



"MAKUTU"

(Written for
"The Listener"
by
STELLA
MORICE)

A small brown boy in a blanket bed,
And no one cried.
"We no fear the boys," they said.
So Honi died.

THERE were once seven little Maori girls. Their names were Martha, Sarah, Milly, Lily, Tilly, Amy, and Jane.

The whole family were girls because near the beginning they had a brother called Moses who died. They had a great tangi over that in the Maori way.

Whenever they had any more brothers the little girls said to each other: "Will this little brother die like Moses?" But the mother looked at them with her soft, wild, brown eyes and said, "My little boy, he look thin, not like the fat girl baby, he get sick soon and die." And she shook her head from side to side and pulled her rug more tightly round her crouched shoulders.

So they died, two more boys.

When the next little brother came the Father said, "I give this one away to his Auntie before he die." And the boy

was sent away to his new home where he lived for his Auntie, and grew big and strong. So his Auntie kept him.

After that the mother had girls for a while. Then came Honi, the one they kept the longest, and the little girls loved him and played with him all they could for the forty-eight days of his life.

"My brother chop the wood when he grow up. My brother help my father make the fence when he big. My brother go shearing when he a man." And they were proud of their brother. But the mother rocked her head from side to side, from side to side.

"My little boy got a cold, he die soon." And she threw some leaves into a billy on the fire. Maori medicine for the boy.

But Honi died.

And no one cried: "We had him the long long time," said the girls. "That make us glad."

So they all went catching koura up the creek because it was the thing they liked doing best. They rode on their ponies, dragging one behind the other along the hot dusty track.

In front there was Martha, then Sarah, then Milly, Lily, and Tilly, who all looked the same, sounded the same, and all rode the same pony. Amy rode with Martha, Jane behind Sarah. They had the happiest day anyone could have, and they came home with their kits full of koura, which they ate for their tea, along with some apples they had taken from an orchard they must have thought was their own.

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is the main proposal made in the report—the appointment of a number of special vocational guidance officers for Maoris. Such a scheme has in fact already been started in Auckland and Mr. McQueen outlines an extension of it over the whole of New Zealand, indicating the differing nature of the work to be done in the various districts.

Mr. McQueen's report is characterised by a robust commonsense, a realistic approach to the problem, and a firm faith in what education can effect. But it may be suggested that in some respects it over-simplifies the situation. In particular Mr. McQueen does not seem sufficiently to recognise the difficulties and problems of personality development created for young Maoris by their early environment and background, their difference in colour and their minority status, and how these factors affect their rapidly and successfully undertaking a wide variety of forms of work. He mentions all these matters, but appears to under-estimate their importance. Difficulties of this sort render his initial assumptions somewhat abstract. His recommendations, however, are obviously sound and one hopes that they may be put into effect, whatever the difficulties. In this country duty and self-interest coincide in the task of promoting Maori welfare and in making an asset of the growing Maori population.

"Vocations for Maori Youth" is, like all the publications of the Council for Educational Research, excellently produced and it contains a notable series of photographs by John Pascoe.

ANCIENT OR MODERN?

A JOY FOR EVER. By H. W. Monaghan.
H. H. Tombs, Ltd., Wellington.

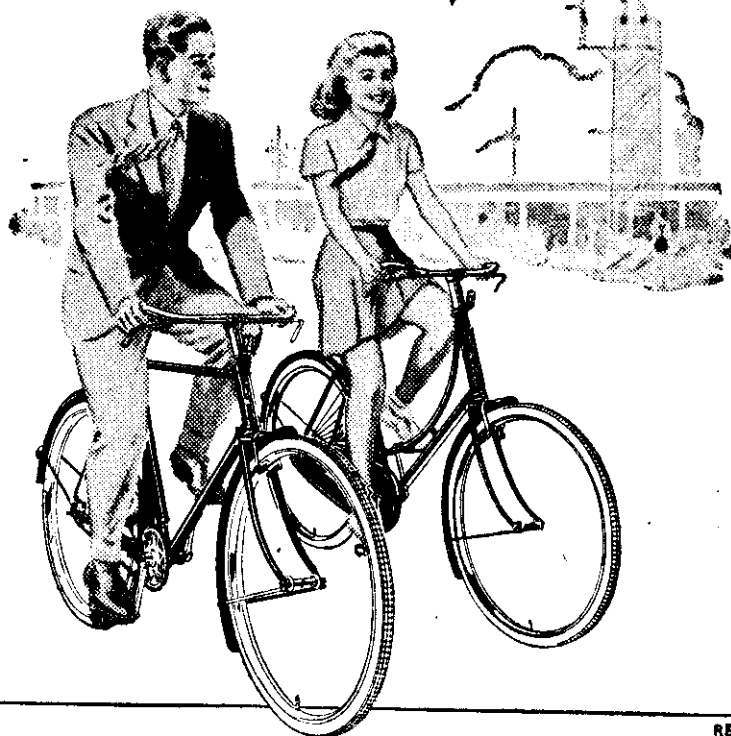
THIS is the record by its vicar of a New Zealand Anglican parish church, St. Mary's, Timaru, on which several generations of clergy and parishioners have lavished their reverence and love and what artistic sense was in them. The book is quite sumptuously produced with several colour plates and a number of photographs and line drawings. Archdeacon Monaghan's account is clear and modest, and it is evident that he was able to lead his parishioners in their joint efforts to enlarge and furnish their church.

Some faults, however, spring from the author's excess of enthusiasm; his veneration for Gothic architecture is rather uncritical, especially when it leads him to condemn other styles because to him they are "of the earth, earthy." This judgment of his would apply by implication to San Vitale, Ravenna, or St. Mark's, Venice, which would be less spiritual than any modern Gothic pastiche. The record of modern Gothic is not a happy one, even in the hands of such a skilful exponent as Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. There is scope for originality in building churches as in building anything else; Bishop Selwyn's wooden churches were original and fitting; and so too are the chapels at Waiho and Tekapo with mountain views behind the altar. There must be a loss of vitality if all church building is to be in the one style, with fidelity to an ancient model as the only standard

—D.O.W.H.

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