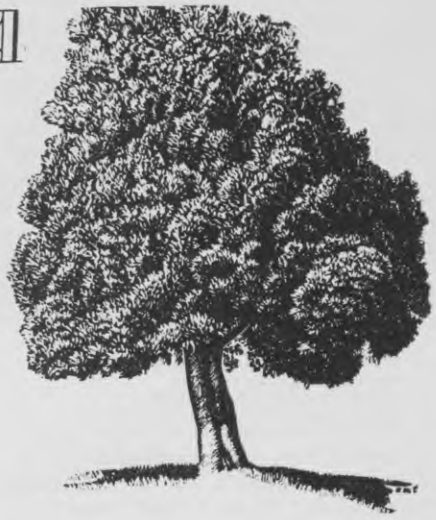
A Brain has suggested a means of surprise,
By crossing mosquitoes with these —— flies!
And now the committee,
In doubt or in pity,
Propose to award him the *Desert Saws* prize.

All through Rommel's last attack at Alamein, from August 30 to September 6, *Desert Saws* maintained daily publication and kept the troops informed of all developments, both in their own theatre of war, and overseas.

An artist, in the person of the Brigade H.Q. draughtsman—a former Canterbury School of Art student—was occasionally employed to brighten up the paper with cartoons. His most popular and most appealing effort was for the last number, on September 10, the day before the division was finally relieved to move out for a month's rest and manœuvres. The tail piece to this number, a "Late Extra!" is reproduced here.

The KARAKA

By Dr. W. R. B. Oliver, Director of the Dominion Museum, Wellington



THE GLOSSY dark-green leaves and golden fruit of the karaka make it a striking tree fit to take a place among the best of ornamental plants. The high regard in which it was held by the Maoris certainly was not entirely due to the usefulness of its fruit. The karaka was planted in their villages, and at the present day, when all vestiges of habitations have disappeared, village-sites may be recognized by clumps of karaka trees. In the structure of the flower, the karaka, and its two allies, one in the New Hebrides and the other in New Caledonia, differ so much from all other plants that they constitute a family by themselves. The story, reputed to be of Maori origin, that the karaka was brought from Hawaiki, cannot be accepted, as the karaka is not found outside the main islands of New Zealand, the Chatham Islands, and the Kermadec Group.

The pulpy part of the fruit of the karaka is edible, but the seed is highly poisonous. The poisonous principle, however, can be removed by appropriate treatment. Here we may quote Edward Tregear, who, in *The Maori Race*, writes as follows: "The fruit was soaked in water for months, a dam being formed in a small stream for that purpose. When ready they are washed by being trampled with the feet, the outer skin and pulp passing away. Then the kernals were cooked in the ovens. Another mode was to gather the fruits in the autumn and steam them in large ovens for a long time; then they were put into loosely-woven baskets which were shaken and knocked about to remove the pulp and outer skin, the large seeds being left: this removed the poisonous qualities. Afterwards they were spread out on mats and stages to dry and then stored away. When used, the kernals still in the husk were steamed again in the oven."

The leaves and bark of the karaka. The leaves are oblong and from 3 to 7 inches in length.

The symptoms of karaka poisoning were violent spasms and convulsions, causing permanent rigidity of the muscles, and sometimes ending in death. The treatment consisted in burying the patient up to the neck with limbs tied in a natural position until the crisis had passed. This, however, was not a cure, but merely assured that the limbs would not remain in an unnatural position.

By Europeans the karaka is mainly used for ornamental purposes. The wood is of little value except for firewood. The leaves are greedily eaten by cattle and horses.

PACIFIC COMMANDO

An Interview with Sgt. C. R. LARSEN

After his third bout of malaria, which he contracted in New Georgia during the campaign for the capture of Munda airfield, Sergeant Larsen was evacuated to New Caledonia and later invalided home to New Zealand in September, 1943. He had been in charge of the Intelligence Section of an island commando since its inception and saw action with his unit in the Solomons. He was editor of the unit's newspaper *Guerrilla Gazette*. He gave this interview on his return to New Zealand.

"THE TROOPS in the unit were Fijians and Tongans with New-Zealanders as officers and NCOs," said Sergeant Larsen. "They also had some Solomon-Islanders and a couple of Englishmen attached; in fact, with the American attachments and others they had at different stages, the unit had a unique cross-section of races and classes, black and white, from all over the world. He described the O.C., Major C. W. H. Tripp, as an inspiration to his men, and a born leader: "He still packs a punch that is the envy of men much younger," he remarked. He thought that Major Tripp, although wounded, was the only one of the unit to last out the New Georgia campaign from start to finish. (It took thirty-five days to capture Munda Field.)

"In April of last year the unit arrived in Guadalcanal, where it had been preceded three months earlier by a sample force known as the 'Special Party.' The Special Party, comprising 7 New-Zealanders and 20 Fijians, did excellent work during the tail-end of the Guadalcanal fighting, and it was greatly due to their efforts that the U.S. Command asked for more commandos from Fiji.

"When we left Fiji our personnel included 40 New-Zealanders and about 165 natives, twenty-eight of these being Tongans," said Larsen, "but the unit grew considerably on Guadalcanal with the addition of the Special Party, Solomon-Islanders, &c. Captain D. E. Williams, who was in charge of the Special Party, became our 2 i/c, and first-hand information given us by the Special Party sergeants helped us considerably later on. We had the best spot on Guadalcanal for our base camp, and the general health improved while we were there. However, we were away from our base camp most of the time combing Guadalcanal and other islands in the group for stray Japs. By that time (May–June) the Japs had left that area. The Americans did not like the word 'commando' so we were known locally as 'South Pacific Scouts.'"

Sergeant Larsen next spoke of the Commando's work in New Georgia and of the part his unit had played with the American troops in the battle for Munda airfield.

"We were attached to the intelligence section of a United States Div. for the operation, and our primary excuse for being in the push was long-range reconnaissance patrols behind the Jap lines. However, our services were so eagerly sought that we were doing all sorts of operations in addition. We were in the thick of the fighting all the time. We had to have our H.Q. right in the front line, otherwise the information we obtained would have been old and useless before the Americans could act upon it.

"Only half of the unit left Guadalcanal by destroyer for the initial landing on Baraulu Island at the Onaiavesi passage, in the New Georgia group, and while we combed the outlying islands (Baraulu, Sasavele, and Roviana) for Japanese the Americans made their beach-head at Zanana on the mainland without opposition. Apart from a five-man Jap patrol which I saw shot by the Americans, there was no action on the mainland for the first three days, as the Japs were taken by surprise.

"Captain Scherrer, the American officer with whom we subsequently worked, waited until some of our unit reached the

mainland before he moved forward from the beach-head at Zanana on 5th July.

"There were about 36 of us all told in the party that set out up the Munda trail—6 New-Zealanders, 12 Americans, and 18 Fijians, if I remember rightly. Normally we would not travel on a trail, but we had a lot of extra gear to carry, and the Americans had their wireless transmitter. We intended to establish a forward base in the upper reaches of the Bariki River, about three miles from the beach-head. We also wanted to find high ground for the radio transmitter. However, we had hardly covered a mile when we struck the enemy. The Japs had a machine gun set up on the trail and opened fire on the Americans, who were in the lead at that time. The Americans went to ground and threw grenades.

"After the Japs fired their first burst they withdrew along the track to get in a better position to find out the strength of our force. Lieutenant B. Masefield (one of our officers) came back along the track to organize our attack. After a quick whispered conference he took the lead, while Sergeant Jowsey took one flank and I took the other. We then went forward again with the Americans in the middle. We contacted the enemy and Lieutenant Masefield got his first shot in at a few yards' range. All fighting is at close quarters in the bush because you can't see more than about 20 yards. Lieutenant Masefield would be about 15 yards on an average from me, yet I rarely saw him during the three hours' fighting, and we could only tell when the Japs were working around to our side by the direction of the bullets cutting the undergrowth about us.

We held our fire and spread out to advance in a kind of circular formation (depending on cover) and keeping our perimeter intact so we could not be surprised on any side. The aim in this type of fighting is to outflank the opposition while safeguarding yourselves against ambushes. That is why grenades are used such a lot. When a man dives behind a tree you can't get him with a rifle, but a grenade thrown past the tree will probably get him with the cross-burst.

"We had trained ourselves to shoot only when we had something to shoot at," Sgt. Larsen continued. "Our silence had the Japs bluffed. They could see us creeping round their flanks and they threw everything they had at us—grenades, rifle, and machine gun bullets everywhere. It seemed amazing that so much stuff should be flying about and no one hurt, but, of course, there was good cover from fire and view. The Japs. withdrew about 100 yards at a time and set up their machine gun on the trail each time. We fought them for three hours and drove them back nearly two miles. It was getting nearly dark by this time, so we decided to press them no further that day and turned off the trail for the mouth of the Bariki River,

A member of the commando.

where an American battalion had set up a perimeter defence in the swamp. Here we had security for the night. During the engagement one of the Fijians was wounded in the shoulder. That was the only casualty that day.

"That is how the fight for Munda began," said Larsen, "for the next day the Americans went out with some of our men to guide them to the enemy, but when they got to the hill we had passed over the previous night, the Japs had dug in and it subsequently took three days to shift them.

"From then on we had patrols behind the enemy lines day and night. When I was evacuated we were running relays to the longest one every day to relieve half a patrol at a time. The casualties amongst the New Zealand personnel imposed a tremendous strain on the remaining N.C.O.s, but I have since learned that some reinforcements arrived from Guadalcanal after I left.

"This does not give a complete picture of our activities, as it was just a mild beginning. I knew all that was going on around me, but I was not an actual 'eye-witness' to every event as our patrols were everywhere at once. Some exploits will never be told as the leaders of these raids were killed."

Some of Sergeant Larsen's most interesting observations were his comments on the Japanese soldier, based on his experiences and those of other members of his unit. "The Japs have got guts," he said. "That is their greatest weapon. But they can be pushed back, as we have proved; and now that we have started to push them back they are beginning to lose their confidence. Up till recently they had not been beaten and they thought they were supermen. They will fight to the death now because their minds are conditioned to it, but once we can get a section of them to collapse I'm sure the rot will set in quickly. Externally the Jap prisoner maintains a stoic calm, but underneath he is emotional and very sentimental—this was evidenced in the personal diaries so many of them carried. They have not the initiative we have. They can carry out anything they are taught to the letter, but cannot change their plans in the middle of an awkward situation. Their camouflage of prepared positions is very good. Not that they are any more clever than we are, but they do go to a great deal of trouble; in that respect they are most energetic.

"Their sniping from tree-tops is not accurate, but it certainly produces the desired effect on morale. The Americans found that a burst from a shotgun up each tree was the best way to find them.

"Their main tactics are frontal attack, although they do try to work round you in little groups in the bush. They have been known at times to cut off the tips of their bullets to shorten their flight; the idea being that if they should surround an enemy party there is less danger of hitting their own men. It is not done very much, but we did find some bullets with the noses cut off. Their ammunition is mostly ·25 calibre so there is a high percentage wounded to killed. However, the Japs are constantly improving their equipment and should be in a position to issue their front-line soldiers at least with 7·7 mm. weapons soon. This is about the same size as our own. The Japanese grenade makes a big bang, but has not got the fragmentation of ours. Sergeant Williams, of the Special Party, had one explode at his feet during a hand-to-hand fight on Guadalcanal and only received minor splinters in the posterior. The Japs used grenades even more than we do, apparently to demoralize their opponents; they also yell out at times to scare their enemies—it is quite effective for the first encounter.

"In the jungle there is no 'front line.' Infiltration makes it a mix-up of little fights everywhere. It is really guerrilla warfare all the way; we found that the most suitable fighting unit was about fifteen men, although every situation is different so I don't want to be dogmatic about it."

Asked if fighting in the jungle was not an eerie, terrifying experience, Sergeant Larsen said that it was; but it was a lot worse for those who had not trained properly in the bush. His unit had trained for many months in Fiji and had increased their experience on Guadalcanal. The New-Zealanders had lived in the bush and it was like 'second

nature' to them, as it was for the Fijians. But the Fijians had the advantage in their eyesight and hearing. The New-Zealanders were just as good bushmen, he said, and besides were more determined in walking long distances. The Fijians were good up to ten miles, but after that they wanted to lie down.

The Tongans were more like the Maoris and fought outstandingly, although their bushcraft was not equal to the Fijians'. Lieutenant Masefield was responsible for training the Tongans, he said, but there were only seventeen of these troops on New Georgia at the start.

"Lieutenant Masefield was killed behind the Munda Field when it was still in Japanese hands, and it was a tremendous loss to the unit. He was acting as 2 i/c. We were terribly short of officers, so everyone had to adapt themselves to new situations as they arose. A sergeant might be 'quartering' one day, liaison officer next, and out on patrol the next. So diversified were our activities that once when Major Tripp was wounded and missing, a sergeant had to act as O.C.," said Larsen.

Discussing the training of the unit, Sergeant Larsen said that it was necessary for the New Zealand N.C.O.s to learn to speak some Fijian, and the Fijians in their turn learnt the English words of command. There were also interpreters in the unit. When the unit reached Guadalcanal they had to learn pidgin English to enable them to talk with the Solomon-Islanders. This was a strange language, he remarked. An aeroplane to the Islanders was 'schooner belong Jesus Christ,' and their definition of a cross-cut saw, 'push him he go, pull him he come, all the same big brother axe.'

Sergeant Larsen said that the U.S. Army gave his unit all the co-operation they could wish for, and that although their methods of fighting were different they got on well together.

How the fight for Munda began. The shaded area was occupied by the Japanese, and the arrows indicate the Japanese movement along the Munda Trail to the first action with the commando.

RUMOUR IS A WEAPON OF THE ENEMY

Why It Starts: How to Deal With It

A KORERO Report

"COME HITHER, Catesby, rumor it abroad, That Anne my Wife is very grievous sicke." Richard III (in Shakespeare's play of that name) had his reasons for the order; people to-day, nearly four hundred years later, certainly "rumor it abroad," but in most cases with no reason at all. Rumour is a weapon of the enemy, and has been a weapon, a dangerous weapon, in all the wars of history. Probably it was the first sign of what we know to-day as propaganda. Rumour was a weapon of war before the invention of gunpowder and when Bren-gun carriers were knights with shining armour on white chargers; there is little difference in technique. But it is no less effective, and the damage it has caused, with the conditions of modern warfare, is incalculably greater.

Ships sunk; lists of casualties from islands where the enemy has been waiting, hidden on the beaches; surprise bombing attacks from the air; nerves strained and morale weakened from stories of no truth. Rumour. Lies, with death and suffering the result. Security officers know only too well. In this fifth year of war, the lesson has been taught too often, but people, civilians and servicemen, have not understood the answer.

There are many types of rumours. Stories with little or no truth which are intended to weaken morale, with consequent damage to the war effort. Enemy agents and sympathizers sometimes start them; their circulation may safely be left to idle chatterers and gossip experts. We all know the trouble that can result. Typical examples can be remembered from the days of 1941-42 when the Japanese occupation of Pacific islands was in full swing, bringing closer to New Zealand the chance of invasion.

Many were the stories, supposedly heard from Japanese broadcasts, of the futility of the black-out precautions. "Don't go to all this trouble and inconvenience, don't cause all this discomfort—all aeroplane attacks are to take place in the daytime." "And," Japanese radio was heard to say by so many people (but not including the officials whose job it was to listen), "we hear that New Zealand has had an unusually good wool season; that's fine, we'll be over to collect it soon." It was rubbish, with all the rest; it should have been recognized as rubbish, but many people were worried and upset needlessly.

A similar type of rumour was also started in a military camp when the buzz went round that the reinforcement stationed there until embarkation was to be hurried away because the British Government was paying the New Zealand Government sums varying from £250 to £500 for each man sent away—the mission was so dangerous. The absurdity of the story is obvious. The value to the enemy of troops with morale weakened in this manner is also obvious.

The enemy is shrewd. If he hasn't information, if he wants to check reports that have come his way, he can start a rumour that will cause so much upheaval and confusion that the only means of squashing it is a flat denial. From such a denial he is often able to learn plenty. A serious example of this occurred when a troop transport left New Zealand with reinforcements for the 2 N.Z.E.F.

Soon after the ship was away from port, a rumour that she had been torpedoed

and sunk, with a heavy loss of life, spread like leaking gas, and smelled about as sweet. The story was repeated all over New Zealand, and all over New Zealand relatives and friends of the men who left on the transport heard the report. The anxiety can be imagined. So serious and general was the reaction that the Government had to broadcast an official denial of the sinking, and of any attack. The people were reassured, the lie had been killed ; but implicit in the denial was the valuable information to the enemy that a troop transport had left New Zealand and was still on the high, and dangerous, seas. The aim of that rumour had been accomplished.

Then there are the rumours either originating from or circulated by people who apparently are not very bright. Security officers in New Zealand have tracked down false reports that undoubtedly have been started by enemy agents and sympathizers. However, the greatest number of rumours which may help the enemy are not started by them. They are started by New-Zealanders whose loyalty to country and war effort is 100 per cent.—it cannot be doubted. They are just not very bright. There is no other conclusion. People's conscious and unconscious Reasons for Rumours are suggested later in this article. But the damage they cause is no less harmful because it is unwitting.

Recently in Wellington a number of the ship's company of an American vessel spent a night ashore ; they attended a dance. A representative of a photographic firm was present, many photographs were taken ; the next day a large order (of £70) was made with the firm. Some of the photographs were to be collected by the partners of the soldiers and sailors, the rest to be forwarded to the ship by mail. Later in the week the order was completed, and when a sailor from another ship came into the shop some of the photographs were displayed on the counter. The sailor recognized some of the men, and mentioned that their ship had been lost with all hands. The manager was dismayed, there was nothing to do but cancel the order. Girls (some of whom were wives and sweethearts of the men concerned) were told the " sad " news, and, further, that instructions had been received from the authorities to cancel the order. The story was entirely false Security officers were quick to act, but in other and similar cases they are often too late to save grief and anxiety.

In a New Zealand coastal town the E.P.S., after inactivity for several months, was called out to ensure that the organization was capable still of working quickly and smoothly. Here are a few examples of the clutch of rumours that were quickly clucked round and far beyond the town : (1) enemy submarines were off the coast ; (2) enemy subs. and an aircraft carrier were off Cape X ; (3) enemy warships had been seen off the coast ; (4) an enemy sub. or an aeroplane from a carrier had sunk two New Zealand destroyers ; (5) a minesweeper had been sunk ; (6) of five bombers sent from an Air Force station to bomb the sub. only three had returned—two had been lost to enemy gunfire. All these stories because one Thursday night the E.P.S. had made sure it could save the pub. if there was a fire.

The interest in rumour is perfectly natural and healthy, and rises from normal human curiosity. In peacetime it is, generally, more or less harmless, but in time of war there arise special circumstances which make the dissemination of rumour much more widespread and much

more dangerous. In wartime there is a burning interest in facts on which depend the well-being of our families or our country; at the same time access to these facts becomes more difficult. Events, taking place on distant battlefields, cannot always be reported for a long time; analyses of events on so huge a scale is difficult; and, of course, any news which would help the enemy must be withheld. Thus we have a combination of a greater and more urgent need for information and a lesser possibility of its being satisfied. Where information ends, imagination is apt to take over. The gate is left wide open.

Emotional causes make for the spread of rumour. Anxiety (which is always easier to bear in company, when there is always the hope of having that anxiety allayed); annoyance with apparently carefree people (make them worried, too); know-alls who wish to be importantly first with the news (and if the story isn't startling, embroider it until it is); the wish to be important; wishful thinking in its many senses. It can be seen that rumours are passed on because they give expression to conscious or unconscious emotions in the people who repeat them. This is also why they become distorted in their passage from mouth to mouth. Each individual in the sequence has his own special set of emotions which colour the form in which he relays the story. Add to this the use of spurious authority and circumstantial detail, and it is not hard to imagine how rumours can soon become far removed from their original source and any truth.

Information is the cure, accurately and quickly made available; unfortunately, in wartime that is not always possible. Scepticism, ridicule, and humour, and the use of common-sense, are the effective antidotes. Scotch the rumour, squelch the person who doesn't. You will be doing a service to the war effort.

In New Zealand, according to rumour, there was to be no opposition from the Government to a Japanese invasion; the Maoris had been promised the return of their lands for help to the Japanese, help approved by chiefs and leaders; crews

of New Zealand naval ships have mutinied and been shot; coastal vessels have been sunk; women have been found scalped; there have been fights in the streets involving (according to the numbers killed) most of the population of certain cities. Everybody has heard some of the stories; and they have not always been treated with the contempt they deserved.

The United States Office of War Information has published a set of rules for checking the rumour-spreader. They are worth remembering :—

Never repeat a rumour.

Do not repeat a rumour even to deny it.

If you know the facts which can spike a rumour, tell the facts promptly.

If you do not know the facts which can stop a rumour, ask the rumour-teller where he got his facts.

Don't give a rumour the benefit of the doubt.

In the United States, " rumour-clinics " gather and analyse the most dangerous of current rumours; where possible, refutations are published in the newspapers. *Desert Saws*, the newsletter of the 6 (N.Z.) Infantry Brigade when it was in the Alamein Line, dealt similarly with what it called " latrinograms "; military camps and stations often have rumour boards. Remember, if a report is not published through the official sources, it is probably either untrue or there is a security reason for suppressing it.

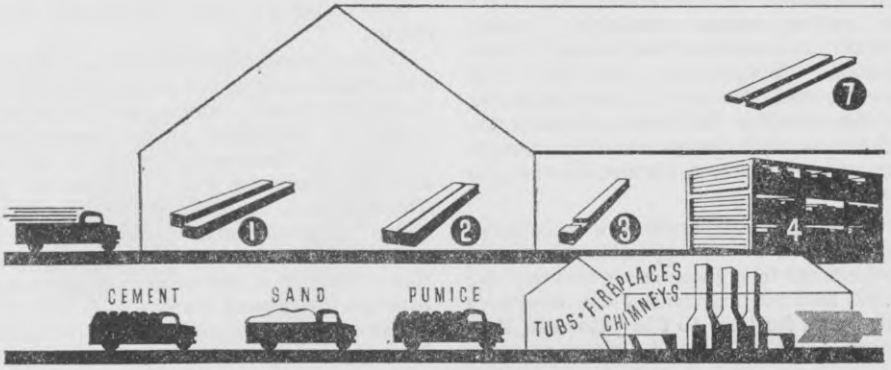
How Parts are Assembled in the Factory

A KORERO Report

In *Korero* No. 11 we published some pictures of a prefabricated house being erected at Lower Hutt. This story tells you about the work that is done on the parts of those houses before they reach the site on which they are to be erected.

EVERYONE has seen pictures of assembly lines, with rows of cars or trucks moving slowly along, growing as they move, until the finished product rolls off the end, ready to drive away. Have you ever seen a line of houses coming down an assembly line? Perhaps not, but here in New Zealand you can see something which comes very close to it.

When you look at an assembly line, what you don't see is the organization that makes it possible, the network of smaller workshops making all the component parts that come in to be assembled. One shop turns out carburettors, another wheels, others pistons, radiators, nuts, and bolts, and so on, and the products of each flow into the assembly line as rivulets flow into a stream. This prin-



ciple of making parts first is called " prefabrication " : it depends on the fact that it is quicker and more efficient to have a thousand identical parts made by one shop than to have them made in ten lots of a hundred each by ten different shops as they are required. If a man knows that he will be called upon to produce thousands of identical parts, he will think out ways and means of doing the job more efficiently, of saving labour, and so on. Probably he will think out, or procure, machinery to speed up and simplify the routine work.

Here is the story of how this principle is applied to houses. Let us follow the timber as it goes through the factory.

Rough-sawn timber is put through a machine known as a " four-sider." This is an affair of whirling knives, on the same principle as the buzzer, which turns out four-by-twos, dressed smooth and squared on all sides, and does it at the rate of up to 25,000 feet per day.

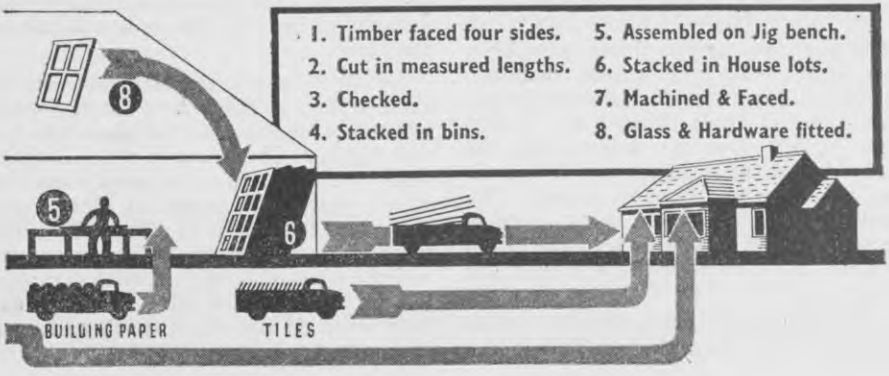
The timber then comes, in random lengths, to the first saw. The complete house requires a certain definite number of boards of certain definite lengths. The exact lengths have been worked out, and numbered patterns of each hang on the wall before this saw. The operator casts a skilled eye over each " stick " as it comes to him, decides what lengths he can get out of it, and cuts it accordingly, so that the waste is negligible. The lengths range from 2 in. to 8 ft., and each goes eventually into a bin marked with the same code number as that on the pattern. Some, however, have to be slotted, or have recesses, called " checks," cut in them—these go through another process first.

Have you ever stood in several inches of mud, cutting out " checks " with a hammer and chisel, while the southerly wind cuts you to the bone, and your hands grow too numb to grip the tools properly ? As a next step you generally hit yourself on the knuckles—hard. Cutting checks is a slow and laborious job, and when done on the site can be very unpleasant, but the man with the utility saw does it in seconds. This saw takes out a bite an inch wide, to any depth required, and at any angle : six bites, and there is the recess for a six-by-one brace. This operator, also, has a set of specimen pieces hanging on the wall, and can tell at a glance what is required. From this step timbers go on to the bins.

The first and longest job in painting a finished house is applying the priming coat and letting it dry. All outside timbers, weather-boarding, or " rusticating," come direct from the first saw to the painters, who prime them with the usual red lead and oil mixture. When dry they also go into the bins, so that the house is built ready primed.

The bins stand in a long row across the factory. Into them flow all the cut and treated timbers from the first section of the work, and from them, usually from the other side, are drawn such timbers as are necessary for the panel being made.

You can't put a complete house on the back of a truck and deliver it, so



The first saw ; and the timber proceeding to the second saw. The numbered patterns can be seen hanging on the wall at the rear.

the house must be broken into pieces of an easily handled size and shape. These pieces are called " panels." There are seventy-six different panels available, each with its code number, and each composed of so many numbered boards or timbers from the bins. A house takes from seventeen to thirty-nine exterior panels, and from thirty-four to forty-seven interior panels, according to the type of house being built. There are also the porch panels, eight in number, and the roof-trusses, of which seventeen are required for a simple gabled roof. This does not mean that all the houses thus produced will look alike : actually forty-six different types of houses, of varying sizes, can be built from a combination of different numbers of panels.

The actual assembly of panels is done on jig tables. These are low benches, with steel flanges and channels into which to drop the timbers. There are six of these tables, but by the ingenious use of interchangeable flanges the whole seventy-six panels can be made up on them

Timbers are drawn from the bins, dropped into the appropriate channels, the braces drop into the previously cut checks and the whole is nailed up. Tarred paper is laid over the frame, and the weatherboard or rusticating is drawn from the bins, laid on and nailed. The panel is then lifted off, given a number and stacked. The simplest wall panel contains only nine pieces—the largest has thirty-two.

They are stacked in a definite order, so many panels to a stack. This is the order in which they will be loaded on to the truck, so that they may be unloaded in the order in which they will be assembled on the site of the house. It may remind you of a meccano set, but the whole process is an example of expert organization. It is this sense of organization and control that is the most impressive feature of the whole factory.

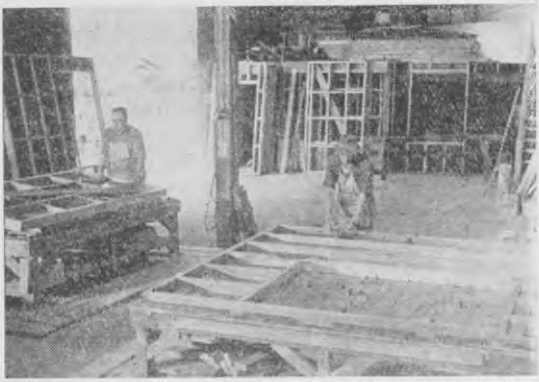
Some of the most important parts of a house come under the joinery department—doors, window sashes and so on. In this factory the joinery is made in a parallel department. The timber used for sashes is mostly redwood. New Zealand totara is good but takes so long to dry that stocks of it are unobtainable at the moment. The timber comes in in the usual way, is dressed, squared and planed to accurate sizes, by buzzers, the planer and the " thicknesser." Then it passes to the moulder, or shaper, which cuts it to the shape required, putting in the recess for the glass and so on. Another saw cuts it into required lengths, further machines cut the mortises and tenons, and the pieces are sorted into lots.

There are quite a number of clamps hanging on the wall. If you look closely you will find that the dust is setting thickly on them, for the clamping of frames is done by another machine which operates at the touch of a foot. Wedges are glued and driven in, aluminium " star pins " driven through to strengthen the whole, and it is unclamped and put aside for the glue to dry. Aluminium nails, by the way, are used so that, if it is required to plane a shade off the sash the nails will not gap the plane.

Next we come to the magician with the glass-cutter. A lightning scratch, a gentle tap, and a six-foot sheet of glass falls into two halves. He places a " three-light " sash on his bench, runs putty round the edges, cuts three panes of glass, drops them in, tacks them in place with a self-feeding hammer, trims off excess putty, and the window is off the bench complete, exactly two minutes after it started as a bare sash. If you think that's as easy as it sounds, try it.

The joinery is now fitted into the panels, but the pins are knocked out of the hinges and the sashes are removed during transport and erection.

Alongside the factory is a long, low building, rather dark and damp inside—just the right atmosphere for drying and maturing concrete. Here are made all the concrete parts for the houses—wash tubs, coppers and hearths, fireplace surrounds and hearths, even the fence posts, clothes posts, and the back steps are precast. The chimneys are made here too, in sections to be built up on the site, like a child's blocks.



Two of the jig tables with the panels being assembled.

All this concrete has to mature for some weeks before it can be used, so that much of the workshop is filled with assorted shapes of concrete products.

Did you ever stand in a factory, fascinated by what seemed miles of whirling countershaft and clacking belts and moving very warily because there always seemed to be something whizzing viciously just behind your ear? There's nothing like that in the prefabricated housing factory. The building is big, airy, well lighted, and clean and the machines are well spaced apart. There are no belts visible: each machine is driven by its own electric motor, and where belt drives are necessary they are under the machines. The floor is not littered with piles of sawdust and shavings: each machine has over it a hood connected by suction pipes to the blower, or exhauster fan, which draws all waste into a common bin. Two truckloads of sawdust and shavings leave the factory daily, so if you can think up a profitable use for sawdust here is the foundation of a fortune.

Almost all tradesmen are prejudiced against prefabrication at first, but once they understand its workings they become enthusiastic supporters of the system. The men who work these machines are doing a necessary job, but over and above that they are craftsmen, doing a job well, and they are justly proud of it. One of the early objections to prefabrication, particularly on the part of tradesmen, was that it was going to throw skilled men out of work. The answer to that is that there is such a demand for houses now that there will be work enough for all for some years to come, even with mass-production methods cutting routine labour to a minimum. After that—one operator suggested that if the scheme were to progress as it shows every sign of doing, there was no reason why the worker should not have more leisure-time to devote to his own interests. That, however, is in the future.

It's a new idea, so new that many people distrust it instinctively, but it is in line with modern industrial trends, and prefabrication of houses is here to stay.

Houses flown up Amazon

The problem of constructing dwellings in rubber development centres in Brazil, where natural rubber for the United Nations is being produced, is being solved by flying prefabricated houses up the Amazon River. U.S. flying boats are transporting parts from a prefabrication plant in the state of California.

We have tried to make the information given here as complete and accurate as possible, but it should be remembered that changing conditions may invalidate some of it. These articles can be regarded, therefore, only as a general guide. They do not bind *Korero* or any authority.

RADIO (INCLUDING WIRELESS OPERATORS)

SO MANY men will gave gained wartime training in some aspects of this work that it seems likely that only the fully qualified will be sure of employment after the war. Service personnel are already realizing this, and some are qualifying for their civil certificates.

Radio provides several types of careers :—

(1) *Factory Work.*—The assembling of machines and other branches of manufacture, including work on receivers and transmitters.

(2) *Servicing Machines.*—In order to qualify for registration as a serviceman an examination must be passed, and the applicant for registration must have served (under a registered tradesman) for three years on radio equipment work which is of a nature satisfactory to the Electric Wireman's Registration Board. Personnel in the armed forces who are engaged on work of this type may have full or partial recognition given to their service.

(3) *Technical Operators in Broadcasting Stations, &c.*—Matriculation is not essential, but a good standard of education and a sound knowledge of radio principles are desirable inasmuch as considerable study is required for the Technical Operator's certificate. The Post and Telegraph Department, through A.E.W.S., provides a correspondence course for Section A of the examination.

(4) *Wireless Operators* on ships, aircraft, and ashore. (See below.)

(5) *Radio Engineers.*—The A.M.I.E.E. is the best qualification for this.

Some technical colleges provide tuition in their evening classes for all examinations from the servicemen's certificate to A.M.I.E.E. The A.E.W.S. course on radio will be found useful.

NOTE.—The City and Guilds Examinations have been suspended for the duration of the war.

Wages for these various occupations are in the vicinity of £4 10s. per week for adult factory workers (journeymen 2s. 9d. an hour), and £4 15s. to £5 5s. a week for radio servicemen, depending on qualifications and experience.

In broadcasting stations, salaries are more or less in accordance with the usual Public Service scale ; technical trainees and technicians £155 to £335 per annum, while announcers, programme arrangers, &c., receive anything from £155 to £500 per annum, according to qualifications, experience, &c. Salaries above these figures are governed by the appointment held.

Wireless Operators

These include marine operators and operators in transmitting statious ashore. The former must hold the Postmaster-General's Certificate of Proficiency, and the latter either the Postmaster-General's Certificate or the Technical Certificate (the examination for which omits Morse). There is no apprenticeship. Candidates for the examinations must be British

subjects and must not be under eighteen years of age. The examinations, which are conducted by the Post and Telegraph Department, are held quarterly.

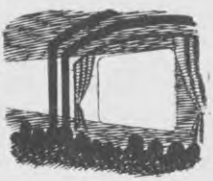
The passing of these examinations involves considerable study (twelve to eighteen months being the average time). The subjects include the general principles of electricity, theory of radio-telegraphy and radio-telephony, Morse codes, &c. There is a practical examination and also a theoretical examination consisting of two three-hour papers. Since the war a third-class certificate has been issued, entitling the possessor to work as an assistant at, but not to control, a station.

Operators in Civil Aircraft

It is now obligatory for all personnel engaged in operating radio communication apparatus on board civil aircraft registered in the Dominion to be in possession of either an Aircraft Radio-Telegraph Operator's License or an Aircraft Radio-Telephone Operator's license. Information regarding examinations for these licenses may be obtained from the Radio Division of the G.P.O., Wellington.

MOTION PICTURE OPERATING

This offers good employment, but the opportunities are limited by the number of picture-theatres in existence. To become an A Grade operator normally takes five years. In 1943, however, the Cinematograph Film Operators' Licensing Board drafted emergency war regulations to enable male applicants of eighteen years and over (after a three months' period of training) and female applicants of twenty-one years and over (after a six months' period of training) to qualify for an emergency operator's license, providing they are able to pass the board's examination at the end of the training period. Such emergency regulations, however, will not jeopardize the chances of returned servicemen in the motion-picture industry, because all emergency operators' licenses expire six months after the end of the war.



Wages are in the vicinity of £5 15s. to £6 per week.

TO THE TREASURIES

A Report for KORERO

WHILE THE men of the 3rd N.Z. Division were in New Caledonia, the Brigade that was later to make the strongly-opposed landing on the Treasury Island group in the Solomons, spent much of their leisure-time in sport. This, together with the hard training on manœuvres, produced the fine, perfectly-fit, well-trained body of men that carried through its task later without the slightest sign of a wrong move. A.E.W.S. was in its infancy, but the foundations were laid there, as the men learnt the aims of the newly-formed organization. Many began tudy courses which were completed after a few in errupted months ; others carried on their year's study for University work, hardly expecting, as they did, to sit their exams in foxholes while A.A. guns fought off enemy planes. Others, again, applied for and awaited courses which came from the printing-press only too slowly.

Then came Guadalcanal. The day after arriving there the film unit was located amongst the brigade equipment, and the next evening it began an uninterrupted nightly service, distributed in rotation round three sites to take the film to every member of the brigade. A large batch of study courses arrived here, and the men were so keen that nearly all decided to take their course with them in their packs to the Treasuries, rather than wait for them to be forwarded later.

At last this fighting-fit brigade group which watched another brigade of the

Division so successfully drive the remaining enemy from Vella Lavella after the initial American landing, and who had patiently waited their turn, were ready. On October 27, 1943, they made the first opposed landing by a New Zealand force since Gallipoli, and recaptured a British island which very soon flew the Union Jack again.

The B.E.O. here, Lieut. J. L. Hewland, travelling north with the first body of attacking troops, was used to assist with unloading of stores and equipment, to lead water parties, to help in night-long observation posts, and generally to serve where odd jobs required. As he moved round the perimeter in the first few days, he found, as the B.E.O. in Vella Lavella had, that the one big demand was for news—of the progress of their comrades in the local battle, in North Africa, and in Russia.

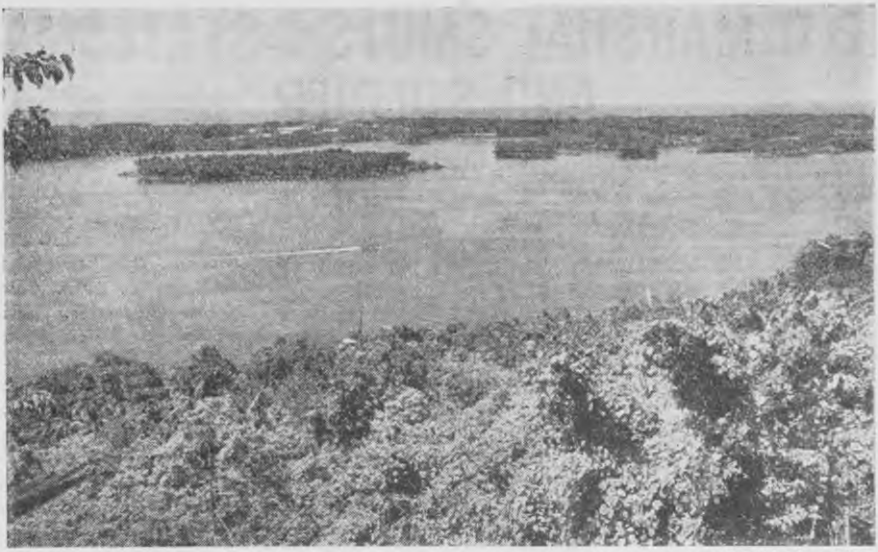
So A.E.W.S. collected what it could from operational radios, typed it in the half-light of the jungle, and got it out somehow. A rest period from jungle patrol meant a great demand for something to read, and the B.E.O. was able to distribute what little he could get, by carrying a case of magazines through the mud and coconuts to the troops on the perimeter and in gun positions. University exam candidates in the first week of November could not be brought to H.Q. to sit their papers, so the papers went to them in their foxholes.

While the prisoners were still being brought in, twenty days after the initial landing, the film unit came into operation. In a space in the jungle cleared of undergrowth, under towering mahogany and teak trees, the men that could be spared from the guns gathered together to watch Hollywood stars who would perhaps have felt some pride in appearing, even if only on the screen, in the most forward theatre in the South Pacific area. Two new projectors arrived soon after, and a regular schedule began less than a month after the landing. Men could not yet leave the perimeter or guns, so the movies had to go to them; and the three projectors were showing at sixteen different sites each week on six different islands in the group.

Gradually things settled down and then came the deluge. A.E.W.S. study course applications arrived in the B.E.O.'s tent in large bundles; stocks were still at base, but frantic radio signals got them forward, and before very long over 15 per cent. of the men in this brigade group were using candles, or the ever-faithful Coleman lamp, to increase their knowledge of or preparation for their civilian occupation. Two officers of the brigade between them lectured to about one hundred and twenty men on the theory of Diesel engines, and their classes were given practical work by arrangement with the United States Navy. Like their comrades in Vella Lavella, they turned their hands to fashioning articles from the local woods and from scrap materials of the battlefields. To share ideas, the Unit Education Officers arranged a brigade exhibition of this craftwork. Too many examples were offering for the available tent space, so the

Official War Photo.

The Union Jack is flown over Falamae Village after the New-Zealanders had driven the Japs out.



Official War Photo.

Falamae Beach and Stirling Island in the Treasuries, as seen from Mono Island.

units held their own exhibitions first, selecting the best, from the point of view of both skill and novelty, to pass on to their colleagues of other units new suggestions and methods.

Over two hundred exhibits were finally selected for the brigade exhibition, including a small display from some United States troops. The success of the exhibition, in achieving its simple aim of encouraging others to go and do likewise, was beyond all expectation.

So the men of the 3rd N.Z. Division in the Treasuries, in what spare time they could find after helping to build the airstrip or unloading ships, or continuing jungle patrols and training, and improving their camps, used hand and brain to advantage. The Young Farmers' Club literally sprang into being with nearly seven hundred members, each camp having its own group, with weekly meetings addressed by officers and men of their own unit or borrowed from a panel of lecturers who had been enticed by the B.E.O. to give their services. Boxing Day was celebrated by a real gala day, with sports on land and in the water, from " horse " racing to boat racing—and all held in a spot that, barely two months earlier, had been a Native village occupied by the Japs.

Other big days followed, and before long the local jungle had produced yachts that made Blanche Harbour resemble Auckland Harbour on Christmas Eve, as the Brigade Yacht Club held week-end contests. The B.E.O. became the sports secretary, this time for the island, as inter-unit competitions were organized, including Allied units representing two to three times as many United States troops as there were New-Zealanders.

By this time the Brigade Education Officer had become the Island Special Service Officer (the United States Army term for his counterpart in their forces), and he was serving all servicemen stationed here, from army, navy, and air force, with films, sports, and concerts. Island schedules for visiting U.S.O. camp shows had to be fitted in with picture nights, usually playing to about a thousand troops at a time for an hour before the film. The 3 Div. " Kiwi " Concert party, and the 3 Div. band visited the islands, and, as on the day of the landing and ever since, in battle, sport, and entertainment, New Zealand and United States troops were side by side, sharing equally hardships and play.

FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS: STATESMAN AND SOLDIER

His Influence on Current Political Thought

By 595939

JAN CHRISTIANN SMUTS, the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, is known to the world as one of the greatest figures in the war effort of the United Nations, and as one of the greatest statesmen and soldiers of the age. But not so many, perhaps, are aware of the tremendous influence Field Marshal Smuts has had upon current political thought and of his part in shaping an international philosophy which has become one of the chief formative influences in the modern world.

He is not only a soldier and a statesman, but, by profession a lawyer—a King's Counsel, in fact—he is a man of highly-trained intellect and the author of several philosophical works of some importance, as well as a botanist and biologist of distinction. Field Marshal Lord Birdwood wrote, on the occasion of Field Marshal Smuts' reception of an honorary degree at Cambridge, that " had he never entered the service of his country and the Empire, he would have been honoured at Cambridge for his work as a philosopher alone."

As a statesman, Field Marshal Smuts owes much to his intellectual capacity, to his powers of analysis, and to his ability to see the relevance of all aspects of highly complex problems. These qualities, together with a remarkable breadth of vision, have made him able to diagnose political trends in a way which seems almost prophetic. He foresaw, perhaps, better than any other, the conflicts of interests between the British Commonwealth and Japan when he addressed the Imperial Conference of 1921. At Versailles he foresaw the new rise of the power of Prussia and warned the conference against the danger of destroying the south German power, in favour of the new Slav nationalisms, so that Vienna could not defend herself against Berlin. He advocated the conferring of complete autonomy on the component races of the Hapsburg Empire, but the preservation of its entity within a federal constitution. Had his view prevailed, many believe that the present war might well have been prevented.

This same breadth of vision has led Field Marshal Smuts to base his policies as Prime Minister of South Africa on what he terms " Pan-Africanism."

One of the most difficult lessons of this war to grasp is that for the future we must think in terms of continents in our politics where we have thought in terms of countries. Technical developments have made this inevitable. The American isolationists are the people who most conspicuously fail to understand it. But it is understood well enough in South Africa, and this is what Field Marshal Smuts means when he speaks of Pan-Africanism. When the war broke out, General Hertzog and some of his colleagues maintained that this was a local European quarrel, but the far-seeing Field Marshal realized full well that it was world domination that Hitler sought, and that the Cape was as immediately concerned as Poland. The Ministry was split, but both Houses at Cape Town supported Field Marshal Smuts and war was declared. The invasion of Holland greatly strengthened his position, because of the Dutch origin of more than half of the European population of South Africa. But when Italy entered the war, his policy was truly vindicated. Within a few hours of Italy's declaration of war the South African Air Force was co-operating with the Rhodesian on the Kenya frontier, and since that time South African soldiers and airmen have acquitted themselves in the North and East African campaigns with a valour surpassed by none. There is still pro-Axis feeling in South Africa, of course, but it is insignificant compared with the

pro-British feeling, for which Field Marshal Smuts is almost wholly responsible.

But " Pan-Africanism " is merely one aspect of the philosophy of Field Marshal Smuts. His political action and his statesmanship, even his personal habits, illustrate a philosophy he has held since University days and which he outlined in a book in 1926. He calls this " Holism," from the Greek word meaning " whole," and briefly this argues that Nature abhors incompleteness of all kinds, and that the true nature of things is expressed in their union, their integration with their like. Field Marshal Smuts' entire career has been devoted to integrating sections and spare parts into workable entities—a holistic enterprise.

Possibly the most far-reaching influence of holism on world politics is that exemplified in the League of Nations. During the last war, Field Marshal Smuts wrote a pamphlet outlining the plan of the League of Natious, which was in the light of holism, just a logical step towards world unity. This pamphlet came to the eye of Woodrow Wilson, who was attempting to work out a similar plan. Field Marshal Smuts was content to allow Wilson to sponser the League, with which, however, he had planned a generous treaty similar to the Boer War treaty which had worked out so well.

The main plan of the League, and many of the details embodied in the Covenant, were entirely Field Marshal Smuts' own idea. Wilson took over Field Marshal Smuts' scheme lock, stock, and barrel.

The Field Marshal was bitterly disappointed at the outcome of Versailles, forseeing that the harsh treatment of Germany would produce a later war, and believing that the Treaty made the League virtually unworkable. He thus tried to put holism into practice on a smaller scale in South Africa. His first attempts were not very successful. In 1924, he was ousted at the polls, and the anti-British General Hertzog took his place.

Field Marshal Smuts spent the next seven years in obscurity, developing his philosophy and writing his book on holism. In 1933, seeing that South Africa should abandon the gold standard, he fused his party with that of General Hertzog, and sat in Hertzog's United Party Cabinet. In 1939, feeling that the interests of Commonwealth unity outweighed party unity, he acted accordingly.

Since 1939 Field Marshal Smuts has shown that his abilities in practical holism had improved from his years of meditation, and, as has been explained, his emphasis on the global importance of Nazi aggression was vindicated by the events and united the country behind him. Not only has he succeeded in giving South Africa a war industry and army which compare favourably with any others in the United Nations, but his use of the natives, who have collaborated in the war effort very ably with whites, has gone a long way towards solving the racial problem of South Africa.

The chief concern of this seventy-four-year-old statesman to-day, apart from winning the war, is the prevention of the disintegration of the world, and in particular of the British Commonwealth of Nations. His holistic philosophy sees in the British Commonwealth a unity which should be preserved as an aspect of the wider unity which he envisages in the future in an effective League of Nations.

His concern with the preservation of the Commonwealth began when, after the defeat of South Africa in the Boer War, he felt, as one of the defeated generals, that South Africa's future was inextricably bound up with that of the Common-

wealth. He not only fought for the Allies in the last war, but distinguished himself by helping Louis Botha in putting down the anti-British rebellion in South West Africa.

In addition, he gave the Empire its present official designation as "the British Commonwealth of Nations," at the House of Lords Banquet in 1917. This famous speech, which was a redefinition of the Empire along holistic lines, contained the essence of all those principles later embodied in the Statute of Westminster. With the failure of the League, then, Field Marshal Smuts devoted himself not only to unifying South Africa, but also to the preservation of the British Commonwealth as an entity, in temporary default of world unity.

His speech in 1943 in London summed up his whole philosophy and sounded a note of confidence for the future settlement. In 1942 he had forecast the defeat of Rommel, the invasion of Italy, and the Mediterranean operations. In the later speech he significantly referred to the United States as a vital factor in the post-war application of holism to all nations.

This distinguished man has passed through three important wars, and each seems to have toughened his character and to have confirmed him in his aim of uniting the nations of the world for the benefit of mankind. At seventy-four he is still active, springy, polished, sincere, and adroit. It seems very likely that he will play not only a large part in winning the war, but a very big one in making the peace. If so, this peace might well be a very sound one.

MEDICAL ORDERLY

AN AFTERNOON IN A MAIN DRESSING STATION DURING ACTION

By PTE. D. D. RILEY

This descriptive sketch was awarded first prize in its section in the recent Services literary competitions.

"THERE'S A RUSH on down at the hospital; you're wanted right away," said the Sergeant-Major as he poked his head into our tent in the early afternoon.

Our main dressing station consisted of over a dozen tents grouped around an operating "theatre" and resuscitation (blood transfusion) tent. In other circumstances we would have considered the site an attractive one—dark green tents amid the restful green of young palms and ferns, while overhead towered the full-grown coconut-palms, some of which reached 50 ft. in height.

"Take over No. 3 Surgical Ward," instructed the Sergeant in charge. "You have five cases at present—two are just awaiting operations." Having collected all details, I proceeded to an eight-bed tent some 50 yards distant.

Number one patient was an Allied sailor caught by splinters in a dive-bombing attack. His left hand and knee had been hit by fragments. As I checked on his comfort while mentally assessing his condition the duty room orderly slipped in and administered the pre-operation injection. He had already been cleaned up, so there was little that required to be done for him.

Numbers Two, Three, and Four were a bayonet wound, a bullet hole through the lower arch of the foot, and coral sores.

Number Five was another Allied sailor who had been smacked in the ribs by bomb splinters. The extent of his injuries would not be known until after the surgeon had investigated.

"I can hardly breathe," he said in answer to my inquiry. "Feel my pulse, my heart does not seem right." Though

not in full vigour, his pulse was surprisingly satisfactory.

"Quite okay," he was cheerfully and truthfully informed. "The action is regular and at the normal rate." There was nothing one could do to ease him, and the unspoken pain deep in his eyes hurt one to see; also the work had to go on. "You have no need to worry, and I think you will have less pain after they operate," was the best my wits rose to.

Number One was becoming a little nervous now. "Can I have a cigarette?" he pleaded. Then when it was finished he wanted a drink of water. In a few minutes the stretcher orderlies arrived. With an encouraging "You'll be back soon" we whisked him to the theatre. "Get the doctors to save any shrapnel, won't you?" was his parting request.

The numerous evacuations in the morning had left beds to be remade with clean linen and blankets; mosquito-nets and various accessories damped by the blustery evening rain had to be dried and rehung. While serious cases have an iron bed and mattress, the average patient has camp bed, a doubled blanket, waterproof ground-sheet, sheets, and a top blanket. For battle casualties a second groundsheet is placed over the sheets until the patient can be washed. Top sheet and blanket are folded together "operation style" for ease and speed of covering the new arrivals.

A second orderly was assisting to replace the detachable tent walls when Number One patient was returned, still unconscious, and Number Five taken. After turning his head to one side to prevent the tongue doubling back and suffocating him, I proceeded with the work while keeping an eye on his position and condition.

Soon the eyes flickered, then opened. "Is the operation over?" he queried surprisedly as I hurried to his bed. My heart thrilled at the joyous, relieved smile lighting his face and eyes as he realized the dreaded ordeal was past.

A bowl was placed near his head in case of nausea, and he settled down to relax and drowse. It was not long before he stirred again and looked at his hand—a round mass of bandage looking as if all the fingers had been amputated. "Have my fingers been cut off?" was his distracted query. "Oh, no, for they said nothing to me of it," he was told, "but I will inquire to relieve your mind."

The operating theatre was going full blast and it required a couple of trips before one of the theatre orderlies was contacted. "There have been no amputations to-day," he said. "That chap had a couple of fingers fractured," interjected a second theatre attendant.

I carried the good news of the safety of the fingers, though deferred mention of the broken bones to avoid unnecessary worry until the patient was more recovered from the effects of the operation. A mouth-wash was given, and then, "Did they get any shrapnel from my leg?" he wondered. As the doctors were still operating, this question could not be answered, but he was satisfied with the assurance that the surgeon had noted his request.

While attending to washes for the others there came another call from Number One: "My head is throbbing unbearably." As it continued unabated a trip was made to the duty room, where a morphine injection was authorized.

The ward was in ship-shape order again, and there was just sufficient time to treat one patient before the evening meal—septic coral sores, cleansed with hydrogen peroxide and treated with zinc oxide ointment; and a heat rash dabbed with Calamine lotion.

We had just scoffed a hasty snack after feeding the ward when someone announced: "Here are two more patients for you." Fortunately they were not serious casualties, and so were able to wash themselves while I scouted round for clean sheets and pyjamas, which were in short supply owing to quantitative demands aggravated by poor drying weather.

While a search was made for supplies a second patient was given a hot soak for his bullet wound. Then came a further bombshell: "Be prepared to receive a patient from the operating theatre. There will also be another with burns."

Number Three patient carried on bathing his foot while the latest operation case was put to bed—a sturdy New-Zealander who had been struck behind the knee by shrapnel through being slow getting to a foxhole. He was nearly fully conscious and climbed from the stretcher with little help and was soon comfortably fixed.

Darkness was now descending, so Number Three's wound was hurriedly dressed with sulphanilamide powder. Now the new operation case required some attention, darkness necessitating the use of a "muted" torch, other lighting being prohibited because of air raids.

The sergeant arrived with a pile of sheets and pyjamas. The first after-dinner arrival was safely bedded, when came the triple wail of the air-raid siren. Some of the "walking" patients darted to the foxholes. But the other cases could not be moved. Investigation revealed that my tin hat had been "borrowed" by some unknown, so I squatted on Number One's bed as he showed reaction from his previous bombing.

"Shouldn't you be lying flat on the ground?" he queried considerately. No, he was reassured; our only danger so long as no lights were visible was from shrapnel or a raider dumping his bombs while attempting to avoid night fighters. I chatted for a while, then went on trying to put up mosquito-nets while keeping up a running fire of comments to assure the bed-ridden they were not alone.

The "all clear" sounded after about twenty minutes, and a corporal unobtrusively took over a couple of dressings to ease the pressure. In a few minutes the sirens wailed another warning, and again we reverted to complete blackness. "Water," was an all-round request now. I fumbled in the dark until all were satisfied.

Number One complained of severe pain, so a further injection was obtained and duly recorded on his case-sheet. "Will it have the same vomiting effect as the anæsthetic?" he questioned. I explained that the reaction was merely to numb the pain and induce sleep. "You must excuse the questions; I appreciate tremendously all you are doing, but as this is new to me I am bound to be a little green," he apologized.

After attending a gashed knee I resumed the slow, trying job of arranging the mosquito-nets in the black-out; because of the many tapes one would tie a middle tape on to an end and have to undo and begin again. The ack-ack guns opened up, but the shell-bursts were not directly overhead.

Just as the last net was being erected the night orderly arrived. He was told the names and positions of all the patients and their condition, and given detailed accounts of the ones likely to need attention, the number of morphine injections and the time administered. His offer to finish tidying the ward was politely declined.

Some thirty minutes later—at 9.30—as I sloshed through the mud to company quarters the sirens announced the "all clear." I noted sympathetically that the operating theatre was still going—a fourteen-hour stretch—and I went on my way, using the continuous rattle of cutlery in my mess-tins as an indication to the armed guards that the night wanderer was unit personnel.

LIME

By Lieut. F. A. SANDALL, with illustrations by S/Sgt. W. A. SUTTON

UP TILL lately my only acquaintance with lime was made standing on a trailer behind a caterpillar tractor and emptying 1 cwt. bags of lime into a hopper which dribbled it out relentlessly on to the paddocks. When your eyes are sore with lime, your hair and clothes stiff with it, and your back takes five minutes to get straight, you don't care where lime comes from or where it goes to.

But when New Zealand produces 7,000,000 tons annually of agricultural lime alone, one can't by-pass the limeworks. Anyhow, it's just another aspect of this production business; it helps make New Zealand lamb, wheat, wool, and flax what they are.

Lime began long ago . . . when the shells of dead sea creatures accumulated on the ocean-bed. The mass solidified and was brought forth out of the sea when New Zealand first saw the light. It is now limestone hills, but under the microscope the remains of marine life can still be detected.

We take this work of ages and use it; in some cases put it back where it first came from—into bone.

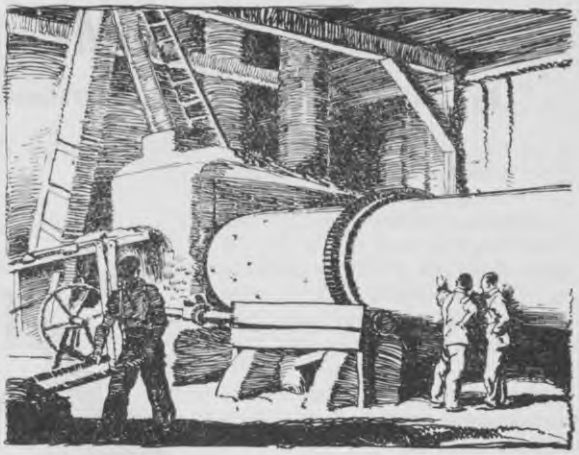
Limestone outcrops are fairly plentiful. White or yellow rock, often grimy as if it were smoke-blackened. Nothing grows on it. Scrape the surface, and it is white beneath. Some day there will be a "lime-works" there.

At the quarry stone is blasted out of ledges about 8 ft. deep by pneumatic drills and electric detonators and conveyed by chute, conveyor, or small railway to the works. It may even be trucked some miles. If the "works" are not at the quarry, a crusher is there on the job breaking the rock into fist-sized lumps. At the works these are carried up a bucket elevator to a wooden storage bin, perhaps 10 ft. square and 20 ft. high. If it's fine weather and lime is being carried faster than it can be "worked" (10 tons an hour), this bin will hold the accumulated surplus.

Slowly it is taken from the bottom of the bin by another elevator to a brick smoke-box, which feeds the crusher and drier. Inside the works this huge mechanism is the first thing your eye sees. A cylinder, about 50 ft. long and big enough to walk through, is turning over steadily. In two places round it are great cog-toothed rings, and into them work electrically-driven pinions—electricity is specially suitable for this work because it has a "steady" drive and because a small motor can be put up anywhere in the building. If steam were used, there would have to be a mainshaft and the power applied, where wanted, through elaborate systems of bevel gears.

Right angles of iron bolted inside the cylinder carry the broken lumps up until,

passing over the top at each revolution, the lime is dropped to the cylinder-bottom, to be caught immediately and carried up again. It doesn't just stay in the same place, however, for the cylinder is on an incline. Rising and falling the lime moves gradually to the lower end. While it is being broken up more finely by this rolling motion it is also dried by a draught of hot air *upwards* through the cylinder *against* the movement of the lime. Once out of the bottom end, the broken lime is passed through a screen. What won't go through is fed to a pulverizer in which six 32 lb. "hammers" flying round at incredible speed soon reduce it almost to dust. It is then put through another screen and elevated to a huge storage bin, some 20 ft. square and 30 ft. high.



Yes, the next job's bagging. Heavyish work, but lightened to some extent by having weighing-machines beneath the hoppers and conveyers, chutes, and barrows to take the 1 cwt. bags (or more as the farmer wishes) to truck or railway wagon. And so to the pastures, where, as part of the grass, in a form assimilable by animal stomachs it becomes the blood and bones of our sheep and cattle.

If it had no more machinery than this, however, the lime-works would not work for long. Lime-dust in eyes, nose, mouth, and ears won't build bonny New-Zealanders. It has to go through the slow cycle of soil, grass, animal flesh, and human digestion before we can reap the benefit. So to prevent industrial disease from breathing limeladen air (remember Jurgis working on the fertilizer mill in "The Jungle"?), big fans suck up dust, pass it through a water-shower, which collects it and deposits it in three water tanks, 18 in., 3 ft., and 6 ft. deep. As each tank fills, lime settles in the bottom, and anything left in suspension passes over into the next tank. One tank is cleaned daily, the second after two or three months, and the third annually or less. The dust, now clay, is dried and put through the works again. With luck, this time it will get to the open fields.

Soldier's Examination Success.

Gnr. J. I. McEnnis, a New Zealand soldier serving in the Pacific, gained first place in Australia and New Zealand at the March examinations of the Australasian Institute of Secretaries and qualified for the Institute's award of approved books to the value of £5 5s. The award is made to the candidate securing the highest average percentage pass in the Institute's three final secretarial papers. The papers have to be taken at the one examination. The minimum percentage necessary in each paper is 70, and the aggregate must be not less than 225. Gnr. McEnnis's marks were: Subject K 74, L 89, and M 81, an aggregate of 244, with an average percentage of 81½.

Gnr. McEnnis matriculated in 1935 at the Wellington Technical College and entered the Civil Service in 1936 as a clerk in the Lands and Survey Department, Wellington. In 1938, when 18, he completed the final Accountancy examinations and the following year left the Civil Service to join the Wellington firm of Messrs. Watkins, Hull, Wheeler, and Johnston, where he remained until he went overseas early in 1942. Gnr. McEnnis took his Bachelor of Commerce degree at Victoria University College in 1940 and in the same year was awarded the Alexander Crawford Scholarship, granted annually to a graduate in Arts, Science, or Commerce to enable him to proceed with his Master's degree. This degree he completed in 1941 with second-class honours in Economic History.

NEW ROUTE LINKS RUSSIA WITH INDIA

Ancient Camel Track Rebuilt Swiftly—7,000 tons borne by Trucks Each Month

By JOHN MACCORMAC in the *New York Times*, March 26, 1944

How a camel track centuries old has been remodelled into a broad motor highway over which 7,000 tons of supplies are rolling every month from India to Russia was revealed to-day by the Agency-General for India. The route has brought India's resources to within a week's road journey from Russia's southern border.

It is the East Persia route, built swiftly but secretly by a pick-and-shovel army of 30,000 men, women, and children from Zahidan, near the Iranian-Baluchistan frontier through Iran to Bajgiran. It was constructed mainly as an alternate to the West Persian railroad route from the Persian Gulf, in case that were cut by the German Army. Now it supplements it.

Although it has been in use for many months, only now have the facts of its construction and statistics of traffic been published.

A few years before the war Russia built a railway-line to the Iranian frontier. Iran adjoins Baluchistan, a country within the borders of India and under British domination. A railway-line runs from Zahidan to Quetta in Baluchistan, connecting there with a line to the Indian port of Karachi.

Countless camels had worn a rough way over rock and sand from Zahidan north-west, then north-east through Iran to the Russian border. It was 800 miles long, but of this only about 200 miles was passable for trucks. The job was to build a motor highway over the other 600 miles of mountain and desert, some of the mountains being 7,000 ft. high.

Since no machinery was available it had to be made entirely "by hand." But haste was advisable, since a German push in Russia might have cut the west Persian route.

The job was completed in eight months, an average of three miles a day. Four foreign contracting firms, represented respectively by a Dane, a Norwegian, a Czech, and an Australian, built the road with the assistance of Greek, Yugoslav, Belgian, Russian, Turk, Italian, Bulgar, and Rumanian supervisors. Workers were recruited from Iranian towns and villages. Water and food for men and beasts were carried by camel.

Mountain passes had to be widened. In one valley eight miles of raised roadway was laid with twelve-foot protection ditches to divert flood-waters. In winter it was difficult to work because of the intense cold in the mountain passes and the snow drifted by a constant north wind. In summer the temperature reached 130 degrees, which compelled a long noon-day stop.

As with the Burma road, there were difficulties with civilian merchants. More than 1,600 dollars had to be paid for an urgently needed truck tire, and 160 dollars for a car battery. But river-beds were paved, drains were laid, and hundreds of bridges built. Despite the hodge podge of nationalities, the workers got along together without trouble.

Now, it is said, the quantity of jute, rubber, hessian, iron and steel, copper, tin, and mercury that India can send Russia is limited only by the number of available trucks. Already more than one thousand trucks, most provided by India, are employed to capacity. This number is to be greatly increased.

The political effects of the route may be lasting. A round trip can now be made in ten days. The first such link between India and Russia it represents a rapprochement which the British Government, for political reasons, would scarcely have encouraged before the war.

A New Vitamin

In these days of restricted wartime diet vitamins have become of first-rate importance on the food front. Extensive publicity has made us familiar with vitamins A, B, C, and D. Science now presents another vitamin—Vitamin H. Like vitamins already known, it is remarkable in being required only in minute quantities. Less than one-hundredth part of an ounce is sufficient for a man's whole lifetime. Yet the symptoms of deficiency are alarming. In rats, prolonged lack of the vitamin results in emaciation and, finally, death. In man, deficiency is characterized by baldness, dermatitis, ashy pallor, lassitude, and muscular pain. All these symptoms disappear with spectacular speed on administration of the vitamin.

The new vitamin is widely distributed, though in minute quantities, in both plants and animals. In animals it is apparently stored in the liver, just as vitamin D is stored in the liver of the cod. In plants it is found in yeast, grain, and fresh vegetables. Vitamin H is fairly resistant to cooking, but the best safeguard against deficiency is a diet rich in fresh fruit and vegetables.—*Monthly Science News.*

E. V. Paul, Government Printer, Wellington.