
KORERO
NEWS BACKGROUND BULLETIN
BEFORE RACE DAY PAGE 3
ISSUE 3

VOL. 3, No. 1 FEB. 12, 1945

KORERO

IN THIS ISSUE

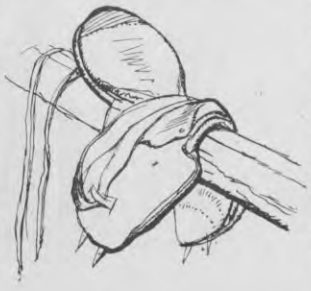
Contributions to Korero

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

Before Race Day

A KORERO REPORT

"RUFUS RAN a half in 50, tra-la; Rufus ran a half in 50, tum-te-tum; heigh ho the merry oh Rufus ran a half in 50. Dear old Rufus, sweet old fella, we'll show 'em in the Derby. Heigh-ho the . . . whoa, whoa you brute, whoa you pig." Stooge, the stable lad, loudly whistled, happily sang, cheerfully yelled as he rubbed Rufus down after the five o'clock grey, chilly morning schooling at the course. Stooge because his name is Sturgess, and he would look, wonder who you meant, if you called him Trevor, his Christian name; and Rufus because you simply couldn't call a horse, even the finest thoroughbred in the land, Royal Victor every time you wanted to speak to him, sing about him, shout, and, if the boss isn't round, curse at him. Stooge, a flopping mop of hair almost as long as himself, which isn't such a great length at all, and weighing not much more than a couple of horse-shoes without the nails, is more than a stable-boy; he has his apprentice's license and it won't be long before you read his name in the list of winning results in your Saturday night's sports paper. At least he hopes not. Perhaps an apprentices' handicap for a start, but later all sorts of things like hack sprints, classics, New Zealand Cups, and gold plates. "Yep, I'm doing some jumping." So maybe hurdles, even steeplechases—Stooge would clear ditches, fences, hedges, and church spires, even the moon just for the chance.



He told us of all his hopes, his plans for the future. But in the meantime he had to have his breakfast—not too much either; platefuls stacked high, second helpings would mean that soon the only thing left to ride would be railway trains.

On the Wairarapa Plains is Masterton, a town divided on either side of a sleepily pleasant main street with fifteen weighing-machines, nearly as many banks, a half-mile of shops, dogs sleeping in the middle of the road, a church damaged by earthquake, and lots of commercial travellers. Four or five miles along that main road are five acres, nine paddocks, and eight horses. It is a racing stable. And that's where Stooge eats his breakfast, does his whistling, and a lot of other things besides. There is a head stableman Ted; his wife (Ted says he has to be careful—he's giving away quite a bit of weight) is the cook and the mother of the staff; there is Alex, a stablehand (he has more years to his age than hairs in his head), there is Stooge, and his mate, Ray, the second stable lad.

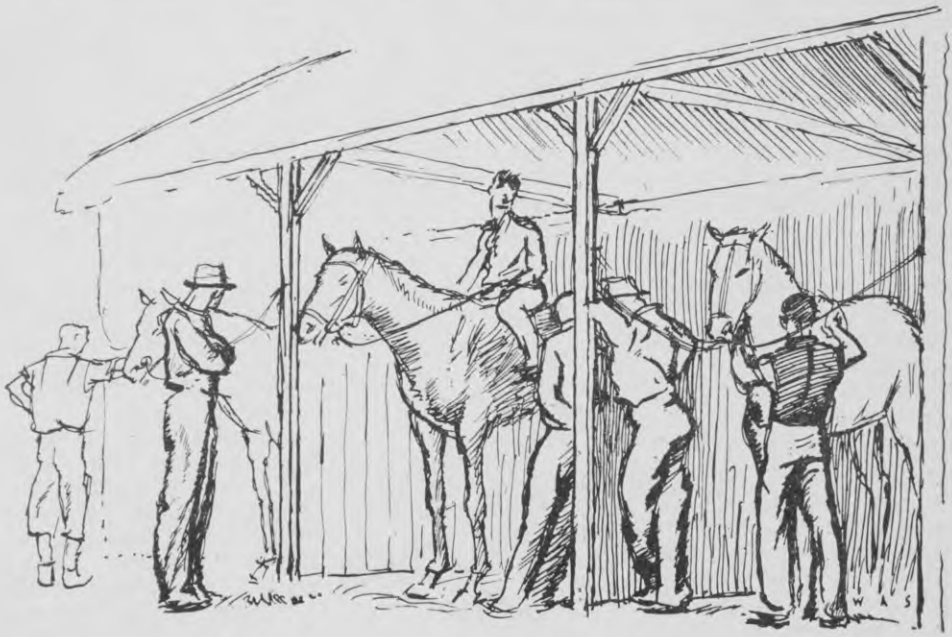
Of the eight horses seven are youngsters, the eighth a four-year-old hurdler.

There is Rufus for Royal Victor, colt, rising four; Corrie for Gay Corrie, gelding, rising four; Bill for Gigli, he's a two-year-old colt, he was bred, sired,

and dammed on the stud, but still no one's quite sure how to pronounce that giggley name ; Charlie for Provider, colt, rising three ; Jimmy for Palissy, colt, rising three ; Froggy for Silvio, gelding, rising four ; Daisy for the sweetest little lady, any age, any weight in the Wellington province, and she's a two-year-old filly. She's by Double Remove of that good mare Peerless, and she's got more of a name than Daisy, but no one in the stables can remember it without first looking up the records. So Daisy she is, and Daisy she will be until she starts racing. Also, with the comfort of a paddock to himself, with the companionship of a neighbour's hunter (he's as big as a battleship, a great ginger fellow) over the fence, is Indian Sign, a four-year-old, a gelding, a hurdler. Indian Sign was one of the best two-year-olds of his year. Until he broke down, he won races and showed promise of winning more. Now he's turned out, leading a lazy life that soon will finish—he's almost sound again.

Eight beautiful horses. And it's funny about their names and nicknames. In a stable, no matter how fine a horse is, or how imposing a name he's racing under, he is called a nickname that has all sorts of explanations, or just no explanation at all. Silvio has a delicate fineness of line even for a thoroughbred, a sweet temperament, but he's called Froggy, nothing but Froggy. It's Froggy because his sire was Lang Bian, a stallion imported from France. To the men of that stable, those who know him from his training at the Masterton Racecourse, he will always be Froggy, even if he develops into the greatest champion of the land.

This team, young as they are, have all been in the money ; all except Daisy, the filly, and she doesn't feel bad, or that she hasn't been doing her bit, helping with the housekeeping money, because she hasn't had a chance yet. She will. Of the others, Bill for Gigli has done best with two seconds, one first, a fourth, and some useful dividends from four starts. Rufus for Royal Victor, whose preparation has been slow, had been, when we were there, only once in the money in six starts. But he's a young man yet.



Before six o'clock in the morning. November springtime; it's cold, and racing men seem worse than fishingmen for their most un-Christian like hours of starting their day. In the car on the way to the course we passed three of the horses walking with long, easy strides, no jiggle-joggle. They didn't even look sleepy. Stooge and Ray, shouting and laughing and singing, seemed as cheerful as the red glow of sun to the east. They waved. But Royal Victor, Silvio, and Gigli didn't even turn a head, dip a forelock, or roll an eyeball: you'd think at least they'd say some sort of good morning to the boss. They were warm in their rugs.

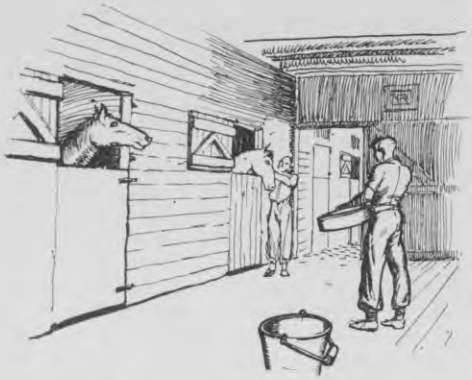
Rufus jiggled, toes dancing, eyes flashing as Stooge tried once, twice, three times to back him into the stall at the course. In he goes; he's not satisfied until he's smacked the back wall with a flying hoof. For which bad manners his soft warm nose is tapped firmly with the back of Stooge's hand. We can't have that sort of thing. Nose twitching, Rufus decides to be good. Off comes his rug, the girth of his saddle is tightened, the stirrup leathers adjusted. In the next stall is Silvio; Ted is anxiously feeling a near foreleg for heat. That leg had been giving trouble, training had had to be advanced carefully, there was still chance of more serious trouble.

Royal Victor and Silvio were to work together—Stooge on Rufus, Ray on Froggy. They were led dancing from the stalls, head high, tails held, shining brighter than the morning. Instructions were given to the lads: keep abreast, no following each other for the forming of bad raceday habits; half a round to warm up trained muscles, a round of half-pace, a half at full—"and full pace doesn't mean a canter; ride him Stooge; no need for a threshing, but use your stick." The lads yes-bossed and no-bossed.

Tuesday before Saturday; Saturday at a country meeting with races to be run. A horse train on Thursday left only this morning and Wednesday for final work-outs. They're working on the plough, the inner track which is used for training to preserve the grass course proper from the ripping, tearing, and biting of those flashing steel feet. First half slowly, dirt flying; second round faster, dirt flying faster. We stand close to the rail. Eyes tight to that bunch; stop-watches set.

They burst into full gallop. It was the difference of still water caught by wind into flying dashing spray; a fire kicked into showers of sparks. Faster into pounding speed. Neck to neck, riders crouched, like paper parcels, they raced round the back turn. Stopwatches ticked. Into the entrance to the straight. Another furlong, faster for . . .

Then it happened. There were shouts. Ray, rider of Silvio, pitched forward, like an athlete sent floundering by a push. Silvio, with legs splayed, was staggering over the track. Royal Victor galloped on. On past us, but we weren't watching. Something had happened to Silvio. Ray had slipped from the saddle to the ground. His horse was on three legs, wildly waving the fourth. We ran down the track.



It was a breakdown. Legs hobbling, head tossing, eyes rolling, and frightened, Silvio was in pain. Already there was a swelling on his knee nearly the size of a cricket-ball. He could hardly stay on his feet, but he mustn't lie down, not in the middle of the track. One hundred yards to the stalls, to the paddock behind the stalls; there he could rest, stay quietly until the veterinary surgeon arrived. Already a telephone call had been made, he wouldn't be longer than the five miles took in his car. Quiet voices talked to Froggy Silvio; voices that he knew, that he associated with his care and living. Voices that soothed him. His eyes showed he couldn't understand this pain, this burning tenderness in his knee; but his eyes showed, too, he knew these men would look after him. Much as it must have hurt him, he hobbled down the track after Ray.

Silvio tried to turn in the gate he knew led to the stables. Home was the only place, the sooner he got away from here the better. He said it plainly with head tugging at the loose reins.

Poor old Froggy Silvio. He rubbed and scraped his nose in the gravel of the path to relieve the pain in his leg; he pawed the gate; he tried to tangle himself in the barbed wire of the fence. He wouldn't be still, he wouldn't lie down. A cart-horse, a mare not as sedate and proper as she should be for her years, came romping across the farm paddock next door; Silvio peg-legged over for greetings and an early morning rub of noses. Perhaps he explained what had happened; but, however great the pain, the instinct of friendliness, of responding to a snort and a whinny, was stronger.

The vet. arrived. We smiled at the long words, the Latin terms, he used; he knows his job, but he always makes sure you realize it. Silvio maybe had broken a small bone, maybe torn a muscle—an x-ray would show; and in the meantime water hosed on the knee for an hour a day would reduce the swelling and lessen the pain. He tied a skilful bandage and gave the shaking, trembling animal a shot of morphia to help him through the day. Silvio would be turned out after the swelling and the pain had gone. It would probably be at least a season before his training was continued. And it seemed strange that the leg now giving all the trouble was not the one that had previously shown signs of weakness. It happens often. A horse will rest a sore leg, relieve it of all possible pressure, to such an extent that the other leg will break down under extra and unaccustomed strain.

It was the luck of the racing game. One thing it made plain: that what these racing men were worried about was not the races Silvio would have to be withdrawn from, not the stake money automatically to be forfeited, not the cost of his training or his feed; it was that a horse was in pain.

Later in the morning we had an interesting hour in the stables. Solid wooden buildings, concrete floors, roomy boxes, plenty of ventilation, spotlessly clean—and woe betide any thoughtless fly that happens to come that way.

The harness-room, with a peg for everything, is neat, the leather shining and supple. On the stall floors the straw is thick and yellow in its freshness. A first-class stable is run to routine, seven days a week, under unquestioned discipline. It has to be. Horses are valuable animals, worth thousands of pounds; and the closer they are to perfect fitness the easier it is for something to go wrong with them. Every care has to be taken. And one of the first cares is cleanliness. In the sunshine of the doorway the stable cat sits for a moment licking herself—she's heard about this cleanliness business. Then she hurries away to her kittens: she has to lick them, too.

This racing stable day starts in the night—at 4 a.m. A cup of tea, clean out the boxes, prepare the horses; there's no time to be lost when the boys have got to be at the course before 6 o'clock with four of the horses. No breakfast for either animals or men until after the schooling. After the meal the horses already exercised are turned out in the grass, the other three taken to the course. At midday there is oats and chaff (always thoroughly sieved), after which all the horses are turned out until 2.30. There follows now the grooming (or dressing)—an hour a day for each horse: they're brushed, stropped, and massaged; feet are attended, manes and tails combed and brushed. At 4 o'clock is the afternoon tea snack of cut grass and hay, followed at 5 with a main meal of oats and chaff, after which the horses are watered and clothed in their night rugs. A long day finishes with inspection and more water at 8 o'clock. Once a month there is a visit to or from the blacksmith; and at least twice a year a horse dentist makes a call. In addition, there is road exercise work; care of harness; upkeep of stables and property;* and time off, if you're lucky, to read the paper.

The afternoon sun was warm. Across the miles of the Wairarapa Plains the Tararuas were as blue as smoke from a musterer's billy fire. Ted was showing us over the five acres and nine paddocks of the stable property. What wonderful feed. Ted left us to hoe his onions in the vegetable patch. But he knows more than his onions. In the morning he was taking Royal Victor to the races. We were going along, too. Rufus browsed quietly across the fence.

PIPE-LINE TO BATTLE

Supplying Water to a Desert Army

By Major PETER RAINIER in *The Listener*, England, July 27, 1944

IN 1940 the British General Staff was faced with the necessity of maintaining an army in the waterless areas of the Egyptian western desert. The water-supply was the greatest problem: water, the one essential without which no army could exist. One gallon of water for each man's daily ration, and half a gallon daily for the radiator of each vehicle. At that time the Army of the Nile numbered only a few thousands of men and was being supplied with water from the City of Alexandria in tank cars along the single-track desert railway. But, to hold the vital Middle East, that little army must be expanded many-fold and the desert railway would be completely incapable of supplying the great convoys of reinforcements which were already converging on Egypt from Great Britain and the Dominions. So the Staff decided to build a pipe-line from the Nile Delta out into the desert and pump their water up to the battle-line. I was selected to build this water system, and for almost three years I was in charge of the water-supply.

I moved out into the desert with two subalterns and a dozen sappers. I had no intention of undertaking the laying of 100 miles of pipe with such a small force. They were only my staff: labour was what I needed now. The pipe must be buried—that meant 100 miles of ditch. The pipe must be distributed

along that ditch. The only means of carrying the pipe into the desert was by rail, and therefore I decided to dig the ditch alongside the railway-line. Once the pipe was distributed along the ditch, it must be laid in the ditch, jointed together, and buried before water could be pumped through it. The desert was white with groups of Bedouins driving their goats and camels towards the safety of the Nile Delta away from the invading Italians, and in a week I had a couple of thousand of them swinging their picks and shovels on the job. They were shepherds by profession, and it was their first attempt at western manual labour. They proved poor workmen, but made up in numbers what they lacked in skill. By November, 1940, our 100-mile pipe project was nearing completion. We were already pumping water through the easternmost sections of our pipe, much to the delectation of the local Bedouins, who moved their tented camps to the pipe-line to take advantage of leaking joints. They often used to coax a joint to leak with a railway spike or a nail, but we had one recurrent trouble which was more than mere Bedouin pilfering of water. Night after night I used to find a certain air-valve smashed and a column of water spurting 40 ft. in the air. This was sabotage by some enemy agent. One of my subalterns and myself lay hidden one dawn to catch the saboteur. As we lay there the light grew quickly. The swell of land behind the pipe-line stood out clear-cut. Suddenly three figures were standing on it dressed like Bedouins. Boldly they threaded their way among the tussocks to the air-valve—stood over it. My rifle bullet got one through the chest as he raised a hammer to smash the valve. The second went down with my bullet between the shoulder blades even as he began to run. My subaltern and I both missed the third as he raced madly for cover. That third man escaped, but the other two lay dead. We left them there as an example to the rest.

The Army of the Nile gradually grew into the powerful Eighth Army; a force of some 8,000 men grew into an army of more than 100,000; the enemy was driven back across the Egyptian border and my water system kept pace with the growth of the army. By the spring of 1942 I had 600 miles of main pipe-line. On the Nile Delta I had built great filtration plants. Two million gallons of Nile water was being filtered daily and pumped westwards 600 miles right into the conquered portion of Italian Libya. Numberless branch lines carried filtered water into all sections of the Western Desert, and by now I had a force of 5,000 men under me, working on water-supply. It was the greatest water scheme ever conceived to nourish an army at war. And the British Eighth Army was the best-watered army in the history of desert war. The Eighth Army man was outraged if he did not receive his daily gallon. In June, 1942, the Eighth Army suffered the disastrous defeat of Knightsbridge, lost many men, most of its tanks and guns, and was forced to retreat 500 miles to the El Alamein positions. To the water-bloke of the Army this involved blowing up 500 miles of pipe-line which during the last two years we had constructed with so much sweat and toil. We blew that up. Under each low spot we placed a charge of high explosive so as to drain it and deny to the enemy the water that lay in it. Because a full pipe-line of eight inches diameter and 500 miles in length holds many millions of gallons, enough water to allow the enemy to pursue us in comfort, we drained that pipe-line of water so efficiently that the enemy pursued us with a thirst that rose each day of the pursuit. Along the water system, too, were twenty-four pumping-stations, twenty-four systems of underground reservoirs for water storage. Somehow in the rush and clamour of that retreat we managed to get our pumping sets out of the pumping-stations, loaded them on any empty vehicle that offered and got them safely to the rear. We drained the reservoirs and threw into them bone oil, a stinking liquid distilled from waste bone.

At last the remnants of the Eighth Army rolled behind the prepared El Alamein line of defence, the Afrika Korps in hot pursuit. The enemy

attacked that line. On the third day he broke through it and was only stopped when he was almost within sight of Alexandria. Some of the Germans who broke through found a pipe-line running the length of our El Alamein defences. They tapped it and drank some of the water which gushed out. Next day those who had drunk the water surrendered in an agony of thirst. The water in that pipe had been salt. It was a new pipe-line being tested for leaks and I never wasted fresh water in testing. It was Mediterranean water which the Germans had drunk. After the Germans had been halted, there ensued four months of static warfare around the El Alamein positions. Near El Alamein station was one of my key water points. There I had four pumping-stations, pipe-lines radiating in all directions and many millions of gallons of water in underground storage. For some months this key network for the water system was under direct observation from the enemy, and they used to shell and bomb it regularly. Yet so well was everything protected underground that practically no damage was done.

During those months of static warfare the enemy repaired my pipe-line, developed wells at the western end of it and pumped water eastwards to his El Alamein positions. Many times I have watched from our forward positions his water-carts queueing up at his water point, and he was using my pipe. That annoyed me considerably. When we finally broke through after the decisive breach at El Alamein the enemy blew up the pipe-line as he retreated. His demolitions were not very efficient, however, as regards draining the pipe, probably because he followed his drill closely. He placed his charge of high explosive under the pipe at mathematically regular intervals at a kilometre apart. And it just so happened that those kilometre points were often on high ground so the water failed to drain out of the pipe; and when we advanced we found that pipe half-full of water, a great convenience to our armoured divisions in the pursuit.

Then I had to repair that pipe-line. The worst part, of course, was where it ran through the battlefield itself. There it had been shattered by shell fire, riddled with bullets, and squashed flat by tanks. To make matters worse it rained heavily, and much of the desert became a lake. There were hundreds of unburied dead lying around after the battle. It was impossible to bury them until the water subsided. As my men repaired the pipe, the bloated dead floated round them. By the time I had the pipe-line repaired, the pursuing Eight Army surged on past the end of it. The pipe-line was now of no more use. For the remaining 1,500 miles between Egypt and Tunisia I got water for the Army by boring wells in the desert, and the speed of the Eighth Army's advance was measured by the rate at which I could tap underground water. At last I stood on the green plain of northern Tunisia. North of me rose the mountains, seamed with running streams. No need to develop water resources there. I felt very tired. Three years. 2,000 miles. It was a long, hard road to look back on.

RED BEACH

Leading to the beach is a lane,
White powdered, rutted and confined by walls
Of drystone. Laden almond trees hang down,
And the peasants tend the melon-plants below.
There was a sniper in those woods two months ago,
And burnt out tanks were half across the way;
But now a donkey cart, lurching in clouds of dust,
Is all that passes with its load of hay.

In the woods the birds are singing
Where the bullets sang then. The green crickets cry
Where the bull-dozers churned, and the dry
Lane was spattered with wet, crimson flowers
When the Stukas dived.

—By Capt. J. C. Aldridge, C.M.F., from "Verses From Italy," a Three Arts Club Publication.

I · THE NORTH ·

contemporary ITALY

This is the first of two articles by a correspondent of the *New Statesman and Nation*, CARLO MARINI, who spent 1943 behind the German lines in Italy.

WHEN MUSSOLINI'S Italy collapsed in July, 1943, the German Army faced a difficult situation. Up till then its rear had been safeguarded by the discipline enforced by the *Milizia Fascista* and O.V.R.A., the secret party police; by the time of the Armistice the German Army found itself in a disorganized and rather hostile country. I saw a Nazi corporal forcibly requisitioning masses of Army supplies from an Italian Colonel, giving in exchange receipts which he knew would never be honoured, and this method was used on a large scale to secure everything from trains to typewriters.

The farmers were at the mercy of foraging bands who left notes saying *paghera Badoglio*—"Badoglio will pay." The Fascist machine having broken down, some kind of coercive force was essential to suppress opposition to this organized looting. So the Republican Fascist Party was created. At first the Fascist groups only policed the industrial north and undertook such other odd jobs as the Nazis would entrust to them. They guarded British prisoners of war, patrolled military dumps, and helped enforce the curfew. The bribe of two new uniforms, new boots, German weapons, and increased pay, together with the tacitly understood opportunity for looting and brigandage, induced sufficient young men to join their ranks. Quite early Marshal Graziani was somehow enticed into the movement. His exact position in the Republican Fascist Party is still obscure. But at that moment it was essential to produce a Fascist counterpart to Badoglio, and Graziani was the only candidate who was not too discredited in the eyes of the public. From time to time I saw in the *Corriere del Adriatico* (which reappeared shortly after the Armistice) articles casting Graziani for the role of a nationalist leader who would do for Italy what Mustapha Kemal had achieved for Turkey. In such ways as this an attempt was made to re-establish the old order. The result was only a façade but it was a façade which served the Germans well. Without it they would have been obliged to police Italy themselves.

The activity of the Fascists sufficed to suppress the feeble beginnings of political initiative which had appeared after July, and millions of people sank back into the acceptance of Fascism which had characterized them for twenty years. This apathetic mentality continued throughout the period, dangerous to the Germans, between the defection of Italy from the Axis and the creation of a more effective coercive machine under the Republican Fascist Party.

This interim period ended when the Allied advance halted on the Pescara. The Republican Fascists had attempted to give a broad national basis to their movement, which so far had been little more than a minor task force of the Wehrmacht. Publication of a new pro-

gramme for Italy was coupled with considerable propaganda in the towns; the *Milizia* was reorganized and expanded, and the grip of the Nazi-Fascist rulers was consolidated. Perhaps in order to test the security of their rule they called up the two youngest military classes in Italy, and all specialists from the Air Force and Navy. This was necessary because of the mass desertions which had occurred after the Armistice. The response to these orders was fairly good in the industrial north, but in the Marches and the Abbruzzi the decrees might never have been published for all the notice people took of them. I lived on a farm for some time; not one of my acquaintances who was selected for the draft ever had any intention of presenting himself. No sooner did Fascists arrive than they disappeared in company with others "outside the law"—as, for instance, escaped prisoners of war, partisans, and deserters. All of us hid in woods and caves until the danger was past.

Although in Northern Italy the inflation of the *lira* had not produced the economic chaos which was evident in the agricultural south, there was much hardship in the towns amongst the artisans and wage-earners. Before the Armistice the black market had flourished in Italy, the main source of supply being army stores. After it, however, the black market entirely supplanted normal economic channels. In fact, it was only through the black market that sufficient food could be obtained to keep the population above subsistence level. My memories of the winter months are coloured by the frequent slaughtering and sale of live-stock and by the transport and disposal of such articles as soap, olive-oil, flour, and tobacco, all of which were strictly rationed. The Fascists had instituted the death sentence for anybody engaged in contraband trading, and in some cases had actually carried this out, notably in Marcerta last February, when many people were shot and enormous quantities of flour, maize, hides, oil, and soap confiscated. The corruption of Italian officialdom was still very evident. A friend of mine, the biggest black market trader in the district, was twice on the run from the police, and each time bought his freedom with "gifts" of some twenty thousand *lire* to the right people.

The Fascists made a survey of national resources and set up a system of rationing hopefully intended to last until next March. The only outcome of the issue of ration cards was the complete disappearance of rationed commodities from the market. Cigarettes, for instance, which were selling for sixty *lire* a packet on the black market, had previously been sold in small quantities on the open market at five *lire* a carton. When rationing began, the first month saw an

issue of one cigarette and one cigar per card in some districts. In the second month there was no issue at all. Olive-oil, the controlled price of which was between ten and twenty *lire* a litre, was sold in Rome for nearly nine hundred *lire* in April. There was no commodity which was not subjected to this enormous price inflation. The situation was aggravated by the German printing works at Aquila. This press ran full time, printing notes of large denominations. When German soldiers chose to pay for any commodity they produced a large roll of uncut notes rather resembling a toilet roll and cut off the desired amount. They openly scoffed at the paltry value of the great quantity of money which they carried. Payment in any case was merely a token, because lack of funds never prevented a German from taking what he desired from any shop or household.

The life I led at this time gave me first-hand experience of the reign of terror. I knew a farmer who was

sheltering a British prisoner of war. His son was subject to conscription. The prisoner was betrayed, and the Fascists surrounded the house one night and broke in. The prisoner tried to escape, but was recaptured and dragged into the kitchen, only ceasing his resistance when he was forced to his knees and a rifle pointed at his chest. The son of the house was then beaten in order to force him to divulge the whereabouts of another prisoner living nearby. When this failed the Fascists looted the house and took away with them all stores of food, clothing, and any money they could find, telling the farmer to report to their barracks on the following morning. He did this, and for two hours was beaten up by the local Political Secretary. This incident is typical of the reign of terror which existed from February onwards.

It was a policy of the resistance movement to open the silos and to distribute the grain to the farmers, evacuees, and the poor. At a small village near my home partisans opened the silos, and the district was soon alive with every kind of vehicle. Suddenly a squad of Germans and *Milizia* arrived in lorries, debussed, set up machine guns, and opened fire on the crowd, causing numerous casualties. Such incidents only confirmed the Italians in their hatred of the Germans, whom they blamed for continuing a senseless war which was ravaging their country. The arrogance of the Germans, which had increased enormously after the Italian defection, the reports of atrocities and the first-hand knowledge of their own suffering under the Nazis, made the Italians detest the Germans. The Nazis appeared unconcerned by this, although they produced some very clever propaganda against the Allies. But most Italians longed for the arrival of the Allies, believing that the wealthy United Nations would in some magic way banish their poverty and bring with them large quantities of chocolate and cigarettes for the relief of a gallant people. I found little political sympathy with the Allies, but I can understand this. The Italians are now among the least politically educated nations in Europe, and their naïvety and ignorance are supplemented by strong emotions. There must be hundreds of Communists in the district in which I lived, yet those I met seemed more stimulated by admiration of Stalin than by conscious belief in Marxism. Although there was a definite unity of purpose amongst them, there was certainly no unity of theory. Even those who had previously enjoyed a certain amount of intellectual freedom, such as writers and artists, held opinions which would surprise any orthodox Communist in Britain. A friend of mine, a prominent Italian poet, called secretly one day at my home, bearing an enormous brief case. He informed me that he had been engaged in an underground lecture tour, as a first instalment of Communist educational activity. I inquired what subjects he had chosen. He replied that he had been attacking Christianity and the Church. Nothing could be done, he asserted, until the peasants had been levered from the grasp of the priests. This occurred at a time when the battles of Cassino were in progress and the Fascists were feverishly endeavouring to mobilize every fit Italian for war work and service at the front, and in spite of the fact that the most determined and steadily anti-Fascist force in Italy were the local priests.

Not all resistance groups dissipated their energy like this man. I never had any real contact with the workers in the great cities of the North. Things may well be different there. And in the mountains throughout Italy were numerous groups composed of Italian deserters,

Yugoslavs, and escaped prisoners of war from every Allied nation, together with a fair sprinkling of German deserters. In order to understand Italy's present and future problems it is necessary fully to grasp the fact that, politically, Italy is chaotic, that at the moment there are few, even amongst Italians, who understand the tasks which face them in their new Risorgimento. The truth is that at least twenty years have demoralized Italy.

NEW ZEALAND TREES

CABBAGE TREE

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

EMINENTLY CHARACTERISTIC of New Zealand scenery other than the densely forested areas is the ti, or cabbage-tree. This tree and its invariable associate in damp places, the New Zealand flax, forms a background that at once stamps the scene as belonging to this country. Its straight trunk or trunks, large heads of grass-like leaves, and clusters of small flowers give it an appearance not unlike the dragons' blood tree of West African Islands. The cabbage-tree has a striking and pleasing appearance, and hence is extensively used for ornamental purposes. It is to be seen in shrubberies, in gardens adjacent to dwellings, and in streets. It has been introduced to other parts of the world, and thrives in climates similar to that of New Zealand. For example, it is common in the south of England and in California. In San Francisco is a street named Palm Avenue, the "palms" being our familiar cabbage-trees.

The name "cabbage" tree seems to have been applied to the ti because the leaf buds provided for the early settlers a substance that could be cooked and eaten in the place of green vegetables. It is hardly a suitable name; but "cabbage-palm" would be worse because it is misleading, the ti not being a palm but a member of the lily family.

In the stem of a cabbage-tree there is no wood in the ordinary sense because one of the characteristics of the monocotyledons or plants with single-seed leaves, to which the lily family belongs, is that the wood cells are arranged in separate bundles in a pith-like tissue. For the Maori this pith provided an important starchy food and the leaves a useful fibre.

Fishy PHILOSOPHY

By CHARLES FRANCIS

THERE WAS shouting, then silence, and through the quiet came a swishing then a heavy thud as the tree crashed through the undergrowth to the ground. And from that tree a canoe was hewn by native axe in deft black hands.

Over the shallow water it swiftly skimmed, past the mangroves and out to where the sea was faintly blue, and peering over the side I saw a strange world beneath me. A watery world where grew gently wavering weeds from pink and blue and snow-white coral, and darting in among the weeds were small red fish. Bright royal-blue fish majestically emerged from a dark chink in the coral wall and hovered over the wavering weeds as though lulled by the motion of the water and the distant music of the waves. Wriggling through the amber-coloured foliage were tiny yellow and black striped fish shaped like the wing of a butterfly, and over the coral crawled weird-looking shell-fish.

I was thinking how beautiful their sky would appear, the quickly changing patterns of light and shadow and the beads of sunlight on bubbles of foam like stars twinkling in the daylight. I wondered whether the murmuring of the current in the weeds would sound as a wind in the trees, and whether a silver forest of queer-shaped coral and eerie woods crystallized from the deep shadows when the moon rose at night.

Vainly I yearned their serene being. All was a galaxy of colour and coolness and peacefulness, and there on the surface I was hot in the sun.

Then like a giant arrow from a quiver a dark shadow shot into their midst, and like lightning the small fish scattered —those that were not caught in the ravenous jaws of the big fish.

Quietly I paddled back through the mangroves to the shallow water, unaware of the heat and unperturbed by the shouting of the sergeant from the shore. "Yes," I was thinking "there's big fish and little fish."

When you get back

TRANSPORT OPERATORS

ALL TRANSPORT is licensed, and the extent to which transport can absorb returned servicemen is limited. This applies to taxis, town carriers, passenger services, and general goods carriers of all kinds.

Taxi licenses and passenger services for metropolitan areas are issued by the Metropolitan licensing authorities — namely, the Auckland Transport Board and the Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin City Councils. General carrying and taxi and passenger services outside metropolitan areas are licensed by transport licensing authorities (four authorities with their headquarters at Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin respectively). No new license can be granted or any existing license transferred without reference to the appropriate licensing authority. Local Transport Committees assist to co-ordinate transport and to eliminate any unnecessary running or duplication of services. Licensing authorities will not grant licenses to ex-servicemen unless they are satisfied that they will have reasonable chances of earning livelihood

Those ex-servicemen who held operators' licenses will be reinstated, and additional ex-servicemen will be absorbed as far as possible. A register is being compiled (and kept up to date) of all transport businesses available for acquisition by ex-servicemen, and also of those ex-servicemen who have the neces sary experience to become operators. Those registers will be available to all transport licensing authorities and Rehabilitation Committees. Transfers of licenses will be scrutinized, the principle being that ex-servicemen should have first preference.

Rehabilitation loans for the purchase of vehicles are made by the State Advances Corporation. At present the Rehabilitation Board is making arrangements to co-ordinate the procedure so that if the licensing authority grants a license or approves a transfer to an ex-serviceman, the necessary finance can quickly be made available, and, if necessary, a suitable vehicle released by the Ministry of Supply.

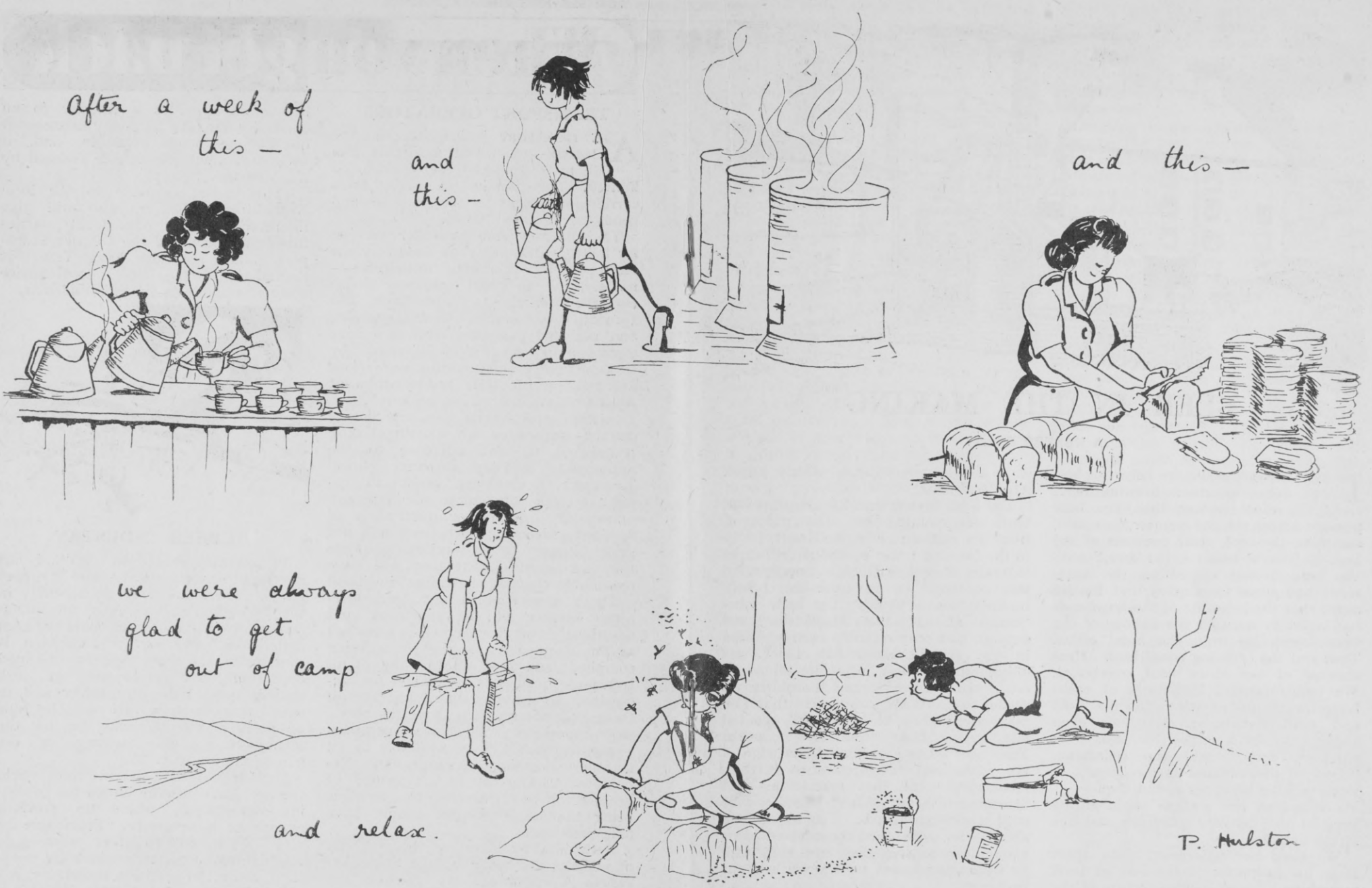
These must be made to the local Rehabilitation Officer, who will give information and consult all parties interested, including the District Transport Officer or the local Transport Committee, so that expert local advice will be available to the ex-serviceman.

RUBBER INDUSTRY

In recent years New Zealand has developed her own manufacture of rubber goods. There are four rubber-mills in the Dominion, and recently the manufacture of high-grade gum boots has been undertaken, and further expansion is contemplated. There appears to be good opportunity for employment in work that is not particularly heavy and in which there is some variety. The type of position offering may be on the manufacturing, the packing, or the administrative side.

Outside the clerical and stores work, the new hand usually enters the moulding department, where no previous experience is necessary. From here he may be drafted to other work—e.g., machine maintenance, engineering workshop, control of precision machinery, &c.

Initially, pay ranges from £5 to £6 a week, while the man in charge of machinery receives about £8 a week.



With the New Zealand W.A.A.C. in the Pacific.

BEER IN THE MAKING

A KORERO Report

IN THE brewery cellar we began to lose our delusions about brewing beer. "It's much better than the beer you get across the bar counter," we said, sampling the cool, clear contents of the keg. "That's because it's free," said the head brewer cynically. His argument had some foundation, but he did agree that the handling of the hogsheads had a lot to do with the flavour of the beer drawn up from the hotel cellar. That and the cellaring conditions. Here another of our ideas went overboard. We had imagined long lines of casks lying quietly for months while the "old and mild" matured. We had even thought to see a cobweb or two. "It wouldn't keep," said the cellarman. "Besides the demand is too great. A week or so is all it needs and then——" He indicated the endless chain lifting kegs to the delivery platform and the lorries outside.

We liked the cellarman, quite apart from his hospitality. He was at least something like our mental picture of the man who tends the casks with loving care. He was lean and old, with a jutting jaw, but a twinkling eye. He wore a black beret at a jaunty angle. Also he shuffled.

The head brewer and his assistant had both disappointed us. The manager, from his modern office, had sent us up to the brewing tower to find not a hearty old man sipping with slow appreciation the contents of innumerable brown beakers, but a young chap with horn-rimmed glasses whose khaki shirt and sun tan had only recently been acquired in the Middle East. His chief was older, but, without his white chemist's coat, would have looked more like an accountant. Both admitted that by taste alone they could not always tell last week's brew from last month's. They relied more on their knowledge of the game and the apparatus of their laboratory. And they assured us that drowning in a vat of beer would not be such a glorious death. Too much CO_2 about. So, with our preconceived ideas about beer drowned deep in a hogshead, we began our search for the truth about breweries.

"I'll take you over to the malt-house," said the assistant brewer, and on the way to this white high-gabled building, which

somehow looks like a gaol, he explained to us the profession of a brewer. He is apprenticed for five years, and then, if he is lucky, works his way up to the position of head brewer. Then it's his job, under the brewery manager, to run not only the technical side, but also the general control of staff. "Not so easy these days either," he said with a wry grin. "We're not an essential industry, and sometimes a chap we get has the idea that he's here to drink as much as he can as fast as he can (before he is found out). But the majority are first class—a lot of them returned men—and hard workers as you'll see in the malthouse."

On the long concrete floor the barley, which is the potential malt, had been spread to a depth of about 3 in. It had been steeped in water upstairs for about three days and then "couched," or heaped, for a day before being spread out to germinate on this floor and the one above. During germination the grain behaves as a seed in the ground would. It shoots out roots and begins to sprout while chemical changes are taking place within its cells. It is turned by wooden hand shovels several times to bring the warm grain up and bury the cooler grain on top. Warmth, moisture, and air are, of course, essential to germination.

Then, before the sprout has broken away from the grain—a period varying from seven to nine days according to the weather—the barley is again "couched" and the germination retarded or "withered," in the brewery terminology. Next it is elevated to the kiln, where it is spread on a fine grid floor through which hot air rises to cook the grain and turn it into "malt." The cooking goes on for three days, during which time the temperature is gradually raised to 200° F. and the carpet of barley ploughed once and turned by hand about four times. For a final roasting the thermometer soars to 220° F. And if you have any delusions about the easiness of work in a brewery watch the men in singlets and shorts forking over the shallow layer of grain in this huge oven.

The "malt" is next screened and carted off to the grist case to await crushing and its turn to put the body into beer. The screenings, because of their high nitrogen content, are a valuable manure and are being used in quantity on the new bowling-green for the Disabled Servicemens' Centre in Wellington.

Crushing is not exactly the word to describe the next process. The cooked grain is cracked rather than ground to the consistency of flour. This is done the day before it is to be used in a brew. Then the real business of brewing beer begins.

"Be down at 7 o'clock," said the assistant brewer. "We've a small brew on to-morrow. Three days a week we start at six." We wondered then how we were going to manage it, and next morning barely arrived in time to see the brewer mix the mash which is the start of all the trouble. The crushed malt is fed with hot water into the mash-tun, a huge enclosed cylinder which has a perforated bottom. This perforated bottom allows the extract from the tun to seep through and run away to the copper. The mash, and there's a pound or two of it, plops into the tun with the consistency of a thick porridge. Here it stands for an hour and a half, and then hot water sprinklers are turned on, and the liquor, now known as "wort," run off to the copper by way of another tank, where refined and invert sugar (rather like treacle) are added. By 10 o'clock the copper's full and on the boil. Now the hops, which give the beer its bitter flavour and aroma, are added and the mixture boiled for an hour and a half.

Turning the grain is hot, hard work.

The head brewer.

Mixing the mash is one of the most important stages in the process. Temperatures and proportions are strictly controlled, but the possibility of something going wrong is often apt to give the brewer a headache. This he can, however, sooth by a sniff of the rich warm malt the odour of which fills the mash-tun room.

The wort flows down to the copper, and from there on to the hop-back after boiling. Just before this run-off, and during it, the copperman stirs the steaming copper with a long pole to ensure that all the hops go through to the hop-back. Our artist has given you an impression of this process. An obvious comparison is to an outsize witch's cauldron, though this is a little unfair to the copperman. Clouds of steam swirl up through the building, and, peering over the edge of the bricked copper, you can see the brown mixture bubbling and boiling furiously with a light foam frothing on the surface. Round and round walks the copperman, dimly seen in the mist of steam.

A float dropped into the copper records the quantity of the boil on a wall chart —fifty hogsheads this time or 2,700 gallons. A sample is taken, and then the valve is opened to send the wort spurting into the hop-back below.

Here it is strained before being pumped to the top of the brewery tower to be strained and aerated. As the wort streams down through finely perforated vessels the air works through it, so guaranteeing that it has sufficient oxygen to react with the yeast. Next it is cooled to 60° F. by a refrigeration system similar to those in that most innocent of institutions—a city milk department. Then it flows through to the fermenting vats. Yeast is added, about 150 lb. to every 100 hogsheads of wort, the wort becomes a brew, and will soon become a beer.

During the refrigeration stage the wort is very delicate, as we were told as we stood by the open window—the tower is better ventilated than any dormitory—and watched the warm liquid flow down the chiller. The brewers had some trouble here a few years ago. The beer was playing funny tricks (even before it left the brewery), and the difficulty was finally tracked to the yeast. Wild yeast was getting into the beer. The question was how. They then discovered that when the wind was from the north wild yeast bloom from a pear-tree in the section next door was being blown in through the open window and infecting the wort. The remedy was easy.

The brewers grow their own yeast—a culture they call it—and so ensure its purity. Since yeast is a living, growing organism much more is built up brew by brew than is needed. Some is necessarily wasted, but sufficient is kept to use for the daily needs of the brewery. When processing plant is available a useful by-product can be made from the excess yeast.

In the fermenting-tanks the brew works for a day and a half and a fleecy carpet of yellow yeast begins to form on its surface. From now on bottled beer and draught beer part company. A brew for bottling is transferred to huge, open skimming-vessels. A brew destined for hogshead and handle goes off down to the cellar after its initial working and is

held in 108-gallon butts (large barrels) for about five or six days. While it works, the yeast overflows from the open bung-hole in the top of the butt into trays below, and it is the job of the "topper-off" to keep the butts brim-full by pouring in beer from a large copper kettle.

Meantime the "cooper" has trued and repaired his casks, to each of which he adds a small quantity of dry hops before they are filled from the barrels. The "topper-off" and his assistants have also added finings (isinglass) to the butts to clear the sediment from the beer. This forms a jelly which drops slowly through the liquid, bringing the suspended matter with it. Then the 18, 36, and 54 gallon casks are filled from the butts and bunged, but not too tightly, for the head cellarman has yet to add a little isinglass to complete the clearing of the beer before he finally bungs up the barrel. The beer is now ready for the road only a week or so after brewing.

Down in the long, low cellar the butts lie on their sides on wooden racks, and while filling is going on some are tilted drunkenly forward while others sit stiffly and soberly to wait their turn. The incongruity lies in the fact that it is the empty ones that tilt in so obviously a tipsy fashion while the full ones are so stolidly steady on the stands. Perhaps a case of poetic justice.

There is art in making and repairing casks, as the cooper will readily tell you, and an art in rolling them on their rim along a wet floor. There is also an art in arriving at the brewery in time for morning and afternoon tea. Here the

An "outsize witch's cauldron."

Sampling the brew.

usual amber brew served in factory and offices is replaced by a small keg of liquid similar in colour but a lot colder, and the employees roll in from all parts of the brewery to refresh themselves for ten minutes in the pleasant coolness of the cellar.

The brewer tests the brew as it arrives each day in the fermenting-tanks for quantity and specific gravity. The Customs officer drops in later to see that everything is according to Hoyle. Water has a specific gravity of 1,000 measured by the sacchrometer. That of the old beer of glorious memory was 1047; that of the new is 1036. This reduction in specific gravity means a necessary reduction in alcoholic content because the sacchrometer floats and reads higher in a stronger alcholic solution. It also means that the same quantity of ingredients will go further.

But the business of reducing the alcoholic content was a ticklish one for the head brewer, and the sacchrometer must still give an accurate reading of 1036 or there will be trouble with the Customs Department. No beer is

brewed commercially in New Zealand above that mark. A dry dip with a measuring-stick gives the quantity, and all this is entered in the Customs Book to await the daily inspection of the officer, whose Department sends in a weekly beer duty account to the manager for 3s. a gallon or, in rounder figures, several thousand pounds a week!

Accurate temperature charts are kept during the time the yeast is working. A variation of even one degree is important.

Chemically, if you're interested, yeast breaks down the sugar in the wort to produce alcohol. Thus a non-alcoholic drink is turned into an intoxicating liquor. The yeast also produces the gas, carbon dioxide, which enlivens the beer. The tanks in which the brew ferments are made of kauri. The pre-war kegs were made from Baltic oak; now from Australian blackwood and Southland Beach.

The only difference in a brew used for bottling is the treatment. After it has fermented for a day and a half in the fermenting-vessels it works for another five days in the skimming-vessels. The yeast is periodically skimmed off except for the last working, which goes with the beer to conditioning tanks, where it is fined with isinglass. After two days in the tank it is pumped under pressure through a para-flow and carbon dioxide gas is forced into the beer. In the para-flow, a small machine in which the beer travels about two hundred yards up and down channels chilled by a counter-current of brine, the brew is brought down to just above freezing-point and is then sent on to cold-storage tanks, where it is kept at 32° F. for a week. Then it goes out to the bottling department.

The "topper-off" keeps the butts brim-full.

This brewery has a miraculous machine which handles the bottling business. Dirty bottles are fed in at one end by hand and move eight abreast into the washing-machine. Here the bottles are washed with caustic solution inside and out, syringed with clean hot water and finally tipped out after twenty minutes on to a conveyer belt to receive their ration of beer.

The beer meantime has been forced under high pressure through layer upon layer of cotton pulp to free it from any suspended matter. The pulp is washed and pressed each day in the factory. Then the beer is sent on to the filler, a solid rotary machine which takes the bottles from the washing-machine and fills and caps them at the rate of more than sixty a minute.

Another belt picks them up and carries them off to the pasteurizer, where hot water is sprayed on them throughout their hour and twenty minute journey. During this time the temperature is gradually raised to 140° F. and then as slowly lowered. The bottles arrive at the other end of the machine thirty-six abreast and move slowly forward like a platoon until they are picked up by two belts running at right angles to their line of march and, with a quick left turn, are whisked away two deep to the labelling-machine. Before they meet this machine they joggle noisily into line as would a picture queue and then pick up the pace as they are caught by the rotary labeller, which gums and slaps a label on to each, folds

it back, and then shoots the bottle out to the far end of the assembly line to be packed into cartons and crates.

All this work is automatic except for feeding the bottles in at one end and crating them at the other, and takes about an hour and three-quarters. Men stand guard over various vital points to correct by their intelligent touch the irrational errors of the machine, but the whole process goes on with few interruptions. Should a breakage occur in the washing-machine the whole line cuts out automatically. The machine handles 1,200 doz. (14,400 bottles) in less than four hours, but you can't help feeling sorry for the men who, hour after hour, feed its enormous hunger with empty bottles four at a time.

That, except for the session in the cellar, is how beer is brewed and bottled. That last session is undeniably pleasant, but activities down there need no description. The beer beggars it.

A CHRONOLOGY OF THE GREEK CRISIS

1935

After eleven years as a republic Greece again became a Monarchy, as the result of a plebiscite taken under a Government led by General Kondylis. In some districts, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, there were more Royalist votes than there were voters.

1936

General Metaxas, who became Prime Minister on the death of General Kondylis, assumed dictatorial powers with the consent of the Greek King, who waived the constitution.

1939

Greece was offered and accepted a British guarantee against Axis aggression.

1940

In October Italy demanded naval, military, and air bases from Greece and other concessions which would have meant in effect the surrender of the country. Greece regarded the ultimatum as a declaration of war, and, with aid from the R.A.F., resisted the Italian invasion, which at once began. The Greeks forced the Italians back into Albania, from which they had attacked.

1941

On April 6th Germany came to the aid of Italy, invading both Yugo-Slavia and Greece. On the same day it was announced that British forces were already in Greece. To provide them Africa had been stripped, and Britain's gains there imperilled. Within three weeks Greece had been overrun, and within another fortnight Crete had been lost. Soon also Britain had lost her Libyan gains, but she had made Syria and Iraq secure. It has also been suggested that the battles in Greece and in Crete delayed the German move against Russia, which was made on June 21st.

1942

Despite the tightening Nazi grip on Greece, individual acts of sabotage increased and resistance to the enemy was organized. Conditions grew worse as the Bulgarian, Italian, and German forces of occupation plundered the country. The Greek Government in exile began to train and equip a new army in the Middle East.

1943

The forces of resistance to the enemy gradually emerged. The two main organized groups were E.A.M. (National Liberation Front) with its armed force E.L.A.S. (Greek Popular Liberation Army) and E.D.E.S. (Greek Democratic Liberation Army) led by Colonel Zervas. E.A.M. was under Communist leadership and had a Communist core, but included other elements, members of the Socialist Democrat and Agrarian Parties. E.D.E.S. was also Left Wing, although not Communist. E.L.A.S. operated on the Salonika side of the Pindus Ridge, which divides the mainland of Greece from end to end, and E.D.E.S. on the Adriatic side. Britain supplied both groups with arms ; the enemy supplied them with propaganda and sought to sow dissension between them. Clashes followed between the two patriot forces.

1944

February : A British Military Mission sent to Greece managed to put an end to the clashes between E.D.E.S. and E.L.A.S.

March : E.A.M. set up its own governmental Committee inside Greece and proposed collaboration with the Greek Government in Cairo. This offer was rejected by the Cairo Government on the ground that E.A.M. did not represent all political groups in Greece. E.D.E.S. remained loyal to the Cairo Government. Mutual suspicion complicated negotiations. It was feared in Cairo that E.A.M. was not so much concerned with fighting the enemy as with seizing power in a liberated Greece. E.A.M., on the other hand, considered that the Army in training in Egypt was intended not to free Greece, but to police the country after it had been freed. A revolt broke out in the Greek Army in the Middle East directed against what the Republican-minded troops considered was the Metaxist influence in the Greek Cabinet and among the senior officers of the forces. The Greek King issued a statement that a free vote would decide the future of Greece, monarchy or republic.

April : A conciliatory move was made in Cairo by the reforming of the Government in exile under the leadership of M. Papandreou, a well-known politician and founder of the Republican Socialist Party ; he had been brought from Greece for the purpose at Britain's suggestion.

May : M. Papandreou called a conference of all the Greek political parties and resistance organizations in The Lebanon. Representatives of E.A.M. came from Greece to attend. A National Government was formed, but E.A.M. refused to join, making demands for a wider representation in the Cabinet than it was felt they were entitled to.

September : E.A.M. withdrew its demands and accepted six seats in the Government.

October 8 : British forces entered Greece.

October 18 : The Greek Government returned to Athens.

November 17 : The Mountain Battalion of the Greek Army in the Middle East arrived in Athens and paraded through the streets, singing Royalist songs.

December 1 : The Government issued a decree calling for the disbandment of the E.A.M. police force. E.A.M. members refused to sign and left the Cabinet. They

demanded that the Mountain Battalion and The Sacred Brigade should also be disarmed.

December 3 : In an atmosphere of mounting suspicion E.A.M. called for a mass demonstration of protest. At first permitted, the demonstration was later banned by the Government, but the demonstrators persisted. Shots were exchanged and a bad situation arose.

Lieutenant-General Scobie, British Commander-in-Chief, made this statement : " I stand firmly behind the present constitutional Government until the Greek State can be established with legal armed force behind it and free elections held. I will protect you and your Government against any attempt at a coup d'état or acts of violence which are unconstitutional."

December 8 : General Scobie reported rioting by E.L.A.S. troops " in defiance of all orders both by the Greek Government and myself and the advance of E.L.A.S. troops towards the centre of Athens." Soon there was full scale warfare.

December 25 : Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden arrived in Athens.

December 30 : Archibishop Damaskinos was appointed Regent by the Greek King, who added that he was " resolved not to return to Greece unless summoned by a free and fair expression of national will."

1945

January 1 : General Nicholas Plastiras, an exile from 1933, assumed office as Prime Minister. Mr. Churchill received a memorandum from the Central Committee of E.A.M., which said : " The Greek People experienced on the happy occasion of your coming to Athens a feeling of deep relief."

January 6 : The Socialist and Popular Democrat Parties disavowed the revolt. The Socialist Party published a resolution utterly condemning civil war, the Agrarian Party announced itself prepared to come to terms with the Government, and trade-unions expressed thanks for their deliverance and their confidence in the Government.

January 8 : Athens had been cleared of E.L.A.S. troops.

January 9 : Negotiations for a truce began.

January 15 : " Cease Fire " sounded.

February 12 : The Greek Government and the E.A.M. concluded an agreement providing for a plebiscite on the monarchy and for a general election to be held this year.

The town commissioner

A KORERO Report

THE MEMBERS of the local authority in a small New Zealand town are Town Commissioners, not Councillors, but in essentials the local authority is the same : a small body of men elected by their fellow-townsmen to manage the affairs of the community. Although the powers of a Town Board are not as great as those of a borough, many towns are bigger than some boroughs. As a point of interest there are in New Zealand seven independent town districts with a population of 1,000 or over and twenty-one boroughs with a population of less than 1,000.

Board meetings where the five to seven Commissioners each district is allowed by Act of Parliament, debate affairs ; committee meetings, where perhaps two or three Commissioners thrash things out in detail—that is the way of it. Their main task is to provide amenities for the townspeople, water, light, drainage, playing-fields, and parks.

And to do that they need money, and the money must come from rates. No one likes paying rates, and in a small community where Commissioners are easily accessible and the Board's offices a brisk walk from most places in the town the local representatives soon hear their fellow-townspeople's views on the subject.

The staff of a Town Board is small, almost microscopic, and plant and machinery are scant. But if they do not keep their drains and sewage works up to standard the Health Department of the Government is soon on their doorstep to ask why and the Public Works Department takes more than an academic interest in the Board's maintenance of the highways that traverse the town.

With staff so small, a good deal of the work of supervision of local undertakings falls to the lot of the individual Commissioner. If he has specialized knowledge (he may be an engineer or builder by craft), so much the better, and so much more fortunate for the Board. His knowledge and experience will be invaluable.

And on occasion when the job is big and the men to do it few, well—the Commissioner can honestly say he is working for the town, for off comes his coat, and, with pick or long-handled shovel, he helps to build up the town in a literal sense.

His position is not an exalted one, the prestige it carries perhaps not great, but the Town Commissioner, as much as any of the members of local authorities, is "of and for the people."

the future of WARTIME CONTROLS

by L·C·WEBB

From the *Journal of Public Administration*

As the end of the war draws near, the question of what part of the elaborate system of wartime economic controls is going to be carried over into the peace becomes of first importance to public servants. For upon the answer to that question will largely depend the nature and the functions of the post-war Civil Service. We can, of course, only guess at the answer, because there is everywhere uncertainty as to the sort of economic system that is likely to emerge from the war and also because, in war, there is little time for research and for unhurried and objective thinking. But it is necessary that we should begin to guess on the basis of such imperfect knowledge as is available to us, for anything is better than that we should enter the post-war period with no clear idea of the scope and the objective of public administration.

Public Opinions and Controls

It is already obvious in this country (and also in Australia and in Great Britain) that public opinion is going to make itself felt on this question of controls. By this I do not mean merely the pronouncements of bodies like the chambers of commerce, which are traditionally the defenders of unfettered private enterprise. There are signs that the public generally, irrespective of their economic interests or political opinions, have grown very weary of coupons, forms, and regulations. There are signs, too, of a deep-seated uneasiness over the

implications of some of the wartime controls. The system of controls which is referred to compendiously as "man-power" is particularly suspect; and to the fear of "man-power" can be attributed the widespread and significant protests against the school vocational guidance cards. Promises of an immediate relaxation of controls are, I think, likely to figure largely in the first post-war election.

Nevertheless, irrespective of what Governments may desire to do, there are many reasons why it will be impossible to celebrate the peace by packing the controllers off home and repealing the War Emergency Regulations.

Money and Stabilization

In order of immediacy, the first of these reasons is the monetary situation. In the Reserve Bank statistical summary for March-April you will find a survey of recent changes in the volume of money in circulation in New Zealand which considerably illuminates our economic future. Between the end of 1938 and the end of last year the volume of money in circulation in New Zealand in the form of coin, notes, and bank demand deposits increased from £51·7 millions to £137·1 millions. The reason why this accumulation of money has not sent prices rocketing is stabilization, or the system of controls comprehended by that name. Whether the ending of the war will appreciably diminish the volume of money in circulation in New Zealand may be doubted. Soldiers will be receiving deferred pay and demobilization grants in various forms; there will be extensive rehabilitation schemes to be financed; and, unfortunately, there will be repayment of war savings and war loans, most of which are relatively short term. Since no one will want to see rehabilitation handicapped at the outset by inflated and unsteady prices, it is a safe guess that controls designed to preserve price stability will continue after the war.

Deterioration of Capital Equipment

There is, however, another aspect of the monetary situation which is equally important. For five years now New Zealand has been allowing her stocks of most consumable commodities to diminish and her capital equipment to deteriorate. She has had no option but to do so, because before the war imports bulked more largely in her economy than in any other economy in the world. When the war ends, New Zealand's demands for imports to replenish her depleted stocks and bring her capital equipment back to full efficiency will be enormous. Moreover, the rehabilitation schemes will create a demand for new capital equipment. A demand for imports is a demand for London funds—and at present these amount to about £40 millions. There was a time when £40 millions in London seemed a lot. Balanced against our need for commodities and equipment at the war's end, it is seriously inadequate—and that inadequacy means a continuance of exchange rationing and import control.

You can, if you like, reach the same conclusion by a different road. After the war the demand for capital goods is certain to exceed the available supply. For a few years, at any rate, New Zealand will not be able to buy overseas all she needs. It is hardly likely that what New Zealand does buy will be decided in a free-for-all scramble. If our post-war development is to be orderly and rational, urgent needs will have to be satisfied first—and that means import control.

War Economy and Peace Economy

There are, however, more fundamental reasons why some of our wartime controls are likely to carry over into the peace. One is that we are no longer conscious, as we were in the last war, of a sharp difference between the principles of a war economy and the principles of a peace economy. The war economy is governed by the simple device of requisition. What the State needs it requires producers to produce. In the free capitalist economy, producers produce what will return them a profit in the open market. He would be a bold man who would predict what sort of modification of the free capitalist economy will emerge from this war.

But it can, I think, be said with some certainty that after the war social needs rather than profit margins will determine the production of a much wider range of commodities than was the case before the war. Housing is a case in point. In a passage in his "World Crisis," Mr. Winston Churchill has recorded how the transition from war to peace in 1919 affected the national approach to the housing problem in Great Britain: "A requisition for half a million houses would not have seemed more difficult to comply with than those we were already in the process of executing for a hundred thousand guns. But a new set of conditions began to rule from eleven o'clock onwards. The money-cost, which had never been considered by us to be a factor capable of limiting the supply of the armies, asserted a claim to priority from the moment the fighting stopped."

Neither in Great Britain nor in New Zealand will such a transition occur after this war. The Government will requisition for the houses the country needs. That means control of private buildings, control of building materials, and perhaps some control of labour. Nor is it inconceivable that, in some countries at any rate, the supply of essential food commodities will be dealt with by the method of requisition and not left to the hazards of private enterprise.

Economic Difficulties, 1937

I have said that we are no longer as conscious as we were of a sharp difference between the principles of a war economy and the principles of a peace economy. A consideration which is closely related to this, and which is too often lost to view in popular discussion, is that many of the controls which we have come to regard as wartime controls in fact have their origin in the monetary difficulties which became acute towards the end of 1937. These difficulties involved us first in exchange and import control, and then, by a natural sequence, in controls designed to regulate the cost of living. Two views are possible of the origin of these difficulties. One view is that they originated simply in an unbalanced fiscal policy. The other view is that the monetary crisis of 1937, while it was hastened by an unbalanced monetary policy, had its fundamental causes in certain changes in the world monetary situation and in the monetary relationship between New Zealand and Great Britain. New Zealand's balance of payments (on this view) had always been balanced before the depression, by borrowing on the British market. This process could continue only as long as it could be assumed that New Zealand's export trade could continue to expand and that the British capital market was readily accessible. During the depression both of these assumptions became invalid, with the result that New Zealand was certain to be faced, sooner or later, with difficulties of external payments.

If you take this second view of the nature of the monetary crisis which faced New Zealand in 1937 (a view which may or may not be sound), then you must accept a conclusion of some importance, which is that our wartime import and exchange controls and also those controls designed to regulate the cost of living are not an innovation, but represent merely the speeding-up of economic trends which began before the war.

The Future of Trade

At this point I may well be accused of basing sweeping conclusions on the somewhat inadequate basis of events in New Zealand over a decade or so. It could be pointed out that for more than a year the monetary experts, and latterly the Governments of the United Nations, have been drawing up plans which have as their object the elimination of quotas, exchange controls, excessive tariffs, and all the administrative devices which have broken down the relatively free system of international trade which existed before the depression. If these plans are completed and put into operation, is it likely that New Zealand will obstinately exclude herself from their scope? Probably not. But will these plans come to anything? At the moment the situation is fluid and there is no evidence on which a reasoned judgment can be based. An opinion expressed now cannot be more than a

hunch. My hunch, for what it is worth, is that the world's trade will not again flow to any great extent in the intricate channels worn by private commerce. It will flow mainly in channels deliberately excavated by administrative action.

Control Breeds Monopoly

A further and final reason for doubting whether controls will be easy to remove after the war could be summed up in the general statement that the child of control is monopoly. Whenever the State sets out to control an industry or service it sooner or later finds that the existence of many small units (unless the industry in question is already monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic in structure) is an obstacle to efficiency and that the easy way out of the difficulty is to encourage monopoly. Examples of this are the small litter of monopolies to which the Ministry of Supply has given birth, the organization known as Distributors Limited, which the Internal Marketing Division has created to handle the distribution of dairy-produce in the Wellington area, and the centralized egg-marketing arrangements made necessary to ensure a more equitable distribution of eggs to domestic consumers. Now, once an industry has been encouraged to develop monopolistic organization it is most difficult, even impossible, to separate it back into its original units. As an American economist has said, "You can't unscramble eggs." In many cases, therefore, the relevant choice will not be between private enterprise and State-controlled enterprise, but between uncontrolled monopoly and State-regulated monopoly. Indeed, I suspect that around this choice are likely to be fought the crucial political battles of our time—battles which will obscure the division between left and right (that is, between the employing class and the working class) which has been fundamental to our politics for half a century or more. And it seems to me that when this choice comes to be made a voice will be heard which hitherto has been only a dim, confused murmur—I mean the voice of the consumers.

Producer and Consumer

Before the war New Zealand was a producer-dominated economy, in the sense that producer groups were much more influential politically, by virtue of their greater compactness and clarity of purpose, than the unorganized and incoherent consumer interest. Why this was so, and why it is ceasing to be so, are questions too large to be examined here. What is indisputable is that the consumer interest has in the last five years become a force which Governments and administrators can no longer ignore. The present position of that much-belaboured institution, the Internal Marketing Division, is an interesting example of this change. The needs which gave rise to the Internal Marketing Division were producer needs. When the marketing of New Zealand's primary exports was brought under centralized control and producers of export commodities given a uniform and assured return, it was inevitable that producers for the domestic market should demand a similar organization of their affairs. Therefore the Internal Marketing Division was created to devise a system whereby producers of butter and cheese for the home market should be assured of the same return as producers for the export market. When other producer groups saw the success of this system they sought similar benefits, with the result that soon Internal Marketing was involved in rationalizing the affairs of producers of honey, apples, and citrus fruits. In the beginning Internal Marketing was oriented towards the producer interest; its function was to restore order and profit margins in the chaotic business of producing and selling for the local market. This task it was able to carry out competently and in decent obscurity—as long as it was answerable mainly to the producers. That it is now a sort of whipping-boy among Departments is due mainly to the growth over the last five years or so of a consumer consciousness. Internal Marketing is now obliged to regard its main task not as the protection of producers for the local market, but as the distribution to consumers of adequate supplies at reasonable prices.

Consumer Consciousness

To regard this rise of a consumer consciousness, with its accompanying emphasis on the problem of distribution, as the transient outcome of war shortages is to miss the significance of much that is happening in economic thinking and economic practice. The proceedings of the United Nations Conference on Food and Agriculture at Hot Springs show that the great majority of Governments are now prepared to think of the world's economic problems in terms of the consumer rather than of the producer.

It would, of course, be extravagant optimism to suppose that the Hot Springs plan of a world economy geared to the needs of consumers and not, as in the past, held down to restrictive practices by the fears of producers will come immediately into being. Here, and in other countries, the fear of "over-production" is still very much in the minds of producers in spite of five years of shortages. But it would be safe to assume that the new consumer consciousness will at least be strong enough to compel Governments to give some attention to the problem of regulating in the consumer interest the crop of monopolies which has grown up under the shelter of wartime controls.

Distribution: Two Examples

The point can be made clearer by descending from high generalities to eggs. To enable the New Zealand Government to meet the needs of our own and Allied forces, and also to make possible a more equitable distribution of supplies for the domestic market, the wholesale handling of eggs has been centralized in what are known as "egg floors." In effect, these egg floors are regional wholesale monopolies. It is significant that already some egg-producers are convinced that this form of control should be made permanent because it offers a means of combating the gluts which, in time of peace, periodically disturbed the egg market and depressed prices. Egg-producers are already being warned that "over-production" is just round the corner and that they have in the device of the egg floor a means whereby their profit margins can be stabilized. It is thus a safe guess that after the war the egg industry will elect to retain the monopolistic organization imposed on it by wartime controls. It is also a safe guess that no Government will find it safe to allow such a monopoly, with its inherently restrictive tendencies, complete freedom of action.

Another example of how wartime controls breed monopolies which tend to entrench themselves can be found in the baking industry. The system of bread zoning now in force in most New Zealand towns has the effect of making every baking business into a monopoly with a defined market. Its purpose was to save petrol, tires, and labour, and it has succeeded so well that few bakers will be anxious to go back to competitive distribution. If they do elect to retain their monopolies, continued regulation of prices and standards of bread will be essential in the interests of consumers.

War Intensifies Pre-war Tendencies

Indeed, the more this subject is pursued the more apparent it becomes that, while it may be easy enough to state in general terms a case for getting rid of wartime controls or a large part of them, it is very difficult to particularize. In many instances what looks like a wartime control turns out to be merely a further and logical development of a form of control which had started before the war. In other instances—housing is one—the need for a particular commodity is so great that its production cannot be left entirely to private enterprise. In still other instances, wartime controls have created producer monopolies which producers themselves are likely to cling to. And, finally, New Zealand's monetary situation dictates a continuance of a whole complex of controls designed to keep our external payments in equilibrium.

Two Public Services

To any one who has been closely concerned with the business of public administration and to any one who has thought at all carefully about the trend of New Zealand's economy over the last decade or so, all this is sufficiently

obvious. But there is a widespread reluctance to face the facts, and, unfortunately, that reluctance extends to the Public Service. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there are two Public Services in New Zealand to-day. One consists of the old-established Departments which have carried on through the war with depleted staffs and with some addition of special war functions. The other consists of new agencies which have sprung up to carry out special war tasks and which are staffed in a large measure by men and women without public-service training. They are all children of the War Expenses Account, and it seems to be generally assumed that when the War Expenses Account is wound up they will disappear overnight. The pleasant anticipation with which most properly trained public servants look forward to this day is understandable. The ideas and the methods of this temporary wartime Public Service have been a sad trial to them, and they can be excused for storing up a vision of a time when public administration will return to its old traditions and its old simplicities.

Public and Private Business

There is a strange notion that public servants are naturally grasping for power and that every new regulation, every new extension of the powers of the State, is a keen source of pleasure to them. The truth, in my experience is rather the reverse. Judged by its methods of recruitment and training, the Public Service has been markedly reluctant to prepare itself for the work of regulating or actively directing economic enterprises; in these respects it is still very much the product of the reforms of 1912—reforms conceived by men whose instincts were to set the narrowest possible limits to State activity. One result of this is that, for the new tasks of economic regulation, the State is beginning to recruit its administrators from the ranks of business managers. Further than that, it has in at least two important instances converted, or partially converted, a private business into an administrative agency. This blurring of the distinction between private and public business is one of the most significant developments of our time; and we are bound to recognize that, whatever advantages it may have, it has also some ominous possibilities.

Safeguard of Democracy

One of the surest though one of the least advertised safeguards of democracy in this as in other British countries has been the discharge of the day-to-day work of Government by men and women recruited in open competition from all classes and trained in a tradition of service to the community. The possibility, which is perhaps more than a possibility, of a gradual shift of administrative power and responsibility from the "regulars" of the Public Service to a new class of administrators whose background, training, and connections have been acquired in the market place is one which may justifiably cause uneasiness. Nothing is more certain, however, than that this shift of power will occur—or should I say "will continue"?—if the "regulars" take the comfortable view that this vast and tangled apparatus of wartime controls is an abnormality which will disappear after the war. There may be good reasons for believing that after the war there will be some popular reaction against the controls and some abatement of them. But the reaction will not go far enough to alter the general picture. Whether they like it or not, public servants must see in wartime controls the shape of things to come and prepare themselves accordingly. And preparing themselves means nothing short of a top-to-bottom overhaul of recruitment, training, and promotion in the light of the fundamental changes in the scope of State activity which have taken place in the last twenty years, and particularly in the last decade. The alternative is for the Public Service to become a sort of State clerical service under the direction of a new type of administrator-manager drawn from industry.

KORERO
INFORMATION SERVICE

for servicemen and women in New Zealand and the Pacific

Korero has been asked to answer questions which, for want of authoritative reference servicemen cannot settle for themselves. Write in the space below any questions on Rehabilitation or other matters you want information about. Send them to DAEWS, Army H.Q. Wellington (Army) — DES. Air Headquarters, Wellington (Air Force and Navy). Mark your envelopes Korero in one corner.

Questions:

Name:

Service address:

Date:

E. V. PAUL, Government Printer, Wellington