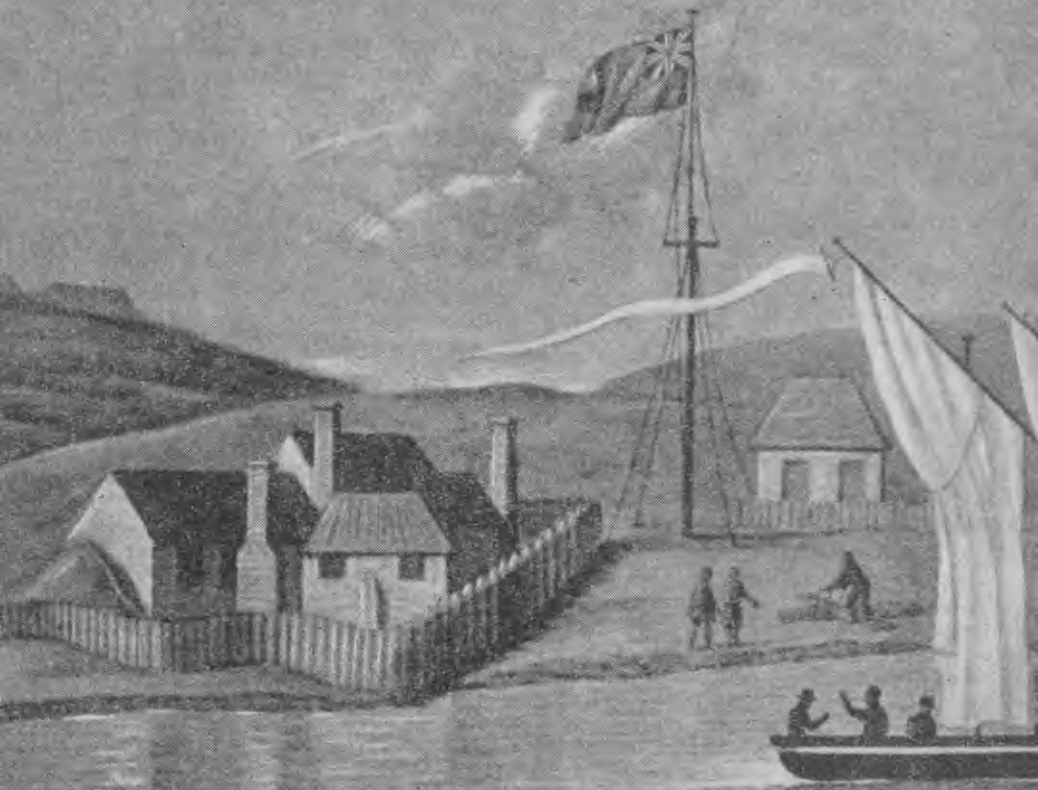
BAY OF ISLANDS • PAGE 3

KORERO



AEWS BACKGROUND BULLETIN VOL 2 NO 15

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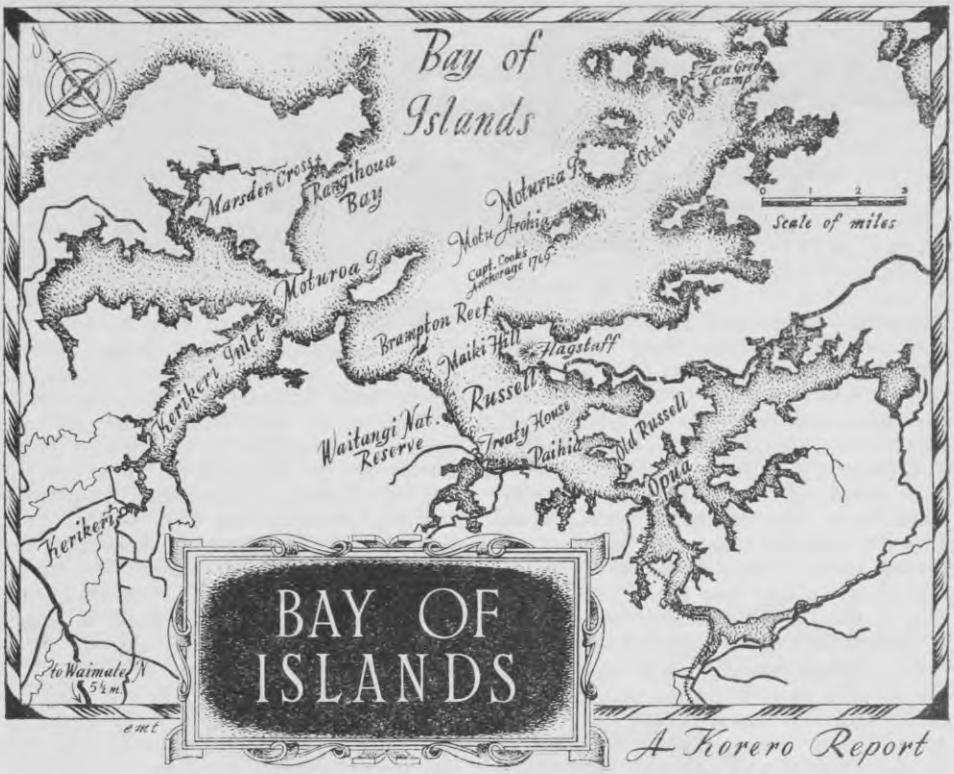
KORERO

IN THIS ISSUE

Korero's Cover

Our cover for this issue shows the English Mission Station at Kerikeri in 1824. It is from Captain L. I. Duperrey's "Voyage Autour du Monde" (1826).

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.



FROM THE launch which runs round from the railhead at Opua there doesn't seem to be much about Russell to distinguish it from other New Zealand seaside towns of comparable size. At the foot of hills, on which manuka and gorse grow freely, houses and shops, parallel with the line of the foreshore, press forward toward the sea. A single narrow jetty, with a launch and perhaps a scow from Auckland lying alongside, projects from somewhere near the middle of the line of buildings. Half a dozen more launches are anchored in the Bay; and here and there along the beach, above high-water mark, small craft lie on their sides or upside down.

Hills, houses, launches, dinghies, the jetty, and the curving foreshore—in its general outline certainly not an unfamiliar scene. And when you go ashore you find, too, that in much of its detail Russell conforms to type. Crowding about the wharf there is just the usual collection of shops and public amenities, including, of course, though only once a week, the movies. If, at this time of the year, you walk along the foreshore—the Strand, according to a notice by the wharf—it's quite likely that the only things you'll see will be two or three cows cropping the grass beneath the young pohutukawa trees. Turn and walk back along the next street running parallel with the Strand and perhaps the substitutes for the cows are a dozen ducks in a wet paddock. But, remember, this is *not* the tourist season, and there are petrol and travel restrictions, too.

In any peacetime summer the story is very different. Then you can see in Russell's streets travellers from all over the world, many of them deep-sea

Russell from the hills.

fishermen completing arrangements for their camps farther down the Bay. You are reminded of that by a notice on one of the buildings "Bay of Islands Swordfish and Mako Shark Club." And, of course, for most New-Zealanders, swordfish and sharks inevitably recall the name of the American novelist Zane Grey, who did much to make the Bay of Islands known as a big-game fishing-ground. His camp at Otehei is one of the places you see if you take a trip in the launch that delivers supplies to the settlers down the Bay each week.

Some big fish have been caught from the Bay of Islands camps, among them half a dozen of various sorts which were, up to 1939 at any rate, according to published figures, claimed as world records for weight. A list of the heaviest fish caught off the Bay up to the same year sounds impressive: striped marlin, 450 lb.; black marlin, 976 lb.; mako shark, 800 lb.; thresher shark, 992 lb.; kingfish, 115 lb.; snapper, 25 lb.; turtle, 1,062 lb.; sunfish, 803 lb.; hammerhead shark, 800 lb.; and broadbill swordfish, 673 lb. Sharks and swordfish have brought fame to the modern Russell. Well over a century ago it was whalers and whaleships that brought not fame but notoriety to the old Russell.

Kororareka, which was the name early Russell went by, was the first town in New Zealand. As such it had a brief day of importance as the first capital of the new colony. But it was destroyed in a war with the Maoris in 1845; and in the modern township of Russell only two of the early buildings remain. They are the English church, built in 1835, and the house of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Oceania, Bishop Pompallier.

The real founder of the European settlement at Kororareka was, as one writer has remarked, a man whose name should not be inscribed on his country's roll of honour. He was Benjamin Turner, an ex-convict who worked as a sawyer. He bought a small section on the waterfront and there, "with a shrewd eye for the profits to be made out of human weakness, he built a grog-shop. It was an instant success. And New Zealand's first town was born."

Captain Cook sailed into the Bay of Islands in 1769. Within forty years of that date whalers were putting into the Bay in considerable numbers. They continued to do so up to the "eighteen forties." It was almost solely with them that the business of the white dealers and Maori barterers at Kororareka lay. More than twenty whaleships were sometimes anchored off the beach at one

Cows graze under the trees on the waterfront.

The Anglican Church, Russell.

time, and in one year 120 of them sailed in and out of Kororareka.

It's hardly surprising that by 1838 Benjamin Turner had a lot of competition. Innumerable grog-shops had sprung up, there were five pubs, a theatre, gambling hells, and skittle alleys. And the chance of getting a cracked head from a flying bottle was perhaps the least risk a man took when he walked down the track that served as the main street. The Rev. Henry Williams, from the mission station at Paihia, across the Bay, was often called in to settle arguments and put things right with the outraged natives. At one time, too, some of the less lawless of the settlers formed a Kororareka Association to dispense rough and ready justice in the form of fines, tarring and feathering, and beating up. But it wasn't until the arrival of Governor Hobson that law and order finally came to this lawless town.

It was the skipper of a ship which lay off Kororareka who caused the Maori war in 1830, known in history as the "Girls' War." This skipper, whose name was Brind, took a couple of Maori girls as his wives. And when he tired of them he took two more. The discarded wives picked a quarrel with the captain's new favourites; insults and curses were exchanged, and very soon war began on the Kororareka Beach. In spite of the strenuous efforts of the missionaries, among them Samuel Marsden, who happened to arrive in the Bay just after the war began, the fighting spread from Kororareka to the south, where it continued fitfully over some seventeen months. It has been said that: "In the history of New Zealand there is no episode to be compared with this when four native girls of high birth and ignorant of the western idea of unmarried chastity, having fallen out and cursed each other for the love of a man of another race, embroiled a whole countryside in a war which cost many lives."

Captain Hobson, in H.M.S. "Herald," arrived in the Bay of Islands on January 29, 1840, and it was in the little Anglican Church at Kororareka that he read to the assembled populace on the following day the Proclamation disclosing the reason for his presence in New Zealand. The British Government had intended, apparently, that Hobson should land in New Zealand as consul in succession to James Busby, the British Resident, and negotiate by treaty with the native chiefs for the cession of their sovereignty to the Queen, proclaiming himself Lieutenant-Governor over territory as

Bishop Pompallier's house.

it was ceded. What he did, however, was to proclaim himself Lieutenant-Governor in a country where he did not then control an inch of territory.

The treaty which would give him the right to proclaim himself Lieutenant-Governor was submitted to the native chiefs on February 5 on the natural lawn in front of Busby's house at Waitangi, directly opposite Kororareka, and signed there by more than forty chiefs on the following day. Busby's house was a large and commodious one, built largely of Australian hardwood.

Paihia, where the Rev. Henry Williams established a missionary station in 1823. To-day it is a popular holiday resort.

It stood, and still stands, now more than one hundred years old, on a promontory which slopes gently toward the sea. To the right of it is the Waitangi River, on the bank of which, the Maoris who had assembled to hear the Treaty read, camped among the cabbage-palms. At the foot of scrub-clad hills, a mile or so away across the river, was the mission station of Paihia, where Missionary Colenso was printing the copies of the New Testament on the first printing-press in New Zealand. And away on the other side, to the left, was Rangihoua Bay, where a cross now marks the spot where Samuel Marsden, on Christmas Day, 1814, preached the first Christian sermon to the Maoris.

By the Treaty of Waitangi the Maori signatories ceded all their "rights and powers of sovereignty" to Britain, and Britain guaranteed to the Maoris, "the full, exclusive, and undisturbed possession of their lands and estates, forests, fisheries, and other properties—so long as it is their wish and desire to retain the same in their possession. But the chiefs of the United tribes, and the individual chiefs, yield to Her Majesty the exclusive right of pre-emption over such lands as the proprietors thereof may be disposed to alienate, at such prices as may be agreed upon between the respective proprietors and persons appointed by Her Majesty to treat with them on that behalf." The Treaty also extended to the natives the protection of Britain and all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

It was discussed with the Maoris and signed in a large marquee which the sailors from the "Herald" erected in front of Busby's house. At one end was a raised platform on which were seats and a table covered with a large Union Jack, and the sides were decorated with a liberal display of the "Herald's" bunting. In this marquee, the site of which is marked by a flagstaff to-day, ended and began significant chapters in this country's history. The period of the moral administration of the missionaries ended, and with the establishment of British sovereignty New Zealand began its ascent to nationhood.

In 1932 Lord Bledisloe, Governor-General of New Zealand, and Lady Bledisloe, bought the Treaty House,

The Williams Memorial Church, Paihia.

together with 1,000 acres of land from the estate of which it formed part, and presented it to the country. The house has been restored and is to-day the national monument to the historic events which took place in its garden.

The Treaty House, Waitangi.

The first man to sign the Treaty of Waitangi was the Ngapuhi Hone Heke, and it was the same proud Hone Heke's men who cut down the flagstaff at Kororareka on July 8, 1844. Before the British flag was hoisted in the Bay of Islands, Heke and his cousin Titore divided a levy of £5 on each ship entering the Bay; but with the imposition of Customs duties there and the moving of the capital to Auckland in 1842 trade declined, and blankets, tobacco, and spirits became dearer. There was, in addition, a vague, but widely diffused belief among the Maoris that the Treaty of Waitangi wasn't all it pretended to be. But just how much all this, and other reasons which have been advanced, had to do with the cutting-down of the flagstaff, it's hard to say now.

The flagstaff was re-erected; and cut down again on January 10, 1845. Up it went again, and on January 19 it was down for the third time. The Governor (now Fitzroy) appealed to the Governor of New South Wales for military assistance, but before the troops arrived the flagstaff was down for the fourth time, and Kororareka Town was in ashes. After some preliminary skirmishes against white settlers in the bays about Kororareka, the Maoris launched their fourth attack against the flagstaff on Maiki Hill in the early morning of March 11, 1845. A blockhouse had been built around the flagstaff's base; but when they heard firing in the town below all except four of the garrison stationed in it went outside, some to see what was going on and the rest to prepare for battle. The Maoris cut them off from the blockhouse, killed the four men inside, and, in spite of the iron sheathing which had been put round it, brought the flagstaff tumbling down. Their main objective had been achieved.

The Anglican Church at Waimate where the first inland mission was established.

But meanwhile another battle was being fought in the town below. Forty-five bluejackets and marines from H.M.S. "Hazard," which had arrived from Wellington on February 15, were engaged in hand-to-hand combat with about two hundred Maoris round the fence of the English church. The regular garrison, consisting of about fifty rank and file of the 96th Regiment from Auckland, and about one hundred armed civilians, were soon into the fray. And the fighting went on all morning.

About midday the women and children were taken off to ships in the bay. Then an accident occurred which decided the fate of Kororareka. Some careless fellow smoked his pipe as he worked among the bags of gunpowder in the magazine. A spark dropped, and the whole of the reserve ammunition in store went up in smoke. Lieutenant Philpotts, of the "Hazard," the senior combatant officer, after consultation with Mr. Beckham, the Magistrate, decided on complete evacuation; and the day ended with the

" Hazard " pumping occasional shots into the town as the Maoris drank grog and seized blankets, clothes, tobacco, food, and everything else they could lay their hands on.

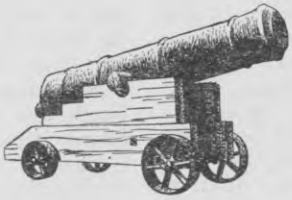
The looting went on the next day; then the Maoris fired the buildings, all except the English and Roman Catholic churches and mission houses. When, early on the following morning, a fleet of five ships sailed off with the refugees for Auckland, a cloud of smoke and a pile of ashes was practically all that remained of the £50,000 worth of property that had been the town of Kororareka.

Out of those ashes has grown Russell, the bland little tourist and fishing resort with a more exciting history behind it than any other town in New Zealand. The English church, still bearing the mark of a round shot from the " Hazard," and Bishop Pompallier's house stand alone among the modern buildings as reminders of Kororareka. In the graveyard round the church is a stone to Tamati Waaka Nene, a northern Maori chief who was a consistent friend of the early pakehas. Another stone marks the grave of the first white female child born in New Zealand, and still another, inscribed in English and Maori, reminds the visitor that " beneath this turf are the graves of pioneer residents, pakeha and Maori, many of whom died in the defence of Kororareka." On a stone to six men of the " Hazard " there are these verses :—

The warlike of the isles
The men of field and wave !
Are not the rocks their funeral piles
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sails spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep
Where rest not England's dead.

To the right of the town another flagstaff stands on Maiki hill.



MALE AND FEMALE

The psychological differences between men and women was touched on by a B.B.C. speaker recently. " Females," he said, " are never satisfied until they get the personal angle clear. They are peculiar in their interest in the personal—even the things they are so interested in are things pertaining to a person. In my laboratory, which was a family club, we had the opportunity of studying the behaviour of hundreds of males and females of every age, and they are quite curiously separated by their interests in persons or their interests in things. This peculiarity is in evidence even in the nursery, among the children two and a half to five years. If I went down to the nursery and took out a box of bricks and started to amuse myself with them, a little crowd would gather round and watch. When I went away the little girls would follow me; the little boys would pounce on the bricks and start using them. Over and over again this would happen—with all ages, from infancy to old age. The female followed the *person* who intrigued them; the males followed the intriguing *things* that person was using. So little boys get into one kind of mischief and little girls get into quite another kind of mischief—and that seems to last throughout life."

SCIENCE, BLACK MAGIC, OR WHAT?

What happened when a Sailor went Dowsing

By 297030

ONE DAY early this year, at a naval shore establishment north from Auckland, I finished my midday meal and walked from the messroom down to my hut. On my way along the path I noticed one of the ratings, a leading hand, walking slowly, rather peculiarly, along the cleared space in front of the barracks. He seemed to have something in his hands, and from his manner something on his mind, too. I didn't take much notice. I thought vaguely that maybe he had had his oppo's rum tot as well as his own, and, anyway, he was entitled to enjoy the warm sunshine as he wished. I said "Hello," but he didn't answer. I thought no more about it.

Half an hour or more later I left the hut to walk over the hill to my "place of duty." To my surprise there was now not one man behaving in this curious way, but about fifteen—most of the personnel of the station. They were all walking slowly, eyes fixed on the ground, something tight in their outstretched hands, and all apparently with something on their minds. Back and forward, around each other, they moved, their attitudes never altering. Not a word was spoken. They didn't look at each other. I was amazed. The whole place seemed to have gone mad. The sun was hot, but it wasn't as hot as all that. This is fantastic, I thought. All steady on their feet. I stayed to watch and wonder; and I kept on wondering. No one would answer me. They took no notice of either my presence or my queries. For them I just wasn't apparent it seemed. They were friendly enough as a rule. I couldn't understand it.

It was more than ten minutes before I realized what was happening. Water-divining. That was what had transformed them into the sleepwalkers that had perplexed me. Backing horses carrying the number 8; having your fortune told from tea-leaves in a cup or from the palms of your hands; swinging a dead cat over your head in a cemetery at midnight to cure warts; table-rapping; winning a prize in an art union or raffle; and water-divining. They are some of the things that are associated in my mind with the unknown. And unknown only because they are not possible. So I wasn't very impressed when I found that it was water-divining that was taking all this serious attention. The sunshine was pleasant enough without a display of black magic. I prepared to go on my way.

It was fence wire they had in their hands. Certainly it seemed to be behaving in a way unlike most fence wire. Bending up, bending down, in some cases apparently with such a force that it could not be held. Black magic or not, I had better see what it was all about. I was there for an hour. Next time I would need a much better excuse, they said, when I arrived over the hill.

The Chief Witch-doctor, the person I had noticed first, laughed when I said there was no such thing, that water-divining was looked on in much the same light as planting carrots by the moon to keep away slugs. I did as he suggested; I took one end of the forked wire with one hand and he held the other end. We walked slowly along,

eyes fixed steadily on the ground ahead. Nothing happened. I realized that now I looked the same as all the others at whose manner I had been so alarmed. Nothing happened. Still nothing . . . *Something* had happened. The wire was twisting. With all my strength I hung on, tightened my grip. The wire kept on twisting downwards, the end of it into my palm, until I had to let go with the pain of it. From the length of the wire and the direction in which it turned I could see plainly that Chief Witch-doctor could have done nothing to cause that force. There was something I couldn't understand. His wrists couldn't have moved the wire in that direction; it wasn't physically possible. Also the wire was too long (about 2 ft.) to be moved by a man's hand with that force. Nobody could have been more sceptical at the start; now I was beginning to wonder.

It was only at certain spots that the wire reacted in this strange way. I tried by myself; the force was not as great, but it was strong enough to be noticeable, at times to wrench the wire from my hands. It appeared that only some people had the "gift"; Chief Witch-doctor had it unusually strongly; I noticeably. I spent an hour trying to return to my former state of scepticism, but I went away convinced—of what I didn't know. I had red, sore palms, the skin had been broken in places from trying to hold that wire. It was no use.

Later in the afternoon I tried again over the hill. The results were so strong that I judged we must be above a subterranean ocean. I asked the two physicists on the staff what they had to say. That morning I would have agreed with them, now I couldn't. The one (M.Sc., Oxon): "It's an old wives' tale. There is no known physical explanation; it just isn't possible." I wasn't much impressed by that; I expected something more logical from this man (M.Sc., Oxon). After all, there is no physical explanation for many things in this world, but you can't just say they don't happen. The other (two years at Victoria College): "It's an old wives' tale. There is no known phy——" "Yes, I know," I interupted, "but how do you account for water-diviners earning their living if there's nothing in it." Vict. Coll.: "They have a little knowledge of geology, and the rest is just natural shrewdness." M.Sc. Oxon and Vict. Coll. agreed patronizingly that my success was only self-deception. I had, in spite of my scepticism, willed the wire to twist. I had willed so strongly that my hands didn't heal for several days. Previously I had always been told of my weakness of character. This was a new angle.

The next time I went on leave I decided to read some books on the subject, to try to find out who "had something there"—the Chief Witch-doctor or the M.Sc., Oxon. It was interesting; in parts it certainly was amusing. I read many pages. But I still know little more than I did before. At the public library three volumes on divining (or dowsing) were squeezed among books dealing with mental radiesthesie, hypnotism, and insanity. That didn't impress me much.

The reason, the books said, references to dowsing are few in the records from early times is probably that it was in such common use that no one bothered to write of it. The art can be traced back to before Mohammed, and in the fifteenth century German dowsers were imported into England to try to discover lost tin-mines in Cornwall. At that time it was used chiefly for finding minerals, and the use of it to discover water does not appear to have become general until much later. In 1518 Martin Luther condemned it as "Black Magic," and some of its exponents to death for witchcraft. In the seventeenth century Jacques Aymar caused a

stir at the French Court by divining neither mineral nor water, but a murderer. Aymar was given some of the murderer's belongings, and using these as a sample, he tracked him half-way through France with his divining-rod. The murderer was so surprised that he confessed at once, and was promptly executed.

According to these books, there have in the last fifty years been so many advances in the science that anything from ghosts to infected tonsils can now be divined and in all sorts of circumstances. It is reported that the modern diviner is a man who has started at the bottom and learned the trade thoroughly ; he still discovers metals and water, but he does it with far greater accuracy and much more comfort. He uses maps and photographs. So astonishing have been the results that some have earned the title of " Super-Dowsers." Moreover, they work not only in the present at any distance, but also in the past. A chair by the fire or a seat in an aeroplane—the results are as startling and as accurate.

Here is some of the work that diviners to-day claim to succeed with : complete diagnosis of serious illness, including cancer and different types of poisoning. (methods of operating or treatment are suggested). Find from any distance and in any country all rocks, ores, metals, and minerals. As with water, the depth and extent of the find can be accurately estimated. Analyse different kinds of water, chemicals, foods, and liquors. Pre-natal forecasts of sex. The writers mention that unfortunately they find it difficult to get the subjects over which to work. However, the sexing of eggs can be carried out without difficulty and with complete success (a rooster's feather on the end of a string is the " rod " used). Dental diagnosis, which is more successful than x-ray. The finding of hidden treasures, and underground entrances to castles and the like. Determining the fertility of soil and seeds, and whether certain areas of ground would be suitable for crops, and if so, what types.

Missing persons, both dead and alive, can be located, and criminals apprehended without trouble. Animal tracks may be followed through any type of country and with no apparent traces (perhaps there is even the possibility of a master of foxhounds using not a pack of hounds but a dowser with two hairs of a fox's brush). The sex of an artist can be determined from a picture. The claims, all apparently proved, are endless.

Dowsers even admit to occasional failures (many of which have occurred when they have been put to the test by sceptical physicists), but these failures can be understood easily when it is explained by the diviners that the rays which emanate from the subjects on which they work sometimes become mixed with the rays from other nearby materials. However, a Super-Dowser always uses the necessary care.

The methods are many, and the apparatus used by different dowsers ranges from the forked hazel-stick to " a sensitive potentiometer with a free line and two impolarisable electrodes." Some Super-Dowsers use nothing mechanical, relying solely on their reflex actions. The explanations of the rays and forces and things are as varied. The one that appealed to me most was that the Good Pixies guided the diviner's rod to whatever he wanted to find.

QUESTIONS ON THE NEWS

An island off the west coast of Italy, conquered by France in 1802, and ruled in 1814 by the " mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream," was invaded by French troops in June. What is it ?

The war news from Italy referring to Assisi, Florence, Verona, Arezzo, and Pisa may remind you of the following historical personages : Galileo, Dante, St. Francis, Petrarch, and " Romeo and Juliet." Pair the towns with the individuals (*Answers on page 27.*)

GLIDING INTO ACTION

Offensive Operation Value of Britain's Engineless Aircraft

By Squadron-Leader JOHN MACADAM,

Squadron-Leader Macadam is a former sports editor of the "Daily Express" (London). At the outbreak of war he became a war correspondent. Joined the R.A.F. two years ago and spent six months in the ranks before being commissioned; has written a book about his experiences in the ranks.

WITH THE introduction to modern warfare of the towed engineless aircraft, the extension of the use of the transport aircraft, and the parachute, ground forces have been given a mobility and speed of movement that would have been ridiculed less than a decade ago.

By the use of navigational aids, modern aircraft flying from Britian—or other Allied bases—are able to find their way to targets that would have been closed to them less than two years ago, and, once over that target, the so-called glider and the low-level parachute enable them to place troops within a few yards of their pin-pointed objective, armed with light or heavy equipment, as the situation demands.

That is a very large contribution to the scientific planning of a modern battle and Allied tacticians are thoroughly aware of the potentialities of the new weapon. It is true that sometimes Jules Verne claims have been made for gliders that are fancifully pictured as being towed in low trains at tremendous distance from their objective, on which they swoop in utter silence and then disgorge anything from a battalion of the Guards to a Mountain Brigade.

Gliders Aren't so Flimsy

The facts are less exotic, more compelling. In the first place the large up-to-date glider is not really a glider at all. It is no sensitively-controlled creature sniffing out helpful currents of air on which to dart and swim like a bird in flight. It is a heavy business-like piece of solid wood and fabric whose main business is to be towed over a target with a certain load, and, when over that target, to get down on it with the greatest possible speed.

To this end it begins to lose height as soon as it is released by the towing aircraft, gets its nose down on its target at a terrifying angle, hurtles earthwards, straightens out at the appropriate

Under the shadow of a Horsa's wing. Army air-borne troops mount guard whilst the glider is unloaded.

moment, and touches down almost immediately. This operation is as noiseless as a steam-shovel working in rocky ground ; it is as birdlike as an overheated hippo getting into a suddenly-espied river.

These illusions shattered, what is left? As much as any modern planner could want. Leaving for a moment the question of parachute troops who are still supreme for certain specialized tasks, it is now recognized that gliders are an economic proposition, since large numbers of well-equipped and mounted troops can be towed with accuracy with a good chance of landing without being detected.

A jeep being unloaded from a Horsa glider.

Apart from their purely offensive purpose, gliders have proved themselves as transports. It is recorded that within seventy minutes of instructions being received to transport the personnel of a unit to a location more than one hundred miles away, the first glider was loaded and in the air. Three and a quarter hours later their load of men and equipment had been removed, and less than ten hours later all the transport aircraft were back at base.

On another occasion a bomber crashed on return from an operation and a new engine was required. It would have taken eleven days to do this by road, yet within eight hours the engine was delivered by glider.

These examples indicate the scope of glider activity—for the speedy landing of offensive troops, for the transport of food and material, for the return transport of wounded men.

Special Briefing for Pilots

Just as important as the aircrew of the towing aircraft is the pilot of the glider, for on him, from the moment of cast-off, depends the successful culmination of the mission. These men are all members of Britain's Glider Pilot Regiment, distinct in their parachutist uniforms and their light-blue wings. They are trained by the R.A.F. first in light training aircraft and then in the engineless gliders. They attend their own special briefing before each operation, and also the briefing of the R.A.F. aircrews engaged.

Between the R.A.F. men and the glider pilots there exists a deep mutual respect and trust. An outward token of this feeling can be seen on one of the stations of the R.A.F. Group responsible for air-borne operations. Here the R.A.F aircrews wear the silver-wing hat badge of the paratroops on the breasts of their working uniforms.

" It is our way of showing the complete unity that exists in our squadrons between the R.A.F. and the Army types," said the Station Commander, Group Captain T. M. Abraham, D.F.C. " At work, and in the mess when work is done, these boys' interests are identical."

In the airfields where R.A.F. and air-borne troops exercise, the half-affectionate, half-derisive " Pongo " and " Brown Job " is never applied to the soldiers. The soldiers look at the Albemarles and Halifaxes and Wellingtons and say : " Me fly one of these contraptions ? Not for a pension." The aircrews look at the parachutes and the gliders and say : " You could'nt get us into these things for a fortune."

Out of this simple 50–50 regard is being forged one of Britain's most effective weapons of war.

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

Fitting and Turning

THERE has been a great expansion in this trade during war years, and there is likely to be a surplus of fitters and turners when hostilities cease. Nevertheless, there will be a scope for some, if not all, of the surplus in related trades or in manufacturing industries. A man who has served his five years' apprenticeship in an approved workshop can go a long way in the trade, providing his educational background is good. In fact he can, if he is energetic and ambitious, rise from the rank of skilled artisan to the professional status of an Associate Member of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (A.M.I.M.E.).

Good eyesight is needed in this trade, as well as manual dexterity and mechanical ability. A youth who cannot stand up to monotonous work should be warned against entering the trade, unless he can regard the work during the training period as a step towards further advancement in engineering.

There is now a tendency for many firms to specialize in either fitting or turning. The Railway Workshops, for instance, employ apprentice fitters who are trained for nine-tenths of their time as fitters and one-tenth as turners.

Youths who wish to become marine engineers have to serve their apprenticeship in this trade in an approved workshop.

It should be emphasized that qualified fitters and turners who cannot find employment in their own trade may be able to qualify for employment in allied trades—*e.g.*, in diesel-engine work.

Many men in this occupation may also aspire to the professional side of engineering. While a fitter and turner may receive at present about 2s. 11d. or 3s. per hour, a foreman's wage may be up to about £10 per week, while in some cases toolmakers command an even higher remuneration.

Pattern-making

This branch of the engineering trade is well suited to disabled men, providing that they have the necessary manual dexterity. There is a five years' apprenticeship period, during which time the trainee needs to attend technical classes in woodwork, mathematics, and drawing.

Opportunities are reasonably good, but more limited now than formerly when all patterns were made of wood, which only lasted a limited period. Nowadays they are made of metal, which is much more durable.

Pattern-makers are mostly found in the Railways Department.

Moulding

Moulders are in great demand, but moulding proper—as distinct from plate-moulding—is heavy, disagreeable work

requiring good physique. However, it requires skill, and is therefore not lacking in interest. A five years' apprenticeship is needed.

A foreman moulder may receive an extra 2d. or 3d. per hour for his work.

Boilermaking

Boilermaking includes many skilled trades, the mastery of all of which requires a five years' apprenticeship. Hence the general training received by an apprentice in these trades—which includes acetone burning and welding and electric welding, as well as structural steel work—should prove of value in many walks of life. Indeed, the processes of acetone burning and welding, and also electric welding, apply to all the metal trades. Training is given in these processes at any of the larger technical schools. After taking, say, a three months' course, a man could be transferred into industry and so gradually get experience in the more intricate processes.

The time was when boilermaking in all its aspects demanded excellent physique and powers of endurance, as well as the ability to stand high temperatures and incessant noise, but modern processes, such as the use of acetone burning, mentioned above, are creating within the trade more and more jobs requiring no great physical effort. Indeed, some processes supply sit-down jobs suitable for disabled men, providing they have reasonable eyesight and manual dexterity.

In order to do skilled work the apprentice needs to have at least two years' technical education, with emphasis on geometrical drawing and mathematics. He will then learn to read from blue prints and so to mark off from the plans. This work requires skill, but again no great physical effort is demanded.

The prospects in this trade are good, and the demand for apprentices far outstrips the supply.

Welding

At the present time welders are greatly in demand. This is no doubt, in part, due to the present shortage of material which necessitates additional welding to utilize existing stocks of material and to repair parts that would otherwise be scrapped. But, at the same time, the place of welding in industry has grown so large and so important in recent years that it is safe to say that the prospects are good for the expert welder in the post-war world. The really first-class welder has very responsible work to do—*e.g.*, in ships and in the construction of large buildings—and will always be in demand.

At this stage it is important to note that it takes much more than six to twelve months to train the real expert. A short period of training is sufficient for some simpler types of welding, but the expert welder must have a wealth of technical knowledge that cannot be picked up in a haphazard way. He must know, among other things, the make-up of metals, their peculiarities, and their physical qualities. Training for the first-class welder is provided for in the Engineering Trades' Apprenticeship Order.

Ruling wages for welders are at present 3s. to 4s. 6d. per hour.

Blacksmithing

This is highly-skilled and important work requiring five years' apprenticeship. Two years' technical training is desirable. In modern industry blacksmithing is chiefly concerned with the forging of iron and steel into a great variety of articles required in general engineering, motor and ship building, and related industries. Good physique is required. Although the opportunities are good, they are relatively limited (in the whole of Wellington City there are just fifteen blacksmiths). The explanation is not far to seek—modern machines for pressing out articles and the ever-increasing use of welding have both combined to limit the blacksmith's place in industry.

News of New Zealand

INCORPORATING THE WORLD'S NEWS

UP TO 1821

CITY EDITION, Price 2d.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1821

HONGI WAGES TOTAL WAR, FEELS AVENGED: ENEMY LOSSES MORE THAN 6,000

Bigchief of Tattooed Chiefs, Hongi Hika, and his two thousand and more brown-skinned commandos have returned in their fleet of canoes from the expeditions of revenge started late last year against the Thames and Waikato tribes. With Hongi and his men are 3,000 prisoners, behind them are more than 3,000 men killed, many more wounded. Of the enemy killed in battle hundreds were eaten.

The attacks are considered to be some of the bloodiest in New Zealand's history. Hongi's losses are reported to be small; it was Maori battle-axes and spears against modern firearms, and Hongi had the firearms.

Grim scenes were seen by *News of New Zealand* correspondents when the victors' canoes berthed here last night. The women, the warriors' wives, and sweethearts who have been separated from their menfolk for the months of the campaign, loosed their anger in murderous attacks on the unresisting captive slaves. Several hundred were done to death by women who either had lost friends and relations in the expedition's battles or who were fired with revenge because of losses in wars of several years ago.

Hongi Hika, a member of the Ngapuhi nation, was born in 1777; by birth he was influential, by his deeds in battle as a young man he quickly became more so. In 1814 he went to Sydney, lived in the house and care of Missionary Samuel Marsden, and returned to this country the patron and protector of Christianity and letters. Which said offices in no way soothed his fiery nature, or stopped him from plunging into war after war, to ravage the Bay of Plenty, Rotorua, Whangaroa, and Hokianga.

Hongi went to England in 1820, saw King George IV, helped to write a New Zealand vocabulary and grammar, had a ride on the great elephant, and a good look round. In Sydney, on his return, he was most distressed to hear of the death in battle of his son-in-law. Sadness replaced by anger, Hongi quickly realized on all the valuable presents given to him in England. The cash proceeds he turned into 300 muskets and a large supply of powder; he kept only a suit of armour given to him by the King.

Late last year Hongi left on his expedition of revenge. Three thousand and more of his enemies were slain, a larger number taken prisoner, hundreds were eaten.

Bigchief Hongi returned in triumph last night—"And it was only the inclemency of the weather that brought me back." His casualties were not heavy. In addition to the men killed and wounded in battle, thirty lives were lost when two canoes upset at sea.

Hongi—This Chief had the muskets.

REV. KENDALL IS SUSPENDED: GUNS SOLD TO MAORIS

Churchman Thos. Kendall has been suspended by the Rev. Marsden from his post as missionary for alleged continued trafficking in firearms and powder with the Maoris. Grave reflections are also cast on Missionary Kendall for allowing Bigchief Hongi to exchange in Sydney on his return voyage the valuable presents he received during his visit to England in 1820 for 300 muskets and a large supply of powder. Public opinion is against the Rev. Kendall for allowing Hongi to bring back such a large supply of firearms to this country.

It is reported that Missionary Marsden has suspended Mr. Kendall, is hotfooting it to New Zealand to investigate the charges. Should the charges be sustained, Bro. Kendall undoubtedly will be sent on his way—and not down the front stairs either.

Mr. Kendall said last night that already, and without investigation, the Rev. Marsden had made a statement on the alleged misconduct to the Australian press. "This public censure from the Senior Churchman," Kendall said, "amounts to more than godly admonition."

WHALERS BRING TRADE BUT INFLUENCE ON THE MAORIS IS CONDEMNED

Started in 1791 and firmly established in 1802, the whaling trade round New Zealand coasts, with the more important depots at the Bay of Islands, is steadily growing, both in the number of ships and the quality of equipment. In 1810 there were seven ships to call for crews and food for those crews, this year there have been more than four times that number. And so great is the demand in markets overseas for the whale-bone and the whale-oil, the two most important products of the trade, that there is likely to be even greater numbers of ships arriving in New Zealand waters before many more years.

To be seen to-day is the start of a trade that, with timber and flax, will be the most profitable to New Zealand until an organized scheme of land-settlement is put into practice. But whaling is profitable only as a trade; in every other way its influence on this country, and the Bay of Islands in particular, cannot but be condemned. Whaling crews of runaway convicts, of blackguards of the lowest types, of adventurers from New South Wales of the most abandoned description—ashore they often forget they are sailors, having forgotten long ago (if they ever knew) they were men. "They are the great enemies to the missions and our cause," says the Rev. Samuel Marsden.

At first axes and agricultural implements were traded by the whalers for food and supplies from the Maoris; to-day muskets and powder are the prices asked for and given. The missionaries do not like the whalers, but the feeling is not mutual—the whalers approve of the missions and their work. Well they might, for they have all the benefits of the peaceful and co-operative feelings introduced between white man and Maori by the missionaries.

The demand for European firearms and goods is so great that it has led among the Maoris to underhand methods to obtain the trade from visiting ships. It has led to the preserved head trade, it has led to bickerings and jealousies, it has led even to wars and bloodshed. These are bad times.

SCOTT'S COLLECTED POEMS NOW ON SALE

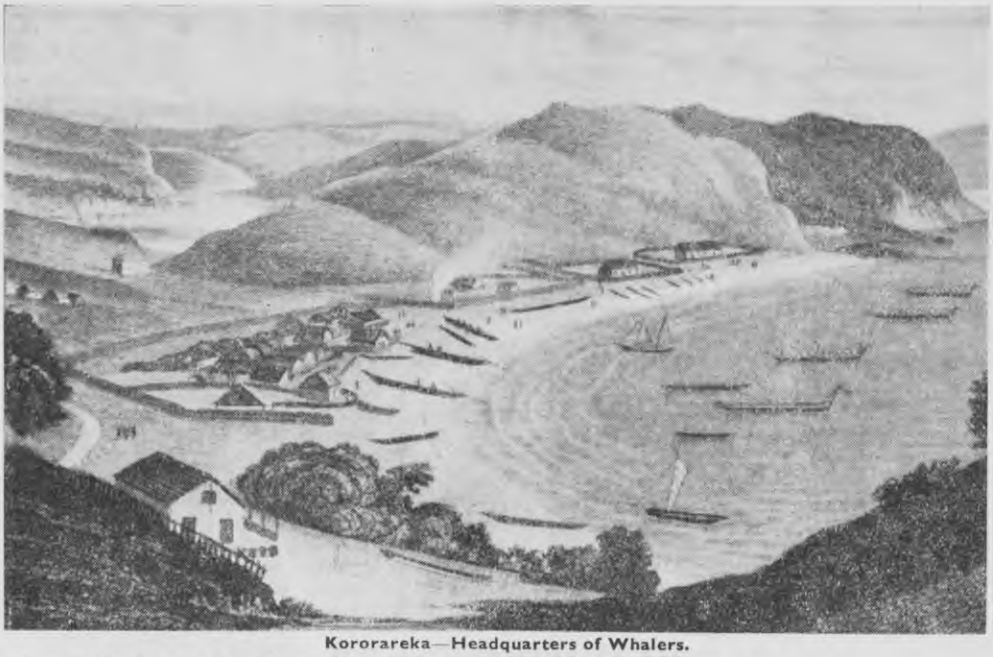
[LONDON

The works of Sir Walter Scott, poet and author, will be remembered for all time not only for their quality, but also for their quantity. His collected poems are now offered to the public in twelve volumes—and with Sir Walter poetry is only a sideline. His Waverley novels continue to be printed, and this series alone is expected to number about forty volumes before it is complete. Since 1800, when he first started writing, Sir Walter has published many novels, several collections of poetry, and many articles. He refused the poet laureateship of England in 1813, was created a baronet two years ago.

Poet John Keats died in Rome last year, Percy B. Shelley was drowned in Italy early this year. Lord Byron is in Greece concerned more with freedom than with writing. England is in the hands of the younger poets, of whom Wm. Wordsworth is not the least.

Whaling is both profitable and dangerous. This picture shows a kill.

NEWS OF NEW ZEALAND
Saturday, May 24, 1821



Kororareka—Headquarters of Whalers.

GENERAL REVOLUTION CAN BE AVERTED ONLY WITH SOCIAL REFORM

[LONDON

The Napoleonic War ended seven years ago, Bonaparte last year died his lonely death on St. Helena; but far from improving with the end of the war, economic and social conditions of the people in Great Britain, and the manufacturing centres of England particularly, are worse to-day than ever before—they are worse than appalling.

Europe is at peace, with the cars of her peoples laid back catching up on the industrial manufacturing development that last century gave this nation such a lead in world trade, a lead that is being lost surely and not so slowly. The demand overseas for our goods has slackened, the machine has replaced the worker, unemployment figures, increased by general demobilization of the army, are staggering. There is not enough food, people are starving, child labour in factories has not lessened in its brutality.

The Six Acts (passed in 1819 after the Manchester Massacre for the suppression of seditious meetings and publications and the seizure of firearms) may have stopped public disorder, but it has done nothing to remove the causes of the discontent. George III, whose interference with political matters was not helped by his insanity, has been dead two years; his son, George IV, even in an age when virtue is unfashionable, has done more to bring the Crown into contempt than any preachings of the Republicans.

The Combination Laws, which make strikes criminal and trade-unions illegal, have been neither repealed nor modified. Humanitarian Wm. Wilberforce in his appeals for the abolition of slavery might as well talk to the moon. Postage is not available to the people. The gaming laws are sending hundreds of hungry people away as convicts to the brutal penal settlements in Australia.

The Bow Street Runners, the only police force in the country, are known only with contempt for their corruption and their evil inefficiency. Gin shops—with their slogan, "Drunk for a Penny—Dead Drunk for Twopence"—are the centres of social life. General education is almost unknown. There is no franchise for the general public, who have nothing to do with the laws of the country but their obeying of them.

The years ahead are likely to be written in history as the years of reform, reform in every sphere of life. If a general revolution is to be avoided, those reforms had better not be delayed too long.

FAILURE PROPHESIED FOR INVENTOR'S PLANS OF LOCO. TRANSPORT

[STOCKTON

Inventor George Stephenson, former cow-herd and colliery ginhorse driver, has received full authority to action the construction of a travelling locomotive service for goods and passengers between Stockton and Darlington. The directors of the scheme intended to use waggons and horses over this new route, but so successful were the trials in 1814 of My Lord, Stephenson's first travelling engine, that they have decided to let the inventor and his works have a run. The most eminent engineers of the day are sceptical, prophesy general failure, but these are changing times, and it well may be that Stephenson has got something. The enterprise will be watched with interest.

The Rev. S. Marsden, Senior Chaplain.

HUMAN HEAD TRADE STILL FLOURISHES

The grisly trade in preserved human heads is, in spite of the efforts of the missionaries, still flourishing in New Zealand. The present market value is about £20 for a good specimen, with the exchange made in either cold cash or muskets and powder. A few years ago ironware, mostly axes and agricultural implements, provided the basis of the bargaining, but these days the Maori has learned enough to know that firearms can reduce his enemies quicker than anything else and at the same time provide the means of more trade to reduce more enemies.

Before the trade was put on a commercial basis, honour to the dead was the reason for the preservation of human heads. On their death friends are still honoured in this way, but care is always taken to prevent such heads from falling into the hands of the white traders. The heads used for trade are those of enemies.

The heads not sold are generally exhibited either on poles in front of the chief's living-quarters in a village or in the sterns of the war canoes. They are frequently dressed with oil and treated always with the greatest respect. Unfortunate cases have been known where women taken as prisoners of war by an enemy tribe have had to pass on their way to the fields the gruesome sight of their husbands' preserved heads grimacing at them from the top of poles.

"The picking-up of real good heads" by the traders has increased so much that lately slaves have been tattooed alive, later to be killed. And one scoundrel slave had the conscience to bolt before he was fit to kill; he ran away with his own head after all the trouble and expense had been incurred of tattooing it to make it more valuable.

MARSDEN TO MAKE FOURTH JOURNEY TO N.Z. MISSIONS

While Explorer Cook (Captain J.) was edging his way round the uncharted coasts of Niew Zeeland more than fifty years ago there was at that time scrambling round his Yorkshire home a youngster named Samuel Marsden, son of a blacksmith. To-day Samuel Marsden is Senior Chaplain in New South Wales of the Church Missionary Society and Superintendent in New Zealand of the society's work.

The Rev. Samuel Marsden arrived at the Bay of Islands to preach his first sermon on Christmas Day, 1814—the text was, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy"; a large congregation of Maoris were no less interested because they were unable to understand a word of the new-fangled English language.

The missionary trail in New Zealand was blasted, after many difficulties, by three assistants—Wm. Hall, shipbuilder and carpenter; John King, shoemaker; and one Thos. Kendall (see other columns *re* news of Kendall in trouble). They arrived in New Zealand in 1814 and made preparations for the first coming of Marsden; of great help was the good work and negotiation of Chief Ruatara, whom Marsden had befriended earlier in Australia.

With the Bay of Islands as the headquarters, the good work of the missionaries has spread rapidly. The missionaries, Marsden in particular, have come to be loved and respected by the Maoris, and not only because of the distribution of axes, cloth, and other goods made as often as stocks allow.

Missionary Marsden made a second trip to New Zealand in 1819, a third a year later. News of his fourth visit is now expected.

Two hundred acres of land were bought near the Bay of Islands for 12 axes, and later 13,000 acres at Kerikeri for a nominal payment from Bigchief Hongi (a close friend of Marsden). Several more missionaries have arrived in New Zealand to further the work, the need for which is pressing.

Efforts to suppress the introduction by the whalers of liquor (*waipiro*, or Stinking Water), to eliminate the preserved head trade, and the practice of blackbirding the Maoris into service on the whaling and trading ships are only some of the services done for the natives in the name of Christianity. In addition has been the church and school teachings, the setting-up of missions, the distribution of much-needed European goods, seeds, and animals, and the spreading of information for the cultivation of crops to provide food and other comforts of life.

LA FETE DE JEANNE D'ARC

400 year old Pageantry in New Caledonia

By DORIAN SAKER

THE MONTH of May in New Caledonia is a month of fêtes. Almost every Sunday, under the white glare of the blistering sun, some scene from history, some procession, is organized in the village square, under the massive flamboyants and tall mimosas. It is our privilege, members of the N.Z.E.F.I.P. quartered in the village, to witness these pageants.

Of all the fêtes the most historic, the most important, is that in honour of Joan of Arc, the young saviour of France. Preparations for this fete are well in hand months before the actual ceremony. The young demoiselle who is to play the part of the Saint has to be picked from a host of aspirants. The robes have to be cleaned and garnished. Horses have to be groomed. Old armour has to be renewed, and all have to be rehearsed in their parts. For this is the great day of the year, On this day all the housewives of the village will be attired in their best—silk stockings will be worn, and the latest thing in hats. Friends will come in from farms deep in the Chaîne Centrale, relations will be seen who have been absent for a year. You will meet any one you want to meet, and maybe some whom you were avoiding, in the square at the Fête of Joan of Arc.

For myself, I have picked out a comfortable seat on the stone wall of the house belonging to one of my French friends. From here I can see everything. Opposite me is the concrete church, with its iron roof—the only cool haven in all the district. In the portals under the massive tower the altar is placed, covered with white drapes. On the steps are the two small boys whom I know well, servers on this occasion, dressed magnificently in scarlet. I would hardly know their serious mien.

The square itself is a mass of shouting colour. Near the steps of the church, in two groups, are the young " élèves " of the Ecole des Soeurs. The girls on the left are like a cloud of birds in their white frocks and blue scarves. The boys, restless and animated, wear green scarves. The head girl and the head boy carry richly embroidered banners. In between the two groups are the dignitaries of the district and their wives. Here are the Mayor and the local doctor, the town clerk, the lawyer, and the chief gendarme.

Farther back society begins. The women are in front to show their new dresses, and to look at them in their catty, coteried groups, you would never dream they were thousands of miles from the Boulevardes of Paris—or that, in fact, most of them have never seen the capital of fashion. In the paragons of to-day, you would not recognize the housewives of tomorrow, going about their drab tasks, gossiping the siesta time away under their shady verandas.

The procession.

St. Joan and her three attendants.

When we go a few yards farther back still, another rank of society sits barefooted under the mimosas, or giggles in groups on the dusty grass. This is the native population. This is as colourful a sight as any bazaar out of the East. Here are the small, piquant Javanese women, in their ankle-low batique work, so precious to-day. Sometimes they carry their "gosses" in native fashion, slung over the shoulder like a coil of rope. Barefoot beside them stand the diminutive Javanese men in their frying-pan hats, who, when they walk, turn their feet outwards like orang-outangs.

Here, too, are the Kanaka women, wearing the gaudy yellow and red smocks which missionary tradition seems to have made obligatory. Their great spreading toes project from under their dresses like the roots of a tree. They seem always happy, these shy, laughing people. Of the men, more anon.

One group is always apart. These are the Arabs, descended, I believe, from convicts originally deported from Algeria and Morocco. They are haughty, like all the Arab race, and their women walk like queens.

On the outskirts of this motley assembly lounges a mixture of Americans, New-Zealanders, and French—soldiers and sailors come on leave to see the pageant, as a change from eternal movies and the monotony of Service life.

At half past one a wave of silence sweeps through the crowd. The mass has begun. It is performed by a New Zealand padre, and the choir is the group of children in front of the church. Their clear, shrill voices seem to spiral away into the blue sky, in contrast to the deeply intoned responses. Then comes the address of the white-robed bishop, whose voice thunders across the square as he sketches the brief, ill-starred life of Jeanne d'Arc, her visions and her courage, and ends with an invocation that all may strive to emulate that peerless heroine of France. Then the ceremony closes with the "Marseillaise," "God Save the King," and the American Anthem, played by an American band.

For a few moments the square knows confusion. People are rushing to and fro. Officials are pushing the crowd back from lines marked on the grass. I catch the gleam of four "éclairons," or trumpets, lifted, waiting for the

The "aumonier" gives his address.

signal. At last, the people are all arranged. Suddenly the trumpets blare, and as the last echo dies away, there is a growing din of hooves. Round the corner of the church, at full gallop, sweeps a cohort of horsemen and horsewomen, at the head of which—in full panoply of war—is Sainte Jeanne d'Arc.

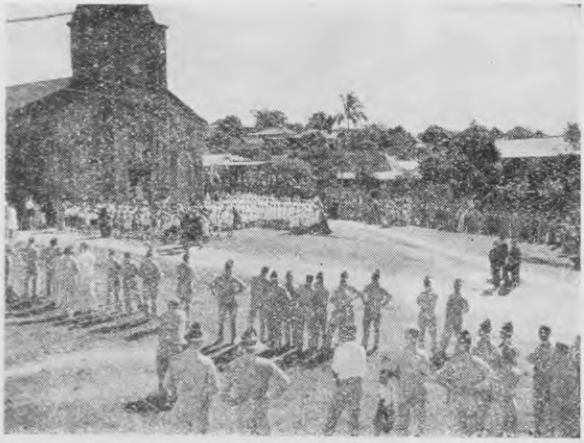
She rides a white horse, her two male squires on either hand. Behind them is her female entourage, and in the rear, like a mob of demons, is her retinue of knights, black, savage-looking Kanakas for the most part, reining in their steeds like Centaurs. They have knots of grass at the saddle-bow, and flower circlets round their necks.

Jeanne pauses before the cenotaph as a wreath is laid upon the steps. She wears a white surplice over a blue robe. The former bears a blue cross. A fillet with a diadem encircles her hair, and in her hand she carries a banner. Her squires wear armour, white and blue robes, and silvery visors, made (even from the distance at which I sit) from cardboard. They carry spears and axes, and the horses of all three are caparisoned in white and gold.

The ceremony is now carried on by a French "aumonier," or Army padre, who delivers a dissertation on the life of the Saint, with deductions for the present day. This time it is Hitler and the Nazi hordes who are overriding the fields of France, and it behoves us all to make every effort to eject the invader.

For a second time the trumpets blare. Again confusion. Gradually order is restored, out of which comes a procession, headed by the groups of children, which marches round the cenotaph and the horsemen, giving a salute with the right hand. Finally, the group of horsemen joins in, the cavaliers having much trouble with their recalcitrant mounts, until Saint Joan herself makes the circuit, when the whole procession, trumpeted by the four "éclairons," makes for the open road and the tour of the village.

The crowd splits and disperses. All those bright dresses retire to the wardrobe for another year, all the relations go back to their homes in the backblocks. Soon the square is deserted, except for me, still seated on the wall of my French friend, a black and white cat, and a few small boys playing round the memorial. There is no colour but the bright glow of my friend's oranges, and the last slants of the sun on the white-washed walls of the Army headquarters. The vision has faded, but it will come again, every year, as long as there is a France and a New Caledonia—the "France of the South."



The open-air mass.

SHORT STORY

COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

By Recorder H. R. Cross, R.N.Z.N.

This story was awarded first prize in its section in the recent Services' literary competitions.

"CAN YOU SWEAR?" So nervous was I, eager, shaking for his approval that would sign me on to his ship, to work at I didn't care what, for what pay I wasn't bothering, that it wasn't for months that I smiled—a mocking smile, I suppose—at my ingenuousness: "Too damn right." I said. If I answered stronger than "damn," it flashed through my mind at the moment of the question, he might think I was not the right type; that I was not disciplined; that my parents had been slack in my upbringing. That is what I thought. I was not experienced in much besides saying "Sir" to schoolmasters—not at that time—and, anyway, I was nervous. Because I wanted his approval, I wanted to work on that ship. There was a war, I was young and wanted to do something.

I wanted his approval, and I got it: to work on that ship, to live (and nearly to die, want to die at times) through the life that followed; his approval for the months ahead—months of hard, sweating tropics, work that was dirty to my hands and dirty inside me, short hours in ports, men—I thought they weren't at first, I wasn't used to their ideas. I found they were, and human.

His approval for the monotony of days that meant nothing; days of separate minutes, each like the ceaseless drips, and as slow, of water from the roof of a cave I knew, and still remember, as a boy. One followed by another, and there was no end. No hurry, no breathing there. Those days meant nothing, I said; they didn't; and if I had let them I couldn't have stood it. So he gave me his approval; and it went also for all that was the life on that ship: even for the awkward and ever-continuing, unremitting motion, always the same. That ship never gave a false step. I said once in a letter home that we rolled so much and for so long that the cow we kept on board finished by giving churned butter instead of milk. Had there been a cow it might have been true. I wasn't unhappy; I didn't feel anything much after a while. There seemed no use.

He asked whether I could swear. He looked, this captain, as though he had been with the ship as long as the cockroaches I was afterwards to curse—I cursed the captain and the cockroaches. Christian Clemensen, his name; and, like the ship, he was Norwegian in nothing but name. M. V. "Skaanen"—London businessmen were the owners; port of registry, San Pedro; built on

Scottish ways; and fitted with engines stamped "Sweden." The origins of her captain were as varied. He and his ship had the same streaks of colour; for thirty years they set their courses by the same stars; and Fate was to deal each of them a blow as bitter as the curses which were all they had for each other.

They lived their lives together, and for each other they had neither love nor respect—maybe something of stormy hate which could not be let loose when their existences, the reasons for their living, were bound so closely together. For the owners, knowing nothing of the sea and its incalculable moods of storm and fog, rocky coast-lines and unknown ports, all the rest—owners not knowing and not caring demanded certain standards, set schedules that were always hard and often dangerous. Non-acceptance of those standards, deviation from the schedules—it would have meant the scrap-heap for the two of them. "Get her there, we've got our costs to consider—and, anyway, she's well insured. Get her there, but if there's an accident we don't want survivors with tales of negligence and long claims of damages."

That's what the owners said; they didn't use those words, but that is what they meant. With quiet satisfied smiles they let the captain know what they wanted; and how well he understood his nicely-worded instructions could best be realized had the story been told of a freighter run down in fog, hanging thick and still, off the coast of northern Ireland. The "Skaanen" at the time was driving full speed ahead. But the story was never told. Of the freighter's crew there was no man to tell it. Only cries in the darkness, and they might have been, but they weren't, sea-birds calling. There was no chance of lowering a boat from the "Skaanen" in that fog—and there was no purpose. Tightened lips and throbbing hearts, but there was no purpose . . .

So I had the captain's approval. My apprehension was not necessary. The ship was known to every one but me. A vacancy in the crew was hard to fill. I was to find out why.

Each trip I made I swore would be the last—and with our speed too slow for convoy escort and with submarines eager for such targets, I wonder now the first trip wasn't the last. But we lived. We were lucky. For a time we were lucky. We steamed into ports, hours later we steamed out again. A tanker's cargo takes little time to clear. Three weeks of sea; if we were lucky, eighteen hours in port; and with a hundred things to do it didn't mean eighteen hours of freedom. So little time ashore has the crew of a tanker that conditions aboard, compared with other types of cargo ships, generally are of a higher standard. What must necessarily be their home is made more attractive. It wasn't like that on the "Skaanen." And the men were not the sort that minded, or appeared to mind. Perhaps they had never known a home—that was how it seemed to me—or perhaps their homes were of a happiness that made them prefer the conditions of this ship.

Twenty-five of them there were; and I think from their speech that they represented the squalor and filth of the slums of twenty-five cities. In every way they were of a dirtiness that I could hardly believe and had not before thought possible. It was true enough. I felt I had to stand clear of them and their ways of life.

I suppose it all sounds rather grim and dreary. It was; but she was no hell-ship—nobody starved, and if ulcerated stomachs were common it was probably the booze as much as the food; wages were earned and paid and spent; and if the work was hard and madly monotonous, there was always time for sleep if you were tired of looking at the sea. The men were hard, I wasn't used to them, and they wouldn't have joined such a ship if their papers had been in order, if the conditions they were prepared to accept had not been easier than those they wished to leave behind. Even now I'm not sentimental when I think of them, I never felt much love for them, but I do say that ultimately, underneath their appearance, their speech, their ways of life, they were decent and simple enough. They had their humour and they weren't bitter. I think they

weren't different from other people—it only seemed they were.

The sun rose and set. The days passed. Slowly, like autumn leaves falling, shadowing the ground, no hurry, falling to be forgotten. More and more to bury the others. It was the monotony of those days, not danger or thoughts of danger, that made me fearful—for the days to come. Everlastingly. A silvery rushing of water straight for the ship several times made me cry "torpedoes." My listening ears heard the bump. There was never the explosion I waited for. Not torpedoes, but porpoises. Smack into the side they would come. I wondered whether in the night they could not see the blackness that was our ship; or perhaps with the freedom of a million miles of rolling ocean always before to themselves they were not caring. Had no need to care. They frightened me.

We steamed through the days. Through the ocean; seas alive, breathing with the tides, ebbing and flowing to and from rocky ribs of coast-line. Our throbbing engines were this ocean's heart. But they had not the strength—the beating-power of the engines of a thousand ships would not have the strength. The ocean has no heart. Mighty, impersonal, and cruelly impartial in its might. Nothing warm—no feeling there to show a heart.

The greyness of early dawn. A submarine. A torpedo. No porpoise. A torpedo. A crash of explosion that was purple in the intensity of its sound. A sheet of flame, vivid lightning, rising from the crash.

We had been hit. Fire. We were on fire. The ship was on fire. Spreading flames, spreading through our forward compartment. It all happened quicker than my realization of its happening. It was true; I knew it to be true when I found myself shouting words that had no sense, with excitement rather than fear.

The sea was dead flat, greasily calm. We might have been sliding in the oil we carried. The oil that now was on fire. Somewhere out there was a submarine, satisfied. We did not see her, nor did we care.

The captain worked like a madman. But he was beaten and outwitted. Something stronger than himself, more deadly, had taken control of the ship that was his. We waited for the second explosion that must have meant the end. It did not come. A light breath of wind stirred into a breeze, swelling the roaring of fire, the flames spreading.

We must get away, minutes wasted and it would be too late. The men had not waited to hear the captain's order to lower the boats, to abandon the ship. But he gave that order; even he realized there was no use fighting the fury that was oil on fire.

"I name this ship 'Skaanen,' and Bless all that sail in her." That was said, years ago, with flags and shouting and champagne, said over bows that were white and fresh. It did not matter that the clear-cut eagerness of those bows had been lost, the freshness of colour gone forever, against the wharfs of the world and from ill-considered encounters with other ships—ships that still cared—and from rocks and reefs that did not.

"Bless all that sail in her." For more than thirty years in the importance of life and death, and—to the owners—the still greater importance of a safe ship, cargoes delivered, that Blessing had held. Now those bows were twisting and cowering with flame, oil was on fire—the Devil was mocking that Blessing, safe and sure of success in his mockery, laughing in his work.

Down splashed the boats, the men into them, tumbling and rushing. The captain, too; frightened and full of fear, not from terror of the flames and the danger of the second explosion that must be the end, but because his ship was burning and lost. Only the ocean could still that fury, but he knew that when it did all, already, would have been lost; it would be too late.

He did not realize, and if there had been realization there would have been no caring with it, that this Fate that had knifed into his being so shockingly, with such grim suddenness, was similar to that which he—this man himself—by his flaunting for profit of the rules of sea safety had imposed on others less strong than himself. Now strength greater

than his had done its work. Judgment had been passed. He did not know it. He knew nothing more than that his ship was lost, burning and abandoned.

The wind was freshening from the west. The sun had not yet risen. It was dawn; and for us the light of that day came first not from the sun. I don't know how long it was from the first explosion to the time the ship's boats—first one then the other—drew away from the burning sides, the oars pulled frantically and irregularly, pulled by strength rising from fear that had left reason twisted into smoke. There was little talking, hardly a look at what was still in front of our eyes.

Two of the crew had been left behind—one trapped in the crow's nest, the other in the gun-turret, where he had rushed with the first alarm and from which sheeting of flame made escape impossible. There was no help for them. Their shrieks had quietened into unconsciousness and death before the boats had splashed the water. Trapped in the crow's nest, at first high above the flames—but a metal crow's nest on a metal mast meant torture that even the Devil in his mockery might have blanched at. Metal that carried through itself a molten angry inescapable heat. That man was dead before the flames reached him. Cooked meat. And dead.

Many of the men in the boats had been burned, their bodies lashed by flames, with fear so far knotting into nothingness the pain that in days to follow could be eased only by death. In several cases that pain was relieved. Mercifully. The need to race from the flaming ship before the second explosion was so desperate that every man had to pull an oar. Every man, burned or not.

With some of them it was the triumph of the struggle for continued life against the supremity of pain. A grim and cruel fight. Emotions that showed no mercy. Hands with the flesh burnt were later found to be seared to the wood of the oars. "Bless all that sail in her." The words go through my mind. Hands that with a knife later had to be cut from those oars. Shrieks that were sharper than that knife and more piercing than its steel.

Still there was no second explosion. Dully we wondered. The forward section of the ship was a shrine of smoke.

"The smoke. Jesus, look at that smoke. It's driving forward across the bows. The smoke—it's swung round. The wind's changed. Christ, the wind . . ." For the first time since leaving his ship the captain spoke, he stood to his feet. Not yet was he past caring. I could not catch his meaning, my mind had lost its reasoning.

But the wind had changed. The smoke, the flames, were chasing ahead and over the bows into the sea—driving away from the other compartments of the ship. The wind was freshening; with every minute it became stronger. The captain was on his feet. There was hope in his face, a new hope.

With fierce words and angry tones he threshed into us some of the strength and meaning of the hope responsible for the light in his eyes of chance for life; the chance that had made him rise to his feet, the hope he made us feel and sense even if we could not understand or see the reasons for it. His shouted imprecations pressed into us the spirit that once more pulled those oars—back again.

The wind had changed. The fire was driving not further into but out of the ship. We began to understand the reasons for his cursing excitement, the light in his eyes, his standing to his feet.

We saw that chance. Not many of us caring. Men had been burned: it was too late for caring. But the ship's boats returned, closer to their ship, the captain's ship. The oars moved slowly, jerking; there was none of the rhythm of the dip-flash-dip of regular rowing. Men had been burned; and in them even though there was nothing left for talk, for reason, for thought or understanding, there was still, even then, room for fear—fear of that second explosion, fear of the wind blowing back on itself and the promise it had given, changing again its direction. Fear of what already had passed and was there still. Just fear. The oars moved slowly, no rhythm; they would not have moved at all if it had not been for the captain, his standing to his feet again, that look in

his eyes, his fierce words of encouragement that, transmuting reason into faith, could not be denied. Nor they were.

It was not in vain. How long it took before that fire was completely in control, before it was finally killed, how many hours, of suffering and agony—hours when that smoke all but suffocated our reborn hope, those flames scorched meaningless and empty our faith—how long it was I do not know. I was past counting. Day into night, another dawn. For many of that crew it was too long. But the fire was controlled, driven into the sea. Dead after so much life.

Those men triumphed—the men whose idea of living to me once seemed so crude as to place them beyond decency of living and the standards necessary for man to live with man. It was not only the fortune of the change of wind, or the foamite we used, the strength of the captain, that controlled those flames and saved the ship—it was the men, their spirit, what was in them and of them. Without that nothing could have been possible.

The victory against oil on fire had been theirs; and that victory was a tribute, not to be contradicted, to all Man. That it was not recognized does not matter; that they continued their lives in ways no better and no worse, no different, alters nothing. Their trial had been fire. Men who had been burned.

There were three weeks before we reached port. Three more weeks. For the last seven days a destroyer escorted us. It made me laugh to see her, looking after us so carefully. We reached port, and I paid off. The ship went into dock; it wasn't long before she was on the seas again. Looking neither dirtier nor grander.

The ship was on the seas again, carrying her cargoes of oil; but not with the same captain. Another man. I didn't hear the story until later, and when I did I could not believe it. I found it to be true. A commission of inquiry had been set up. Witnesses were heard, all the evidence considered—the hearing took ten days.

Judgment was found against the captain. He had, they said, given an order to abandon a ship he was in charge of before such an order had been necessary, while there was still chance of saving her. It amounted to deserting his post in time of war, they considered; and they talked a lot about that time of war, duty, and patriotism, and the trust of the people (of the Allies) that captains accept when they take command of ships and their cargoes.

I couldn't believe it at first, but I know it's true because I spent a lot of time reading the evidence and the findings. It was all set out in the usual legal phraseology, formal and typewritten, but that was what it all amounted to. That is what these men with their paunches and fountain pens and secretaries decided behind their polished desks.

The captain lost his ticket, and I heard he never again went to sea. There couldn't have been much left for him. I don't know what happened to him after he left the sea.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON THE NEWS

Elba. Napoleon was described as a " mighty somnambulist " in *Les Miserables*, by Victor Hugo; Book I, chap. 13.

St. Francis, Assisi; Dante, Florence; " Romeo and Juliet," Verona; Petrarch, Arezzo; Galileo, Pisa.

THAT SUIT YOU WEAR

How Battle-dress is Made

A KORERO Report

ABOUT ONE million battle-dress uniforms have been produced in New Zealand since manufacture began, shortly after the outbreak of war. They required almost 3,000,000 yards of khaki cloth, practically all made in New Zealand, this yardage not including the heavier greatcoat cloth or the lighter officers' dress material. In one clothing-factory, at the peak period, a complete battle-dress was being taken off the lines every three and a half minutes.

The New Zealand clothing industry showed itself fully capable of responding to the urgent needs of war, and the switch-over to high-pressure mass production was made smoothly and successfully. Both overseas divisions and the home forces were soon completely clothed in New-Zealand-made uniforms, and in the Middle East the Kiwi's battle-dress was the envy of United Kingdom troops, both for the quality of the material and the cut. British officers, in particular, coveted the New-Zealand-made uniform in preference to their own issue.

To see the processes in battle-dress manufacture, a *Korero* representative visited a large Wellington factory recently, and followed the whole sequence through, from the first cutting of the material into its thirty-three different parts—exclusive of pieces of lining—to its final assembly into a complete uniform. The factory was actually engaged on Air Force battle-dresses, but the only differences were the colour of the cloth and the provision of two rear pockets on the trousers instead of one.

The cutting seemed a swift, simple, and smooth matter—with an electric knife, working on a similar principle to the band-saw—the cloth being cut with precision in "blocks" of one hundred thicknesses. As different bolts of material from different mills vary slightly in shade, the precaution is taken of slipping white cloth markers into the "blocks" between the different shades, and this separation is maintained throughout the stages of manufacture, so that each complete uniform *is* uniform in colour.

The cut-out parts are bundled separately into shades, all bundles of the same shade being tagged with the same key number, and a constant check is kept to ensure that only parts with the same number are embodied in a given garment.

From the cutting room the parts are sent to the sewing department—a large room containing one hundred and forty girls engaged in the many stages of assembling the garments. Besides sewing-machines there are machines for affixing buttons and machines for making button-holes, and a fast pace is maintained with the utmost efficiency. The button-hole machine cuts the slit and stitches the edges in one rapid operation, doing in seconds what would take many minutes by even the nimblest fingers.

The sewing up is all done on the " chain " system, each girl doing a particular job, such as putting together the two parts of the collar, stitching the fly to the blouse, or making the patch pockets. The more experienced girls are, of course, easily interchangeable.

An interesting point about the button-hole machines is that the American ones are on hire, and like petrol bowsers, remain the property of the makers They are equipped with a counting dial, and the factory pays for the number of button-holes sewn by the machine. The British machines, on the other hand, are bought outright and become the property of the factory.

Occasionally special sizes are required for soldiers not covered by the standard specifications, and the cutting for these is done by ordinary hand-scissors, but the remainder of the process is much the same as for the normal sizes. Rush orders for special sizes have been put through at this factory in an hour and a half from the receipt of the measurements.

A good deal of preliminary work was called for in standardizing sizes before production was begun in New Zealand. Specimen measurements were received from England, and, after consultations between manufacturers and Army Ordnance officers, and many revisions and amendments, a satisfactory schedule was evolved for New Zealand requirements. Several "mannequin parades" were held in the early days of the war at Trentham, for the information of ordnance experts, and to the embarrassment of the "mannequins," and by the time the Third Echelon of the Second Division was mobilized, in May, 1940, it was possible to issue all ranks of the contingent with New-Zealand-made battle-dress. The first two echelons had sailed in the old serge uniform—notorious for tight trousers and brass buttons—but supplies of the new uniform were later sent out to them.

Battle-dress made a complete break with old-established army tradition, as exemplified by the old uniform, and the first men to appear out of camp in the new garb had many misgivings and spasms of self-consciousness. The innovation was soon accepted by the public as well as the troops as a vast improvement, however, though many die-hards sighed for the dear departed shine and polish of the old serge jackets. The trousers were not, on the other hand, very widely lamented.

For active-service wear, at any rate, battle-dress seems to have come to stay, and it would certainly be hard to improve on the present pattern for comfort and utility. It was once thought possible, in fact, that eventually men's civilian dress would be influenced by the Army's new garb, but so far there are few signs of such a development, apart from Mr. Churchill's siren suit.

PREPARING FOR THE PEACE

Employment of the War Generation

By Pilot Officer J. A. McBRIDE, R.N.Z.A.F.

We publish here the opinions of a serviceman overseas on how we should plan for the peace. We should like to hear what other servicemen have to say on the subject; but please make your comments in not more than 400 words. Space is short.

ALTHOUGH VICTORY in the field is the essential and immediate aim of the Allied Nations, that fact must not be permitted to throw the present world struggle out of its true perspective. Victory in arms is a pre-requisite to the attainment of the real aim of securing a foundation for a just and permanent peace. To exhaust all the physical, mental, and spiritual resources of the current war generation in the effort of winning the war would be a tragedy because it is the current war generation which must administer the individual national and international affairs of the world during the crucial stages of the peace. Between the last and present wars the crucial stages were the last ten years.

At present—as there was during the last war—there is a dearth of youth with clearly conceived and thoroughly enlightened ideas concerning armistice terms and the means of preserving peace. The adjective "enlightened" is used because ideas about peace must necessarily be based on knowledge—knowledge of the causes of war; knowledge of the economic, racial, and social structures of the warring nations; knowledge of their history and geography; of all the confused jealousies, prejudices, ambitions, and other factors which contributed to the war.

During a war there is a tendency for the truth to become distorted and sometimes lost altogether. There must be no mists between the peacemakers and the truth, and prominent among those who make the peace should be representatives of the generation charged with the duty of seeing that the lessons of the war are remembered and peace preserved, the current or wartime generation, the generation of youth.

The cream of the world's youth is at present fully occupied in the fighting zones, or mobilized in support of the fighting zones. The best of the physical, mental, and spiritual quality of the war-time generation, those between the ages of twenty and forty, is being employed towards achieving victory in arms. The cream of youth is being poured out as if victory in war were the ultimate aim, as if it were not of any consequence that with military victory comes exhaustion of the resources of the war generation.

After the war there will exist in a war-exhausted world a great and urgent need for men—young, fresh, and eager men—with knowledge and informed ideas about the peace. The thinking world will be faced with immense problems. The limitation of the war generation's knowledge and the realization that it did not prepare for the problems of peace during the war and pre-war years when peace was not a pressing issue will bring with them a sense of unreadiness for the peace and a tendency to leave its problems to others.

The war-time generation will not be able to fill the post-war need for men with their facts marshalled, their thinking done, and their peace plans ready. The main reasons for their failure will be:—

(*a*) They will be wearied or worn out by their efforts in the fields of war.

(*b*) They will be bankrupt in both knowledge and ideas because during the war they were preoccupied with fighting and because before the war they had not truly learned that the maintenance of peace demanded a striving not less than that required to avert defeat in war.

(*c*) Economic and other considerations will cause them to turn their attention to the more immediate necessities of

keeping themselves and their families housed, fed, clothed, and warm.

The result of this failure of the young, the war-time generation, will be that the generation at present directing world affairs in war must continue to direct them in peace. The average age of the generation at present administering the affairs of the world is sixty years. It is the old generation. It has seen World War II arrive in stages after World War I. In twenty-five years' time it will have died out. It will not see World War III. But it has a close and detailed knowledge gained by experience of the causes of World War I and of the factors which gradually but inevitably led to World War II. Its duty is to pass this knowledge on to the new generation that in the normal course would be fresh and eager to carry on from the point of potential progress reached at the end of the war.

The unreadiness of the war generation and the consequent continuance in control of the old generation will result in a hiatus between the old and new generations in the conduct of international affairs. The sides of the gap will draw wider apart as the years go on. The extended period of exclusive control by the old will increasingly qualify them for control at one end of the gap while it increasingly disqualifies the new generation at the other end.

The same artificial gap between generations developed after the last war and for the same reasons. The failure after 1918 to unite the wisdom and experience of the old and established generation with the freshness and eagerness of the new had disastrous consequences. The war generation after the last war, divorced from the control of international affairs, grew increasingly forgetful of the bitterly learned lessons of the past. The necessity for maintaining in peace the degree of struggle carried on during war was forgotten. After about ten or fifteen years two events took shape. The generation of the Great War, because of the death and decadence of the older generation, began to take part in world affairs. And still another generation, the war generation of the next war, began to grow up. In the meantime the root causes of war, selfishness and complacency in the face of wrongdoing by individuals and nations, had begun to assert themselves. Another war approached, steadily and inexorably. Neither generation clearly saw its approach. Because they had been separated from the lessons of the past, they were repeating the mistakes of the past. And then war came—came as the inevitable penalty for the world's failings since 1918. Of these failings, one which was avoidable, was the failure to prepare the Great War generation for the peace as soon as peace arrived, the failure to hand on the torch in time, the failure to bridge the artificial gap between one war generation and the next.

The first seeds of another war by 1970 have already been sown. The process described in relation to World Wars I and II has already commenced to go round in another cataclysmic cycle towards World War III. The whole process will inevitably be gone through again—stage by stage—unless steps are taken now to prevent it.

The general propositions expressed above lead to the conclusion that what is urgently required now is the diversion towards preparing for the peace of a sufficient proportion of the talents of the current war-time generation contrived in such a way that it results in no undue risk of compromising military victory.

It is therefore proposed :—

(*a*) That the Allied Nations immediately select a group of their best war generation talent and divert its activities towards research into the immense and complex problems of peace and towards evolving plans for peace by the end of the war.

(*b*) That such group, or International Youth College, should be selected mainly from the fighting fronts of the Allied Nations—from their Armies, Navies, and Air Forces in the field, on the sea, and in the air—from the war generation which is doing the fighting and knows the nature of modern war.

(*c*) That they should include representatives of all the Allied Nations.

(*d*) That the men selected should be approximately between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five. That they

should be selected for their qualities of leadership, for their sound judgment, for their courage, and for their determination to work unceasingly for the welfare of all men and the peace of the world. There should be insistence on the best quality available. In many cases it will happen that young men of the quality required are already holding high rank and occupying key positions in fighting units. In such cases the relative importance of winning the war and winning the peace should be carefully weighed and the men concerned should be withdrawn from their units unless it is established that such withdrawals, either individually or in the aggregate, are likely to compromise victory in the field.

(*e*) That the International Youth College should be located in such central place—London, Washington, or elsewhere—as will best enable it to have access to the maximum amount of information necessary for it to carry out its task. It should operate in close conjunction with the leading thinkers of all nationalities and ages who have studied post-war problems and should generally equip itself with all the valuable capital on the subject already in existence.

(*f*) That when it has been in operation for a suitable period and can speak with sufficient authority, the deliberations of the college should be given reasonable publicity by all the Allied Nations. Such publicity would enable its findings and conclusions to be critically examined by the public of the world. It would also increase the world's knowledge concerning peace problems and tend to induce the realization that peace as well as war demands sacrifice and striving by everyone.

(*g*) That selected members of the college should attend the Peace Conference after the end of the war and present, on behalf of the War Generation, their plans—reasoned, detailed, enlightened, unembittered, and completed—for a just and permanent peace.

(*h*) That the college should remain in existence indefinitely as a form of insurance against the disasters which have arisen in the past from the gap between generations and so that the dissemination of its knowledge should serve as a constant reminder to the current generation that the maintenance of peace demands enlightenment, striving, and sacrifice by a world which would benefit by it.

(*i*) That after the war representatives of the defeated nations should be admitted to membership of the college, which, although associated with the League of Nations or such other international organization as may arise from the war, will always be so controlled that its individuality of constitution and purpose is preserved.

(*j*) That the high quality of the personnel of the college should be preserved by making membership the highest attainable reward and honour for youthful endeavour and the subject of competition among eligible talent of each nation on a scale correspondingly wider and higher than that fostered by the Rhodes Scholarship in the British dominions and colonies and the U.S.A.

(*k*) That the college should be regarded as a training-ground from which to select after the war men who are eager and able to administer national and international affairs and to spread their knowledge and ideas throughout all the countries of the world. It is not suggested, of course, that men of the old generation as a class should be suddenly disqualified from participating in the conduct of international affairs when peace is declared. The transition process should be gradual and natural. The pressing necessity is to avoid the artificial gap between the generations which in the past has been both a result of the previous war and a cause of the next.

It is submitted that the adoption by the Allied Nations of a plan along these lines would tend to enhance the prospect of an early military victory as well as reduce the chances of another war. In the ultimate, military victory depends on belief in your cause and the will to win. Belief in the cause of the Allied Nations will be fostered by their announcement and resolute pursuit of a plan giving further evidence that their aims extend above and beyond the defeat of the enemy.

E. V. PAUL, Government Printer, Wellington