

# NEW-ZEALAND MAORI RUGBY TEAM

1926 - 1927



|            |                |                               |                         |                                  |                           |              |             |
|------------|----------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------|-------------|
|            | Rev. P. Matene | W. Wilson                     | A. Crawford             | W. Rika                          | L. C. Grace               | S. Gemmell   |             |
| P. Haupapa | T. Robinson    | O. Olsen                      | J. Mc Donald            | D. Tatana                        | T. Manning                | T. Love      | H. Phillips |
| T. Dennis  | A. Falwasser   | W-T. Parata<br>(Manager Team) | W. Barclay<br>(Captain) | H. Harris<br>(Manager Financial) | R. Bell<br>(Vice Captain) | J. Manihera  | J. Gemmell  |
| J. Stewart | W. Mete        | W. Lockwood                   | W. Potaka               | H. Kingi                         | D. Pelliam                | W. Shortland |             |

Hawkes Bay when they took the shield to Wellington in September, 1925. Pressed to their own goalline, the Bay heeled the ball at a five-yard scrum. Jimmy Mill ran back into his own in-goal, straightened, nipped up the blind-side past Cliff Porter and at the 25 fed Falwasser. The latter ran to halfway, kicked over the Wellington fullback's head, claimed the ball and raced to the goalline. Two men, 110 yards of ground, a try. What more could you ask?

As to the forwards, one could argue forever; and those who read this piece, probably will condemn me forever. Let me offer this as a pack:

Number 8: Victor Yates. Flankers: Waka Nathan, Sam Gemmell. Locks: Sanatorium Reid, George Purdue. Props: Everard Jackson, Bill Rika. Hooker: Tane Norton. Let me offer another one: Number 8: Albert Pryor. Flankers: Mac McCallion, Frank Shelford. Locks: "Tiny" Hill, Karaan Crawford. Props: Howard Paiaka, "Sonny" West. Hooker: Bill Wordley.

Frankly, the job is impossible; I throw in the towel. There were so many good 'uns; and still are; as witness Quinn and Jim Love and Tuoro and one or two more of the current team. But to leave out Harry Jacob! I must be stark, staring! And Alan Blake and Johnny Mar-

riner and that one I personally treasured so much, Gentlemen Johnny Isaacs. Not to forget another great gentleman of the game in Dinny Mohi. The list goes on. My head's on the chopping-block. If you intend to cut it off, please make sure the axe is sharp. I can't stand the sight of my own blood.

But THE great Maori team would be some team. I now call upon Ben Couch, in his office as Minister of Maori Affairs, to exercise all of his powers so that we can have the privilege of watching THE Great Maoris play THE great All Blacks. Secretly, I wouldn't mind having a quid the Maori backs would score the more tries.