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February 6, 1840, the Treaty of Waitangi was signed. There was no conquest—no question of one race being ruler and one being subject. The Maori came into the Empire as a partner, with full citizen rights—as an equal. And since then, in 100 years of war and peace, of economic hardship and plenty, he has maintained his rights and dignity, and has taken his full share of responsibility. To-day there are no disloyal Maoris: 48 per cent of the men enlisted in the first few months of this war.

The first 25 years were difficult. The Maoris found that the prosperity they had been promised didn't come quickly—and they rebelled. Hone Heke, one of the northern chiefs, was the first rebel. He cut down the flag-staff at Russell, then fled with his tribe, the Ngapuhis, into his pa, deeply entrenched, and with palisades in front, he awaited attack. A pa was a fortified village. The attack came, and he defeated it. Then he moved to a new pa—because the Maoris disliked fighting twice in the same place, even if they won. He waited again. One Sunday morning a British sailor crept up to the palisades and looking through, found the pa empty. Quickly the word was passed, and the troops attacked. Hone Heke was down in the forest behind, holding divine service, and he was captured. He never forgave us. He said he didn't mind being defeated—one either won or lost a battle—but to teach him Christianity and then to attack him while he was at church on Sunday morning was despicable, and quite beyond a Maori's idea of playing the game.

Chivalry, Courage And Endurance

For 20 years the wars were waged with bitterness, with no quarter on either side. Whole districts of white settlers were driven to live in compounds, many troops were sent over from England, and one regiment—the 65th—stayed in New Zealand for 18 years. But in spite of the bitterness, the Maori still retained his quality of chivalry. On several occasions when he had besieged a place, he sent in food and powder to the garrison. He would not fight hungry men, or men who had no means of fighting back. Often he would take great risks in carrying water to wounded enemies. Time and again he would prepare an ambush, and then if a favourite enemy—say the 65th Regiment—fell into it, a Maori would cry, "Lie down 65th—we are going to fire."

Their courage and endurance were remarkable. Once in 1864, at Orakau, in lovely country all laid out in cherry trees and pleasant wheat land, the British commander, General Cameron, besieged 400 Maoris of the Waikato tribe. Their water failed and they had no food. On the third day, Cameron called on them to surrender. They refused. He asked that the women and children might be sent out and spared. The women replied that they would die with their men. Once more he asked for surrender, and the Maori chief, Maniapoto, sent a reply which will go down through the ages as long as our joint races exist. "My friend," he said, "We will fight on for ever and ever and ever. Ake, Ake, Ake." Finally, driven

beyond endurance by thirst, they formed themselves into a compact body, the women and children in the centre, the warriors on the outside, and they swept out clean through the besieging lines towards the forest behind. As they went they were assailed from all sides, and one by one they fell, still fighting, still undefeated.

Do You Wonder?

Do you wonder that their grandsons, and great-grandsons have won such fame on the battlefields of Africa and Europe, or do you wonder that we New Zealanders are proud to fight beside them, to have them sit in our Parliament, address our Law Courts or our churches, or carry on their daily lives beside us? The New Zealanders of both races live in complete harmony now.

Let me tell you just a little more about them. Their language is beautiful, full of rhythm and with no hard sounds. The other great gift the Maori possesses is the gift of song. Every Maori sings, and no one could listen to their soldiers singing in harmony without being deeply moved. They sang to the ladies of Capetown when they entertained them to tea on their way to this war. They sang on the tender that carried them from their troopship in the Clyde to the shore, when they felt a little lonely in a strange land. They sang their hymns on the desert, in Greece, and on Sundays before battle.

I could speak of their fighting qualities and endurance till I wearied you, but one little story will do. At Stylos, in Crete, two companies were completely surrounded by the Germans. They had been fighting for seven days without ceasing, and now it looked as though this was the end, that capture was inevitable. From six o'clock in the morning till noon they scrapped it out, then they slipped quietly down a gully between the enemy's lines and passed through. Early next morning, they arrived at my brigade headquarters, 28 miles away. They had carried every one of their wounded all the way on their backs. These are the men who fight at Cassino, as their fathers fought at Gallipoli, as their grandfathers fought at Tauranga and Orakau—in those days against us. If I appear emotional, you will forgive me. I have been speaking of fellow New Zealanders. They are my people.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

The following programme will be broadcast to Correspondence School pupils by 2YA, and re-broadcast by 1YA, 3YA, 4YA, 2YH, 3ZR and 4YZ:

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

- 9. 5 a.m. Dr. A. G. Butchers: A Talk by the Headmaster.
- 9.15 Mrs. I. Emmerson: A Message to Infant Supervisors.
- 9.22 Mr. H. R. Thomson: Calling Young Gardeners (I.).

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

- 9. 5 a.m. Miss E. R. Ryan: Two Soviet Composers.
- 9.15 Mr. A. R. Stewart: A Talk to Agriculture Pupils.
- 9.23 Miss C. S. Forde: A Word to Playwrights.

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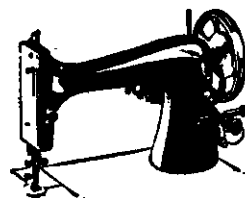
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