

A BROADCAST—AND A SUPPER PARTY

Maoris Who Mingle Old Traditions With New

(Written for the "Radio Record")

Every now and again travellers drop into New Zealand from afar and let us know that there are apparently thousands of unlightened folk in America and other countries who imagine New Zealand to be peopled with half-savage natives.

This, of course, is largely due to our Maori posters which are strewn across the face of the earth. Did the hakas, which were given by the Rankawa Maori party from 2YA last Thursday night in the International Goodwill Programme, accentuate this belief? There is no getting away from the fact that the fierce shouts and stamping must have sounded weird, carried across the trackless thousands of miles of sea on the wings of radio.

If only television could have shown that "savage" party of about 80 Maori men and women grouped in the luxurious 2YA studios watching the flickering of the red and blue lights and waiting for the instructions given by Mr. Pirimi Tahiwī and his brother, Mr. Kingi Tahiwī! Some were in evening dress, others in street clothes, many wore sand shoes and a number, with bare feet, had dressed-up for the occasion in their Maori mats which lent atmosphere to the proceedings.

When Olive Drummond, 2YA's announcer, had said good-night to everyone over the air the happy party of Maoris trooped out of the studio to say their good-nights to those who had been present during the broadcast and to "Clive" who is by now, quite an old friend of the Otaki Maoris. Hats in hands, the Maori girls pulled on their coats as they went downstairs. No powdering of noses; no furtive attempts at combing straying curls into place; their one thought was the same as that of everyone else in the party now that the important business of the evening was over, and that one thought was to find their way to the "Piccadilly" where a real "goodwill" supper was awaiting them. Some readers will doubtless know all about this little cafe on Lambton Quay where midnight suppers of steaks, chops, fish and chips and eggs are the star turns on the menu. The smart figure of Mr. Kingi Tahiwī with his bowler hat, overcoat and cane, stood at the cafe door and ushered in the party. He was a strange contrast with the old Maoris who have shunned modern dress and can read but little English. The younger Maoris read the menus to them.

"See that old man opposite? He sang before the present King and Queen when they visited New Zealand many years ago," said Mr. Pirimi Tahiwī to the "Radio Record" representative who had joined the supper party. At the coffee stage of the supper Pirimi entertained the three at his table with Maori lore and information regarding the historic church at Otaki.

The Otaki church is called Rangiatea which means the "Dawn of Day." This church, dear to the heart of the Maori, is a link with his original home, Hawaiki and with his original religion. Mr. Tahiwī said that the other Maori churches, especially at Roto-

rua, are more modern; too modern to retain many Maori characteristics. Suggestions have been made on various occasions that this Otaki church should be modernised, but such men as Earl Jellicoe, Sir Charles Ferguson, and Lord Bledisloe have decided these suggestions and said that it would lose all its quaint charms if it were modernised.

The party of Maoris at the "Piccadilly" gradually broke up and waited outside for the buses to take them back

to Otaki and the old wahines, with shawls tied over their heads, sat on the doorstep of a Hindu fruiterer, who wanted to shut up shop. With a tarān shawl across her shoulders a grannie carried a bundle of brown baby with wide open jet black eyes. There was another baby, too, and as a faddy cat strolled across the almost deserted footpath, little Hine popped out her black curly head from the shawl on her mother's back and very solemnly said "good-night" to the cat.



Is your wife only HALF PROTECTED?

It is a good citizen who assures his life, but there are many good citizens who are not adequately assured; their families are only half-protected.

For how much, then, should a man be assured? That depends on his obligations. He should aim to assure himself for enough to give his wife and family security and reasonable comfort after his death. The sum of £500 invested at 4 per cent. will give a widow an income of less than ten shillings a week. It is not enough, but a £500 policy is a good start for a man to make.

In 1907 a certain man, then aged 29, joined the A.M.P. Society and assured himself for £2,000. The premium was less than a pound a week. He died recently and (so extraordinarily satisfactory are A.M.P. bonuses) his wife received £3,500. Invested wisely, that sum will return her about £3 a week. Little enough, but a great comfort to a woman in distress.

A man should begin with a £500 policy and add other policies as his income increases; that way he peace of mind and security. The wise man will talk over this all-important question with an A.M.P. counsellor or, if he live far from an A.M.P. office, will ask that the book "Investing in Happiness" be sent to him. The wise man will write at once.



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