NEWS OF NEW ZEALAND · PAGE 16

KORERO

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KORERO

IN THIS ISSUE

KORERO'S COVER

Korero's cover picture is of Omai, who was taken to England from the Society Islands by Captain Cook in 1775. *News of New Zealand*, on page 16, tells you more about him.

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.

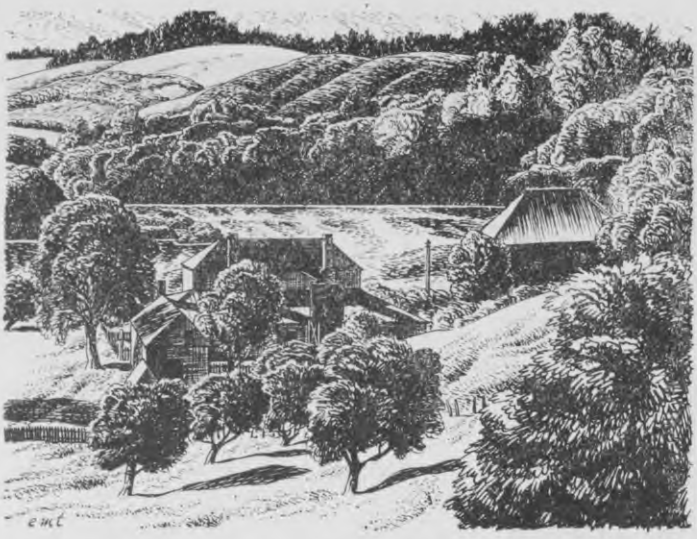
KERIKERI

A Korero Report

FROM AUCKLAND to Kerikeri, on the east coast 170 miles north, is a full day's journey by train and bus. You spend most of the day in the train—it's round half-past four when the 8.40 a.m. from Auckland pulls into Otiria Junction. And so, at this time of the year, you complete the last stage of the journey, the bus ride over the 20 or so miles from Otiria to Kerikeri, in darkness.

You may be inclined to feel that the impression you gather of the country on this bus ride is an exaggerated one. The bus lights fall on roads which seem to be a strong red. They sweep over red banks at the sides of the roads. Above the banks they show you the green and gold of long lines of gorse in bloom. When there are no banks by the roads, all you see is the outline of masses of trees, most of which look like blue-gums and pines. Here and there the bus stops to set down a passenger, and you wonder why, for you can't see any houses, or even a light from a window. Only trees, and gorse, and the red road ahead.

It's not until the bus is belting down the straight stretch of road that leads into Kerikeri Central that you do at last see a light. It comes from Kerikeri's one street lamp, which hangs over a cluster of shops. This light and the half-dozen or so shops are practically all there is to tell you you have reached the end of your journey. Perhaps a handful of people meet the bus. But you're still asking yourself where they and the rest of the people of Kerikeri live, for beyond the shops and round them all you can see is trees.



The site of the mission station.

These trees—and a walk round Kerikeri in daylight will confirm the impression that there are a great many of them—are not old. They are the mark of the new Kerikeri, the Kerikeri of to-day. A few years ago you could look for miles across undulating country to an unbroken horizon. Then pines and blue-gums were planted to shelter citrus-fruit farms. Fifteen years ago they grew round the homes and infant orchards of about thirty people. To-day they shelter 500 acres of fruit-trees and vines and the houses of 700-odd people. And with this expansion into one of the largest orange and lemon-growing districts in New Zealand it may be said that Kerikeri is emerging from its second pioneering period since the European settlement of New Zealand began.

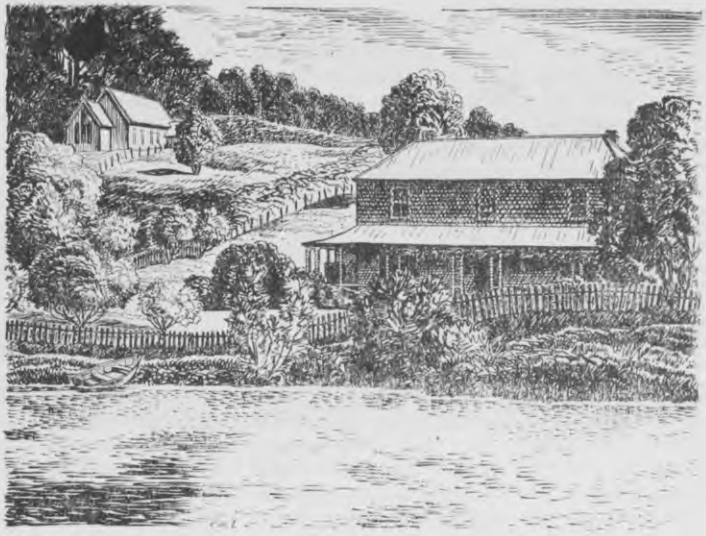
The Rev. Samuel Marsden, Senior Chaplain in the colony of New South Wales and superintendent of the Mission of the Church Missionary Society in New Zealand, walked across this district on his first visit to this country in the year of Waterloo. He travelled from his ship, the "Active," lying in the Bay of Islands, in a Maori canoe, and stepped ashore at the head of the Kerikeri River in a potato-ground belonging to a brother of the great chief Hongi. The land was treeless, fern-covered. Marsden liked the look of it. "I considered this district the most promising for a new settlement of any I had met with in New Zealand," he wrote, "the soil being rich, the land pretty level, free from timber, easy to work with the plough, and bounded by a fine fresh-water river, the communication by water free and open to any part of the Bay of Islands, and safe anchorage for ships of any burden within about two leagues of the settlement."

Accordingly, when Marsden came to New Zealand on his second visit in 1819, he bought from Hongi for forty-eight "falling axes" 13,000 acres of this land, and there, at Gloucester Vale, as the white men first called Kerikeri, he established the second mission station in New Zealand. (He had established the first at Rangihoua, about 12 miles from Kerikeri, on his first visit in 1814-15.)

The first buildings were to consist of a public store, a house for James Kemp, an artisan missionary, and a blacksmith's shop for Kemp to work in. But before any permanent buildings could be erected the missionaries had to build themselves a boat to carry the timber up the Kerikeri River. This vessel, the first, as Marsden says, "ever built upon the northern island of New Zealand," was a 20-ton flat-bottom punt. It was launched on September 13, 1819, and the next day took its first load to the site of the new settlement.

The house then built for James Kemp stands to-day as the oldest wooden building in New Zealand. It is a pleasant two-storied English farm house looking across the broad reach of the river to tree-covered rising country on the other side. The land behind it rises,

too, and if you stand up there at this time of the year and look down on the house you wonder what kind of trees they can be over to the left that make such a splash of greens and yellows and reds. In the garden of the house, on either side of the gravel path to the front door, the flowers of three seasons are in bloom—chrysanthemums, roses, and white spring flowers. Stones made for a flourmill that was never built pave the path from the back door up the garden.



James Kemp's house and the Anglican church.

This old house, built of heart puriri, matai, and totara, and nails made in the blacksmith's shop on the site, is very much as it was originally. There is a little more of it—some additions were made to the back in later years—and an iron roof has now replaced the old roof of Australian ironwood shingles. But there is no electric light. And no radio. Miss Kemp, granddaughter of the original owner, who lives in the house to-day, has an oil-lamp and her books. "And," she will tell you, "it's often about midnight before I go to bed."

It's an oil-lamp you see shining out toward the river if you chance to pass the house at night. An oil-lamp has shone there for a great many years.

"In Granny's time," Miss Kemp says, "a light was kept burning to show the way to scows coming up the river. Mother said she wanted this kept up. It looks so homely. And many a captain has told us how the light has helped him in." And so that light burns every night still, whether ships come up the river or not.

Samuel Marsden himself stayed in this house when visiting Kerikeri, and in its rooms instructed Maoris in the Christian religion. Later, British soldiers, on their first inland march against the Maoris, were billeted there. Across the inlet from the wharf, not far from the house, was one of the *pas* of the powerful chief Hongi Hika, who encouraged the missionaries to go to Kerikeri and sold them the land for their settlement. To the casual visitor there is no sign of the *pa* to-day, but in those early missionary days, when slaughter and cannibalism were common, it is said that the stream which so quietly slips past the house often ran red with human blood.

As Miss Kemp takes you through her house you may notice a small table in the middle of one of the rooms. If you comment on it Miss Kemp may tell you that "compared with that table the house is an infant." You may also notice an old organ which stands in a corner. Apparently this organ was brought to New Zealand in the early "eighties" for the Kerikeri Church and landed at Russell to be sent to Kerikeri by boat. Unfortunately, however, a squall caught the schooner, which was carrying the organ from Russell, and turned it over, leaving the organ and the two men of the ship, bobbing up and down in the river. The organ was salvaged and taken to pieces to dry out, and that's where the trouble really seems

to have begun. Nobody could put it together again. It was sent to Auckland for repair and Auckland sent it back again, with the advice that it would be cheaper to buy a new one. And so it found its way into a corner of the old house and stands there to-day.

James Kemp's home is not the only one of the early missionary buildings still to be seen in Kerikeri. It has a younger companion nearby, the Church Missionary Society store, built in 1833, the oldest stone building still standing in New Zealand. Most of the stone for the store was apparently taken out of the river—you can still see shells embedded in it—but Sydney sandstone was used round the doors and the iron-barred windows and this is the only stone that is showing much sign of its age. Some of it is beginning to crumble away.

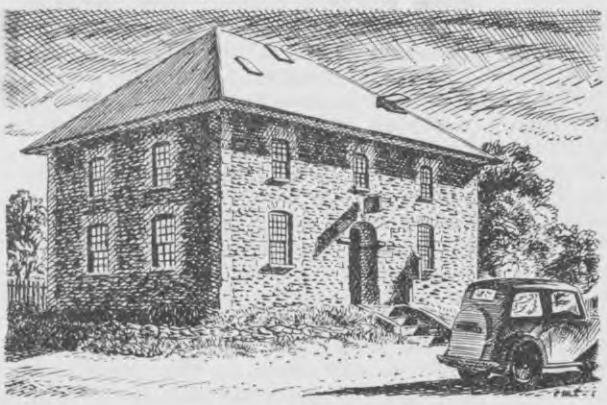
A general store, privately owned and complete with electric light and telephone, is still operated on the ground floor. Upstairs is the room which was used as a library by Bishop Selwyn, first (and only) Bishop of New Zealand. Bishop Selwyn lived at Waimate, where his house, the first Bishopscourt, still stands as the second oldest wooden building in New Zealand. It is said that Bishop Selwyn would often walk from Waimate to Kerikeri, a distance of 10 miles, for an evening's reading. And on this story, Melville Harcourt, in his book *The Day Before Yesterday*, comments :—

" The snowball of legend has travelled far since those days, and now people will tell you that when he did it he would stroll there and back, others that he would do so every evening, and those who take a real pride in their church, that he would do so every evening with his son on his back. A remarkable man."

The same writer says, however, that Bishop Selwyn must have been one of the greatest walkers who ever trod a step in New Zealand. On July 28, 1842, he left Waimate to inspect the North Island of his diocese. He was away six months, and, in addition to travelling by boat and horse, he walked nearly one thousand miles.

The library room to-day is a small and somewhat haphazard museum. The reddish dust of kauri-gum, which used to be sorted in the room next door, is thick on the floors and table. On the walls are copies of historic documents. Old account books used in the store are piled on a shelf, and round the floor are scattered odds and ends of early agricultural and other tools, cannon balls, muskets, Maori weapons. In the corner is a missionary bed, to-day almost unrecognizable as a bed. The more valuable documents and exhibits have, however, been removed, some to museums and some into the care of responsible persons.

Some of these early store day-books cast some interesting sidelights on early missionary life. You open one, dated 1822, for instance, and your eye lights on an entry recording the issue of a chisel " for preventing a native from shooting the cows." Six pairs of scissors, you discover, were given to natives who assisted in " seeking, killing, and bringing home a black bull," and some one else got an adze for returning some medicine which had been stolen. Shoes, you note with envy, were 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. a pair, shirting calico 7½d., and axes and sheeting calico 1s. 6d. You don't have to remind yourself that those were the prices of more than one hundred years ago.



The old stone store.

As you climb the road up the hill from the store and

Kerikeri Central.

James Kemp's old house you pass one more historic spot before you find yourself back again in the centre of the modern Kerikeri. This is a sloping field on your right, where, it is said, the plough first turned the soil of New Zealand. One of the Kerikeri missionaries, the Rev. J. G. Butler, has left an account of this event.

" On the morning of the 3rd of May, 1820," he wrote, " the agricultural plough was for the first time put into the land of New Zealand at the Kiddi Kiddi (Kerikeri), and I felt much pleasure in holding it, after a Team of six Bullocks, brought down by the Dromedary. I think that this auspicious day will be remembered with gratitude and its anniversary kept by ages yet unborn."

To-day this field is being turned into a citrus orchard. In a few years, no doubt, it will be hidden from sight, like so much of the rest of Kerikeri, by the trees of the citrus shelter-belts.

When you leave these relics of the Kerikeri of missionary days and get back past the group of shops that form the township, you are very quickly reminded that there is a story of the modern Kerikeri that is vastly different from that of the old. You visit the modern post-office in Hobson Avenue, and opposite the post-office, the ultramodern theatre. The name on the theatre surprises you—Cathay. It seems out of tune with the spirit of a place, where even the names of the streets emphasize its connection with our earliest national history. But it is less surprising when you know that some of the settlers have spent many years of their lives in the East and remember those years with pleasure and affection. They came to Kerikeri, which they heard of through a holiday visit by one of their number, to live in active retirement. Most of them will cheerfully tell you that the emphasis has been on the " active " part of the phrase rather than the " retirement " ; their work has kept them busy over long hours with, at first, only meagre returns. But, though there is often a nostalgic note in their conversation about the East, you leave them feeling that they have no real regrets about Kerikeri after all.

People from many occupations and many places within and beyond New Zealand have joined the community in the last fifteen years. Some of them, like the missionaries, have built their own homes as well as converting the gorse-covered land to fruit-production, and the variety in size and design of their houses is one of the things you can't help noticing in a walk round Kerikeri to-day. Some of their homes have cost up to £3,000 ; others have cost a few hundreds.

When the citrus orchards were first planted the average holdings of land were about 23 acres, but the standard

holding to-day is approximately 15 acres, enough to grow 250 citrus trees and some mixed fruit and to keep a cow. In each of the last four years Kerikeri has produced an average of just over 10,000 cases of lemons. Last year it also grew about 5,000 cases of oranges and 2,000 cases of grapefruit. The grapefruit-production is increasing, as the trees have yet to reach maturity, but because of a labour shortage passion-fruit production is not as great as it used to be, the 3,000 half-cases sent last year to the markets and 15 tons to the processing firms being about half the quantity produced four years ago. Passion-fruit growing is an occupation for a skilled man, and at present there are only about five skilled growers in Kerikeri. Other fruits, of which there are fairly extensive plantings, are Chinese gooseberries and tree tomatoes.

Unlike the first pioneers, the Kerikeri fruitgrowers do not depend on the sea for their communications. Motor-lorries take their fruit to the railway. But the light which burns in Miss Kemp's house may still guide scows to the jetty. Scows from Auckland come up the river regularly with petrol and supplies for Kerikeri's general stores.

The Royal Air Force

The Royal Air Force was created on April 1, 1918. Its first communique, issued a few days later, reported that No. 20 Squadron dropped sixteen 20 lb. bombs; No. 1 Squadron thirteen 25 lb. bombs; and No. 206 Squadron seventy-four 25 lb. bombs. In addition, four 40 lb. phosphorous bombs were dropped. In terms of this war's 8,000 lb. blockbusters, this may not seem like a very auspicious start, but within three months the R.A.F. had command of the air over Europe. Against the Germans' 340 planes, Britain could rank 1,390 better machines better manned. By the end of the war, when the rout of the first Luftwaffe was complete, the R.A.F. had 22,647 airplanes, 103 airships, 291,000 officers and men plus 25,000 women in the W.R.A.F. In the short eight months of its wartime life, it had become the world's first great air force.

Many of the men who are leading the R.A.F. to victory in its second great trial gained their first experience with the infant R.A.F. and its immediate predecessors, the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Naval Air Service. Sir Charles Portal, Marshal of the R.A.F. and Chief of Air Staff, flew as an observer in the R.F.C. as early as 1915, once pot-shotted the German ace Immelmann with a rifle. Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Deputy Allied Commander in Europe, flew with the R.F.C. in 1916, was squadron leader in the R.A.F. in 1919. Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris commanded the first experimental night-flying detachment in World War I for defence against Zepplin attacks on London.—*U.S. Army-Navy Journal of Recognition.*

Ecole des Soeurs

By Lance-Corporal D. M. SAKER

★ **This sketch was awarded second prize in its section in the recent Services literary competitions.**

SHE WAS waiting; continually her dark eyes sought the gates to the playground, while her foot shaped a useless pattern on the gravel. When the nun spoke to her she glanced up with an eye which was resentful and sullen.

"You, Arlette, must lead the altos, and make sure, you others, that you keep in time with her, over the 'vole, vole, vole.'" The girl nodded.

"Oui, ma soeur." Then she glanced at the gate and at the ground again. Taller than any of the others, she had a poise which did not quite belong to the schoolgirl. She had southern beauty—dark skin, soft brown hair, and eyes that flickered in a brown lustre, like pools of a river. Moreover, she was conscious of her beauty, and often her delicate fingers would stray to a curl that had escaped under her broad-brimmed hat. But her maturity went no deeper than her looks, since she obeyed the black-gowned nun blindly, and, when she moved, she moved as a child, loosely and diffidently.

"We'll try it again, then," said the nun, and, raising her hand in the air, she gave them the first note of the song. It was barely finished when a small khaki van edged through the gate and rolled across the playground. Obviously, the girl had but waited for this. The faint creak of the brakes as the van paused at the gate had first drawn her attention; now she did not take her eyes away. As it rolled nearer, she examined the two men in the front seat, but, apparently unsatisfied, she searched the back, and when, after a moment or two, two men jumped down, she gave a scarcely audible sigh, and, unwittingly, her left hand began to toy with a string of beads over her bodice.

The younger girls flocked round the van, gazing curiously at the large packing-cases which held the recording unit of the nearby army base. The men in the unit had come to make a recording of the French children singing. With the van came the two officers of the unit, and two others, one a driver, and the other an interpreter—this latter being hardly more than a boy. The two officers climbed out, and one commenced to open up the boxes containing the apparatus, whilst the other came up with the interpreter, who asked the nun whether they might see the Sister Superior.

"Mais oui, attendez un moment," she replied, tilting her white panama back wearily. "Arlette, watch the children for a moment, while I go and get the Sister Superior."

"Oui, ma soeur." The girl had never taken her eyes away from the young interpreter; she spoke meekly, with a fulness of tone, which showed the volume of her emotions. Happening to glance up, he caught her eye, and smiled swiftly. She blushed under her brown skin, and turned away to her companions, who whispered, "C'est lui, n'est-ce pas?" She said nothing. Her thoughts fled tumultously back to her first meeting with

Ronnie, as she called him, twisting the "r" so that the name sounded like a charm.

Now the Sister Superior, an inwardly happy, girlish person, with silver-rimmed spectacles, came bustling up from another class, her black robes spurting in front, as her feet kicked beneath.

"Bonjour, messieurs," she said hurriedly, "I hope that everything is ready. The girls have been practising for hours."

"Merci, ma Soeur," replied the interpreter politely. Turning to the mechanician he asked, "Ready, Jim?"

"Sure, let them go," the latter answered. "But they'd better give it a trial run-through first."

"Good, I'll ask them to try it now." Turning to the nun in charge of the class, he asked, "Ma soeur, do you think that we could try it through once, so that we could test the machine?"

"Bien sur, M'sieur," said the nun. She raised her hand and the girls sang. Arlette sang with her eyes on the ground, but every few seconds she cast them up through the screen of her dark lashes, and looked longingly at the interpreter. He smiled briefly once or twice, and then, being embarrassed, looked away. Finally, in distress, she kept her eyes fastened on the ground.

"C'est tres bien," encouraged the nun when the trial was over. "Sing as well as that next time, and it will make a lovely record." The Sister Superior smiled approvingly. She was very benign and lovable.

"Are they ready?" whispered the officer in charge to the interpreter.

"Yes."

"Well, tell them to start when I lower my hand," and he lifted his right hand in the air, and looked at the stop-watch in the other. All those eager faces were turned to him, except two, as the table started revolving; then the hand fell.

"Douce Caledonie, pays baigne d'azure," they sang, their lively faces concentrating on making the beautiful sounds, their eyes flickering to and fro among the men opposite them. Again Arlette sought the eyes of her lover, but he smiled only briefly, and then his glance passed on over the others.

The girl began to feel oppressed, even miserable. "Why can't he look at me? He ought to smile. Oh, darling, smile," she said, and to her, it sounded almost as though she had spoken aloud. Now her lithe body was quivering with her longing and her misery. She moved from side to side, like a bow. She touched her hair, and her hand wandered over her dress. She felt like a spring which cannot release itself. Again and again her lover's eyes passed over her without any expression in them.

The song finished, and they commenced another with the same procedure. It was a delightful melody called "L'Hanneton," the cockchafer, and three girls, among them Arlette, sang as altos. On that white plateau of a playground, it was a pure and lovely thing to hear the contrasting voices rising in the air like differently toned bells.

"Hanneton, vole, vole, vole,
Va par ci, va par la,"

they sang, while Arlette kept her eyes lowered. "Why doesn't he look at me?" she moaned.

They came to the end of the song, and the rapt faces changed and became curious and playful. The mechanician made a few adjustments, and then said to the interpreter, "Tell them that we'll play it back."

"Ma soeur, we will play the record now, and you will see how well the children have sung." The sister nodded excitedly, and explained to the children, and then composed herself to listen.

Down came the needle and the strains of the first song came floating back. The girls gaped for a moment in wonderment, and then collapsed in giggles. "Ecoutez, ecoutez!" they whispered.

"Hanneton, vole, vole, vole," they heard and even the nun was in fits of laughter, but it was suppressed in accordance with her position.

Arlette felt a sudden desire to giggle with the others, but could not, and the result was almost to cry. She saw the Sister Superior, so kind and benign, laughing with the nun who had led the singing; she saw the other girls turning among themselves, and giggling. She felt some of them nudge her. Once,

furtively, she looked up at Ronald. He and the officer were laughing at the children.

"Va par ci, va par la," . . . . The giggles of the others echoed the song, but Arlette did not move. She was entranced, as someone is who is faced with a sudden fear. Through her body had run a slight stir; it had been ecstacy and it had been pain. Above all it was unknown. Now she was left void and waiting, but with a knowledge that filled her and overflowed, like one's arms in a fever. It made her blind. There was no happiness in her soul, no smile on her face. In her thoughts there was a painful confusion, for she knew that she was a mile above these giggling children, and yet, simultaneously, she felt that they had all turned against her; even the face of the kind Sister Superior had become a mask of iron which detested her. She wanted the song to end.

"FATHER OF THE JAPANESE NAVY"

The Story of Will Adams, English Shipwright and Pilot

By Staff Sergeant S. C. Ross

TO-DAY THE guns of our coastal batteries stand ready to deal with any "hit and run" raid the Japanese may attempt on this country, yet it is not so long ago when the same guns thundered forth a salute to a representative of that navy which is to-day at grips with the Allies. We remember the visits of Japanese naval units to these shores—yet how many of us remember that an English seaman was responsible for the founding of that navy?

The year 1588 is a memorable one in English history. When the Spanish Armada was nearing the coast of England, and Drake and his seamen were preparing to meet the Spaniards, Will Adams, a boy barely fourteen years of age, was serving as a shipwright's apprentice on the banks of the Thames. Fifteen years later this English shipwright and pilot was to found a navy, the same navy which three hundred years later met the Imperial Russian Fleet and practically annihilated it at the Battle of Tsushima.

Born in 1574, in Gillingham, England, Adams was twelve years of age when he was apprenticed to the shipwright's trade; a highly important calling in the days when the sailors of the Virgin Queen were hammering out the foundations of the British Empire on the southern seas.

In 1598, ten years after the defeat of the Armada, Will Adams, his apprenticeship long since served, and engaged as a pilot by the Dutch East India Company, sailed from Texel, in the Netherlands, for the East Indies.

The fleet of five vessels sailed on June 24, 1598, but ill luck dogged the fleet from the commencement of the voyage. Driven off their course, half-starving and exhausted, with scurvy taking deadly toll of the crews, the five ships reached the Straits of Magellan in

The tomb of Will Adams at Hemi.

April, 1599. For six months the small fleet was forced to shelter, and during that time the crews suffered terrible hardships. Off the coast of Chile, Thomas Adams, brother of Will, the former a servant of the Dutch, had the misfortune to lose his life in an affray with the Indians. Later the Spaniards captured two ships, and another was lost on one of the Sandwich Islands. Of the five ships only two remained, and it was at this stage that it was decided to set a course for Japan, where the Dutch, the first visitors to that country, were the only foreigners allowed to set foot. The other ship disappeared on the voyage, and the " De Liefde " (Loving Charity)—Will Adams pilot—was left to continue alone. On the 11th April, 1600, the " De Liefde " reached the north coast of Kyushu Island, in southern Japan.

The Shogun (Governor) Iyeyasu was in residence at the Castle of Osaka, and suspicious of all foreigners, he commanded that Will Adams be brought before him. Will Adams, first Englishman to visit Japan was kept a prisoner for forty days, but the simple honesty of the sailor appealed to the Shogun, who saw in Adams a man useful in his dealings with the Dutch.

Will Adams entered the service of the Japanese Shogun. Aided and encouraged by Iyeyasu, he built two ships, one of eighty tons, the other of one hundred and seventy tons. Both vessels were modelled on the lines of the English warships that had played havoc with the Armada some years previously. Thus came in to being two ships of the English type, ships that were the foundation of the Imperial Japanese Navy.

Almost as important, Adams trained the personnel made available by the Shogun, and in the peaceful waters of the Inland Sea he taught them the first rudiments of sailing and navigating.

Will Adams proved an able instructor, and when his pupils had proved their capabilities as sailors and navigators he took both ships on a training cruise to the south. Heading south, they sailed into waters unknown to the Japanese, visiting such ports as deemed advisable in the East Indies and the Gulf of Siam. After some months both ships returned to Osaka.

For these and other services the Shogun presented Will Adams with an estate at Yokosuka and a residence at Yedo, the last-named town having a street called Anjin-cho, or Pilot, Street.

But in 1605 the call of his homeland prompted Adams to apply for permission to leave Japan. The Shogun refused, and with that refusal went his last chance of leaving the country. Will Adams married a Japanese woman, by whom he had several children, and on his estate at Yokosuka he lived the life of a country gentleman.

In 1611 the English East India Company, learning of Adams's close association with the Shogun, despatched a ship under the command of a Captain John Saris; Saris's mission was to contact Adams and attempt to obtain trade privileges. Saris succeeded, due in a large measure to the efforts of Will Adams.

Will Adams entered the company's service at a salary of £100 per annum. But Saris, ignoring the advice of Adams, established the first factory at Hirado. Here the Dutch were already established, and Saris encountered difficulty from the beginning. Saris appears to have misunderstood Will Adams, having no high opinion of his character or business capacity. Had Saris accepted the advice of Adams, the enterprise may have been successful, but in 1623 the factory closed down with a loss of between £5,000 and £10,000.

From then on Japan closed her doors to the outside world, foreigners were hated and feared, and the Shoguns enforced rigid seclusion on the people of the country. It was not till July, 1853, that Commodore Perry, commanding an American squadron, ended the isolationist policy of Japan.

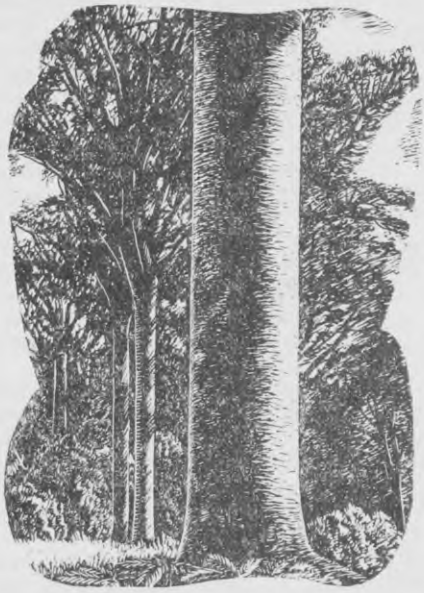
Will Adams died in 1620, some three years prior to the English closing their factory. He was a man loved and respected by the Japanese people. At Hemi a simple monument marks the spot where his ashes rest. His name is rarely mentioned in English history books, but he was the man who taught the Japanese to build ships in the European way, and indeed may well be said to be the " Father of the Japanese Navy."

The KAURI

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

THE KAURI-TREE of New Zealand ranks with the world's noblest and most valuable timber trees. The kauri is one of about twenty species of trees belonging to the genus *Agathis*. The other species range over the Melanesian Islands, the Malay Archipelago, and Cochin China. Closely related to *Agathis* is the Norfolk Island pine and the Monkey Puzzle, members of the genus *Araucaria*. The immense and tall bole, with spreading head, some of the branches being as large as ordinary trees, give an imposing appearance to the kauri. The kauri has rather large, oval, shining, green leaves and globular cones. Mature trees may attain a height of 150 ft. with a trunk of up to 15 ft. or even up to 22 ft. in diameter. In New Zealand the kauri is found from the North Cape district as far south as Kawhia on the west to Maketu in the Bay of Plenty. It is found also on the Great and Little Barrier Islands and on the Poor Knights.

Since its discovery by Marion du Fresne in 1772, the kauri has been much sought after for its timber, with the inevitable result that kauri forests now are fragmentary compared with their former size. Spars made from the young trees, or rikas, as they are called, were valued by the British Navy for masts; and in these and the timber of the large trees a brisk export trade sprang up in the early part of last century. On one occasion the Navy landed at Portsmouth a spar 110 ft. long. Since that time the trade in kauri timber has flourished, but the product has far exceeded the growth, so that a definite limit is set for future supplies.



The wood of the kauri holds first place among the timbers of New Zealand. It is light, durable, straight-grained, easily worked, free from knots, and takes a smooth and silky surface. It has been put to every kind of use for which timber is suitable. Outside work, such as wharves and bridges, houses, joinery, furniture, and so on, are a few of the uses to which kauri timber has been put.

Besides timber, another product of the kauri-tree must be mentioned. This is a resin, the so-called "kauri-gum," which is obtained either from the living tree or from the ground formerly occupied by kauri forests. Sometimes the export value of kauri-gum has exceeded that of the timber. Kauri-gum has formed an important ingredient in the manufacture of varnishes and has other uses. The digging of kauri-gum in swamps and the manuka-covered hills of the Auckland district has attracted multitudes of individual workers or gum-diggers, who, as with gold-diggers, generally sell their gains individually.

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.

ENGINEERING TRADE

General Comments

The following three limiting factors have to be remembered when considering some of the branches of the engineering trade :—

(1) The introduction of the auxiliary training scheme brought about by the demand for munitions. This has led to the training of extra men as well as of women :

(2) The employment of women other than auxiliary workers for the less-skilled operations. Many of these women will no doubt take up or resume domestic life after the war :

(3) The expert training given to large numbers of fitters, turners, radio technicians, motor mechanics, and the like in the Navy, Army, and Air Force.

These factors are certain (in post-war years) to affect the position of the unskilled and semi-skilled worker. To safeguard his own interests a tradesman needs to be highly qualified, or else to choose a trade in which the above three factors do not apply.

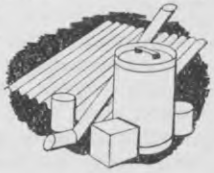
It is significant to note that in Australia during a recent falling-off in industry, after the war-peak production had been reached, it was the unskilled worker who found himself unemployed, while the skilled worker was not only retained, but was required to work overtime. At the same time, new developments are almost certain to take place in the field of secondary industries, and in many such industries men with a basis knowledge of engineering trades—*e.g.*, fitters and turners—will be able to find employment.

Most of these occupations are paid at a minimum rate of about 2s. 7d. to 2s. 11d. per hour.

Sheet-metal Working

Tinsmithing and copper-smithing are two branches of sheet-metal work which is a skilled trade with an apprenticeship period of five years. The development of modern machines has limited its scope, so that it offers few openings at the present time. Nevertheless, copper and galvanized-iron work will always be important to New Zealand, which has much use for such articles as roofing-iron, spouting, ridging, flashings, tanks, domestic hot-water cylinders, milk-cans, and vats.

Sound health and manual dexterity are necessary, and the higher grade positions call for ability in design-work, lettering, and the use of colours. In copper-smithing, particularly, some knowledge of physics and chemistry is useful. Technical school training is desirable.



Lead Burning

In fertilizer and other chemical works where corrosive acids and other chemicals are largely used there is scope for employment of a small number of lead-burners. These are really sheet-metal workers who specialize in lead. Openings are by no means numerous, but steady well-paid employment is the rule.

The award rate is about 2s. 7d. to 2s. 10d. per hour.

HONEYCOMBING

By Lieut. F. A. SANDALL

WE DON'T see much honey on the table these days—no; but the bees of New Zealand, of course, are as busy as ever. And literally as busy as the bees is the honey extraction and packing plant at Leeston, near Christchurch, for not only does it extract in the "season" all the honey the bees have made, but in the winter it is busy making frames in which bees may build next season's comb.

Every one knows the sections and stories of a beehive. Inside each story are many frames, about 15 in. long, 7 in. deep, and over an inch thick. These the bees have filled with honeycomb.

Sections full of frames are received at the plant. Now the comb in each frame has been sealed with wax by the bees. To get out the honey the wax must be removed. It can be cut off with a large knife, but the wax gets sticky and holds back the knife, particularly in cold weather. So this factory use a "steam-knife." A copper jacket is soldered on to one side of the knife. A kettle is boiled over a primus stove and steam passes up a tube through the jacket and into a can of water. This hot-bladed knife cuts off the wax very quickly. The frames are then placed in rotors in two large vats. Each rotor will hold about fifty frames, and they are driven like everything else except the steam-knife, by electricity. As they rotate, centrifugal force draws the honey from the comb and throws it on to the side of the vat. As the comb empties, the rotor is spun faster—by a simple device—a pulley gives the drive by pressing on the face of a disk like a gramophone turn-table. The pulley is movable, and as it is slid towards the centre of the disk, the rotor speeds up.

Some honey, of course, comes off with the wax sealing the comb. This mixture is put in a can and separated later. Meanwhile the extracted honey is flowing from the vats through the floor into a straining-tank in the lower storey of the plant. Here any wax present collects on the top, and the honey, now pure, runs into the tank proper. This is a large affair and must hold many gallons. From a shutter at the bottom you can "take off" honey—60 lb. in twenty seconds.

All the honey, however, is not packed in such large quantities. Much of it is in 1 lb. cartons. A special automatic electric machine packs these, filling and sealing the cartons in quick succession. And so to the breakfast table—if you're lucky.

But all that bees give is not honey. Much of it is wax. All of it can be used. It is melted and solidified in ingots—about twice the size most of us imagine a gold ingot to be. As time allows, these in turn are reduced to strips less than an inch thick and longer than a comb frame. Rollers, or "embossers," reduce this to a sheet as thick as very thin cardboard and marked or embossed all over with hexagonal impressions. On to these the bee will build its comb. This sheet has to be held firmly in the frame, and here another cunningly modern trick is used. Three thin wires are stretched across the frame. The frame is then laid on the sheet so that the wires touch it. Wires from the positive and negative terminals of a battery are touched on the extremities of each frame-wire. Instantly the wires warm up and sink into the softened wax—and there they are, embedded in the wax sheet, reinforcing it like wires in splinter-proof glass.

Off with the frames to the hives, and the rest can safely be left to the bees.

News of New Zealand

INCORPORATING THE WORLD'S NEWS

UP TO 1775

CITY EDITION, Price 2d.

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1775

SOUTHERN CONTINENT A MYTH: COOK'S TOUR HITS THEORY FOR SIX

The Great Southern Continent, thesis of continental theorists since the voyagings of Dutchman Abel J. (for Janzoon) Tasman, does not exist. Captain James Cook, modern-day explorer, navigator, surveyor, and physician, has brought his ship, "Resolution," safely back to England. And, an Admiralty spokesman made plain yesterday, Captain Cook, after two voyages of hemisphere traverse, does not believe possible the existence of a large land-mass within the reach of navigation and still undiscovered.

However, Captain Cook has left British colours flying on several previously unknown islands likely to be of great value in this country's plan of an empire far-flung and prosperous. A pointer to this was seen yesterday on the Stock Exchange when overseas stock bounced several points higher with the release of the news.

Main discoveries of this voyage include New Caledonia, largest island in the south Pacific except New Zealand (alternative spellings: Nova Zeelandia, Nieuw Zeeland); an island named Georgia; and a coast still unexplored named Sandwich Land.

"I reckon I know every currant in the Pacific pudding, and I've chewed at most of them," Captain Cook said last evening when interviewed in his cottage by our Hampshire representative. Smilingly busy with her work, and justifiably proud, was the captain's god-child wife (nee Batts). "We sailed between 60,000 and 70,000 miles, taking three years and eighteen days, with the loss of only four men—three by accident and one from stomach trouble and a quart of rum. Not a one died from scurvy. I saw to that," the Captain continued. "We struggled for three years with ice and hunger and hardship to prove the fabled wealth of Antarctica was a mischievous myth. Now there is no doubt about it."

Captain Cook (promoted after his new-world voyage I, 1769–71), gave details of his appointment in 1772 to an exploratory expedition to settle once and for all the existence of a great southern continent. H.M. sloop "Resolution" was his ship (462 tons; crew 112; cost £4,145), and with a smaller ship, "Adventure" (Captain Furneaux, captain; crew 81; cost £2,103) he sailed from Plymouth, July 13, 1772. The ships touched at Madeira and the Cape of Good Hope, setting out from there to explore the southern latitudes for approximately six months—"And all we found was ice."

The two ships sailed for New Zealand (previously charted by Captain Cook), but were separated, "Discovery" berthing at Plymouth a year ago. "After leaving us, Furneaux reached New Zealand, where his relationships with the Indians were not very happy—they killed and ate ten of a boat's crew. I had always suspected these Indians were cannibals; this melancholy occurrence affords definite proof," Captain Cook said.

"Resolution" eventually reached New Zealand safely, and after some time set out to spend the winter among the Society Islands. Came the spring, and Captain Cook made further exploration eastwards, and later steering northwards he navigated the southern tropic from Easter Island to the New Hebrides and discovered an island named by him New Caledonia. After a third try, he gave up all hope of finding a landmass and returned to England.

Informed circles mention unofficially that Captain Cook is to be raised to the rank of post-captain, and to be appointed captain of Greenwich Hospital. It is also suggested that he will be balloted a member of the Royal Society in recognition of his paper on scurvy.

TROPICALITIES

By Columnist L. G. GRAY, special to *News of New Zealand* and syndicate newspapers

Last evening I dined with those professional funsters, Boswell and Johnson. They had spent the afternoon at the Admiralty, and the talk across the table was solely of Captain Cook and his doings of the last three years. Boswell, who had been talking to the crew while they were waiting for their deferred pay, was full of a hundred curious stories—stories which Johnson dismissed airily.

Johnson: The trouble Boswell is that you're gossip happy and rumour conscious. It's all very well to be carried away by grand but indefinite notions of world tours. But there's so little to be learnt. Too much is conjecture. You, nobody at all, knows enough of language: you can believe what you see but everything intellectual and everything abstract—politics, morals, religion — can only be darkly guessed. Anyway, one set of savages is much like another.

Boswell: I can't see how you can say the people of Tahiti (alternative spelling, Otaheite) are savages.

Johnson: Don't cant in defence of savages.

Boswell: They can navigate.

Johnson: A dog or cat can swim.

Boswell: They carve ingeniously.

Johnson: A cat can scratch, so can a child with a nail. Bozzy, get on with your dinner, and don't lose your sense of perspective.

And Johnson continued dryly by saying he hadn't been told all these stories: I didn't know I was so much respected. What can't be learnt in London is not worth knowing, anyway, he said.

FAMINE IN FRANCE

Thousands of the French peasantry (alternative word, proletariat) are starving in the worst famine ever to smack France. Taxes are even heavier, domination from the ruling classes more oppressive. Political observers predict a violent upheaval from the masses before many years.

These Indians eat their enemies. Six of the Discovery's crew made a menu.

MAPS TO BE REDRAWN

To the Editor of *News of N.Z.*

SIR,—

On behalf of the mapmakers of this country I wish to appeal to the Government to take further steps that would put beyond all doubt the existence of the Southern Continent. Captain Cook says there is no such place, but is he qualified to make such a claim after only two voyages? If what he claims is true, every world map will be out-dated and will have to be redrawn—a terrific undertaking. The matter is too important to depend on the word of one man.

Yours, &c.,
Mapmaker.

Asked to comment on this letter, Captain Cook said that after this last voyage there was now no room for doubt; the whole ocean had been covered ("no piece of seaweed has been left unturned"); the results were conclusive. "I was led up the garden path," said the captain. After a first reading of his journal we suggest he was kidded up a bluegum tree.—Ed.

NOBLE SAVAGE ROCKS WOMEN

Matrons' eyebrows and debutantes' hearts were set fluttering last night when Omai was guest of honour at a society dinner. Brown-skinned handsome Savage Omai was brought back to England from the Society Islands (lat. 20 S.; long. 150 W.) with the Captain Cook exploratory party. He is to return to his island home with a later voyage.

Omai is no Indian. He is interested in neither scalps nor wild horses; his manners are most refined and his conversation is both quietly spoken and carefully chosen. Omai is the rage. Last night women and girls fought for his attention. Society conventions were disregarded. "Oh, my Omai," breathed one lass late in the evening. That's only what she thought.

NEWS OF NEW ZEALAND,
THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1775.

Crime Does Not Pay

The Crown Law Office reports that the Messrs. Perrou Bros. have been hanged. Sentences of death were passed on them some time ago after convictions for forgery. A large crowd watched the hangings.

COLONIES WAR TO END SOON: APPEAL FOR MORE MEN: BURKE'S WARNING

The civil war in the American colonies continues, but foreign correspondents report there has been no major engagement since the attack in April on British troops at Lexington, where our casualties were more than two hundred men. It is reported that the United Colonies at a congress meeting at Philadelphia have appointed as their commander George Washington, not a brilliant soldier, but known for his sound judgment, indomitable perseverance, enthusiasm, and the power of inspiring others. He reiterates the claim "No Taxation without Representation."

General Gage has made another appeal for more troops and equipment. Canada Colony—with the right of Roman Catholics guaranteed and French civil law retained—remains loyal and has repelled American attacks. There is also a large body of loyalists, more particularly in the south.

Foreign office officials agree that the trouble will soon be quelled and the colonies made to accept their responsibilities and their share of taxation. Such measures as Finance Minister Granville's Stamp Act will be enforced.

However, brilliant political observer Edmund Burke sounds a warning that, because of setbacks to our forces, might well be noted. He predicts that unless strong measures are taken it is possible the colonists' claims will be supported by Spain, France, Holland, Russia, and the Baltic States, both with armed force and trade blockade. The loss to Britain for all time of the American colonies would be disastrous; and if Burke's predictions were fulfilled that loss would not be inconceivable.

A seaboat landing for fresh fruit and vegetables, anything else that is going.

SCURVY SCOURGE BEATEN BY COOK'S NEW RECIPE BOOK

The scourge of scurvy has been conquered. On a journey taking more than three years Captain Cook has not lost one man from this curse of the sea, and he has proved completely successful experiments he started on world voyage I. His paper on the subject, to be presented to the Royal Society, is expected to revolutionize shipboard routine. No longer will sea voyages be tests of endurance, with death the predestined end for the majority of the ship's company.

Fresh food, fresh vegetables, and fresh water, with scrupulous cleanliness in the ship and by the men, will replace the unending salt meat, decaying biscuits, and conditions far from hygienic.

Sour krout (which does not deteriorate with keeping), raw onions, orange and lemon juice, and carrot marmalade were included in the ship's meals as fully as possible. A regular issue of wort, a drink brewed from malt, was always available.

The effectiveness of such methods was proved with the return of "Resolution" after a voyage of three years and with not one death from scurvy. The bill of health on "Adventure" was not so clean until Captain Cook's recipe book was made available. Many of the men died, and at one stage scurvy was so bad that most of the crew's teeth were lying sideways in their heads and their hair was falling out by the tuft. When the cook died he was replaced by one of Captain Cook's own men. Changes were made, the rum ration was halved, and under the care of Surgeon W. Patten—described as a tender and affectionate nurse—a general improvement in health was quickly made.

Experiments for the "distilling" of fresh water from sea-water have also been reported by Captain Cook. They are believed to be of the utmost importance. More probably will also be heard of experiments Captain Cook made with chronometers as a means of simplifying navigation and reducing inaccuracy.

APPEAL FOR FUNDS MADE

An appeal to the public for funds to finance a voyage to New Zealand to distribute among the Indians there all modern conveniences of civilization has been made by Dr. Franklin and Mr. Alex. Dalrymple.

A pamphlet—"Scheme of a Voyage to Convey the Conveniences of Life, Domestic Animals, Corn, Iron, &c., to New Zealand"—has been distributed.

"Those who think it their duty to ask for daily bread and other blessings from Heaven should regard it as an equal duty to distribute those blessings when they come to hand to those less fortunate than themselves," said Dr. Franklin last night. These Indians, he continued, were destitute of corn, fowls, and all quadrupeds except dogs—it appeared that the cupboards were so bare that at times this brave and generous race had nothing to eat but each other. When the necessary money was raised, it was intended to send to New Zealand such conveniences of life as fowls, hogs, goats, cattle, iron, &c. (it is suggested that the ship chosen will be named "Noah's Ark II").

GOV. GEN. CLEARED: ACCUSER TO HANG

The verdict of guilty brought against Governor-General of India, Warren Hastings, on charges of corruption has been quashed.

The tables have been turned. Nandkumar, Indian Chief, accuser and first witness for the prosecution, an old enemy of Hastings, has been tried and found guilty of forgery. His sentence is death by hanging.

The charges bring to mind the career of Lord (Robert) Clive (died 1774), who did more for his country than any soldier since John Churchill, 1st Duke of Marlborough, and more for the Indian peoples than any statesman in history. How he was rewarded on his return from India is expressed in Clive's own words—"They treated me like a common sheep-stealer." It appears that Hastings' political enemies have forgotten nothing.

One of the Captain's Pacific currents. Cook charted New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land.

Captain Cook, Pacific explorer: he knows every currant.

UTILITY GOODS

A KORERO Report

IN ITSELF the most wasteful of human activities, war usually brings about the strictest economy on the home front. This war in particular has seen a host of laws and regulations designed to keep civilian consumption of essential goods and services down to a minimum, and prices within reasonable limits. Rationing of certain foodstuffs, clothing, and other necessities, to give everybody enough at controlled prices, has been the most obvious method, and one common to most belligerent countries. Price-fixing on its own has been found to be easily evaded, but, combined with rationing, it has been fairly successful in preventing disastrous rises in the cost to the consumer. Human nature—of consumers as well as suppliers—has, as usual, been the main stumbling-block, and no doubt "black" markets will continue to operate in the best regulated communities, but the position would undoubtedly have been far worse without regulation.

Price-fixing has been found inadequate, however, where it stops at the cost to the consumer, for if the cost to the retailer goes up then a rise must be sanctioned in the final price. Britain, being a manufacturing country, has found it more effective to control costs at every stage of manufacture and distribution, and thus to control to a certain degree what is being produced as well as its price. In this scheme—called the "utility scheme"—the Board of Trade exercises the control, and is using a variety of means to ensure the required supply of what have come to be called "utility goods."

The scheme in Britain covers a wide range of articles, particularly in clothing and furniture, and the Board of Trade has laid down, at each stage of manufacture, minimum specifications and designs of the articles produced, including the nature or quality of material—or method of construction—at the same time fixing a maximum margin of profit, or maximum selling-price, for the manufacturer. Thus the eventual price to the consumer is governed more effectively, and at the same time the most economical use is ensured of the material and labour available.

An adequate supply of certified goods is made available to the public, but at the same time manufacturers are allowed a certain latitude in producing "luxury lines" and non-utility goods. If no such rein were imposed, the public would find itself paying indirectly for non-essential goods and non-essential types of necessity lines, but under direct Board of Trade control of production or supply both the public and the manufacturer are protected against the disadvantages of multiplicity. Longer production runs are possible, and prices kept down during a time of general economic stress.

The Board of Trade permits manufacturers to devote only a fraction of their output to non-utility goods; where it has not direct control over production or supply the Board places a quota restriction on non-utility goods, or uses raw material or labour concessions as inducements to manufacturers to adopt the scheme. Moreover, utility goods are exempt from sales tax. At present more than 80 per cent. of the aggregate clothing output and 100 per cent. of the furniture-production in Britain is "utility," with consequent saving in

labour and material, reasonable control of prices, rapid replacement and refurnishing of "blitzed" homes, and, to a certain extent, the education of the public in good taste and design.

Little has so far been accomplished in New Zealand, in comparison with Great Britain, but since the Standards Institute was established as a Government activity about seven years ago a good deal of legislative machinery has been prepared to permit the issue of standard specifications for a large number of the items in the average household budget.

Difficulty with Imports

The standards of many staple foodstuffs have already been specified, but in clothing so far only footwear has been covered, fifteen utility specifications being already in existence. Several difficulties have been met in the inclusion of other items of clothing, not the least being that much of the material is imported, and standard specifications cannot be established for these materials without the concurrence of overseas interests. A good deal of work has, however, been done in standardizing the basic measurements and size designations of garments, and so increasing their utility and service life. The remaining problems are being tackled by the Ministry of Industries and Commerce, through the Standards Institute, and progress is hoped for in the near future.

New Zealand can claim to be the first country in the world to produce national standard specifications for footwear, containing minimum requirements for materials, workmanship, and component parts. These specifications were prepared by a committee of technical experts, representative manufacturers, retailers and repairers, and consumer representatives nominated by women's organizations, the School of Home Science, and the Federation of Labour. In the spirit of the utility scheme the aim is to do away as far as possible with superfluous types, sizes, and variations, and to produce a sound and inexpensive article suited to the requirements and purchasing power of the general public.

Housing, which is estimated to account for 23.3 per cent. of the average cost-of-living budget, is already covered by a Standard Building Code and related standard specifications for building materials. These embody minimum requirements to ensure that houses are properly designed, will have a reasonable life, with low maintenance charges, and will afford proper living-conditions. Even the paint required for the protective coating of a house—a matter of the utmost importance to the householder—is covered by the code.

The Standard Mark

A number of other miscellaneous items, including fuel and light, soap, brushware, and school stationery, are covered by standards for the protection of the consumer, and there are as well about four hundred technical standards indirectly benefiting the community through reduced production, distribution, and maintenance costs. It has been estimated

The utility scheme has possibilities in household furniture. Simple designs are in better taste, easier to produce, cheaper. Which of these nineteenth-century chairs do you think the better ?

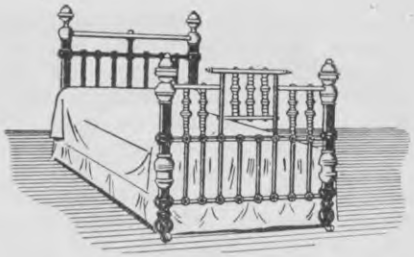
that a saving of from 25 per cent. to 33 per cent. has already been effected by the use of such standard specifications, and the increasing use of the Standard Mark, available to traders under license from the Minister of Industries and Commerce, should see a considerable over-all saving not only to the individual consumer, but to the community as a whole.

The Standard Mark is registered in New Zealand in the name of His Majesty the King, and its use is permitted only on commodities which comply with New Zealand Standard Specifications as determined by competent opinion representative of producers, distributors, and consumer interests. Its use, therefore, is based on the procedure and precedent of the King's Hallmark, used on gold and silver ware during the last five centuries.

As for commodities for which no standard specification exists as a basis for the use of the Standard Mark, one may be developed upon request, with the co-operation of the affected trading and consumer interests. These standard specifications do not remain static, but are a statement of the soundest trade practice known at a given time, which incorporates later advances as they are attained. They do not curb inventive genius or fetter the expression of æsthetic values in style or design, or in any other way. On the other hand, the use of the Standard Mark is intended to eliminate the loss and waste that arise from the production of a variety of models and types—different only in unimportant details—which mean shorter production runs and increased overhead costs.

Utility, not Austerity

This utility scheme, such as it is in New Zealand at present, is a long-range plan, for expansion in peacetime, when, with the gradual disappearance of austerity regulations, the true meaning and value of utility goods will be appreciated. Trousers without turn-ups, teacups without handles, tumblers of beer-bottle glass, and other signs of wartime are austerity goods, not utility, and they will fade from the scene as soon as the necessary material resources and labour



The eighteen-nineties . . .

And the nineteen-forties.

can be switched back to civilian uses.

The cheapness of utility goods will come from more economical means of production and distribution rather than from the use of inferior materials or over-simplified design. A handle is a useful part of a teacup—particularly when the tea is as hot as it should be—but the embarrassment of weird and bizarre designs hitherto evident in cups, as in many other household articles, is based on effect rather than usefulness, and makes for increased costs and decreased supply.

Household furniture also offers great scope for the utility scheme, with many examples of the advantages of simplicity as well as soundness of materials. Simple designs are in better taste, easier to produce—and therefore cheaper—make cleaning easier, and matching of suites less difficult.

In Britain the Council of Clothing Trade Associations, in a recent report, suggested the adoption after the war of a "system whereby certain cloths in great demand are made to a standard specification by every manufacturer in great quantities, and therefore at very economical prices." Whether applied to clothing or to other commodities,

such a scheme would not imply enforced standardization, and would leave manufacturers free to produce all the varieties they like outside the scheme. It would, however, ensure that the community has the choice of buying simple designs of certified quality at fair prices.

A Lesson from the Army

Here is seen the most valuable lesson of war, as applied to peacetime economy. Little as it may be appreciated, the most efficient Army is the most economically maintained and supplied. At first sight a modern Army has a bewildering array of equipment, particularly in armament and transport, but actually types are kept down to the strictest minimum, and standardized as far as possible to make for more efficient training, replenishment, and actual use in warfare. Types and sizes of trucks, for instance, are kept down in variety, and truck bodies are standardized for all makes of chassis. The soldier's uniform—not to mention his underclothing—is the very epitome of standardization, and consequent efficiency and economy. Because of this standardization — and the guaranteed demand—the cost of any item of military equipment, whether it be a jeep, a battle-dress, a tin of bully beef or a tommy-gun, is a mere fraction of what an article of similar certified quality would cost a civilian in peacetime.

While it would be undesirable to go to such extremes on "Civvy Street," the lesson is clear: Simplicity, at no sacrifice of quality or usefulness, means greater security to producer and consumer alike.

SOLDIER SLANGUAGE

Origin and Meaning of some Service Expressions

By 595939

WAR ALWAYS does things to language. It creates new words to fit new situations and materials, it enriches colloquial speech, and it breeds vivid and lasting slang. To the wealth of slang terms already existing in the three services, and in "Standard Slang," the second World War has added an astounding number of rich and sparkling gems of slanguage.

What is slang, anyhow, and how does it differ from ordinary speech? Greenough and Kittredge in "Words and their Ways," say that slang "is a peculiar kind of vagabond language, always hanging on the outskirts of legitimate speech, but continually straying or forcing its way into the most respectable company." Not a particularly helpful definition, is it? Perhaps Professor Martin Griffith comes closer when he says "Slang is a continuous attempt by normal people to freshen and enliven speech." Certainly the chief characteristics of slang are its pithiness, its directness, and its vigorous quality.

Eric Partridge, the leading English authority on slang, in his book "The World of Words" lists thirteen reasons why slang is employed. But it is not so much "reasons" that are wanted as "impulses," for slang is born more often than it is consciously invented. It may be called wild language in the sense that we speak of wild flowers Chesterton, although he exaggerated, made an important point when he said "All slang is metaphor and all metaphor is poetry."

Slang is a quick leap to expression, it is the language of situation. It is inevitable, then, that wartime should breed slang arising out of unusual situations and new states of mind. The R.A.F. especially, consisting of young men and women faced with a wide variety of machines and involved in novel physical and emotional circumstances, has produced a crop of slang terms which alone would make a formidable glossary. Many of these expressions have been adopted by the other Services, who possess already wide slanguages of

their own and who have in turn passed expressions to the Air Force. "Erk," for instance, in use in the Air Force for recruits, was originally a lower-deck naval rating.

Many other Air Force terms in use in this country are Army in origin. The ubiquitous "browned off" (from over-cooked meat; depressed, fed up) with its companions "cheesed off" and "brassed off" (both seldom heard in New Zealand and denoting various degrees of browned-offedness) originated with the British Army. "You've had it," meaning "you've arrived too late," seems to be strictly Air Force in origin (compare the civilian "to have had some"), as does "to have gone for a Burton." The latter term meaning "to have gone missing" is especially interesting as it seems to derive from "to have gone for certain," thus showing traces of the famous Cockney rhyming slang so popular in the last war—"Cape of Good Hope" for "soap," "plates of meat" for "feet," and so on.

Of course, a large number of British terms are seldom heard here. For instance, if a thing goes wrong the Tommy says it is "ropey"; "a ropey chap" is one who makes frequent mistakes, and "a ropey job" denotes an uncollaborative blonde. Instead of "fine and dandy," things are "wizard" (this originated in an old American musical comedy, and later had a vogue at Oxford). When everything is under control it is "buttoned up" (amongst New-Zealanders it is usually "jacked up" or "teed up"). Anything that turns out badly is a "bad show," of course, but also a "black." The "bad show," "good show" of the R.N.Z.A.F. prove almost as wearying, by the way, as the fast-dying "that'll be the day" and its numerous variants "that'll be the bright and sunny," "that'll be the pleasant Friday afternoon," &c., all showing the wearisome lengths to which injudicious use will push an apt piece of slang.

However, we are concerned here chiefly with New Zealand Army slang. It has been said that New Zealand slang is probably the most conservative of all colonial slang. It is true that New Zealand, for obvious reasons of size and distance, has contributed little that is distinctive to the rich humus of English slanguage. Yet an examination of New Zealand Army slang shows not only a vigorous use of current slang which gives it a distinctively local flavour, but the development of several terms which are as colourful as anything America or England has to offer

Amongst the older expressions still used, "swinging the lead" has not been ousted by the American "gold-bricking," "on the mat" still means a telling-off; "scrounge" (from a North Country word meaning "to wander idly, to search"); "burgoo" for porridge (from the Turkish *burghul*, wheat—porridge); and "bull-ring" for the training-ground, still retain their popularity.

But several newer terms have come to light. Perhaps the best of these is "emu parade" for an organized sanitary scavenge (obviously Australian in origin, as is a great deal of standard New Zealand slang). "Maori P.T." for a sound sleep, usually surreptitious, is self-explanatory. The most important of Army slang expressions, however, has been "doing the scone" with its variant "doing the bun," used for losing one's grip or one's temper I have been quite unable to trace its origin, but it seems closely related to "doing the block" (losing one's head), and, like "browned off," may be associated with over-cooking. Is there an echo of Alfred and the cakes there? Or is it related to the Cockney "loaf" for "head"?

"Wouldn't it rock you?" is also popular, this indicating astonished reaction, usually to the "Army way." It has been fairly recently shortened to "Wouldn't it?" and may, like the Cheshire cat, soon fade away completely, leaving only the grin. Hunt and Pringle in "Service Slang" relate this expression to "Wouldn't it shake you?" which I have never heard in the New Zealand Army. "Wouldn't it rotate you?" is however, also common. This seems at first sight to be connected with flying, but several soldiers have solemnly explained that it comes from the fact that when the flanges of a tank become loaded with sand, it tends to spin the vehicle

to one side, causing a "rotation" and confusion to the occupants. I reserve judgment on this explanation.

A very interesting expression with a definitely literary origin is "choco," a term of genial contempt used by overseas men of a territorial or Temporary Staff man. This is short for "chocolate soldier," and derives by way of Oscar Strauss' operetta "The Chocolate Soldier" from Shaw's "Arms and the Man," in which Bluntschli, the cautious soldier, carried chocolate creams instead of bullets in his bandolier. The irony of the expression is, however, that, in Shaw's play Bluntschli is the only really practical man, the other soldiers being a lot of fanciful, romantic nincompoops.

Hardly less frequently heard than "doing the scone" is "bludger" and "to bludge." This is a development of "bludgeoner" from "bludgeon," a club (in turn, from Dutch *bludsen*, to bruise). "Bludgeoner" was originally a piece of thieves' cant and meant a harlot's bully or a bawdy-house chucker-out—that is, one likely to use a bludgeon. About 1850 the modification "bludger" is also found. It is not easy to discover how this piece of Cockney criminal argot found its way into the New Zealand Army. Yet to-day it is one of the most frequently used terms. By extension it has come to mean a loafer, a malingerer, a borrower, a dodger, a sneak; in fact, any kind of anti-social creature. The verb "to bludge" has also developed, and usually means "to cadge," "to scrounge."

Another popular word with a similar history is "clink," or detention-cell. This originally was the name for a prison in Southwark, London, then for prisons in general, but about 1870 it acquired the meaning it still has in the Army. It is significant, perhaps, that "to grouse," a common civilian term, originated in the Army about 1890. A term like "napoo," popular still in the New Zealand Army for "finished" or "done for," carries the unmistakeable stamp of the first World War, being the remains of *Il n'y en a plus*—"There's no more (drink)"—a common estaminet answer.

The Middle East has provided us with a good selection of slang terms as well. The most attractive, I think, are SABU (self-adjusting b—s—up) and NAFU (untranslatable, meaning the opposite), with their cynical assessment of administrative tangles. "Sand-happy," with its suggestion of "slap-happy," may be compared with the Pacific "troppo," both pithily indicating the impact of alien climes on some New Zealand temperaments. Interesting, too, is "snarlers" for the inevitable Army sausages. "Growlers" is another form, "barkers" still another, the latter the oldest name, which I have not heard in the New Zealand Army. "Bumph," the schoolboy's rude word for toilet-paper, now applied to all useless Army files and documents, seems to have gained universal favour. When one is so busy that one doesn't know where to turn, Army as well as Air Force men are "in a flat spin," and any one who gets in a "flap" (state of excitement) is warned with the phrase "Don't panic!"

One of the commonest words overseas for "information" is "gen" (genuine news), popular with British and American alike. This doesn't seem much used by New-Zealanders. But whereas the B.E.F. has its name for the R.A.F. "Brylcreem boys," the New-Zealander prefers "blue orchids," thus perpetuating the name of a happily long-forgotten blues dance-number.

After all this, it might not be inappropriate to quote a noted authority on slang, Frank Sechrist, and see how much he says can be truly applied to the slang of the modern New Zealand soldier. This is what Sechrist says of slang in "The Psychology of Unconventional Language": "Slang ignores all that belongs to the routine duties of ordinary life; it does not characterize the humdrum and the commonplace. There is little in the vocabulary to suggest innocence and spontaneous playfulness. It is purely unsentimental. It castigates every kind of excess . . . It prefers the abrupt and the shocking. It is superior to accepted use through its emotional force."

WINDS AND THE WEATHER

Twentieth Century Advances in Forecasting

A KORERO Report

ONCE UPON a time, before the invasion, there was a man well known and highly respected for the accuracy with which he could predict the next day's weather. He knew all about rain, wind, frost, and sunshine, and, it was common knowledge in the district, a lot more besides. His advice was greatly, and constantly, in demand. On fine days he would sit on the rustic seat in the shade of the walnut tree in his garden; when it was raining or the day was too chill for comfort he could be found in front of the stove in his kitchen. Always he was pleased to share his knowledge; and his callers varied from the neighbouring Chinese market-gardener, who was wondering, please, whether it was too early to plant out honourable hothouse seedlings, to the local schoolmistress, who was planning a picnic in the country for some of the older pupils with an interest, a marked interest, in botany.

This weather expert, and he wasn't so old considering he knew so much, was held in high esteem; it was even mentioned that he was to be nominated as candidate for mayor. As a preliminary to this he was elected unopposed to the drains committee of the local council. Then his secret was discovered, the secret of his knowledge. The people's shame that such a hoax had not been seen through for so many years was so general that everybody in the town went round with ear-tips blushing red, too thoughtful to speak.

It was found that this imposter, a man of no conscience, had risen early every morning, an hour before anybody else, and collected his morning newspaper from the lawn. Asked for his advice later in the day, he shamelessly offered as his own work the exact opposite of the information given in the daily weather forecast.

This simple story may or may not be true; at least it shows people's interest in the weather and the prediction of its changes. From early in this century weather forecasting has been scientifically studied and advanced; progress in aviation has brought further technological development; and in the fight to victory of World War II meteorological prediction has become of great value and importance. One of the interesting stories after the war will be of co-operation between the meteorologist and the strategist—of operations planned to success with the help of the weather. Axis and allied forces have learned to use weather purposefully as an ally. Mark Twain's complaint that everybody talks about the weather but no-one does anything about it could not be made to-day.

Weather Prediction Helps Business

Weather forecasting is important not only to the needs of war; in our daily lives it is more definite and timely than ever before. Among its benefits are: less hazardous aeroplane travel; less respiratory disease; reduced costs of perishable foods, especially fruits; a decrease in forest fires; less damage from storms; fewer shipping losses; and a a great financial saving to business generally. Floods can be predicted, their extent estimated, and the necessary precautions taken. Weather men can tell engineers responsible for dams and roads how bad will be the worst possible storm ever to hit that region, and therefore what is probably necessary to make the roads or the dams safe.

Why weather is so important to business can be illustrated by two examples. Several racing clubs in New Zealand make a practice of "laying the odds" with insurance companies against a fall of rain on a race-day that will result in the cancelling of the meeting. A long-scale prediction and a knowledge from past records of the average rainfall at that time of the year is valuable in the laying of the odds.

A large baking company in New York is saving approximately £100,000 a year by following weather predictions closely. When the weather is to be fine, about one-half of the firm's products are distributed in the city and one-half through small retail shops scattered through the suburbs. But when the weather is stormy, 75 per cent. is kept in the city or distributed at points close to suburban railway-stations. The company has discovered that when the weather gets bad enough, about one-half of its women customers in the suburbs will telephone their husbands in the city asking them to buy bread and other bakery products either before they get on the train or just after they leave it. Savings on unsold goods amount to the total mentioned.

The most important, and certainly the most sensational, advance in weather forecasting was claimed early this year be Dr. C. G. Abbot, United States weather physicist. After experiments lasting more than twenty-five years, Dr. Abbot believes that by a proper combination of observations on solar heat, air-mass movements, and local disturbances it is possible to predict weather at least two weeks ahead with almost perfect accuracy. Last year his system worked so well that he was able to forecast almost to a drop how much rain would fall in Washington and on what days. Dr. Abbot is confident that he has developed a workable system, and his predictions so far certainly prove his claim.

This explanation of the types and causes of New Zealand weather was written by Miss D. F. McLeod and is reprinted from the *Education Gazette*.

Cyclones and Anticyclones

An *anticyclone*. or high, is a high-pressure area in the atmosphere from which pressure decreases outwards in all directions. There is a tendency for air to move outwards from high-pressure centres towards low-pressure centres; but this is greatly modified by the rotation of the earth.

Consequently, in the atmosphere the winds blow parallel to the isobars instead of across them, though, near the ground, surface friction causes the winds to blow across the isobars in a slightly slanting direction (at an angle of about 10° to 30°). Winds thus blow round the anticyclone in a counter-clockwise direction in the Southern Hemisphere (see Fig. 1). The anticyclones in our latitudes are often large enough to cover Australia. They generally bring fine weather, with a calm or light breeze such as land and sea breezes or mountain and valley winds near the centre. Although anticyclones in this area move eastwards, they may remain stationary for a week or so, with consequent long spells of fine weather.

A *cyclone*, or low, is a low-pressure area. In the Southern Hemisphere the winds blow round the centre in a clockwise direction (see Fig. 2). Cyclones mean changeable weather and rain. Meteorologists generally restrict the use of the term "cyclone" to centres of severe storms and use the term "depression" to describe the average low.

New Zealand weather is dominated by *a belt of high pressure which consists of eastward-moving anticyclones*. The most recent research indicates that these anticyclones are not, strictly speaking, part of what geography books term "the tropical, high-pressure, belt." They originate from strong outbreaks of cold air which flow northward into the southern Indian Ocean from the Southern Ocean.

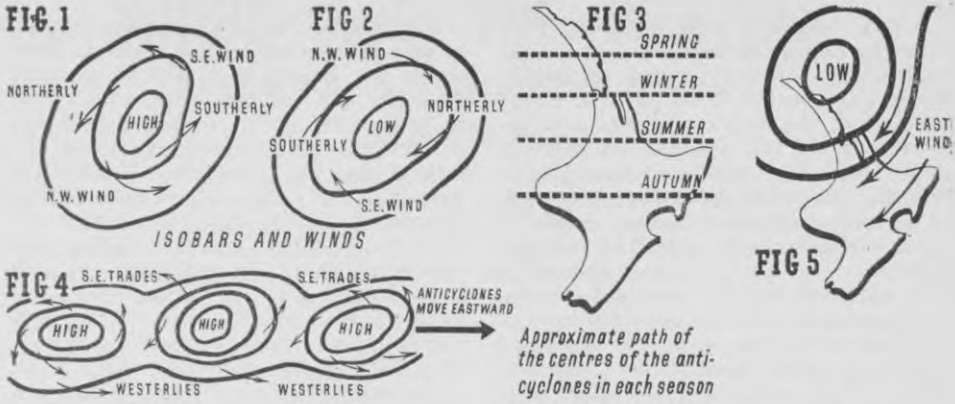
These outbreaks usually occur in the rear of deep cyclones of the Southern Ocean and have a tendency to occur in a rhythm of about a six-day period. As a result anticyclones usually pass a given locality separated by a six-day period, and thus there is a scientific backing for the recurrence of wet or fine weekends.

Figure 3 shows the "favourite" tracks of these anticyclones across New Zealand at different seasons of the year.

To the south of this high-pressure belt passes a succession of *antarctic depressions*, the centres of which are well to the south of New Zealand—*e.g.*, about 70 degrees south latitude.

Winds

As may be seen from Fig. 4, a counter-clockwise circulation of air round the



anticyclones of the high pressure belt produces the following winds :—

(1) *Westerly winds*—our "prevailing westerlies"—blow along the southern fringe. These winds bring rain to the west coast of New Zealand, but are generally warm and dry on the eastern side of the mountains, owing to the water-vapour content being decreased and the air being warmed by the descent to the plains.

(2) *South-east winds—i.e.*, the south-east trades—blow along the northern edge. These winds affect New Zealand very little.

(3) *Northerly winds* blow behind each anticyclone—*i.e.*, on the western side of the high pressure. These winds are a *warm air mass;* whether they have a high humidity depends on whether the air has been blowing for a considerable period across warm seas. When a warm air mass with a high water-vapour content is cooled, condensation readily occurs, resulting in mist, fog, or drizzle, or low cloud on the windward side of mountains. On the leeward side there are generally blue skies and warm sunshine.

A week of northerly winds means that there is an extensive anticyclone to the east of New Zealand. The wind tends to become progressively warmer and damper.

(4) *Southerly winds* blow ahead of each anticyclone—*i.e.*, on the eastern side. When a mass of cold air from the Antarctic Ocean is moving northward to temperate latitudes the lower layers are warmed by contact with the ground. Thus the lower layers become considerably warmer than the upper layers of the atmosphere and convection currents are set up. The rising air expands and cools; towering cumulus clouds form; often there are heavy showers and sometimes hail.

Local Winds.—(*a*) Easterly winds bring a fair amount of rain to east coast districts. These winds are usually connected with cyclones moving across the north of New Zealand. For example, if a cyclonic storm passed to the north of New Zealand, the easterly wind along the southern fringe might blow across the east coast (see Fig. 5). In summer, tropical cyclones sometimes move down off the Queensland coast and pass close to, or across, New Zealand, causing specially strong easterly or north-easterly winds in eastern districts of the North Island. Where the winds cross hills, as in Hawke's Bay, floods sometimes occur as a result of the high rainfall.

(*b*) The Canterbury nor'-wester is a wind of the Föhn type.

(*c*) Mountain and valley winds are common in hilly districts—*e.g.*, the Barber—a cold wind which blows down the Grey River valley in Westland.

(*d*) Land and sea breezes occur in coastal districts in anticyclonic weather when there is no strong general wind to mask their effects.

The Effect of Depressions

You will see in Fig. 6 that a front, known as the *meridianal front*, extends

northward from these Antarctic depressions. *Along this front other depressions form.*

What is a front? The term "front" is a metaphor. A front is a battle-line, where two opposing forces meet. The opponents in this case are the warm and cold air, which struggle for balance.

According to the *Polar Front theory*, which is accepted as a working hypothesis by practically all meteorologists, depressions originate along the front which separates a warm air mass from a cold air mass. In other words *depressions originate along the front which separates warm winds, such as our northerlies, from cold winds, such as our southerlies.* In Fig. 7 the warm northerly wind behind one anticyclone can be seen blowing alongside the cold southerly wind ahead of the next following anticyclone, like two trains moving in opposite directions.

As we can see from newspaper maps, military fronts sway backwards and forwards and develop "bulges" where there is a weak place. Just as a military front develops a "bulge" so a weather front may develop a "wave" (see Fig. 8) when a tongue of warm air penetrates into the cold air. This tongue of warm air is the *warm sector* of a depression.

Figure 9 shows the grouping of the isobars round the centre and the clockwise wind circulation. The figures are the last two figures of the pressure, expressed in millibars. Pressure varies from 1,015 mb. to below 975 mb. The depression consists of three parts: (1) the warm front; (2) the warm sector; (3) the cold front and southerly wind.

Depressions move polewards along the front.

Figure 10 shows a warm-sector type of depression passing over New Zealand.

(1) With the approach of the *warm front* a thin sheet of high white cloud (cirro-stratus) develops. Gradually the cloud thickens and lowers and becomes a depressing sheet of grey. More or less steady rain develops over an area one hundred and fifty miles to three hundred miles wide. Along that portion of the front known as "warm," the warm air is climbing up as a gently-sloping surface of cold air. The gradualness of the rise accounts for the overcast sky and widespread rain. In Fig. 10 note the wide belt of rain along the warm front, in contrast to the narrow belt along the cold front.

(2) As the warm front moves on, the northerly winds characteristic of the *warm sector* prevail. If the wind is fairly humid there is likely to be mist and drizzle or rain on the windward side of hills and clear skies and warm sunshine on the leeward side. This lasts for perhaps half a day; longer if the place is on the outskirts of the warm sector.

(3) Then come the *cold front* and *southerly wind*. Along the part of the front known as "cold," the cold air is pushing under the warm air and wedging it up abruptly. Masses of towering cumulus cloud form, sometimes darkening to cumulo-nimbus. There is heavy rain over an area about twenty miles to sixty miles wide. If the slope of a cold front is very steep, the warm air may be forced up with some violence, causing squally conditions and even hail and thunder (characteristic of violent upward currents) along a belt about twenty miles to sixty miles wide for hundreds of miles along the front. Less-vigorous cold fronts may be accompanied by only a few showers. Temperatures become cold. (See Fig. 11.)

(4) As the cold, dense air flows in from the south, the barometer rises. Scattered showers of the convectional type may be experienced as the lower

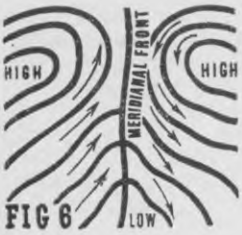


FIG 6

FIG 7

FIG 8

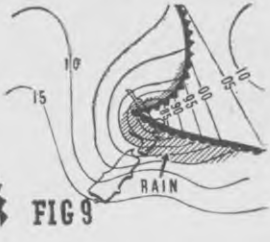
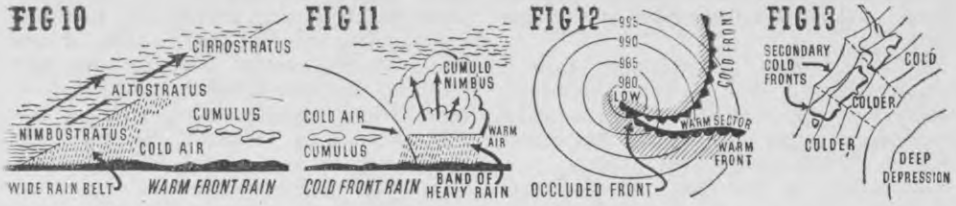


FIG 9



layers of the air become warmer, but gradually the proportion of blue sky increases and the wind moderates, and if we are lucky an anticyclone becomes established.

The above section describes the typical results when the centre of a conventional, well-behaved depression passes across New Zealand. However, as we know, such regularity in New Zealand weather is the exception rather than the rule. Here are some other types of weather common in New Zealand :—

(*a*) *An Occlusion.*—The cold air along the cold front pushes under the warm air of the warm sector, wedging it up. As the cold front thus pushes forward it "catches up" the warm front, wedging the intervening warm air off the ground. Thus a portion of the front becomes "occluded." The occluded portion extends until all the air in the warm sector has been wedged off the ground. The depression continues as a weak, dying whirl of cold air and finally disappears. (See Fig. 12.)

(*b*) *Secondary Cold Fronts.*—Sometimes another cold front develops behind the first, and perhaps others behind that. The wind becomes variable just before the arrival of the secondary front; lowering cloud and showers accompany the change to a squally southerly. This is believed to be because the southerly arrives not continuously, but in surges, and these extra surges are the secondary cold fronts. (See Fig. 13.)

(*c*) *A series of Antarctic, or Westerly Depressions,* the centres of which pass to the south of New Zealand. These naturally have most effect in spring, when the track of the anticyclones is farthest north. (See Fig. 3.)

When the northern part of an Antarctic depression crosses New Zealand—*i.e.*, a Λ-shaped depression—we have a cold front only. A northerly or north-westerly wind backs to the south-west or south, and there may be a period of showers or rain as the change occurs. Often successive depressions of a series pass with great rapidity. The southerly veers gradually back to north-west on the approach of the next depression; then comes another southerly change. It is during the passage of one of these depressions that our weather maps show one of the most characteristic "isobar patterns," a Λ-shaped depression between two anticyclones. (See Fig. 6.)

Types of Rain in New Zealand

(1) *Cyclonic rain,* due to the passing of warm and cold fronts.

(2) *Orographical rain,* due to topographical features. This includes not only mountain rain, but any rain caused by physical features. It is believed that a fair proportion of Wellington's cloudy days (often with light drizzle or rain) are caused by air flowing into the narrow channel of Cook Strait. Just as the tide rises in a narrow estuary, so air rises in the narrow channel of the strait. The rising air expands and cools, causing mist and drizzle.

(3) *Convectional rain,* occurring :—

(*a*) After a southerly, when the cold air in contact with the warm ground is heated in its lower layers until it is much warmer than at higher levels; and

(*b*) On very hot days in inland districts, when the ground, and consequently the air in contact with it, becomes very warm.

In concluding these notes I would like to thank the Meteorological Department for their helpfulness in furnishing information about the most recent research.

INVASION'S OWN MAINSPRING

Where SHAEF Does Its Work

By JOHN PUDNEY, Official Observer with the Royal Air Force

FOR AT least half a day, on my appointment as R.A.F. official observer, I imagined that SHAEF was the name of an American General wielding phenomenal power behind the scenes. Discussing any aspect of invasion, somebody would say "SHAEF says *this* ought to be done" and somebody else would say "We had better refer *that* to SHAEF to get a ruling . . ." So SHAEF was the character to meet, I imagined. Everything originated from SHAEF.

A world conditioned by war to assimilate combinations of initials has rapidly tumbled to the fact that SHAEF stands for Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces—the source, indeed, from which everything originates. From an encampment of a few acres in Britain emanate the orders which set every tank in motion, which direct the mission of every aircraft, which control the courses of Navies, and which execute the agreed policies of the Allied nations.

Within this encampment are the brains which control the manifold limbs of war. It is a quiet place, removed from the thunder of the air limb striking across the seas. The only movement in this headquarters is one of paper; and the paper which moves is the most potent and secret component of war. The design it makes is the very pattern of European liberation.

In the spacious office of the Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, three silk standards stand alongside the General's desk, making an heraldic pattern against the wall. They are the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and the four white stars on a scarlet field which is the General's personal standard. There is a very English open fire in this office room, with brass fire-dogs; and if the visitor be invited to the leisure of contemplating his surroundings, there are souvenirs of much recent history to be noted Framed upon a wall above the Supreme Commander's head, for example, there is the very rough draft of a signal from the President of the United States to Marshal Stalin scribbled in hasty pencil and countersigned by the one word "Roosevelt" in ink. It is the original message which announced Eisenhower's appointment to the supreme command.

Distinguished Souvenirs

Upon the other walls of the room can be traced the course of events in signed photographs. There is King George VI; there is Generalissimo Chang Kai Chek with an impressive signature running vertically. Upon the General's desk is a brass ash-tray manufactured by men of the Royal Navy from the first shell fired in the salute for Independence Day ordered by Admiral Cunningham in the Mediterranean.

SHAEF is matter of fact in its layout. There is no grandeur anywhere in the hutted encampment. The rather dark, narrow passage which is shared by the mixed American and British staffs of Eisenhower and Tedder is less impressive than an executive corridor in any small town office block. In Air Chief Marshal Tedder's office there are no flags; but there is one oil painting, which hangs over the brick fireplace. It is by an R.A.F. aircraftman, and it shows Typhoons in flight along the south coast of England. Unique to Tedder's room is a formidable sprig of African thorn which sits on the desk in front of the visitor to this office. Its object is to prevent the visitor's fist from banging the desk.

Paper Work—With Vitality

Since SHAEF governs its great war potentials by paper special consideration has been given to quick and easy appreciation of "paper work." The Chief of Staff, General Walter B. Smith, employs a secretariat whose task is to inject the paper with vitality, movement, and at-a-glance intelligibility.

The secretariat which undertakes this work lives in a large not-so-tidy room close to the General, and it is one of the liveliest interiors in the headquarters. A team of young men of talent, British and American, some of them lawyers, most of them experienced in the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns, here deal at ruthless speed with paper, while also standing by to undertake delicate and intricate staff missions at short notice. If their attitude is sometimes light-hearted, their objectives are always lucidity and candour.

"This welter of words . . . " is how one member of the secretariat was describing a prodigiously bulky file in his written precis of its contents—a precis which would go forward to one of the Chiefs summarizing the whole file upon a single sheet. The form-filling public upon both sides of the Atlantic might well look with envy toward this most important Anglo-American unit which is, and will be, the machinery for turning word into action until action is no longer necessary.

The Holy of Holies

The brain-centre of the invasion is grouped in a simple pattern of executive blocks. Hidden in their midst is the war room, heavily guarded, pregnant with all the secrets of battle. In less than five minutes you can walk round the whole of SHAEF. Everything is at hand; it is meant to be.

The living together of Americans and British has taken permanent shape. They share the officers' club. They have separate messes of their own, but membership is interchangeable. A symbol of the unity are the headquarters insignia—a drawn sword upon the jet black background of Nazi oppression. It is a military shoulder badge, but permission has been obtained for R.A.F. men on headquarters staff to wear it upon blue battledress. To every man on the staff of SHAEF goes the honour of wearing this badge.

There is little more to be noted of this quiet encampment hidden upon British soil. A day spent at a thousand other points in Britain would reveal the infinitely greater drama of movement; but one would look far indeed for an acre of soil which would yield such an unhurried deliberate dymanic as Europe's last hours of enslavement run out.

Unhappy Life for U-Boat Captains

The life of a U-boat captain is an unhappy one these days. Not only does he have to run a gauntlet of United Nations destroyers, escort vessels, airplanes and blimps which have taken a heavy toll of German submarines, but even if he gets through and torpedoes a tanker, he has no assurance that his mission is accomplished.

Allied headquarters in London now reveal that many tankers have been saved from sinking after being hit by torpedoes through the use of compressed-air pumps. Air lines are stretched the length of the tanker, and pumps set up at the bow and stern. If a ship is torpedoed, compressed air is forced into the damaged sections at a pressure high enough to keep out the water.

A British tanker—the first to be rigged with the compressors—was hit by three torpedoes, then steamed 1,200 miles (1,920 kilometers) to the United States for repairs, thanks to the compressed-air pumps. Another British tanker, the second to have the equipment installed, was hit by a torpedo when she had 12,000 tons of benzine and kerosene aboard. The U-boat surfaced to watch the tanker sink, but had to submerge because of the fumes. The tanker threw her compressors into play and the ship was saved. The English say that one tanker saved would pay for the installation of the new equipment on the whole British tanker fleet. It takes only two days to install the equipment, which has played an important part in winning the Battle of the Atlantic for the United Nations.

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