

Radio Pageant of Maori Life---

Souvenir Number



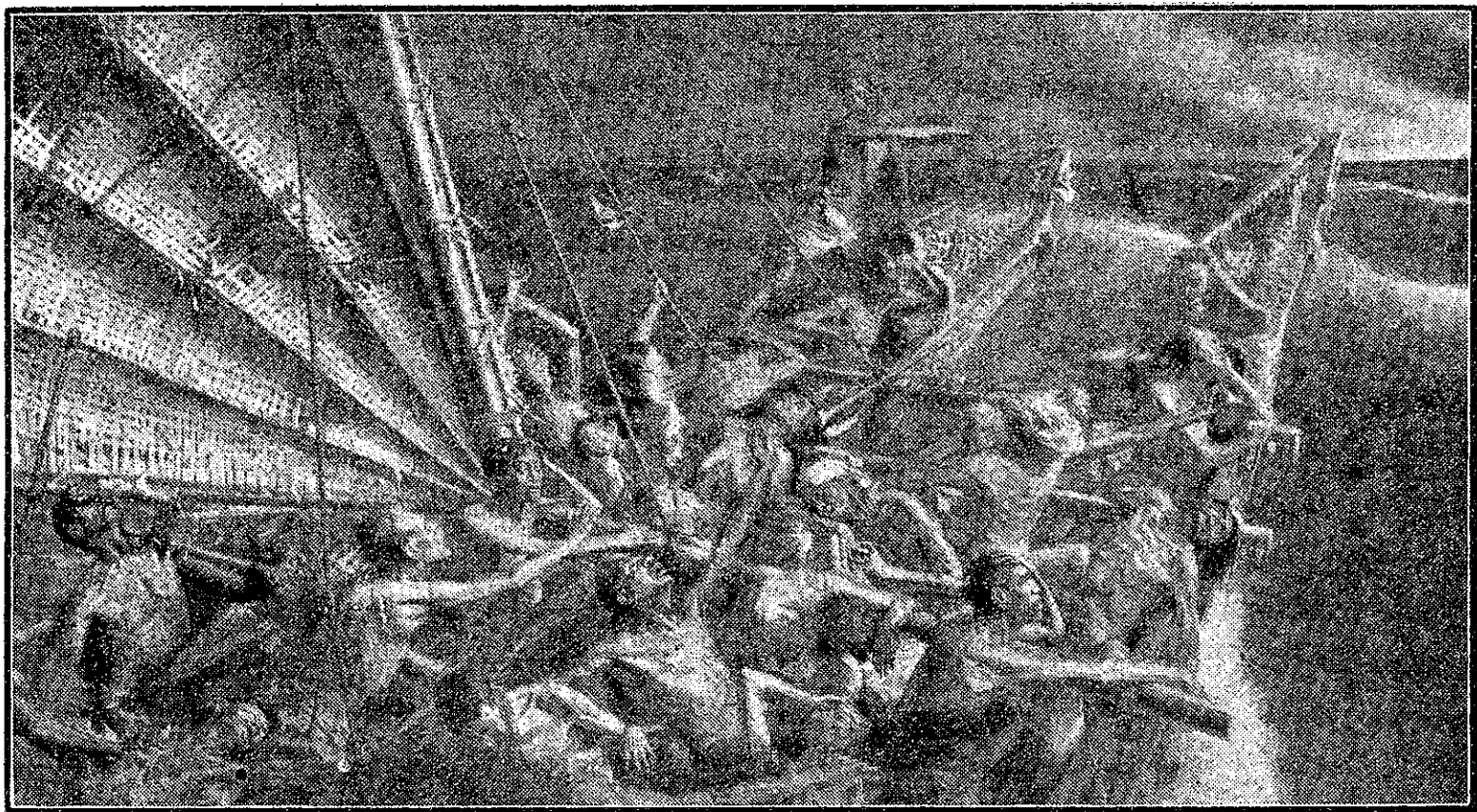
Published Weekly

REGISTERED G.P.O., WELLINGTON, N.Z., AS A NEWSPAPER

Price 3d.

VOL. I, NO. 29.

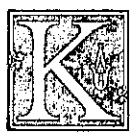
WELLINGTON, N.Z., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1928.



"ARRIVAL OF THE MAORIS IN NEW ZEALAND."—This is a reproduction of the famous painting under this title by C. F. Goldie and J. Steele, which was presented to the citizens of Auckland under the will of Helen Boyd.

—S. P. Andrew, photo.

Romantic Life of the Maori Race Unfolded in Radio Pageant



NOW New Zealand! "Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land?'" Then, "Know New Zealand!"

By birth or by adoption, it matters not which, it is your land, the land whereon you live and move and have your being, a beautiful land into whose lap Nature with bounteous hands has poured a rich abundance of her choicest gifts—a goodly land we all should know, and knowing, love more dearly as our own.

This is the thought and purpose behind the Radio Broadcasting Company's presentation of this wireless pageant commemorative of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, which, in the form of a unique informative entertainment, is to be broadcast from 2YA on the evening of the anniversary of the consummation of that historic pact. What more appropriate than an event of such signal significance and importance to Maori and Pakeha alike could have been chosen to initiate a sustained effort to bring home to the people of the Dominion, and especially to the young folk of both races, a deeper knowledge of the affairs of their country, a clearer conception of its worth as one of the brightest gems of the Empire, and a more vital realisation of the obligations of our individual citizenship?

Plotting together for the common weal, Human Genius and Science have worked many wonders since that far-off day when Maori and Pakeha penned their signatures to the Treaty of Waitangi; but by far their most beneficent gift to the world has been the adaptation of the miracle of wireless telegraphy to the broadcasting of music, song and story into the homes of the people. As did the Bards of old attune legend and tradition to the facts of history and with melodious song and winsome story endow their hearers with knowledge and appreciation of their country's glories so in these later days shall not the Bard of Radio, whose voice ranges triumphant over the limitless leagues of space, make informative entertainment the medium whereby every New Zealander shall be enabled to "Know New Zealand" as New Zealand deserves to be known.

AND so, in fitting complement to this modern miracle, you are to hear from the representatives of a noble race, a race deep-rooted in an ancestry of dauntless warriors, the story of a people's emergence from the rugged simplicity of their natural state into a full partnership in all that European civilisation means to the world.

The Wanganui Maori Party, to whom has fallen the honour of broadcasting this entrancing tale, will not weary you with a tiresome narrative. They will present the pages of their history in melodious song and piquant story—and 'tis common knowledge that the melody of the Maori is as the fragrance of the rose, a natural heritage. Indeed, as Mr. Hamiora Hakopa will tell you, in order to assist in creating the right atmosphere for the presentation of their entertainment, the organisers have drawn upon the Hon. Sir Apirana T. Ngata's great poem, "Scenes from the Past," and it is in the fine poetic spirit of that work that the six phases of this remarkable programme have been framed. It is a very clever, a very appropriate classification, entailing, we have no doubt, much studious preparation. It gives us the Maoris, as they were, if not literally from Genesis to Revelation, then assuredly from their Advent to these shores right up to this happy era of Maori-Pakeha brotherhood, with adequate, eloquent and picturesque Revelation of the intervening episodes. Phase One portrays

THE COMING OF THE MAORIS

to these shores. Let it be noted here that this most interesting beginning of a wholly interesting tale, as also the five subsequent instalments, will be told by a Maori in English language. Just as he has written it, so shall listeners hear it from his lips. This is in itself pleasantly significant. Interpret its significance in conjunction with the fact that others who are to speak to you on this memorable occasion are also Maori gentlemen of high academic and political distinction, ranking in full equality with the foremost scholars and statesmen of their Pakeha brethren, and you will realise how full of absorbing interest must be the story of a race which within the brief span of one hundred years has stepped completely out of primitive savagery into full and intimate equality with the Pakeha.

Following the introductory narrative, the members of the Party will reproduce for listeners as correctly as possible the scenes of the historic landing of the Maoris—or shall we say the Polynesian pioneers—on Aotea Roa, the Long White Cloud. They will endeavour to bring before your mental vision the picture of the frail craft—the canoe—with its human freight away in the distance, making towards the shore, the solemnity of the actual landing, and the subsequent ceremonial of thanksgiving.

Here, though you cannot see what is taking place, you will hear the thud, thud, thud of dusky feet keeping fierce but rhythmic time to the lusty chanting of the Haka of Thanksgiving—and whether it be that you have never heard a haka before, or that you are familiar with its awesome spectacle, your heart will be ice cold if it is not thrilled by this radio presentation of an incantation which is aflame with the indomitable spirit of warriors who even in their savagery were wont to fight and die like gentlemen.

In the next phase 2YA will introduce you to **THE MAORIS AT HOME IN THE EARLY DAYS**, and as you sit in the quietude of your homes there will unfold a vision of primitive industry in a setting of primeval beauty. You will visualise the old-time Maori village, or pa, with its wharepuni, or meeting-house, standing out in imposing contrast to the more humble dwellings of the inhabitants, and you will find the inhabitants themselves spending their time usefully, interestingly, and, not infrequently, strenuously. You will actually hear some of the boys at play, their pastime at the moment you happen to be listening being "cats' cradle" and "mate mate." But suddenly the quietude and routine of village life is disturbed. A courier has announced the coming of visitors. What a commotion! The haka party must be mustered and hurried to the entrance of the pa to await the coming of the visitors; the rest of the people must be assembled in the marae ready to join in giving the coming guests a fitting welcome. Listen to that weird melody. The exchange of greetings! Which do we hear first, the visitors or the hosts? But no matter, 'tis good hearing—the chanting, the singing and counter-singing, the thud

(Continued on page 2.)